

they saw her plunging and driving amid foam and spray in the offing shouted their thanks to Heaven and the Virgin when she touched the shore. But the excitement increased tenfold when it was made known that among the rescued was Rose Gallagher, and, as Tim Mullins had foretold, there was no difficulty in getting a second crew to volunteer for another trip to the wreck; indeed so many offered themselves that Brian had to make a selection—for it was Brian, though greatly fatigued, who again took command of the boat. "What!" he said to those who would persuade him to allow another to take the helm, "do yees think I could stand here lookin' on and doin' nothin' to save my Phil?—No, a thousand times no! Why, I feel as if I'd rush, boat or no boat, into the very say itself to rache him." Alas! even this self-sacrificing zeal did not avail to reach his son—his only son. The "Polly Hopkins" had not made more than half her way to the wreck when a tremendous sea was observed to break over it. Screams were heard amid the thunder of the waters, and when the mounting spray passed by, the wreck was gone; fragments here and there, and the heads of a few feeble swimmers, alone were seen upon the devouring tide. Three or four of the drowning men were picked up by Brian's boat—but Phil was not among them, though the distracted father looked hard and long for him. He was not found until the following day, when, as borne by the tide, he floated into a little cove not far from his father's cottage—rather, his cold and stiffened form floated in, for his spirit had fled to that world where there is "no sea" and tempest. He had gone to that Saviour whose Word he so deeply loved, and whose self-sacrificing spirit he so nobly imitated.

The Bible he had been exiled for not surrendering was found upon his dress. Brian got possession of it—not to be given up, it may be guessed, to be burnt, but to be preserved as a priceless treasure.

Brian Gallagher has never recovered from the shock of his son's death. He charges himself with being the cause of it. "Had I not druv him from me home," he says, "he had not been in the wreck." "Oh, God," he once exclaimed, "I deserve to be thus punished fur dhruvin' him away; and I was also, at the same time, dhruvin' Thy blessed thruth from me; but I was desaved and put upon to do it. How on earth is it, O Lord, that min callin' them-

selves Thy sarvants can thus blind and timpt uz? Ah! I begin to see Thy Word is the light and the life of min's souls; but they towld me, Lord, it was poison."

Rose Gallagher still lives with her father; he does not interfere with her religious freedom, and will suffer no one to molest her. She reads her Bible, and often to her father, who is gradually coming to understand and love it. May it soon lead him to a full knowledge of that Saviour whose

his whole body. So the merchant was crowded out entirely, for the room was not big enough for both of them.

We sometimes think it no great harm if we permit the beginning of a bad habit to enter our bosom. If it would stop there it might not do so much evil. But no one knows where a bad habit will stop. It is quite as likely as not to crowd out everything good. So look out for the beginnings!—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*



"MAY I PUT MY HEAD IN?"

mission it is "to comfort all that mourn, to give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." H. M.

—*Family Friend.*

THE END.

BEWARE OF BEGINNINGS.

The story told in the picture is an old one, but good for all that. Said the camel, "It is cold out here; may I put my head within your door?" The merchant could not find it in his heart to refuse. Before long the camel's neck as well as head was within the little room; then his shoulders; then

THE CATTLE TRAIN.

The picture on our fourth page illustrates an incident that was related some years ago by Miss L. M. Alcott, the well-known author. We give the story in her own words, as published at the time:—

"Somewhere above Fitchburg, as we stopped for twenty minutes at a station, I amused myself by looking out of a window at a waterfall which came tumbling over the rocks and spread into a wide pool, that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a cattle-train; and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my

"Full in the hot sun stood the cars; and every crevice of room between the bars across the doorways was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their poor parched mouths!

"The cattle lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled one over the other, in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while, that I was tempted to get out and see what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up; and while I hesitated, two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed better than I could have done it.

"I could not hear what they said; but, as they worked away so heartily, their little tanned faces grew lovely to me, in spite of their old hats, their bare feet, and their shabby gowns. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and, emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made little bare-foot's task a hard one.

"But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was soon empty; and her friend meanwhile pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and, having no pail, filled her 'picking-dish' with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity."

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."—*The Nursery.*

The above incident was quoted by Mr. Angell when pleading for the new cattle law before the House Committee on Agriculture.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.