

and two minutes later, when the rescuer and rescued stood safely on the shore, a deafening shout arose; and the Elmwood cadets, following their leader, gave "three rousing cheers for 'Half a League Thompson,'" in which the Plainfield boys and girls wildly and vigorously joined.

On the following Monday morning Belle Atwood, again accompanied by her school-mates, presented herself at the teacher's desk in the schoolroom. 'Mr. Thompson,' she said, falteringly, 'I have already tried to thank you for—what you did on Saturday; but that we, none of us can ever do. Now, I want to say—and I want the girls to hear me say—how sorry I am that I have caused you so much annoyance; I can never express my regret, but I will try to prove my repentance.'

The manly young teacher could not resist this frank avowal. Still there was a faint twinkle in his eyes while he said quite earnestly, 'I have been sure that if we could all only learn to know and understand one another before any case of discipline arose, we might honorably avert all trouble, and hope to be, and to remain, the best of friends and fellow-workers.'

'There will be no more cases of discipline in this school,' declared Belle, 'so long as—'

'So long as "Half a League Thompson" is master?' inquired the teacher with a smile.

'That is what I mean,' replied Belle. — 'Forward.'

## A College Girl.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

The last thing it could possibly hold was packed into Gertrude's trunk, and father was called in to strap and label it, that it might be ready for the expressman. Gertrude herself, in a trim travelling-gown, with a jaunty hat perched on her shining braids, stood by the window, looking out over the familiar garden and the stretch of the road which lay between Mount Airy and the station. All the good-byes except the home good-byes had been said; the last of the dear girls had been in an hour ago, and had left a parcel for Gertrude to open on the train, but everybody felt that the final parting must not be intruded upon; that her parents had the right to say their farewell words with no one looking on. To tell the truth, Gertrude saw very little as she looked out over the lily-beds, for her eyes were full of tears. She had never been a single night away from home in her eighteen years of life, and here she was going away to college, to be gone for eight whole months. The journey was too long and too expensive to warrant her return for the shorter vacation and holiday breaks which interrupted study during the year for some of the girls. She was saying good-bye to her father and mother and home until summer.

'There is Card!' Mr. Elmore spoke cheerily to hide the tug at his heart. Card, the village expressman, came lumbering in, Mr. Elmore helped him carry the big trunk down-stairs, and Gertrude, not trying to stop her sobs, flung herself for a parting hug and cry into her mother's arms.

'Oh, mother! mother! I wish I could stay with you,' she said.

'No, dearie, you don't really wish that,' answered the mother, bravely. 'You couldn't stay with me and go to college too, and we made up our mind that college was the next step for you, my own girlie. Don't be sorrowful, darling! The months will slip away before we know it, and you'll be back, and I'll manage somehow without my right hand! We can always do what it is right to do, Gertie. But, my love, remember that in going away to college you carry home

with you. Home is never going to leave you for a single day, and you are to keep home's candle burning brightly.'

Mrs. Elmore's courage, and her smiling face made the parting easy after all. It was only when Gertrude, miles away, was recovering her spirits, with the elasticity of youth, and taking note of the interesting scenes en route, that 'mother' had her little cry and plaintive moan in the silence of her chamber. This mother had the habit of entering her closet and shutting the door, and telling her Saviour all her worries and trials, thence coming forth with a light of heaven's peace on her countenance. She needed to be very tranquil just now, for Gertrude's first flight from the nest made the home very lonely, and Mr. Elmore wandered about as if he were terribly desolate and bereft in his darling's absence.

Gertrude's home was on a slope of the Blue Ridge, and she was going to a New England college. She arrived at her destination late on the afternoon of the second day from home, having passed one night with cousins in New York. A crowd of girls were at the little station in the hills, and she found herself one of a number of expected arrivals, somewhat lonelier that there was nobody there to whom she was not an entire stranger.

But when the motherly woman who presided over the family in the Ellis House, greeted her in the fashion which makes one feel that one is a dear daughter, and when she was shown her own dainty room, plainly but comfortably furnished, Gertrude felt that she could presently be happy, even if she must be homesick in this new chapter of existence.

