

acter, and what's more, she must have told what he had said, though it wasn't like her sweet temper to make mischief; but howsomever, the captain's face was changed to the second mate, and they had used to be good friends too, and pulled well together. Well, we landed early in the morning, about two o'clock, and the captain he orders out his boat, and away he and Miss Alice go ashore, and make tracks for the consul's office, and we heard afterwards they were married then and there, the proper authorities being got out of bed to perform the ceremony, the captain paying more than double fees, as you may well believe. It was the chief mate had to break the news to the gentleman when he came aboard, hand over hand, as happy like as a king, to claim his bride. Then, when the mate had told him how it really was, he handed him a packet, which was the money he had sent home for her passage. I never was so vexed for a human being in my life as I was for that young fellow, and I didn't wonder that any mother was proud to hand her daughter over to such a man; he took it so manful, though it was well seen his heart was in his mouth. When the chief mate said there were some boxes of his aboard that he'd see was safely sent ashore if he knew the address, he thanked him, and, says he, 'I'll wait in the hotel for them; I'd like to start for home immediately.' But at the word 'home' his tongue seemed to stick to the roof of his mouth, and he nigh had staggered, but the mate he gave his hand a hard twist, and hurried him into the boat, which was the kindest thing he could do. I was sent ashore in charge of the boxes, and I never see'd such a change as had come over that young fellow in my life, only through it all it was plainly seen that he was trying to keep up manful still. After the boxes had been safely stowed, and I was rubbing the heat from my face, he says to me with a kind of laugh, 'I dare say you know all about the fine trick your captain has played me. Many a man here would put a bullet through his brain, but I hope he'll keep out of my way. I'm glad he had the sense not to face me.'

"She ain't got her sorrows to seek, sir," says I, 'poor pretty dear,' thinking as how it would cheer him to hear she might have been happier with him. 'There's no accountin' for them sort o' things, and the long voyage gives the devil time to work lots o' mischief.'

"Well," says he, 'I can't curse them; there ain't no good in that. I even hope she'll be happy. I blame myself for it all; I should have gone home for her, but I was ill with fever and ague, and when she heard it she said she'd come if I said the word, and I telegraphed, Yes. 'There's no knowing what a man may do when his blood's up, so I keep on hoping he'll keep out of my way.' Then, as if to escape from his gloomy thoughts, he asked, quite cheery-like, if I had a wife at home, and when I told him I had a little lass only a few months old, he pulled something out of his breast-pocket and put it in my hand, and, says he, 'There, that will help to buy her wedding-gown; who knows. It's part of the money I sent for her passage a year ago, when I expected to go home for her, and he's had the bad taste to return it.'

"It was ten bright gold pieces, and they did come in handy to buy my little lass's wedding things when she was married. I've lived long enough in the world, Miss, to see that no one who goes off the straight path of duty but suffers for it sooner or later. It came sooner to Miss Alice, poor, pretty, little dear, for the honeymoon month was scarcely over—and what a bright, happy month it seemed to be to her—when the captain he went back to his old ways, and was twice as bad as he ever was before, just because of the stress he had put on himself. It was a weary voyage to us all, more especially to Miss Alice, though she did everything in her power to get him back into the right path. She must have got to love him uncommon well, and so, that he was, there was days when he seemed to feel it, and even the second mate got to be sorry for him in the end. I will say the mates, one and all, did their best for him; but let me tell you, once a man lets drink get the better of him, he can't get out of its grip in a hurry. Ned, the sailmaker, and Tom Hardy warned us how it was sure to be, and so it came to pass that whenever we got into the hot latitudes, the captain became mad, and we were forced to put him into irons. Even then his wife, pretty dear, would have nursed him, but the chief mate forbade it, and I may say she was kept a close prisoner in her cabin in case she would get hurt by going near him. It was a sad home coming for her, and even her mother, who came aboard to meet her, and one brother, hadn't an unkind word to say to her. When she was safely off to her home, the

mates and doctors arranged to take the captain ashore to a lunatic asylum, and when the irons had been taken off his ankles, and when the mate had turned his back a minute, the captain makes a bolt up the cabin companion stairs to the poop, and before anyone could stop him, he jumped overboard. We did our best to save him, the second mate jumping in after him at the risk of his life, but it was all no use, for he went down like a shot. And yet we were sorry, and not one said 'sarve him right,' for only keep the drink away, and he was as nice a man and as good a captain as I ever sailed under. Ah, Miss, drink has been a rock on which many a good man, and woman, too, has been wrecked, and we all need to pray to Almighty God constant to keep us from that temptation a'most agen any other."

The yarn was ended, and just in time, for there shot across the horizon a lurid gleam; then came the sound of the boom of a cannon, and Jack hurried away to rouse his comrades, to be in readiness for what might happen.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Soft, through the rich illumined panes,
All down the aisle the sunlight rams,
And sets in red and purple stains.

And mid this glory from the skies,
We hear the organ-voice arise,
Its wings the waking spirit tries.

It flutters, but it cannot soar.
O! heavenly music, let us pour
Our woes, our joys, in thee once more.

All wilt thou take. Thou mak'st no choice,
Hearts that complain, hearts that rejoice,
Find thee their all-revealing voice.

All, all the soul's unuttered things
Thou bearest on thy mighty wings
Up, up until the arched roof rings:

Now soft—as when for Israel's king,
Young David swept his sweet harpstring;
Now loud—as angels antheming.

O! tell what myriad heads are bent.
O! tell what myriad hearts repent.
He will look down: He will relent.

It dies. The last low strain departs.
With deep "Amen" the warm tear starts.
The peace of Eden fills our hearts.

KATHERINE SAUNDERS.

A PRESIDENT AND A LITTLE BIRD.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN, walking one day with his secretary, stopped at a little shrub and looked into it; then stooped and put his hand down through the twigs and leaves, as if to take something out. His secretary said to him:

"What do you find there, Mr. Lincoln?"

"Why," said he, "here is a little bird fallen from its nest, and I'm trying to put it back again."

That is the spirit which should move and animate us in the higher circle of humanity. Many a little child has fallen from its nest. Let us put them back again. Is not this what Christ is doing?—putting the little birds back into their nests?

Children want to be loved. Let them see that you love them, even though sometimes you rebuke. Children have their sorrows; sympathise with them. The loss of a toy may to a child be as great a grief as the loss of an empire to Napoleon. They find it hard to resist temptation; help them. Tell them how; encourage them when they do resist.

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars of heaven.—*Chalmers*.