

But the steersman of the cutter suddenly exclaimed, "O God, have mercy upon the poor sick man left on board!" A silent thrill of horror passed through the crowd.

"Who?" cried Boussard; "a sick man on board! where is he?" The steersman in a few words described the place.

"Boussard!" cried his wife in despair, clasping him in her arms; "hast thou forgotten me and thy children? Dost thou no longer love us, that thou wilt rush into certain death?"

"God is my Protector," cried he; "pray to Him. If the sick man were to perish I should never rest again." With these words he tore himself away from his wife, and the next minute saw him again on the crest of a wave, far, far from the shore.

"This is nothing but foolhardiness," cried some.

"He is lost! He is sinking! He will never reach it!" cried others. "God have mercy on him!"

His wife and children knelt on the shore, and clasped their hands in prayer, while tears of despairing grief flowed down their cheeks.

Twilight had already so far advanced that the wreck could scarcely be seen. The light in the lighthouse was now casting its bright beams on the wildly-raging sea. And Boussard, where was he? How was he getting on? God watched over him. With wise forethought, he swam to that side of the vessel which was turned from the storm. From thence much torn tackling hung down, which served his purpose excellently. He seized it with his strong arm, and climbed up to the deck, where the waves already had washed everything away. The water, too, had risen high in the hold. As he descended the hatchway the sick man stretched his arms out to him.

"Ah! save me!" cried he faintly.

"God be praised! God be praised!" cried Boussard, as his heart swelled with joy that in God's mercy he had been chosen to be the instrument of the salvation of this poor man.

He seized him with his giant strength, drew him out of the cabin, carried him on to the deck, and there cut off a rope. With this rope he bound the suffering man to a piece of timber, took firm hold of him, and sprang with him into the sea, just at the moment when a huge wave was rolling in towards the shore.

The sick man had just enough strength to keep himself sufficiently upright when the timber reached the surface of the water that he might breathe. Now Boussard pushed the timber before him, and a second wave rolling onwards, threw both the beam with the sick man and his deliverer on the strand.

The anxious and excited people had lighted many lanterns, which shone everywhere along the shore. Now they suddenly exclaimed, "There is Boussard!" Strong arms drew him up into safety, and unbound the sick man.

"Quick with him to the hospital!" cried Boussard, sinking down exhausted.

"Oh! he is dying," cried the agonised woman.

A surgeon was quickly at hand. "Be comforted, good woman," said he; "it is only a fainting fit."

They bathed his forehead, poured a few drops of wine into his mouth, and he soon opened his eyes, and said, faintly smiling, to his wife, "Don't be troubled, dearest Madeleine; thy Boussard is not dying. On the contrary, he is now ravenously hungry."

"Good Boussard," said the kind man, "you require rest; come, I will go with you to your home."

"Thank you," replied Boussard; "but just go with me, if you will be so kind, to the hospital, that I may see how they are all getting on, especially the sick man."

It was a triumphal procession to the hospital; where the sick man's condition required a quietness which the authorities could scarcely preserve. The surgeon alone accompanied Boussard into the room where they all were assembled. They were as well as their circumstances would allow; and the sick man was apparently better.

But oh! what tears of gratitude flowed when Boussard entered! Boussard and the surgeon wept with the rescued. Boussard pointed them above, where the great Helper and Deliverer dwells.

"I have only been God's instrument," said the noble, truly pious man; "but for enabling me to be so, my soul shall praise and glorify Him for ever!"

Boussard received splendid proofs of public acknowledgment and gratitude. Rich presents (for he was poor), esteem, love, and thanks from all sides. But the consciousness in his own heart, the joy which flowed through it, of the peace of God which dwelt there, was God's reward, which richly and gloriously surpassed everything which man could offer him.

## WORK FOR ALL.

**I**N the account given in Nehemiah, chapters iii. and iv., of the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem, notice:—

I. WHO WORKED.—Everybody. The priests, the goldsmiths, the apothecaries, the rulers, the daughters of the rulers, the Levites, the merchants. With one miserable exception, they all worked.

II. WHERE THEY WORKED.—Just where they ought to work—"Every one over against his house."

III. HOW THEY WORKED.—Trusting in God, but using all proper means. "We made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch." "Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon."

IV. WHO DID NOT WORK.—"Their nobles (that is, of the Tekoites) put not their necks to the work of their Lord."

V. THAT THE WORK SUCCEEDED WITHOUT THEM.—"So we built the wall."

VI. WHY IT SUCCEEDED.—Because "the people"—be sure and leave out the ignoble nobles of the Tekoites—"the people had a mind to work."

Reader! beware of the nobility of the Tekoites. Find something to do in building up the walls of Jerusalem: and do it. It were a pity, if the work was finished without you. You may find plenty of work opposite your own door.