



### The Family Circle.

#### "JESUS LOVES ME."

BY ELIZABETH MATTHEWS.

In the crowded railway train,  
Dimpled cheek against the pane,  
Sang a baby, soft and low,  
"Desus loves me, 'iss I know."

Then, unconscious, clear and strong,  
"Tittle ones to him belong,"  
Rose the dear voice at our side;  
"Desus loves me, he who died."

Hushed the hum of voices near,  
Hoary heads bent low to hear,  
"Desus loves me, 'iss I know,  
For der Bible tells me so."  
So, mid silence, tearful, deep,  
Baby sung herself to sleep.

But the darling never knew  
How the message, sweet and true,  
Raised one heart from dull despair  
To the "love" that lightens care.  
But I think, beside the King,  
I shall, some day, hear her sing,  
"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so."

—Sunday-School Times.

#### CAPTAIN JANUARY.

(By Laura E. Richards.)

#### CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Pooty soon, Jewel Bright!" said the old man, stroking the gold hair tenderly. "I'm a-comin' to you pooty soon." 'Twas along about eight bells when she struck, and none so dark, for the moon had risen. After the ship had gone down, I strained my eyes through the driving spray, to see whether anything was comin' ashore. Presently I seed somethin' black, driftin' towards the rocks; and lo ye, 'twas a boat, bottom side up, and all hands gone down. Wal! wal! the Lord knew what was right; but it's wuss by a deal to see them things than to be in 'em yourself, to my thinkin'. Wal, after a spell I looked agin, and there was somethin' else a-driftin' looked like a spar, it did; and something was lashed to it. My heart! 'twas tossed about like an egg-shell, up and down, here and thar! 'Twas white, whatever was lashed to it, and I couldn't take my eyes off'n it. 'It can't be alive!' I says. 'Whatever it is,' I says. 'But I'll get it, if it takes a leg!' I says. For down in my heart, Jewel, I knew they wouldn't ha' taken such care of anythin' but what was alive, and they perishin', but I didn't think it could live in such a sea long enough to get ashore. Wal, I kep' my eyes on that spar, and I see that it 'twas coming along by the south side. Then I ran, or crawled, 'cording as the wind allowed me, back to the shed, and got a boat-hook and a coil o' rope; and then I clumb down as far as I dared, on the south rocks. I scooped down under the lee of a pint of rock, and made the rope fast round my waist, and the other end round the rock, and then I waited for the spar to come along. 'Twas hard to make out anythin', for the water was all a white, bilin' churn, and the spray flyin' fit to blind you; but bimeby I co't sight of her comin' swashin' along, now up on top of a big roarer, and then scootin' down into the holler, and then up agin. I crep' out on the rocks, grippin' 'em for all I was wuth, with the boat-hook under my arm. The wind screeched and clawed at me like a wildcat in a canipion fit, but I hadn't been through those cyclones for nothin'. I lay down flat and wriggled myself out to the edge, and thar I waited."

"And the waves were breaking over you all the time?" cried the child, with eager inquiry.

"Wal, they was that, Honeysuckle!" said the Captain. "Bless ye, I sh'd ha' been washed off like a log if 't hadn't been for the rope. But that held; 'twas a good one, and tied with a bowline, and it held. Wal, I lay thar, and all te wunst I see her comin' by like a flash, close to me. 'Now!' says I, 'ef ther's any stuff in you, J. Judkins, let's see it!' says I. And I chucks myself over the side o' the rock and grabs

her with the boat-hook, and hauls her in. 'All together,' I says. 'Now my hearties! Yo heave ho!' and I hed her up, and hauled her over the rocks and round under the lee of the pint, before I stepped to breathe. How did I do it? Don't ask me, Jewel Bright! I don't know how I did it. There's times when a man has strength given to him, seemin'ly over and above human strength. 'Twas like as if the Lord ketched holt and helped me; maybe he did, seein' what 'twas I was doing. Maybe he did!" He paused a moment in thought, but Star was impatient.

"Well, Daddy!" she cried. "And then you looked and found it was—go on, Daddy dear!"

"I looked," continued the old man, "and I found it was a sail, that had showed so white against the spar; a sail, wrapped tight round somethin'. I cut the ropes and pulled away the canvas and a tarpaulin that was inside that; and thar I seed—"

"My poor mamma and me!" cried the child, joyously, clapping her hands. "O Daddy Captain, it is so delightful when you come to this part. And my poor mamma was dead? You are quite positively sure that she was dead, Daddy?"

