A Warning.

I CAN tell just how it happened, though it's
fifty years ago,
And I sometimes think it's curious that I
can remember so;
For though things that lately happened slip
my mind and fade away,
I am sure that I shall never lose the memory
of that day.

Job was coming to Thanksgiving—so he
wrote us in the fall;
He was Ezra's oldest brother, and his favour-
ite of them all.
We'd been keeping house since April, but I
couldn't always tell
When my pie-crust would be flaky or the
poultry roasted well;
So I felt a little worried—if the truth must
be confessed—
At the thought of Ezra's brother coming as
our household guest.

Just a week before Thanksgiving Ezra rode
one day to town,
As I needed things for cooking—flour, and
sugar, white and brown:
And I worked like any beaver all the time
he was away,
Making mince and stewing apple for the
coming holiday.
I was hot, and tired and nervous, when he
galloped home at night—
All that day my work had plagued me,
nothing seemed to go just right.

"Here's the flour, Lucindy," he said; "it's
the best there is in town;
I forgot the other sugar, but I've brought
enough of brown."
"You're a fool!" I cried in fury, and the
tears began to fall;
"Ride ten miles to do an errand, and forget
it after all!"

I was cross and clean discouraged, as I
thought he ought to know;
But he turned as white as marble when he
heard me speaking so.
Not a word he said in answer, but he started
for the door,
And in less than half a minute galloped down
the road once more.

Then I nearly cried my eyes out, what with
grief and fear and shame:
He was good, and kind, and patient; I was
all the one to blame.
And the hours wore on till midnight, and
my heart seemed turned to stone,
As I listened for his coming while I sat there
all alone.

With the daylight came a neighbour; "Ezra
has been hurt," he said;
"Found beside the road unconscious; taken
up at first for dead."
Just behind him came four others, with a
burden slowly brought;
As I stood and dumbly watched them you
can guess of all I thought!

Oh, the days and nights that followed! Ezra
lived, but that was all;
And with tearless eyes I waited for the worst
that might befall.
Wandering in a wild delirium, broken phrases
now and then
Dropped from fevered lips, and told me what
his painful thoughts had been.

So Thanksgiving dawned upon us. Job came
early, shocked to meet
Such a broken-hearted woman for the bride
he hoped to greet.
Not a word we spoke together in that hushed
and shadowed room,
Where we waited for the twilight darkening
down to deeper gloom;
For the doctor said that morning, "There is
nothing more to do;
If he lives till after sunset I, perhaps, can
pull him through."
Just as five o'clock was striking Ezra woke
and feebly stirred;
"Did you get the sugar, darling?" were the
words I faintly heard.
How I cried! You can't imagine how I felt
to hear him speak,
Or to see his look of wonder as I bent to kiss
his cheek.

Well, I've told a long, long story—Ezra's
coming up the walk;
But I've had a purpose in it—'twasn't just
for idle talk.
Don't you think, my dear, you'd better make
your quarrel up with Gray?
It may save a heap of trouble, and it's near
Thanksgiving Day.

—*Caroline B. Leroy.*

"Home College Series"—The Ocean.

II.

The Gulf Stream.—This remarkable stream deserves special mention. It is the most powerful and best known of all the marine currents. It extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, while its volume is a thousand times greater. Its water, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Carolina coast, is indigo blue, and is so distinctly marked that the joining line with the water of the ocean can be clearly seen with the naked eye. One half of a ship is sometimes seen floating in the Gulf Stream, while the other is in the water outside, in a strait betwixt two. The water is much salter than the ocean through which it flows, which accounts for its deep blue colour.

This wonderful stream conveys away the heat of the Gulf of Mexico and disperses it over the Atlantic. The highest temperature of the Gulf Stream is 86 degrees, nine degrees above the ocean temperature in the same latitude. In passing through ten degrees of north latitude it loses only two degrees of heat, and, after running 3,000 miles northward, it still retains, even in winter, the genial warmth of summer. With this temperature it crosses the Atlantic at the 45th parallel of north latitude, and then overflows its banks and spreads out over a thousand leagues of surrounding water, softening and tempering the climate of Europe. Simple calculation will show that the amount of heat discharged over the Atlantic, from the water of this magnificent stream, in a winter day, would raise the temperature of France and England from the freezing point to summer heat. "Every west wind that blows wafts this stream on its way to Europe, and bears along with it a great body of heat to temper the northern winds of winter." Were it not for this vast marine river, the countries contiguous to the Mexican Gulf would be the hottest, if not the most unhealthy, part of the globe. As the water becomes heated it is carried off by the Gulf Stream, and is replaced by the colder water of the Caribbean Sea. It is estimated that the amount of heat daily borne away from these regions and distributed over the Atlantic Ocean is sufficient to raise "mountains of iron from zero to the point of fusion, and keep in constant flow a molten stream of metal, greater in volume than the water daily discharged from the Mississippi. Whales first pointed out the Gulf Stream by avoiding its warm water.

