

en face of one of the crew bending over him, took in the sense of his words, and was on his feet in an instant. His apprenticeship with the Fire Brigade had taught him to be on the alert in a moment, and he stood before the sailor as wide-awake as if he had not been asleep for hours, and already was donning his clothes with great rapidity.

"What is it?" he asked, as he buttoned on his rough pea-jacket, and caught his sou'-wester from the wall where it hung. "Another collision?"

"No; it is one of the Southampton steam packets run against a rock in the fog there was a few hours ago. Since it happened there's a gale of wind come up, all of a sudden, that's blown away the fog; but the sea's running very high, and the ship's going to pieces as fast as she can; unless we get there quick there won't be a man saved; they have had to take to the rigging already."

"A passenger-boat! That's bad. There must be women and children on board—we must see to them first, Jack."

"Oh, they are all right; they were put into the steamer's boats, and sent ashore before the gale got so high as it is now; but there was not room in these cockle-shells they have aboard the packets for any of the men, excepting two or three in each to manage the boats, and bring off the women and babies in safety. They brought the news, and begged us for dear life to get out our boat. They say there's a score of men or more hanging on to the rigging, with the ship breaking up under them; and many of them were getting so numbed with the cold and wet, that they were likely to drop into the sea, like birds off their perch."

"Then make haste, man!" exclaimed Raymond, unceremoniously pushing his companion down the stair, while he swung himself down by the banisters, without using his lame foot, which still hampered him a good deal in his movements. A few minutes more, and the brave crew of the life-boat were out on the raging waters. The flying rack overhead at times gave glimpses of a pale moon, which lit up for an instant the white foam on the giant waves with a ghastly lustre; while occasionally the gale, as it swept over them, brought with it faint cries, scarcely distinguishable from the wail of the wind, which told that they were slowly drawing near the perishing men they were struggling on to rescue, if possible. There was always the same formula on Raymond's lips when he was out in these scenes of ocean peril, first, an earnest prayer that God would have mercy on his soul if he perished himself in seeking to save others; and then a low murmur, "My own Estelle, if I am to die to-night, farewell—farewell!" and all the while he was bending with the whole strength of his stalwart arms to the oar, obeying every brief command of the life-boat's captain with implicit care, the entire crew working as one man, alike fearless of danger and strong in will.

It was heavy toil, for the huge billows beat against them, and seemed to oppose an almost intelligent determination against their progress; but they laboured steadily onward, and at last the fitful gleams of transitory moonlight showed them a black mass ahead of them, heaving and straining under the violent rush of the waves, while dull heavy blows, like the report of a cannon, told how again and again the sinking ship was being driven against the cruel rock that tore open her sides, and sent her reeling back into the trough of the waves. Above all the roar of the storm, high and shrill came the cry of human voices for the help that, in the person of Raymond and his companions, was nobly hastening to them. A few more powerful efforts, and the life-boat was alongside, while the indistinct line of figures, clinging to all parts of the rigging, could dimly be seen through the whirlwind of spray.

Several of the crew at once climbed on to the wreck, in order to help the benumbed and fainting men from their perilous position; while to Raymond, in consideration of his lameness, was given, with some others, the dangerous task of keeping the boat alongside, and receiving the half lifeless burdens as they were swung down by the sailors; but nerve and calmness, and stern determination, accomplished the difficult duty.

One after another the men rescued from certain death were taken into what was emphatically for them a life-boat. Those that were insensible or powerless from cold were laid in the bottom of it

and some who were able to support themselves were seated in the stern.

Amongst those that were handed down to Raymond in a state of complete unconsciousness was a fair-haired young man of slender make, who sunk down in such utter helplessness at Raymond's feet that he feared he must be already dead. He hurriedly pulled off his pea-jacket, and wrapped him in it, supporting the fair head as well as he could against his knees; but this was all he could do for the present.

The last of the drowning men had been taken down from the rigging, and the word of command was given to the crew to pull off from the wreck as fast as possible, their own position being one of imminent danger, in such vicinity to the swirl of waters caused by the sinking ship.

The life-boat dashed away, propelled by all the strength of the stout arms that seemed to have derived new strength from the glow of satisfaction that warmed every heart with the consciousness of a great deed nobly done.

The transit back to the shore did not seem so long or so terrible. Soon they saw lights gleaming on the shore, where the friends of the crew, and many others, had come to the water's edge to watch for the rescued and the rescuers, with everything which they thought might be required by the half-drowned men when they were brought to land.

A little longer and the boat's keel grated on the sands, and amidst ringing cheers from those on shore the crew leaped into the surf, and began to carry the most helpless of the saved ones on shore. Some were able to walk, with assistance; but not so the fair-haired man who had lain at Raymond's feet—he still remained motionless and unconscious.

