

"Let the youngest go, and so on, by turns, till all have left the ship."

This order was obeyed, and one by one the crew found themselves in the lifeboat. The captain and mate remained to the last. The latter entreated to be left, but Adolf would not hear of it, and gasping his hand said:

"Go, and may God bless you! Pray for me."

There was something in the tone which made the man hesitate to obey, and he gazed in his captain's face, trying to read its expression, though the darkness prevented his seeing anything but the outline of his features. His entreaties to be left to the last were in vain; and as the shouts of the men in the life boat were becoming more eager and impatient, he embraced his old captain impetuously, and with tears streaming down his cheeks he followed the rest.

"The cry of 'Safe!' resounded loud enough for Adolf to hear, and when he heard it he deliberately unfastened the rope, and cast from him the chance of life. It was a wrong and wilful act, a tempting of God's providence; but Adolf was not himself at the time; he was worn out by fatigue and wild with despair. There was a shout of entreaty from the lifeboat, but he replied that he was ready to die. He bade them save themselves, and think no more of him.

The shout of voices died away; the darkness hid all but the white foam of the breakers, which still roared and tossed around, though the wind was hushed. Adolf Lempfert was alone; the only living creature was Eva's bird in the cabin. He went for it, he wrapped his greatcoat around him, fastened the birdcage to his body and enveloped it with this thick coat; then he ascended the foremast, and when he gained the highest point, he lashed himself firmly to it, so that no rolling of the vessel or blast of wind could cast him adrift on the waters. Thus he waited for death; and as a drowning man is said to review his whole life in the space of a second, so now the past came before him with all its vivid joys and sorrows. He thought of Eva, of her death-bed, of her faith, and the words "Trusting in Jesus" shot through his brain. Was he not tempting God? Had he not thrust a chance of life from him? and dark though his life seemed, had he a right to choose between death and life? Was this not the act of suicide? Too late to repent then, too late, he feared; but as he hung there a fervent prayer ascended to heaven for mercy. A chill feeling crept over his limbs, his eyes closed, and there was a roaring sound in his ears which was not the sound of the breakers; then his head drooped upon his chest, and he became unconscious.

There was a flood of rosy light over the wide expanse of sky, it deepened in intensity, and then the sun rose above the horizon of waters. The scene which its light disclosed was in strong contrast to the storm of the previous night. A breeze skimmed the gently-rolling sea, and who would have thought that those playful billows had such powers of destruction in them?

There was the light-ship, one of the three which guard the sands, and near it could be seen a black speck rising out of the waters. A boat was fast approaching this object, and sailors on shore were watching. Through their telescopes they could see all that took place. The boat seemed to halt; there was excitement amongst the sailors, a great deal of talking, and many conjectures. Each one wanted to take a look through the telescope; there were some foreigners amongst them, who seemed more eager than the rest. Then the boat was seen returning, and the watchers on shore grew more impatient, but it was some time before the boat came near enough for them to discover what was in it. When it did, they saw the form of a man lying at the bottom, his head supported by another man. It took but a few seconds to reach the landing-place, and there the foreigners hastened; one of them was able to speak a little English, for he was eagerly questioning the boatmen as soon as they touched the shore.

"Is he alive?"

"We think so, but he is not conscious."

Then the story was told of how they found the body of Adolf Lempfert hanging to the mast; the vessel had sunk, but the foretopmast had remained above the water, and to it the body was lashed. It was touching to see how the crew tenderly gathered round their old master, and when one discovered that the birdcage was fastened to him and the bullfinch was not dead, the man burst into tears.

Everything was done to restore consciousness, and by degrees warmth and life returned. The crew and captain of the Sea-Nymph were taken to the Sailors' Home. There they remained till they could be sent back to their own country. Every kindness was shown them, and subscriptions raised for their temporary relief. Adolf walked about with the bird on his wrist. The little thing did not seem to have suffered from its exposure. When questioned about it he would smile sadly, and say it was the only thing he had left in the world. This, though at the time it seemed true, was not quite the case, and when he returned to Germany he found that his insurance covered the greater part of his loss. We will not follow his fortunes farther, but we may add that the near approach of death caused him to think more seriously of religion, and thankfulness at having been preserved that fearful night made him more earnest in his endeavor to prepare for the great change which must come to all.

Some of the cargo and a few planks and spars washed on shore was all that remained of the once-gallant schooner, but her memory was dear to her master; and another black mark added to the wreck chart of that dangerous coast, and another honor recorded of the crew of the life-boat.

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, Feb. 14th, 1874.

* * * All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 37.

By T. D. S. MOORE.

White. Black.