This same stream, moreover, is the great balance-wheel—a part of the intricate and delicate machinery by which air and water are adapted to each other, and by which the earth itself is fitted for the use of its inhabitants. According to sailors, the Gulf Stream is the great "weather-breeder" of the north Atlantic, the prolific mother of storms and gales. The most furious winds sweep along with it, while the fogs of Newfoundland are doubtless due to the warm water flowing into the cold water of that region. Investigation shows that the terrible storms that so often rage in that part of the Atlantic are caused by the differences between the temperature of the Gulf Stream and the surrounding air and water. The habitual dampness of the British Islands, the dense London fogs, as well as the universal dampness along the coast of the United States, when the wind is east, is due, also, to the Gulf Stream. Notwithstanding all this, the presence of the Gulf Stream, with its summer heat, off our bleak coast, is a vast help to navigation. How many, many ships take refuge in its warm water during the terrible cold and storms of our winter! Their number can only be guessed, but are, no doubt, immense. Formerly ships knew no place of refuge nearer than the West Indies, where, when blown off their course, they sought shelter, and waited for the pleasant weather of spring before leaving port again. It serves, also, as an admirable landmark to sailors off our coast in all weathers, showing them what course to steer, and what waters to avoid.

The Pacific Gulf Stream is hardly less important, although much less known. It does for the Pacific what our better-understood stream does for the Atlantic. It is composed of several different currents. Among the best known is the famous Humboldt Current of Peru, which is felt as far as the equator, rendering the rainless climate of Peru delightful.

Uses of the Ocean.—The ocean is popularly called "a waste of waters." There is no greater mistake and misnomer. The sea is as essential to the life and beauty of the world as the blood that flows in our veins is essential to human life and beauty. It is a vast, exhaustless fountain of life and health and beauty. Without its contributions every form of life would perish, and the "world become one vast Sahara of frost and fire, and the solid globe itself, scarred and blasted on every side, would swing in the heavens as silently as on the first morning of creation." The water is as indispensable as the air. All plants from the smallest to the greatest; all animals, from the animalculæ to the leviathan, from the mastodon to the microscopic creatures that swarm by millions in a dew-drop, all drink out of the sea. "All the waters that are in the rivers, lakes, and fountains, the dew, the rain, the snow, the vapour, come alike from the ocean. The ocean fills the rivers, not the rivers the ocean." The womb of all the water is the sea. The rivers rise in the sea, not in the mountains, as geographers declare. When they return to the ocean they are simply wayward children going home to their generous mother. The amount of water taken up out of the ocean and sent down in refreshing dew and rain would make a river twenty-five thousand miles long, reaching round the globe, more than fifty times as large as the Mississippi or the Amazon. It would make another grand Gulf Stream sweeping and circling about the entire planet. "How many rivers are there in the sky? Just as many as there are on the earth. If they were not first in the sky how could they be on the earth? If it is the sky that keeps them full, then the sky must always have enough to keep them full; that is, it must be pouring down into them as much as they themselves are pouring down into the sea." It is estimated that enough water falls every year to convert the whole globe into an ocean five feet in depth. All this water, vast as it is, comes first out of the sea, and then returns to it. If it were not for this amount sent off by evaporation, and the amount sent out and the amount received did not balance, we should all very soon be under water, and the waves of old ocean would be tramping over all the land.

"We are surrounded every moment by the presence and bounty of the sea. It is the sea that looks out upon us from every violet in our garden bed; from every spire of grass that drops upon our passing feet the beaded dew of the morning; from the rustling ranks of the growing corn; from the bending grain that fills the arms of the reaper; from the juicy globes of gold and crimson that burn among the green orchard foliage; from the forehead of his cattle, and the faces of his children; from the well at his door, and the brook that murmurs at its side; from the elm and spreading maple, that wave their protecting branches beneath the sun, and swing their breezy shadows over his habitation. It is the sea that feeds him. It is the sea that clothes him. It cools him in summer, and warms him with the blazing fires of winter." It is, moreover, the great vehicle for the distribution and equalization of the heat of the globe, cooling the torrid and warming the temperate and frigid zones.

The Winds of the Sea.—These perform a vital function in the health and vigour of men and animals. There are both land and sea breezes. When the air over the land becomes heated it rises up, creating a vacuum. The cool, fresh, vitalized, salted air of the ocean