"Bear a hand, Jack," said Raymond to the sailor nearest him, "help me to carry this fellow out of the boat. He is not very heavy, and I could do it myself but for this lame foot of mine that is always in the way."

Jack had the insensible man in his arms in a moment, and together they waded with him to the shore. They laid him down on the sand, and one of the bystanders flashed a lantern in his face to see if he yet lived. As the bright gleam fell on the refined handsome features, and the fair hair hanging wet and matted over the intellectual forehead, Raymond started violently, for he had recognized Hugh Carlton.

"This one wants looking to straight and sharp," said Jack, "or he'll lose the little life that's in him still—if indeed there is any," he added, lifting up one of the cold hands. "We must take him at once to the Sailor's Home."

"No, Jack!" exclaimed Raymond, hurriedly. "I know this man. He is my friend. He goes with me to my house. Here, call one or two of your fellows, and let us take him there without delay!"

Children's Department.

TRUE LOVE.

"How much I love you, Mother dear"
A little prattler said.
"I love you in the Morning bright,
And when I go to bed."

"I love you when I'm near you,
And when I'm far away;
I love you when I am at work,
And when I am at play."

And then she slyly, sweetly raised
Her lovely eyes of blue,
"I love you when you love me best
And when you scold me, too."

The Mother kissed her darling child,
And stooped a tear to hide;
"My precious one, I love you most
When I am forced to chide."

"I could not let my darling child,
In sin and folly go;
And that is why I sometimes chide,
Because I love you so."

THE TWO ENEMIES.

There was once a little boy who had everything his heart could desire; a large house, a beautiful garden, a pony and a dog, and many playthings. He had an indulgent mother and two nurses, and they all tried to please him. If he asked for sweetmeats they were given him; if he wished for coffee and cake for breakfast, instead of bread and milk, he had them. In the winter he did not walk out when it was too cold, nor in the summer when it was too hot; and yet in the evening he would look as tired as if he had broken stones all day.

When he was twelve years old his mother grew alarmed, for every day he seemed to have a new form of illness. She took him to the cleverest doctors, but the medicines were of no use, for he threw them into the corner, as he had his lesson-books and his slate.

At length his mother took him to a very clever physician in a neighboring town. The physician quickly found out what ailed the little boy, and he promised to send a prescription that would cure him. The next morning this letter came:

"Dear Sir,—You have two poisonous serpents within you, that are consuming your vital powers daily and hourly. I cannot cure you unless you come and live an hour's distance from my house. Every morning before breakfast you must walk to my house, and then I will give you a powder, which with a lotion in the afternoon, will kill the serpents. But the powder will be of no avail unless you go to school two hours after it; and the lotion will require a long walk before taking it. If you do not take my medicines you will not hear the birds sing next Spring."

The mother of the little boy and the nurses were very angry, but the physician said if they would not follow the prescription they might go to another doctor.

Then the mother took her sick little boy to some lodgings an hour's distance from the physician's house.

The first morning the little fellow could scarcely creep along. The mother and the two nurses drove in a carriage behind him, to pick him up if he should grow too tired.

"The cruel physician!" said the nurses.

The next morning the boy was very tired, but the third and fourth day he could not help listening to the cuckoo, and thinking the air very sweet and balmy; and the fifth day he even relished the bread and milk in which the powder was mixed. Thus for six weeks he walked and went to school every day; his cheeks grew rosy and his eyes bright, and he no longer pushed his bread and milk away, and he slept soundly all through the night. His mother was going to take him home, but the physician said:

"The serpents may be killed, but they may have left young ones. Unless you give him bread and milk for breakfast, and send him to school, and give him no sweetmeats, they will grow within him and kill him."

The mother gave the physician a large fee, and took her little boy home. But when he was grown up, and had become a tall, strong man, he called on the physician to thank him for his prescription, for he had learned the names of the two poisonous serpents; they were—Laziness and Greediness!

Children, partial to cats, might try their hands in bringing up a kitten to be even smarter than the one of which a little girl in Berwick, Me., is very proud. It is said that when called by name at dinner-time, her kittens run quickly to the side of her mistress, and demurely waits while a tiny bib, made expressly for her, is tied around her neck. A two ounce vial filled with milk is then laid on the floor beside her, and, taking it between her paws, she raises herself on her hind feet, puts the bottle to her mouth, and remaining in that position drinks the milk: then, laying the bottle gently down, she patiently waits for her mouth to be wiped and for the bib to be removed. We know some children that are not in the habit of waiting "demurely" for anything.