"She were, my lamb!" replied the Captain, gravely. "You needn't never have no doubt of it. She had had a blow on the head, your poor ma had, from one o' the bull's horns, likely; and I'll warrant she never knowed anythin' after it, poor lady! She was wrapped in a great fur cloak, the same as you have on your bed in winter, Blossom; and lyin' all clost and warm in her cold arms, that held on still, though the life was gone out of 'em, was"—the old man faltered, and brushed his rough hand across his eyes—"was a—a little baby. Asleep, it seemed to be, all curled up like a rose on its mother's breast, and its pooty eyes tight shut. I loosed the poor arms—they were like a stattoo's so round and white and cold; and I took the child up in my arms; and lo' ye! it opened its eyes and looked straight at me and laughed."

"And it said, Daddy?" cried the delighted child, clapping her hands. "Tell what it said!"

"It said 'Tar,' " the old man continued, in a hushed voice. "'Tar,' it said as plain as I say it to you. 'And 'Star' it is!' says I; 'for if ever a star shone on a dark night, it's you, my pooty,' I says. 'Praise the Lord,' I says. 'Amen, so be it.' Then I laid your poor ma in a corner, under the lee of the big rock, where the spray wouldn't fly over her, and I covered her with the sail; and then I took the fur cloak, seein' the baby needed it and she didn't, and wrapped it round the little un, and clumb back over the rock, up to the house. And so, Honeysuckle—"

"And so," cried the child, taking his two great hands and putting them softly together, "so I came to be your little Star!"

"To be my little Star!" assented the old man, stooping to kiss the golden head.

"Your light and your joy!" exclaimed the child, laughing with pleasure.

"My light and my joy!" said the old man, solemnly. "A light from heaven to shine in a dark place, and the Lord's message to a sinful man."

He was silent for a little, looking earnestly into the child's radiant face. Presently, "You've been happy, Star Bright?" he asked. "You haven't missed nothin'?"

Star opened wide eyes of surprise at him. "Of course I've been happy!" she said. "Why shouldn't I be?"

"You ain't—I mean you haven't mourned for your poor ma, have ye, Jewel?" He was still looking curiously at her, and his look puzzled her.

"No," she said, after a pause. "Of course not. I never knew my poor mamma. Why should I mourn for her? She is in heaven, and I am very glad. You say heaven is much nicer than here, so it must be pleasanter for my poor mamma; and I don't need her, because I have you, Daddy. But go on, now, please, Daddy dear. 'Next day'—"

"Next day," resumed the obedient Captain, "the sky was bright and clear, and only the heavy sea, and your poor ma, and you, Peach Blossom, to tell what had happened, so far as I seed at fust. Bimeby, when I went out to look, I found other things."

"My poor papa!" said Star, with an air of great satisfaction.

The Captain nodded. "The poor pa," he said, "and two others with him. How did I know he was your poor pa? Along of his havin' your poor ma's picture hung round his neck. And a fine-lookin' man he was, to be sure!"

"And his name was 'H. M.'!" cried the child, eagerly.

"Then was the letters of 'H. M.' assented the Captain. "Worked on his shirt and hank'cher, so fine as ever was. Well, Jewel Bright, when I seed all this, I says, 'January,' says I, 'here's Christ's corpses, and they must have Christ's burial!' I says. So I brought 'em all up to the house, and laid 'em comfortable; and then I gave you a good drink of warm milk (you'd been sleepin' like a little angel, and only waked up to smile and crow and say 'Tar!'), and gave you a bright spoon to play with; and then I rowed over to shore to fetch the minister and the cowner, and every body else as was proper. You don't care about this part, Honeysuckle, and you ain't no need to, but everything was done decent and Christian, and your parents and the other two laid peacefully under the big pine-tree. Then the minister when 'twas all done, he says to me, 'Amen now, my friend,' he says, 'I'll relieve you of the child, as would be a care to you, and I can find some one to take charge of it!' he says. 'Meanin' no disrespect, Minister, I says, 'don't think of it! The Lord has his views, you'll allow, most times, and he had 'em when he sent the child here. He could have sent her ashore by the station jest as easy,' I says, 'if so be 'ad seemed best; but he sent her to me,' I says, 'and I'll keep her.' 'But how can you bring up a child?' he says, 'alone, her own rock in the ocean?' he says. 'I've been thinkin' that over, Minister, I says, 'ever since I holt that little un in my arm, takin' her from her dead mother's breast,' I says; 'and I can't see that there's more than three things needed to bring up a child,—the Lord's help, common sense, and a cow. The last two I hev, and the fust is likely to be round when a man asks for it!' I says. So then we shake hands, and he doesn't say nothin' more, 'cept to pray a blessin' for me and for the child. And the blessin' kem, and the blessin' stayed, Star Bright; and there's the end of the story, my maid."

"And now it's time these two eyes were shut, and only the top star shinin' in the old tower. 'Good night, Jewel! Good night, and God bless you!'"

#### CHAPTER III.—INTRODUCING IMOGEN AND BOB.

"Imogen!" said Star, looking up from her book, "I don't believe you have been listening!"

Imogen looked up meekly, but made no attempt to deny the charge.