Gertrude found herself one of a world of girls, all sorts of girls, some from Christian households, like the one in which she had been reared, some from homes of refinement and culture where God was never thought of as an authority for conduct, some from one style, and some from another style of training and environment.

She had her little chamber to herself, but she shared a small sitting-room with three others, and it came to pass, quite naturally, that these three were her most intimate associates. Among these, Amy Goodwin, slight, petite, charming, attracted her most, with her crisp Western accent, and her air of resolution. Amy was ambitious for a career, and had elected to become a journalist. Clara Rich was a soft-voiced girl, from Middle Georgia; she, too, expected to work for her living when her college days should be ended, and she meant to be a professor of biology. Laura Dean, a gentle Philadelphian, had nothing to say about the future, but seemed satisfied to fill each day to the brim with each day's duties.

Gertrude enjoyed the society of these bright young people of her own age, and wrote to her mother a long confidential letter just how they all impressed her. As she wrote, it was on a Saturday night, and was the finishing up of her week, Amy came in, asking her into the parlor, where there was to be some very delightful music.

'I cannot, dear. I am sorry, but I must end up my week, and I still have several things to do.'

'End up your week! Why, what can you mean? You may as well leave your letter and finish it to-morrow afternoon; no mail leaves until Monday, Gertrude. And if you have buttons to sew on, or mending to do there'll be time enough in the morning before church, that is, if you go to church. I seldom go myself; I take my Sundays for rest.'

Gertrude paused before speaking, as if to hear her mother's sweet voice. Clear and

sweet that voice sounded across the miles between them, and the daughter's inward ear caught the tender accents.

'You carry home with you, my dear; keep home's candle brightly burning.'

'Amy, dear,' she said, bravely, for it requires bravery to assert one's self in the face of a soft, flower-like person who speaks to you affectionately and is evidently intending you only kindness, and whose standards are different from yours,—'My way of resting on Sundays is to always go to church, and I never leave anything secular for Sabbath hours. If my glove is ripped, or my shoe has lost buttons, I wear it as it is until Monday, if my own thoughtlessness caused me to forget it on Saturday. I have been brought up to keep the Lord's Day as a very precious and sacred thing, so, though I'm sorry,' she added brightly, 'I'll forego the concert and finish my letter to mamma.'

'You are a little Puritan,' said Amy, smiling indulgently, 'but I prophesy that you'll surely get over some things here in college.'

But that was precisely what Gertrude did not do. Whenever one quietly and unobtrusively sets forward on a straight line, and keeps to the line, it is wonderful to see how everything adjusts itself, how everybody, either gets out of the way, or else falls into the ranks and follows, or walks side by side with the first pilgrim. So roads are made, first a footpath, then a wider highway, then a right of way.

Gertrude encountered no special opposition, she met with no rudeness, she was in no sense a martyr, though for a Sunday or two, the girls around her smiled when they saw her, regardless of weather, set out for church, and noticed that she had taken a class in the Sunday-school. Still, it was not long before she discovered that she was only one of many in the great college, who, like herself, were keeping home-candles burning for Jesus. The effect was most marked on the trio with whom she was connected by the closest association. One by one they came up to her standard of Sabbath-keeping, and when, one white winter's day, it was too stormy for anyone to dare the thick snow-blockade, and there were little prayer-meetings in different rooms, blessed little meetings where sweet young voices were lifted in testimony and where prayers went reverently up to heaven, it was Amy who modestly but firmly declared her purpose, thenceforth to be a pronounced and earnest Christian.

So, it was worth while to be fearless and consistent. It is always worth while to let one's light shine.—'Wellspring.'

## At Sea:

(By Anna Frances Burnham.)

I watch the seagull's circling wing,  
And love the wild, lone-wandering thing,  
That on the lovely, maned crest,  
Of billows seeks his only rest,

I watch the porpoise at his play,  
Quick-glancing in the sun's bright ray,  
And feel an instant, answering thrill,  
Of joy my own glad spirit fill.

But where the dim horizon dips,  
I catch the shine of passing ships,  
And swift my heart goes up to him,  
Who fashioned the horizon's brim.

In all the great wide sea is naught,  
To touch the heart or stir the thought,  
Like that white vessel, far from land,  
Held in the hollow of his hand.

—'Wellspring.'