

The End of the Way.

The following beautiful lines were written by a girl in Nova Scotia, an invalid for many years:

My life is a wearisome journey;
I'm sick of the dust and the heat;
The rays of the sun beat upon me,
The briars are wounding my feet.
But the city to which I am journeying
Will more than my trials repay;
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,
I often am longing for rest,
But He who appoints me the pathway
Knows what is needed and best.
I know in His word He has promised
That my strength shall be as my day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,
Or give me a trial too much;
All His people have been dearly purchased,
And Satan can never claim such.
By and by I shall see Him and praise Him,
In the city of unending day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble steps have been taken,
And the gates of the city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out on my listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious
Will be plain and clear as the day—
Yes the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am feeble and weary,
I shall rest when I'm safely at home;
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,
For the Saviour Himself has said "Come."
So, when I am weary in body,
And sinking in spirit I say,
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty,
There are cordials for those who are faint;
There are robes that are whiter and purer
Than any that fancy can paint.
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,
Thinking often through each weary day,
The toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Two Kinds of Courage.

Nor many years since the good ship *Ponto* sailed from Boston, bound to Sumatra. She was commanded by Capt. Isaac Jacobs, a good seaman, and a naturally good-hearted man, but in his long career beneath the trident of Neptune he had imbibed many of the false ideas prevalent among his seamen, and he had come to look upon the sailor's life as one which necessarily did away with those fine and warmer traits of character that mark the humane and generous landman. In this wise Isaac Jacobs sometimes lost sight of true merit where it actually existed.

Among the crew of the *Ponto*, on her present voyage, was a young man named Caleb Baker. He had shipped only three days before the ship sailed. He was a slender-framed man, with a fair, prepossessing countenance, light blue eyes, and light brown hair. Though slight in his build, he was yet well-stocked with muscle, and his motions were quick and energetic. His appearance was calculated to predispose beholders in his favour.

One day, shortly after the ship had left port, as Baker was busy about some matters of his own in one of the gangways, one of the men, a rough, uncouth fellow, by the name of Bunkton, came along and gave the clothes-bag of Baker a kick out of his way, thereby scattering a number of things about the deck.

"I wish you'd be careful," said Baker, as he moved to gather up his things.

"Then keep your things out o' my way," gruffly returned Bunkton.

"They were not in your way."

"Do you mean to tell me I lie?"
"I said the things were not in your way."

"And I say they were. Now, don't dispute me again."

"Very well, have it your own way," calmly returned Baker, as he drew his bag closer in toward the bulwarks.

"And don't you be impudent, neither," provokingly added Bunkton.

"Look ye, Bunkton, if you've any business of your own, you'd better mind it."

"Eh, lubber! I'll show you my business. Take that!"

As Bunkton spoke, he struck the young man upon the face. The crew had most of them gathered about the place, and arrangements were quickly made for a fight.

"Just come forward—come forward, and I'll show ye my business!" cried Bunkton, bristling about with his fists doubled up.

"A fight! a fight!" cried half a dozen of the men. "Don't stand that, Baker."

The young man's eyes had flashed as he received the blow, and there was a quick quivering of the muscles of his hands, but he made no motion to strike.

"Ain't you going to take it up?" asked Bunkton.

"No. I want nothing to do with you," returned Caleb.

"Then you're a coward!" uttered Bunkton, with a contemptuous tone and look.

Young Baker calmly replied to the taunt, and Bunkton became still more savage. Those who know anything about ocean life will understand the sentiment of the rough crew upon such matters as the present. They could comprehend but one kind of courage, and the moment that Baker refused to fight, they set him down as an arrant coward. At first they had been prepossessed in his favour, for Bunkton was a quarrelsome fellow, and they hoped Caleb would flog him; but when they saw him quietly turn away and resume his work, they began to taunt him too.

"What's all this?" asked Capt. Jacobs, who was attracted to the spot.

The matter was explained to him.

"Didn't resent it?" uttered the captain, looking with mingled surprise and contempt upon Caleb. "Why didn't you knock him down, Baker?"

"Because I don't want to fight with any man, sir."

"And you will allow yourself to be struck, and not resent it?"

"I will defend myself in case of danger, but I will not so abuse myself as to engage in a brutal fight when it can possibly be avoided. I have as yet done wrong to no man; but were I to fight one of my shipmates I should wrong him and myself both."

"Then you will have yourself looked upon as one who may be struck with impunity?"

A quick flush passed over the young man's face as the captain thus spoke, but he was soon calm.

"I mean, sir," he returned, "to give no one occasion to strike me; yet Bunkton struck me, but you can see that he already suffers more than I do."

From that time Caleb Baker was looked upon by the crew as a coward. At first they taunted him, but his uniform kindness soon put a stop to these outward manifestations, and the feelings of the crew were expressed by

their looks. Bunkton took every occasion to annoy the young man, for he had taken his oath he would "have a fight out of the coward yet." The rest of the crew might have let the matter pass had not Bunkton's continued behaviour kept alive the idea of Baker's cowardice.

