

Both Sides.

BY REV. GEO. E. STOKES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satins and laces she looked like a
queen,
And he like a king in his price.

A wood-sawyer stood in the street as
they passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed;
He said, as he worked with his saw on
the log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his
wife,
"One thing I would give if I could;
I'd give all my wealth for the strength
and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of
work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of
delight,
While humming a beautiful air.

She looked on the carriage; the lady she
saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine;
She said in a whisper, "I wish from my
heart,
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with
her work,
So fair, in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and
wealth,
Her beauty and youth to possess."

'Tis poor commendation, whatever our
lot,
If our minds and our time we employ
in longing and sighing for what we have
not,
While ungrateful for what we enjoy.
St. Louis.

A Short Cruise.

BY JAMES OTIS.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

The boom throbbed to and fro across
the deck as the sloop was whirled from
one side to the other by the violently
agitated billows; and little Ellen
crouched close by her brother's side, not
ceasing her song, which gave comfort to
the others, until the Island Queen rode
on a steady keel once more, while the
beating of the paddle-wheels sounded
fainter and fainter in the distance.

"Get up, dear; the ship has gone past
us. You must be a man now; doing
what you can to help us get back to Old-
haven. O Thomas Hardy! Thomas
Hardy! How terribly unhappy poor
Ellen will be when it comes night,
and we will suffer!"

"She won't have it as long as we
shall," Master Seabury said mournfully,
as he arose to his feet and looked wildly
around. "Can't you do something,
Ellen? If you don't, we shall have to
stay out here all night; and then what
will become of us?"

"How can I do anything, dear? I
don't even know which way we should
go to reach Oldhaven?"

"Neither do I," Thomas Hardy re-
plied with a moan. "I did before that
steamer came; but now I've forgotten all
about it. We shall drift around here
till we die; that's what we'll do!" and
Master Seabury was on the point of giv-
ing way to his grief once more, when
little Ellen said gently,—

"Some one must find us before the
food is gone; and it won't be nearly as
hard for us as for poor mother and Mrs.
Jones."

"Why do you keep thinking of other
people when we are in such a terrible
strait? We've got trouble enough of
our own, without pitying folks who are
safe and sound on the land."

"But it will do us no good, Thomas
Hardy, to speak of our own condition."
"What's the reason it won't? We
shall be starved to death by to-morrow
morning."

"I'm certain that isn't true. Come
to the cabin with me, and see how
much there is on the table."

Master Seabury allowed his sister to
lead him below; and there the sight of
what appeared to be a plentiful supply of
food seemed to restore to him at least a
portion of his courage.

There were no longer any immediate
danger. The sloop rocked lazily on the
sea, and being adrift during a fog,
he did not seem to be a very serious

matter, now the steamer had passed them
by in safety.

"You look out for the baby, and I'll
tend to the vessel," Thomas Hardy said
in a tone of authority; and Ellen under-
stood that he was no longer the victim
of despair.

Again he took his station at the tiller,
although there was not a breath of wind
stirring; and, holding it amidships, im-
agined he was directing the course of
the sloop.

Once more he believed he knew in
which direction Oldhaven might be
found; and, since the fog continued as
dense as when it first shut down, there
was nothing to undecieve him.

Ellen, relieved in mind because her
brother was no longer in an agony of
terror, set about clearing the table, put-
ting the food carefully away in the tiny
locker that none should be wasted in
case the sloop was tossed more violently
by the waves; and while she was thus
employed Samuel Abner amused himself
by making a tour of exploration around
the cuddy.

Not until everything below was ap-
parently in its proper place did the little
woman cease her labours; and then, with
the Jones baby in her arms, she went
into the cockpit.

"If that young one is coming out here
you must see he don't bother me,"
Thomas Hardy said with a tone and air
of authority. "It's as much as I can
do to manage this vessel, without having
a girl hanging around."

"I sha'n't be in the way; for you have
nothing to do but sit where you are."

"That's all you know about sailing a
vessel, Ellen Seabury. Suppose the
wind should begin to howl, wouldn't I
have to look out for the boat? And
how could I do it if you was in the
way?"

"I am willing to go into the cabin
if it will make the work any lighter for
you."

"Then why don't you do it? I'm
the man at the wheel; and you remem-
ber the notice that was painted on the
steamer we came here in?"

"Which one?"

"The sign on that little house what
said, 'No talking to the man at the
wheel.'"

"Yes, I remember; but I didn't know
why it was there."

