

## Upon the Shore.

MRS. M. F. W.

A LITTLE band of fishermen  
In fruitless toil had passed the night,  
Till, from the East, o'er Galilee,  
The morn looked forth in glowing light.  
Never had weary mortal eyes  
Gazed on those glowing eastern skies  
With less delight.

For One was gone, their Friend and Guide,  
Their Pilot on life's stormy sea;  
His foes had led Him from their sight  
A captive, from Gethsemane;  
The temple veil was rent in twain  
At his last cry of mortal pain  
From Calvary.

Twice, he had come into their midst,  
Since on the cross he bowed;  
And while each faithful heart rejoiced  
In Jesus, risen from the dead,  
They mourned their loss. And as he stood  
In thoughtful, pensive attitude,  
Nathaniel said:

"Peter, could I that day recall—  
When first from Philip's lips I heard  
Of our dear Master—I would fain  
Retract each unbelieving word,  
And never more pollute my breath  
With scornful words of Nazareth  
And of our Lord."

"We left Him to His foes and fled,  
We all forsook Him," Peter cried;  
"But could I meet Him on yon shore,  
Whom I thrice wilfully denied;  
No canting priest, no Pharisee,  
Not death himself, should frighten me  
From His dear side."

Said Thomas—while adown his cheeks  
Flowed tears of penitential grief—  
"Peter, alas! we all have sinned,  
But of all sinners I am chief!  
Mine was the hand to pierce again  
His wounded side, His heart to pain  
With unbelief!"

But hush! a voice—like some sweet strain  
Of music, heard in days of yore—  
Falls on the air; the startled crew  
Have heard that gentle voice before:  
It is the Lord! Lo! there he stands,  
Reaching to them his wounded hands  
From off the shore!

Lone mariner on life's great sea,  
The longest night will soon be o'er;  
The morn will dawn for you and me,  
And Jesus stands upon the shore.  
Fear not; for at His side at last,  
Temptation, sin and pain are past  
Forevermore.

And, though success thy life hath shunned,  
Through years of arduous toil and pain;  
Fear not, poor sailor; thou shalt find—  
When once the heavenly port we gain,  
And life's great treach'rous deep is crossed—  
No honest effort can be lost;  
No toil in vain.

And, though in looking sadly back  
Upon the deeds of bygone years,  
The sins we find recorded there,  
Bring to our eyes repentant tears;  
Ever, from off the heavenly strand  
Is reached that gentle, wounded hand,  
To guide us home, and calm our fears.

## The Rescue.

It was in the month of February,  
1831, a bright, moonlight night, and  
intensely cold, that the little brig I  
commanded laid quietly at her anchor  
inside of the Hook.

We had a hard time of it, beating  
about eleven days off the coast, with  
cutting north-easters blowing, and snow  
and sleet falling for the most of that  
time. Forward, the vessel was thickly  
coated with ice, and it was hard work  
to handle her, as the rigging and sails  
were stiff, and yielded only when the  
strength of the men was exerted to the  
utmost. When at last we made the  
port, all hands worn down and ex-  
hausted, we could not have held out  
two days longer without relief.

"A bitter cold night, Mr. Larkin,"  
I said to my mate, as I tarried on deck  
for a moment to finish my cigar.

The worthy Down Easter buttoned  
up his coat more tightly around him,  
looked up at the moon, and felt of his  
nose before he replied, "It's a whistler,  
captain, as we used to say on the Ken-  
nebec. Nothing lives comfortable out  
of blankets on such a night as this."

"The tide is running swift and  
strong; and it will be well to keep a  
sharp lookout for the floating ice, Mr.  
Larkin."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the mate,  
and I went below.

Two hours afterward I was aroused  
from a sound sleep by the vigilant  
officer.

"Excuse me for disturbing you,  
captain," said he, as he detected an  
expression of vexation on my face;  
"but I wish you would turn out and  
come on deck as soon as possible."

"Why, what's the matter, Mr.  
Larkin?"