None but himself know the great struggles that went on in the young man's bosom; but he had resolved he would not fight, except in actual and necessary self-defence, and he adhered to his principle. He performed his duties faithfully, and Capt. Jacobs was forced to admit that though Baker was a coward he was yet a good sailor.

Thus matters passed until the ship had doubled the Cape of Good Hope and entered the Indian Ocean. It was toward the close of a day that had been sultry and oppressive, that a fitful breeze sprung up from the southward. It came in quick, cool gusts, and the broad canvas only flapped before it.

"We are likely to have a blow soon," remarked the mate.

"Not much, I think," returned the captain, as he took a survey of the horizon. "This spitting will soon die away, and I think the wind will then come out from the west'r'd. However, it may be well to shorten sail. You may take in the gallants and close-reef the tops'ls."

This order was quickly obeyed, and, as the captain had predicted, the spitting gusts died away, but there was no wind came out from the west'r'd. It grew dark, but no wind had come. About ten o'clock those who were on deck were startled by a sudden darkening of the stars, and they saw a great black cloud rolling up from the southward. It soon hung over the ship like a black pall, and the men began to be frightened. The captain was called, but before he came on deck there came a crash as though the very heavens had been rent asunder. The old ship trembled in every joint, and a huge ball of fire rolled down the mainmast. Another, and another crashing of the lightning came, and at length the electric light began to play about the ship in wild, fantastic streams.

"The foremast is struck!" shouted one of the men. "See where its head is shivered."

All eyes were turned to the spot, but by the next wild flash the men could see that a dangerous havoc had been made with the mainmast. The cap was shivered, the starboard cheek was nearly stripped off, and the trestle-trees were quivering. Of course the heavy topmast was only held in its place by the dubious trestle-trees, and the maintop threatened every instant to come crashing upon the deck, with the long topmast and the topgallant-mast in its company. Such a catastrophe would surely prove fatal to the ship, and all knew it.

But while all hands were gazing at this, another danger arose. The low, rumbling sound that had been growing in the southward had escaped the notice of the crew, and ere they knew it the rushing, howling wind was upon them. The ship leaped like a frightened stag before the gale. The mate cut the maintop sheets, and the sail was snapped into ribbons. The fore-top-sail was clewed up, and the ship was got before the wind.

The lightning-cloud was swept away, and it was dark as Erebus. The wind howled fearfully, but there was one

sound more fearful than that—the creaking of the shattered trestle-trees as the topmast bore down upon them.

"O God!" ejaculated Capt. Jacobs. "If the trestle-trees give way we are lost! Hark! hear that labour!"

Away up aloft, in the impenetrable darkness, stood the giant topmast, and all felt it could not stand there long. The men crowded aft, and with painfully beating hearts they heard the mast labour.

"If we could bring the ship broad side to," said the mate, "the weather-rigging might be cut, and the mast might go overboard."

"True—true," replied the captain, "but who shall go aloft and do the job? There would be no foothold on the top; for that will go with a crash. The trestle-trees are already shattered."

"If you will port the helm, I will make the trial," cried a clear, strong voice, which was at once recognized as Caleb Baker's.

"It will be sure death," said the captain.

"Then let it be so," returned Caleb. "Port the helm, and I will go."

Caleb took the axe from the mizzen-mast, and soon his form was lost in the darkness, as he moved toward the starboard rigging. The helm was put a-port, and the ship gradually gave her starboard side to the gale. Soon the blow of an axe was heard—then another—and another. The ship heaved heavily over—then cracking—and then came the crash. The heavy topmast had gone clear over the side. Fragments of the trestle and cross-trees came rattling upon the deck, but all eyes were strained painfully toward the main-head. The dim outline of the heroic man could be seen safely hanging by the mizzen-topmast stay.

The ship was once more got before the wind, and ere long Baker came safely to the deck. He staggered aft to the binnacle, and there he sank, fainting and bruised, upon the deck. But he was quickly conveyed to the cabin, where his wants were all met.

Caleb's bruises were none of them bad, and in a few days he was again at his duty. The men eyed him anxiously, and they seemed uneasy as they met his smiles. The captain, too, changed colour when he met the kind, noble look of the young man, but he soon overcame the false pride that actuated him, and stepping to the noble fellow's side, he took him by the hand.

"Caleb," he said, "if I have done you wrong, I freely ask you to forgive me. I have called you a coward, but I did not know you."

"Think no more of it," said Caleb, with a beaming eye. "I once promised to one whom I loved better than life—my mother—that I would never do a deed of which I might afterward be ashamed."

Bunkton pressed forward. "Caleb," he said, seizing the hand of the young man in his hard fist, "you must forgive me for what's passed. We'll be friends after this."

"Bless you, Bunkton, and friends we will be," returned Caleb.

"Yes," added Bunkton, "an' if you won't fight for yourself, I'll fight for you, if you ever stand in need of it."

"I'll tell you, my men," said the captain, "there's certainly two kinds of courage; and, after all, I don't know but that Caleb Baker's kind is the best. It takes a stronger and bigger heart to hold it, at all events."