"That's 'cause you don't know much
of anything about sailing vessels. You
mustn't talk to the man at the wheel,
for he don't want to be bothered with
answering questions when he's got as
much as he can do to look out for the
steering."

Ellen was silent a few seconds, and
then she asked,—

"Would it be better for you if I took
Samuel Abner into the cabin?"

"There you go, asking foolish ques-
tions, and bothering me! Of course it
would."

Ellen did as she had suggested, and
Thomas Hardy sincerely regretted hav-
ing proposed such a move. He much
preferred to have his sister on deck,
but it seemed very pleasant to make a
show of authority; and the result was
that he was left in solitary state at the
now useless tiller.

Samuel Abner had not been taken be-
low without making quite a violent pro-
test, but Ellen finally succeeded in
quieting him by singing; and half an
hour later the almost perfect silence told
the helmsman that the Jones baby was
in the realms of dreamland.

Even the nurse had succumbed to the
soothing influence of her own lullaby,
and Thomas Hardy felt that he was in-
deed alone.

It seemed strange that the Island
Queen had not entered the harbour of
Oldhaven. Time was passing very
slowly, and it appeared to him as if one
full day had elapsed since the moment
the cable slipped over the rail; but yet
the sloop was apparently farther from
the land than when she started on this
independent cruise.

He struggled hard to preserve his
dignity as master of the vessel; but the
sameness of the fog on every side op-
pressed him; the soft lip, lip, lipping of
the water against the sloop's sides made
him nervous; and once more he began
to speculate upon the possible ending
of this involuntary voyage.

Such reflections were not calculated to
soothe Master Seabury; and before
Ellen had been wrapped in the blissful
unconsciousness of slumber ten min-
utes, he was shouting wildly,—

"Why don't you come on deck? Do
you think I can run this vessel alone?"

"What's the matter?" Ellen cried
anxiously, as she darted out of the cuddy
before her eyes were fairly open.

"I should think there was a good deal
the matter," Thomas Hardy replied
petulantly. "You go to sleep just as
if there was nothing to be done, and
leave me with all the work on my

hands. That's just like girls; they
never want to do anything, no matter
how busy a follow is!"

"Why, Thomas Hardy! You told me
to go into the cabin."

"S'posen I did? I never said you
was to go to sleep, did I?"

"But I didn't intend to do anything
of the kind, Thomas. Singing to the
baby made me sleepy, and my eyes closed
before I knew it."

"And I must be left here alone to get
out of this scrape, I s'pose?"

Ellen did not say, as she might have
done with perfect truth, that but for
him they would not have been in any
trouble. She replied cheerily,—

"I will be glad to help you in any
way, Thomas Hardy. What do you
want done?"

"Nothing, just now; but there's no
telling how soon all hands ought to be
on deck. S'posen we run bang into the
harbour, how will I stop the vessel
alone?"

"I don't think there is much danger
of that; for it doesn't seem to me as if
we were moving."

"Of course we are, else why should I
have to stay here with the rudder?"

"When we sailed before, I could see
foam behind us, but now there isn't so
much as a ripple."

Thomas Hardy looked behind him very
quickly. He could see the water under
the stern, and it was as Ellen had said.

"How long have you known that?"
he asked angrily.

"I noticed it before you told me to
carry the baby into the cabin."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought of course you knew it."

"Then why did you think I stayed
right here?"

"That was what I didn't know. You
said it must be done; and I thought
perhaps you knew best."

"Oh, yes, you did! That's one of
your sly tricks, trying to make me work
when there's no need of it!"

"It wasn't very hard to sit with your
hand on that stick of wood, Thomas
Hardy. You might as well have sat
there as anywhere else."

"You're mean; that's what you are,
Ellen Seabury. Next time I go out sail-
ing you'll have to stay at home, for I
won't take you with me!"

"I wish I was there now!" the child
exclaimed with a short, sharp sob as her
eyes filled with tears; and almost in-
stantly she turned her head aside lest
her brother should be disheartened by
her show of distress.

Master Seabury remained silent. The
unpleasant knowledge that the sloop was
making no progress; gave him new food
for thought; and as he grew alarmed at
the prospect of thus drifting on the sea
during the night, terrors similar to those
which assailed him when the steamer
was so near came upon him, until he
burst into tears.

"Don't, dear, please don't!" Ellen said
pleadingly as she put her arms around
the boy's neck. "Try to be brave; and
when God sees us three helpless chil-
dren out here alone in this vessel, he
surely will help us."

(To be continued.)

WILLIAM TELL.

BY D. VIRGINIA FARLEY.