"Why, sir, I've been watching a  
cake of ice that swept by at a little  
distance a moment ago; I saw some-  
thing black upon it—something that  
I thought moved—the moon's under a  
cloud, and I could not see distinctly,  
but I really believe there's a child float-  
ing out to sea in this freezing night, on  
a cake of ice."

We were on deck before either spoke  
another word. The mate pointed out,  
with no little difficulty, the cake of  
ice, floating off to the leeward, and its  
white, glittering surface was broken  
by a black spot—more I could not  
make out.

"Get me the glasses, Mr. Larkin;  
the moon will be out of that cloud in  
a moment, and then we can see dis-  
tinctly."

I kept my eyes on the receding mass  
of ice, while the moon was slowly  
working her way through a heavy  
bank of clouds. The mate stood by  
with a glass. When the full light fell  
at last upon the water, with a brilliancy  
only known to our northern latitude,  
I put the glass to my eye—one glance  
was enough.

"Forward, there!" I shouted at the  
top of my voice, and with one bound  
I reached the main hatch, and began  
to clear away the little cutter which  
was stored away in the ship's yawl.

Mr. Larkin had received the glass  
from my hand to take a look for him-  
self. "My God!" he said in a whis-  
per, as he set to work to aid me in  
getting the boat—"there are two chil-  
dren on that cake of ice!"

The men answered my hail, and in  
an incredibly short space of time we  
launched the cutter, into which myself  
and Mr. Larkin jumped, followed by  
two men, who took the oars. I rigged  
the tiller, and the mate sat beside me  
in the stern sheets.

"Do you see that cake of ice with  
something black upon it, lads?" I  
cried, "pull me alongside of that, and  
I'll give you a month's extra wages  
when you are paid off."

The men bent to their oars, but  
their strokes were uneven and feeble.  
They were used up by the hard duty  
of the preceding fortnight, and though  
they did their best, the boat made little  
more way than the tide. This was a  
long chase, and Mr. Larkin, who was  
suffering as he saw how little we gained,  
cried out, "Pull, lads; I'll double the  
captain's prize! Pull, lads; for the  
love of Heaven, pull!"

A convulsive effort at the oars told  
how willing the men were to obey, but  
the strength of the strong men was  
gone. One of the poor fellows washed

us twice in recovering his oar, and then  
gave out; the other was nearly as far  
gone. Mr. Larkin sprang forward and  
seized the oar.

"Lie down in the bottom of the  
boat," said he to the man; "and cap-  
tain, take the other oar; we must row  
for ourselves."

I took the second man's place.  
Larkin had stripped to his guernsey  
shirt, and as he pulled the bow, I  
waited for the signal stroke. It came  
gently, but firm, and the next moment  
we were pulling a long, steady stroke,  
gradually increasing in rapidity until  
the wood seemed to smoke in the oar-  
locks. We kept time, each by the  
long, deep breathing of the other.  
Such a pull. We bent forward until  
our faces almost touched our knees,  
and then, throwing all our strength  
into the movement, drew on our oars  
until every inch of the space covered  
by the sweep had been gained. At  
every stroke the boat shot ahead like  
an arrow from a bow. Thus we worked  
at the oars for fifteen minutes; it  
seemed to me as many hours.

"Are we almost up to it, Mr.  
Larkin?" I gasped out.

"Almost, captain—don't give up;  
for the love of our dear little ones at  
home, captain, don't give up."

The oars flashed as the blades turned  
up to the moonlight. The men who  
plied them were fathers, and had father's  
hearts; the strength which nerved  
them at that moment was more than  
human.

Suddenly Mr. Larkin stopped pull-  
ing, and my heart for a moment ceased  
its beating, for the terrible thought  
that he had given out crossed my mind.  
But I was quickly reassured by his  
voice. "Gently, captain, gently—a  
stroke or two more—there, that will  
do!"—and the next moment the boat's  
side came in contact with something,  
and Larkin sprang from the boat with  
his heavy feet upon the ice. I started  
up, and calling upon the men to make  
fast the boat to the ice, followed.

