

this could not continue much longer, for the fish was becoming exhausted, and then the other shark would attack the two in the water.

'Give me the end of the main brace quickly!' shouted the captain, and this being handed to him, he made a bowline and lowered it over the rail.

'Get into the bowline, Fuller, if you possibly can, and we'll pull you up; we'll not wait for the boat.'

'All right, sir,' came the cheery voice of the brave young officer.

With great difficulty Mr. Fuller managed to get into the bowline with the child in his arms, and the order was given to pull carefully up. The shark, seeing that its prey was escaping, made a furious rush and a leap, its nose just touching the second officer's foot. Then, falling heavily back into the water, it swam away, evidently much disgusted with the failure of its attempt.

Mr. Fuller, with Jackie, were landed carefully upon deck amid loud cheers.

'God bless you, Fuller! I can never forget this!' exclaimed the captain. Then, turning to the happy crowd of rough but kindly seamen around, 'Men, let us thank God, who of His abundant mercy has spared two precious lives!' And then, whilst little Jackie was being taken down below by his mother and sister, the good husband and father, with uncovered head, knelt down upon the deck and lifted up his voice in thanksgiving and praise to God who had restored his son to him in safety.—From 'The Voyage of the "Stormy Petrel,"' recently published.

## The Vision of Sir Launfal.

(By James Russell Lowell.)

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,  
And morning in the young knight's heart;  
Only the castle moodily  
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,  
And gloomed by itself apart;  
The season brimmed all other things up  
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the dark-  
some gate,

He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the  
same,  
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he  
sate;

And a loathing over Sir Launfal came.  
The sunshine went out of his soul with a  
thrill,

The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and  
crawl,

And midway its leap his heart stood still  
Like a frozen waterfall;

For this man, so foul and bent of stature,  
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,  
And seemed the one blot on the summer  
morn,—

So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:

'Better to me the poor man's crust,  
Better the blessing of the poor,  
Though I turn me empty from his door;  
That is no true alms which the hand can hold;  
He gives nothing but worthless gold

Who gives from a sense of duty;  
But he who gives a slender mite,  
And gives to that which is out of sight,

That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty  
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—  
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,  
The heart outstretches its eager palms,  
For a god goes with it, and makes it store  
To the soul that was starving in darkness  
before.'

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,  
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;  
The river was numb and could not speak,  
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;  
A single crow on the tree-top bleak  
From his shining feathers shed off the cold  
sun;

Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,  
As if her veins were sapless and old,  
And she rose up decrepitley  
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,  
For another heir in his earldom sate;

An old, bent man, worn out and frail,  
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;  
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,  
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the  
cross,

But deep in his soul the sign he wore,  
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

For Christ's sake, I beg an alms;—  
The happy camels may reach the spring,  
But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome  
thing,

The leper, lank as the rain-blanch'd bone,  
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone  
And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas  
In the desolate horror of his disease.

And Sir Launfal said: 'I behold in thee  
An image of Him who died on the tree;  
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—  
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and  
scorns,—

And to thy life were not denied  
The wounds in the hands and feet and side:  
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me;  
Behold, through him, I give to thee!'

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his  
eyes

And looked at Sir Launfal, and straight-  
way he

Remembered in what a haughtier guise  
He had flung an alms to leprosie,  
When he girt his young life up in gilded  
mail

And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.  
The heart within him was ashes and dust;  
He parted in twain his single crust,  
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,  
And gave the leper to eat and drink,

'Twas a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,  
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl,—  
Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper  
fed,

And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty  
soul.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,  
A light shone round about the place;  
The leper no longer crouched at his side,  
But stood before him, glorified,  
Shining and tall and fair and straight  
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful  
Gate,—

Himself the Gate whereby men can  
Enter the temple of God in man.

His words were shed softer than leaves from  
the pine,  
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the  
brine,

Which mingle their softness and quiet in one

With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;  
And the voice that was calmer than silence  
said,

'Lo it is I, be not afraid!  
In many climes, without avail,  
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;  
Behold, it is here,—this cup which thou  
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;  
This crust is my body broken for thee,  
This water His blood that died on the tree;

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,  
In whatso we share with another's need;  
Not what we give, but what we share,—  
For the gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—  
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.'

## But One Chance.

The path of life can never be retraced. We shall never go this way again. If we go wrong we cannot undo what we have done. If we waste this life there is no other life which can supply its place.

This fact makes this life very important. We hold our fate in our own hands. We must act so long as we live, and we must meet the consequences of our acts. And these consequences not only affect ourselves, but affect others. The decision of a passing moment may bind us and others to life's latest hour. The lightly spoken may tell upon our destiny when time shall be no longer.

How important, then, that we walk carefully, wisely, seriously, and sincerely in the sight of Him to whom we must give account.

'How careful, then, ought I to live,  
With what religious fear,  
Who such a strict account must give  
For my behaviour here.

Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,  
The watchful power bestow,  
So shall I to my ways take heed,  
To all I speak and do.'

—'Friendly Greetings.'

## Nature Never Wastes Anything.

Nature never wastes anything. We hear folks speak of them who smoke, wasting their money. Of them who drink, wasting their time and money, only it is evil instead of good. You may misspend your money, and misspend your time, but nature will compel you to take something in return, even though it be a curse.—T. H. Evans.

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