At one time the story of William Tell
was regarded as actual history, but
critics have proved it to be only a
legend common among the nations of the
Aryan race. And the story of Tell, the
Swiss patriot, is simply the old legend
changed to suit Swiss circumstances,
and thus represent the spirit of freedom
as manifested in Switzerland. We are
much indebted to the celebrated German
poet, Schiller, for the beautiful and
thrilling romance into which he has so
admirably woven the story of William
Tell.

According to Swiss legends, Tell was
a mighty marksman with the bow and
arrow; and lived in peace and happiness
with his family at Burgelen, in the can-
ton of Uri. At that time, about the
year 1307, Switzerland was a province
of Austria, but the people had already
begun a struggle for freedom, and Tell
was one of their ablest leaders.

Gessler, the Austrian bailiff at Kuss-
nacht, wishing to show his authority
and humiliate the Swiss, raised his cap
on a pole in the market-place of Altorf,
and ordered all passers-by to uncover
and bow down to it in token of sub-
mission.

Tell refused to comply with the arro-
gant order, and in consequence was con-
demned to death.

Gessler, however, upon learning of
Tell's remarkable skill with the bow,
offered to release and pardon him if he
would agree to shoot an apple from the
head of his son. Tell accepted the
alternative, but determined that if he

failed, or in any way injured his beloved
little son, the bailiff should suffer for it.

When the appointed time came, Tell
ventured the shot and sent an arrow
whizzing through the centre of the
apple, while his son remained unin-
jured. In the meantime the bailiff
noticed that Tell had put two arrows in
his quiver, and asked why he had done
so.

"To kill thee with if I had harmed
my son," answered Tell.

For this bold avowal Tell was again
put in chains and taken on board the
bailiff's boat, to be brought to Kuss-
nacht. While crossing the lake the
boat was overtaken by a fearful
storm, and the crew, alarmed for their
safety, begged the bailiff to release Tell,
who was an expert pilot, and let him
steer the vessel. The request was
granted, and as they neared a certain
point, now known as "Tell's Leap," Tell
leaped ashore and escaped.

The storm had abated, and the crew
brought the boat safely to shore. Mean-
while Tell concealed himself in a defile
through which the bailiff had to pass,
and mortally wounded him with an ar-
row. The fall of the tyrannical bailiff
was occasion for a general uprising in
the canton, and the Austrians were
driven from the country. In all of
these movements William Tell, by his
own heroic example, inspired with hope
and animated the Swiss people.

William Tell was crowned in the
Schachen, it is said, while nobly trying
to rescue a boy.

The Hero of the Slums.

BY SUSAN TEALL FERRY.

They hurried along the crowded street,
Through the chilling wind and the dismal
sleet—

The ragged boy and his sister Jen—
She was just six, but he was ten.
Turning a corner, they chanced to pass
A merry lad and a glad-faced lass,
So warmly clothed and so well fed,
But they scarcely glanced at Jen and
Ted.

"How grand it must be to look like
those,
Have plenty to eat and wear warm
clothes!"

The sister said, while she tighter clasped
The brother's hand, as the wind swept
past.

Oh, never you mind, Jen, we're most
there

At the mission rooms, where folks deal
square;

You'll get warm clothes and a dinner
prime.

And, Bill Sykes told me, 'a merry go
time.'

"Now here we are, Jen, just look up
and see
These words about 'you've done it un'o
me.'

Don't stop—move on—now brace 'gainst
the door

There'll be a hundred kids here soon,
and more;

They'll push and squeeze, but you stand
your ground,

Then, if the things run out and don't go
'round,

We'll be right on hand, the first ones to
serve,

In times like these we must keep up our
nerve."

Ted's words of course must be very wise,
Yet the tears would gather in Jen's blue
eyes,

For the frosty pavement was so cold,
And the shoes she wore were thin and
old.

Shivering she stood among the throng
And whispered, "Must we be waiting
long?"

While the little toes so cold and blue
Ted chanced to see peeping out her shoe.

Then the noble brother from his head
Took off his cap and softly said:
"Just put your two feet on this, and then
You'll find they'll warm right up, dear
Jen."

When the doors at last did open wide,
He pushed his loved sister first inside,
"Oh, do, please, ma'am, tend to her,"
said he,

"She's so cold and hungry—don't mind
me."

A lovelight fell on Ted's thin, pale face,
Like a shining from the holy place,
As, standing there with a noble pride,
He watched his wee sister led inside.

Ah! earth's heroes are not always those
Who live up aloft and wear good clothes;
Down in the slums is many a soul
Whose name shines on God's honour roll.

—Christian Work.