We ran to the dark spot in the  
centre of the mass, and found two  
little boys, the head of the smaller  
resting in the bosom of the larger, both  
fast asleep. The lethargy which would  
have been fatal, but for the timely  
rescue, had overcome them. Mr. Lar-  
kin grasped one of the lads, out off his  
shoes, tore off his jacket, and then,  
loosing his own garments to the skin,  
he placed the cold child in contact with  
his own warm body, carefully wrapping  
over him his great coat, which he pro-  
cured from the boat. I did the same  
with the other child, and we then  
returned to the boat, and the men, par-  
tially recovered, pulled slowly back.

The children, as we learned when  
we had the subsequent delight of  
restoring them to their parents, were  
playing on the ice, and had ventured  
on the cake which had jammed into  
the bend of the river ten miles above  
New York. A movement of the tide  
had set the ice in motion, and the little  
fellows would inevitably have perished  
but for Mr. Larkin's spying them as  
the ice was sweeping out to sea.

"How do you feel?" said I to the  
mate, the morning after this adven-  
ture.

"A little stiff in the arms, captain,"  
the noble fellow replied, while the big  
tears of grateful happiness gushed from  
his eyes—"a little in the arms, cap-  
tain, but very easy here," and he laid  
his hand on his manly heart. My  
quaint, brave down easter, He who

lashes the sea into fury, and lets  
loose the tempest, will care for thee!  
The storm may rage without, but in  
thy bosom peace and sunshine abide  
always.

## Effects of Tobacco on the Mind.

"The Pupils of the Polytechnic  
School in Paris have recently furnished  
some curious statistics bearing on to-  
bacco. Dividing the young gentlemen  
of that college into two groups, the  
smokers and the non-smokers, it is  
shown that the smokers have proved  
themselves in the various competitive  
examinations far inferior to the others.  
Not only in the examinations on enter-  
ing the school are the smokers in a  
lower rank, but in various ordeals they  
have to pass through during the year,  
the average rank of the smokers had  
constantly fallen, and not inconsid-  
erably; while the men who did not  
smoke enjoyed a cerebral atmosphere  
of the clearest kind."

At other schools and colleges of  
France the non-smokers have acquitted  
themselves at the examinations far bet-  
ter than those who used tobacco—they  
were healthier, closer students, and con-  
sequently better scholars. Smoking was  
therefore prohibited in all public semi-  
naries in France.

William Parker, M.D., of New York,  
says of tobacco, "It is ruinous in our  
schools and colleges, where it *dwarfs  
body and mind.*"

But weakness of intellect, loss of  
memory, etc., are not all the effects of  
tobacco;—it will do greater mischief  
than this—it will produce *insanity!*

Says Dr. Woodward: "Tobacco pro-  
duces insanity, I am fully confident.  
In one asylum, we found every patient  
save one was a tobacco user previously  
to coming there. In another we found  
three insane clergymen, rendered in-  
sane, we were told by the superin-  
tendent, by the baneful power of to-  
bacco. Painful spectacle! As we  
entered their room they clamored for  
tobacco. They reiterated their cry,  
'Tobacco! Tobacco!'"

A certain eminent clergyman had to  
be shut up in an insane asylum for  
twenty years through the use of to-  
bacco. Another minister died insane  
through tobacco. Miss Dix, the dis-  
tinguished philanthropist, refers to eight  
cases of insanity produced by the use of  
tobacco in one asylum in the State of  
Massachusetts.

Dr. Kirkbridge, in his report of the  
Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane  
for 1849, states that "two cases in  
men and five in women were caused by  
the use of opium, and four in men by  
the use of tobacco."

John Lizars, M.D., mentions five  
cases of insanity through tobacco. It  
has been proved that the increase of  
lunacy in France, has kept pace with  
the increase of the revenue from  
tobacco.

Two boys began life in much the  
same circumstances, but in their man-  
hood days their paths were widely  
divergent. A class of Sunday school  
scholars were asked the question, Why  
one was good and the other bad—why  
one was happy and honourable, and the  
other miserable and neglected? One  
of the class answered, "Please, sir, I  
suppose somebody put a good thought  
in the best boy's heart when he was  
growing!" That answer struck the  
centre.