"You must listen!" said the child, sternly. "First place, it's beautiful; and besides, it's very rude not to listen when people reads. And you ought not to be rude, Imogen!" After which short lecture, Star turned to her book again,—a great book it was, lying open on the little pink calico lap,—and went on reading, in her clear childish voice:—

"Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fere,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moony sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green."

Do you know what a fairy is, Imogen?" asked Star, looking up again suddenly.

But this time it was very evident that Imogen (who was, in truth, a large white cow, with a bell round her neck) was paying no attention whatever to the reading; for she had fairly turned her back, and was leisurely cropping the short grass, swaying her tail in a comfortable and reflective manner the while.

Star sprang to her feet, and seizing the delinquent's horns, shook them with all her might.

"How dare you turn your back when I am reading!" she cried. "I'm just ashamed of you! You're a disgrace to me, Imogen. Why, you're as ignorant as a—as a lobster! and you're a great cow with four whole legs. A—a—ah! shame on you!"

Imogen rubbed her head deprecatingly against the small pink shoulder, and uttered a small apologetic "moo;" but Star was not ready to be mollified yet.

"And you know it's my own book, too!" she continued, reproachfully. "My own Willum Shakespeare, that I love more—well, no! not more than I love you, Imogen, but just as much, and almost nearly half as much as I love Daddy Captain."

"But after all," she added, with a smile fitting over her frowning little face, "after all, you poor dear, you are only a cow, and I don't suppose you know." And then she hugged Imogen, and blew a little into one of her ears, to make her wink it, and the two were very friendly again.

"Perhaps you would like to know, Imogen," said Star confidentially, seating herself once more on the ground, "why I am so fond of Willum Shakespeare. So I will tell you. It is really part of my story, but Daddy Captain didn't get as far as that last night, so I think I will tell it to you. Well!" she drew a long breath of enjoyment, and, clasping her hands round her knees, settled herself for a "good talk."

"Well, Imogen: you see, at first I was a little baby, and didn't know anything at all. But by and by I began to grow big, and then Daddy Captain said to himself, 'Here's a child,' he says, 'and a child of gentlefolks, and she musn't grow up in ignorance, and me doing my duty by her poor pa and ma,' he says. So he rows over to the town, and he goes to the minister (the same minister who came over here before), and he says, 'Good morning, Minister! and the minister shakes him by the hand hearty, and says, 'Why, Captain January!' he says, 'I'm amazing glad to see you. And how is the child?' And Daddy says, 'The child is a-growing with the flowers, he says; and she's a a-growing like the flowers. Show me a rose that's as sweet and as well grown as that child,' he says, 'and I'll give you my head, Minister.' That's the way Daddy talks, you know, Imogen. And then he told the minister how he didn't want the child (that was me, of course) to grow up in ignorance, and how he wanted to teach me. And the minister asked him was he qualified to teach. 'Not yet, I ain't!' says Daddy Captain, 'but I'm a-going to be. I want a book or maybe a couple of books, that'll educate me in a manner all round!' he says. 'I couldn't do with a lot of 'em,' he says, 'cause I ain't used to it, and it makes things go round inside my head.' But I think I could tackle two, if they was frustrate," he said. The minister laughed and told Daddy he wanted a good deal. Then he asked him if he had the good book. That's the Bible, you know, Imogen. Daddy Captain won't let me read that to you, because you are a beast that perish. Poor dear!" she leaned forward and kissed Imogen's pink nose.

"And Daddy said of course he had that, only the letters weren't so clear as they used to be, somehow, perhaps along of getting wet in his weskit pocket, being he carried it along always. So the minister gave him a new big beautiful Bible, Imogen! It isn't so new now, but it's just as big and beautiful, and I love it. And then he thought for a long time, the minister did, walking about the room and looking at all the books. The whole room was full of books, Daddy says, all on shelves, 'cept some on the floor and the table and the chairs. It made his head go round dreadful to see them all, Daddy says (I mean Daddy's head), and think of anybody reading them. He says he doesn't see how in creation the minister manages to keep his bearings, and look out for a change in the wind, and things that have to be done, and read all those books too, Well!" she kissed Imogen's nose again, from sheer enjoyment, and threw her head back with a laugh of delight. "I'm coming to it now, Imogen!" she cried. "At last the minister took down a big book—Oh! you precious old thing, how I love you!" (this apostrophe was addressed to the quarto volume which she was now hugging rapturously), "and said, 'Well, Captain January, here's the best book in the world, next to the good book!' he says. 'You'll take this,' he says, 'as my gift to you and the child! and with these two books to guide you, the child's edication won't go far wrong!' he says, and then he gave Daddy the dictionary too, Imogen! but I shan't tell you about that, because it's a brute, and I hate and 'spise it. But—well! so, you see, that was the way I got my Willum Shakespeare, my joy and my pride, my—"

(To be Continued.)