

## THE SHIPWRECK.

(Concluded.)

They neared the ship, and with difficulty got to her side. A crowd of eager forms were seen standing on her deck, looking down upon the little, venturesome boat, and eager to exchange words with the men who were in her. A slight boy appeared among them, and as the father was raised slowly into the ship, Willie's arms were around him! Even the rough sailors wiped their eyes with the sleeves of their water-soaked jackets; and old Tom Saunders, who had drunk rather freely after the storm from a bottle which he had stowed away behind his berth, blubbered out his satisfaction, in tones that sounded like a nor'-wester.

Burns hung on to the side of the vessel for some time, his stout arms sore and tired. At length by a strong effort he sprang on board, and as he pitched into the midst of the weather-beaten crew, he looked steadily at one man, who, with head and face tied up, and his arm in a sling, was sitting near.

"I ought to know that man," said Burns, approaching him. "Isn't it Paul Wayne?"

"Paul Wayne, sure enough, Burns, what is left of him," he replied. "I have got a small battering—not much to speak of; but when I went down in the schooner—poor old *Angenora*!—I struck the side with my head, and somehow, my arm got broken, and—"

He was running on, quite out of Paul's usual calm and quiet way of talking, when one of the sailors, more considerate than the rest, suggested that the poor fellow was delirious, and advised his being sent to a berth, to sleep off the effects of his wounds.

"By no means!" said Mr. Washburn. "He must not be permitted to sleep for several hours."

The morning was now dawning, and hundreds were coming off from the shore to the ship. As Mr. Washburn was the owner, he could take Willie back with him, and feeling assured that young Wayne needed medical aid, he had him wrapped in the only dry blanket that could be found, and placed at the bottom of the boat. Another man took the oars from Burns, and they soon touched the shore.

At Mr. Washburn's house all was bustle and confusion. The wreck at the

point had thrown on shore several persons only a few of whom had been restored to life. Among the latter was a beautiful child, whose rich clothing and jewels were so conspicuous that the doctor who had been called to the spot deemed it best to take her in his carriage to town, and confide her to the care of Mr. Washburn's housekeeper, whose skill and kindness had been proverbial. The child had been restored with great difficulty; had it not been for the persevering skill of Dr. Page, she would have been laid aside with the other dead bodies.

She was a slender, delicate girl, with blue eyes and long golden hair, now soiled and draggled with the sand and seaweed; while her skin, except where the rocks had cut her face and arms, was exquisitely fair and white. She lay on a sofa, in the housekeeper's room, when Mr. Washburn returned home with Willie and Paul Wayne. The doctor was still there, and it was thought best to dress Paul's wounds and set the limb before his father and mother should know of his being there. The carriage which brought him to Mr. Washburn's house was now despatched for his parents, and when they arrived, the housekeeper's room seemed like a hospital. Willie looked pale and wan, after his restless night, and occupied a great chair, while a large lounge was drawn in from the parlour for Paul; for Mr. Washburn had decided to keep him at his house until he had entirely recovered, promising to bear the expense of his sickness, and also to provide him with a good vessel, when he should be able to go again to sea.

They found that the little girl was a West Indian who had been sent over, with her nurse, to visit some friends, her father and mother being dead. Mr. Washburn communicated with her friends, and they agreed to let him adopt her as his daughter, although not quite willing that he should do so, when they learned that she was a wealthy heiress. Mr. Washburn gave Paul a year's schooling, to fit him for the station of mate, and afterwards captain, of a fine vessel which he was having built. The last voyage which Paul made was finished just in time to see Willie married to little Alice Robinson, his father's adopted daughter, now become more truly his daughter.

Nothing is so beautiful as the devotion

Paul bears to his parents. He has placed them in a comfortable home in sight of the ocean. Mrs. Wayne's sitting-room is filled with marine treasures, shells, coral, and sea-mosses, wrought into beautiful pictures by her son's hand; and these, with curiosities brought from foreign countries, form a perpetual amusement for all. Michael Wayne can distinguish his son's vessel before any one else knows a vessel is in sight, for in the upper room Paul has fitted a splendid telescope on a frame, and hither, when they are expecting him, Michael takes his book and Hannah her knitting, and alternately they peep through the telescope, until one or the other exclaims, "He is coming!"

## THE LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE.

I sincerely declare that, but for the love of knowledge, I should consider the life of the meanest hedger and ditcher, as preferable to that of the greatest and richest man here present; for the fire of our minds is like the fire which the Persians burn in the mountains—it flames night and day, and it is immortal, and not to be quenched! Upon something it must act and feed, upon the pure spirit of knowledge, or upon the soul-dregs of polluting passions. Therefore, when I say, in conducting your understanding, love knowledge with a great love, with vehement love, with a love coeval with life; what do I say but love innocence, love virtue, love purity of conduct, love that which, if you are rich and great, will satisfy the blind fortune which has made you so, and make men call it justice—love that which, if you are poor, will render your poverty respectable, and make the proudest feel it unjust to laugh at the meanness of your fortunes—love that which will comfort you, adorn you, and never quit you—which will open to you the kingdom of thought, and all the boundless regions of conception, as an asylum against the cruelty, the injustice, and the pain that may be yours, not in the outer world—that which will make your motives habitually great and honorable, and light up in an instant a thousand noble disdains at the very thought of meanness and fraud! Therefore if any young man here has embarked his life in pursuit of knowledge, let him go on without doubting or fearing the event, let him