- 1. Q to K 2nd 1. Any move
2. Q checks acc. 2. K takes Q mate

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 38.

By H. F. L. MEYER.

White. Black.

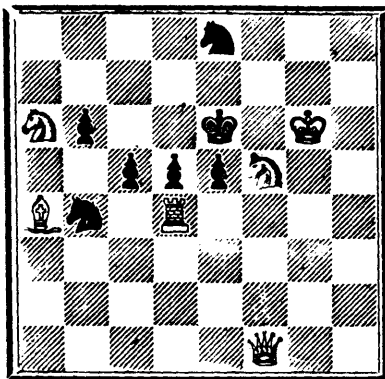
- 1. Q to K B 1st 1. P moves
2. B to Q B 3rd (ch) 2. K to R 6th
3. Q to B 8th mate

No. 38 is said to be "pretty and difficult" by "Delta" who sends us the correct solution.

PROBLEM No. 45.

By Dr. S. GOLD.

BLACK.



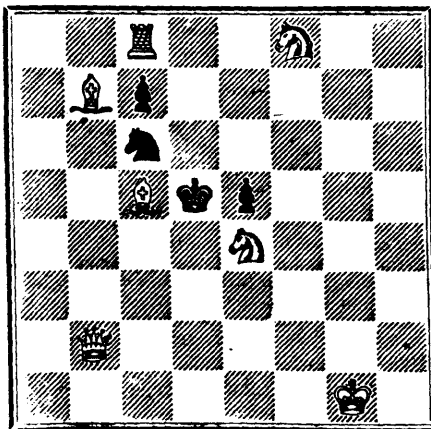
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. 46.

By S. TYRRELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

OUR PROBLEMS.

Our readers will find the problems we give this week exceedingly difficult, especially the three-mover, which we think one of the finest we have had the privilege of studying for some time. How many of our solvers will succeed in getting the solution?

CHESS.

The elections are over. Now for Chess. Let the FAVORITE continue to be the favorite still. We have done our best toward making this department of the FAVORITE interesting, and we are assured by not a few encouraging words received from correspondents that we have to a gratifying degree succeeded. How many of our readers enjoy our Chess column? How many of those who find pleasure in examining CAISSA'S CASKET are willing to lend us a helping hand to increase its popularity? From all of these we should like to receive solutions and criticisms regularly and problems as often as possible.

PAUL TEMPLAR.

A PROSE IDYLL.

BY EDWARD JENKINS.

Thirty years ago!..... And now as the wild, grey sky is fast glooming to utter darkness, and the ragged clouds, urged on by the mad North-East wind, are hurrying across the smooth face of heaven, and I feel all the chill and depression of the dying hour of day palling upon my soul,—I bring to memory this night thirty years ago. A night so light to this one—as wild, as cold, as joy-killing, with just such a grey-clouded, harsh-breath'd sunset, the sun unseen, its heat unfelt, and all Nature shuddering because the Angel of the North had wrapped it in his deadly embrace.

The Shadow of that night hath ever since been round me: I have dwelt in it, walked in it, worked in it, and out of it have been evolved, for good or evil, all the issues of my life.

Thirty years ago, this November day, I, Paul Templar, son of a Yorkshire farmer, living far up near the Durham border, inwards a mile or two from the great eternal rocks that breast the waves of the Northern sea, had wandered to some familiar caverns, deep under the jutting cliffs, where I loved to sit and hear the sea bellying through the resounding vaults, or hearken to the curlew's scream, or watch the scurrying gales as they whirled past thick and misty—while through and above it all rolled the ceaseless noise of the distant waves, murmuring in their deepest tones and clapping their hands to God.

A queer, bookish fellow was I, not overloved of my father, who strengthened his hands and loins to win his bread, and little cared for my idle fingers and mooning brains about his house. But he had to yield to the necessity of my laziness. I was deformed in the shoulders, and my pale face marked me out as a weakling, from four brawny, Herculean youths who were the pride of our homestead. How much they four loved and pitied me! How gentle were they to their "gentleman brother," as they used to call me—given to books and lounging, while they worked hard and sweatfully, tending and forcing the fitful, often too thankless, soil, under the invidious sky.

My mother was dead—died in bearing me. Noblest of these noble brothers was the eldest. I see him now, Harold, with his great ruddy face, the broad forehead, and the curly auburn hair, and the brown eyes, deep and lustrous, and the well-knit, massive form.

I see too that fair girl he brought from Devon, whither he went to serve his farm apprenticeship, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, coral-lipped beauty that she was, and so tender and fragile, our big folk for a while looked at her with gentle awe, knowing not what to do with her or how to entreat her. As if some rare Dresden vase had fallen into the hands of brutish hinds, who recognized only its beauty, not its use, and cherished it fearfully, with a feeling something between worship and wonder.

