

hurried and fussed; Dan was at his post; they were all scrambling into their places when Fairley was missed.

"Fairley! Fairley!" The old echoes among the rocks took up the name, and bore it hither and thither; but no Fairley answered, no Fairley came upon the scene.

"He must have gone home; he was glum as glum!" asserted one.

"We shall be late," cried another.

Dan screwed up his mouth and looked this way and that; the slanting sunbeams, stealing rosy red across the sea: warned them that they themselves were going home, and that they would do well to follow their example; and so they did, leaving Harry sleeping in the cave. And as the sun went down the wind arose—not all at once boisterous, but in sudden gusts, which swept past and died away, leaving the waves angry and resentful. And slow and sure came in the flowing tide, with its sullen stamp, stamp on the beach. On, on it came till it beat and thundered at the entrance of the cave itself, and then Harry awoke.

A nightmare, a great desolation, a horror was upon him. He saw his danger—that death, death, without any power of escape on his part, was staring him in the face. Death, when life was all before him—life, which only this afternoon he had said he hated. His hair stood on end. The wind roared and shrieked; now wild voices seemed to be shouting, "You said you hated life, and now death is come!" How the darkness was stealing on; and oh, those pitiless waters! What cared they for a boy's life or a boy's death? Nothing. He tried to pray, but the words would not come. He could only wring his hands and look upward. Ah! now the waves were upon him; now they lifted him to the entrance. Oh, joy, joy! there came the splash of oars: a dark something was gliding close; then a child's voice, full of terror, but still thrilling with love, cried, "Harry! Harry! are you there?"

It was Archie, dear little Archie. Saved! Saved! He took his seat in the boat. He did not question the child how he had managed to come; he only wrung the hot little hand which helped him in, and took the oar waiting for him. How they rowed, how the waves clamoured, how the wind blew, how the shadows fell and deepened! Little Archie's face grew pale and his eyes wistful.

"Archie, boy, are you afraid?" asked Harry, bending down his head, so that he could hear him above the roar of the winds and waves.

"Just a little; but God will take care of us, won't He?"

A great wave came rolling on: their boat rocked like a shell.

"Oh, Harry!" cried the child.

"Courage, Archie!" shouted Harry. And now another wave and another swept them hither and thither, as if in mockery at the frailty of their bark.

"God will take care of us," cried Archie, his young face pale as a ghost's. "And perhaps mamma is asking Him to do so."

Mamma! How the hearts of both boys yearned as they thought of her and their father; and what hard things conscience was whispering to Harry!

"Harry, do you know what I meant this afternoon when you were going sailing?" asked the younger boy.

"Yes, Archie; I knew then."

"You will give it up for mamma's sake?" pleaded the child. Harry groaned, but the winds and waters did not heed or care.

"Oh, Harry!" Archie almost shrieked, "the water is coming into the boat!"

"Yes, Archie, I know," replied the other, with terrible calmness; "we must bale it out if we can."

They stopped rowing, and began to bale out the water with their hats.

"Harry, if we can't keep it out we shall sink," said little Archie, as the water did not decrease.

"Yes, we shall sink!" Poor Harry! he put his arm round his shivering brother. The little fellow clung to him. "Harry, shall we pray?" he asked, in his terror. Pray! Life, precious life, seemed going—life which he had spoiled while he had it, which only this afternoon he had declared he hated. And now the boat was filling fast: no use baling, no use doing anything. He drew his little brother closer to his heart. One swift thought of school and school associates, one lightning glance at India and her who might be even then praying for them: a pitiful, wordless prayer went up towards the sullen sky; and then—God had heard them—some sort of vessel was by them, rough voices hailed them, rough kindly hands rescued them; they were on board a vessel laden with coals, which would take them into port a little way down the coast. Oh, children! what a song of praise went up from the hearts of the brothers! Then little Archie told Harry how it happened that he came to the rescue. He had watched among the rocks for the return of the boat all the afternoon; and when the boat shot past and the other lads shouted that Harry had walked home, he felt certain that he had not, or he should have seen him. Something whispered to him that he was in the cave, knowing how many times they had gone there together to admire its beauties and to watch the rosy sunbeams on the sea from its entrance. And if there, the tide was fast shutting him in. As the conviction flashed upon him he knew there was no time to run for help, the boat was in the distance gliding away over the darkening waters. Hard by was a fisherman's cottage, and a crazy old boat moored near—how frail he did not know; there was no time for thought. He loosed it and rowed away, brave little brother as he was. It was hard work for him, but he did it and saved Harry's life. How the two clung to each other after this! how precious they were the one to the other! And oh! how Harry ever after strove to make his school life a noble striving after all pure, lovely, and manly virtues, by the remembrance of that hour of peril and deliverance on the sea.

When the potato bugs first began to ravage the Eastern fields, a good many years ago, a farmer had a promising potato patch, and his next neighbour also had one, the two fields adjoining, with a fence between them. He rose very early in the morning and went at his field, and was out of it by the time his neighbour got up. The neighbour worked very industriously clearing his vines of the beetles, which he stripped off into a tin pail, and then put them into a fire which he had built near by; but he seemed to make no impression upon the pestilent insects. One day the farmer passed by as the neighbour was thus busily engaged, and saw him putting a pailful of the potato beetles upon the fire. The philosopher looked very much pained.

"My friend," said he, "I wonder how you can be so cruel as to burn those insects."

"Have to do something with them," said the neighbour. "I see your vines look pretty clear; what do you do with yours?"

"Oh," said he, "I gather them off carefully into a basket, and then, as gently as I can, throw them over the fence into your field!"

"I owe my first success in life to my good handwriting." *Benjamin Franklin.*