Fondly did I love Eva, with a pure brotherly love—and more fondly still I loved Eveline, the double image of her father and mother, the pet of all our hearts.

And it is of these two, that, recalling the events of this night thirty years ago, the bright, fair figures stand out to my eyes as real as at the time, against that background of grey and black and stormy eye. O bright, fair figures, long since translated and transfigured, where my eyes can no more behold your beauty!

The morning had risen as glum and cold as the evening afterwards went out. Fast drove the steel-studded clouds, harsh was the voice and angry the breath of the wind. A sort of day I loved such, when I could get down on the shore behind some rock, and shelter myself from the chilling blasts. Eva intended to go to N—, a town twelve miles off, down in a little vale, that carried a small stream to the sea, where a few houses and fishermen's huts sheltered a community quaint and quiet; living mostly on the trade done with the surrounding thinly-populated district. Part of the way was over a hill, nearly four miles from our house, and along its top, where it was scarped away in a huge Titanic break straight down to the sea. Great rocks jutted out here and there, and many a cave and fissure pitted its black face; below was a pavement of tremendous fragments strewn and piled with the strengthful abandon of Nature, among which the high tide surged and boiled and hissed. Over this hill, down again to a valley and then along the shore round the next headland went the road to N—.

They had promised Eva the light, two-wheeled cart; and Eveline, who was to have a new dress, the main object of the journey, was to accompany her. A farmer's wife thinks little of such an excursion, and, though the giants humorously warned Eva, at breakfast, of the roughness of the day, they never thought of dissuading her from the drive. I offered to go with her as far as the cliff, about four miles, taking with me my dinner and some books, and to await her return in the early afternoon. So Harold brought round the cart, with the patient old mare, and lifted in Eva and Eveline, and last of all, in the wantonness of strength, me, amidst jokes and laughter. And away we went.

I wandered about above and below, and by and by sat down secure in a favorite cave, reached by a path from the top, which only a

light body and cunning hands and feet could safely use. My eyes, weary with reading, had been resting sleepily on the weird, troubling scene beyond; my ear had been lulled by the thunder of the waves on those glistening rocks. I knew not the hour, but I was so intimate with Nature, I felt sure that Eva should long since have been with me on her way home.

Twice had I gone out and struggled up to the highest point of the cliff, whence I ought to have seen her cart climbing the hill. After noon the weather had grown colder, angrier, and more gloomy. Grand indeed were the waves, with their tossing manes of snowy foam under that black sky.

As I descended the second time disappointed to my cave, I saw, with alarm, the north and east growing more desperately dark—he clouds quickened their speed to a riotous rate—and the drizzle blew cold and hard upon my face.

"Coom, Eva!" I said, "coom along soon, Eva and Eveline. Storm and night are behind ye. Coom on safe and speedily, my darlings!"

By and by the storm drove up fell and furious. O how the monster sea lashed out and roared again! The scouring drifts of rain dashed past my cave's mouth and flung their cold drops back into my face as I shrank to the farthest end.

"Nay," said I, peering out anxiously, "God save thee, Eva. Mayst thou not leave the shelter of the cosy haven till this be over?"

I grew uneasy. There was danger now, so vicious was the gale, in climbing even the few feet between me and the top; but, after waiting vainly a long time for a lull and finding that the air grew darker and darker, the storm more fierce, I braved my heart for another effort and went up again.

Whiff—whirl—what a gust! It nearly blew me off my feet. I stood as manfully as I could, and tried to make out the line of road. I could not see a hundred yards. The mist and rain and falling darkness veiled every feature of the landscape from my sight. I listened trembling.

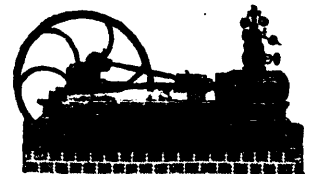
"God help thee!" I cried; "Oh! where art thou, Eva? O little Eveline, evangel, where are now thy little face and feet, the sunshine and the music of our home?"

At this moment I heard a shrill cry coming through the storm. It was a sea-mew surely? It seemed not far from me, and it was sharp and so inhuman.

There it was again! And now another..... fainter, sweeping by my ears on the loud-voiced wind. I breasted the storm down the hill, shading my eyes with my hand from the blinding drift, and pressing on desperately with a strength I was unconscious of. Two hundred yards—and I heard the shriek again, more subdued, but this time quite close to me. Yet I could see nothing in the road. It was certainly the cry of a child.

"Good heavens! Am I bewitched? It is in my ear. Eva! Eveline!"

(To be concluded in our next.)



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