

House, in the West of England, about two or three miles from the River Severn where it suddenly widens. The Colburnes were most hospitable people, and spared no effort to make our visit thoroughly enjoyable. And we did enjoy country life to the full, roaming about and romping with the children, who were the pictures of health, showing the prettiest of roses on their cheeks. Our friends were always planning some pleasure for us. "What is the order of the day?" asked the farmer, at breakfast, one unusually fine morning. "We were thinking," replied one of the younger members of the family, "that a picnic to the Hock would be enjoyable." "Very good — what, says Mrs. Mason?" turning to your aunt, who was a great favorite. "I think it would be simply splendid," she replied with enthusiasm. "Be it so, then," said the farmer; "Dick can drive you in the waggonette. Don't forget the provisions; for the salt air will make you 'nation hungry; and take with you a few bottles of perry; it's in fine condition now, and will go like champagne; not too much if it, though, for it's main strong," and, laughing heartily, he rose from the table, wishing us a pleasant day.

"But, Uncle Joe," I remarked, with surprise, "you are a teetotaler, and would not require anything like champagne."

"I was not one at that time," he replied, sadly. "Had I been, my hair, in all probability, would not be white, even now."

"We started on our picnic early with the intention of having a long day, and before noon arrived at the Hock. Dick, our coachman for the occasion, was the farmer's son, a youth of about sixteen or eighteen years of age. He suggested that we should first of all take a walk to the top of Barrow Hill, returning to luncheon about two o'clock. He proposed to remain behind and see after things. I should here explain that the Hock, a spot much favored by picnic parties, is at the corner of a sharp bend in the Severn, where the river suddenly becomes very wide. It is, moreover, a favorable position for witnessing the 'Severn bore,' a phenomenal tidal wave of great size and force, especially when the spring tides prevail. Round Barrow Hill, which is close at hand, the river winds—taking the shape of a horse-shoe. From the top of the hill you have a magnificent panorama of the beautiful Severn valley, with the Cotswold and Malvern Hills in the far distance, and the wooded hills of Dean forest close at hand. We much enjoyed our walk up the green slopes of the hill, and your aunt was enthusiastic in her delight at the view she beheld for the first time. When we returned Dick had luncheon all ready for us, and with appetites sharpened by our walk, we were more than ready for the lunch. That hearty, merry meal on the beach is never to be forgotten. We drank rather freely of the perry; certainly more so than we should have done had we any idea of its strength. It popped and sparkled, and in its exhilarating effect was not unlike champagne. It is a great mistake for any to suppose that pure cider and perry are not intoxicating. I am quite sure that the perry we had on that occasion was of greater alcoholic strength than strong beer. After luncheon we were all full of fun, ripe for any adventure or game that should turn up first. I think it must have been about three o'clock when two men came ashore in a small boat. "Hallo," exclaimed Dick, "that's Cap'n Williams. I wonder if he would let us have his boat for a row? I will ask him," and no sooner said than done, for just at that moment the captain, having drawn his boat high up on the beach, came towards where we were sitting. "I hardly know what to say about that, young farmer. Do you know how to manage her?" "Oh, yes," was

the confident reply, "I've been in a boat before to-day, and Mr. Mason here is a capital oarsman." "No fear," said I, "I've rowed for miles on the Thames, and been in more than one boat-race." "Very good, young sir," replied the captain somewhat seriously, "but the Thames and the Severn be two very different rivers." While we had been talking Dick had been uncorking a bottle of perry, and pouring out a bumper, all sparkling, offered it to the captain, at the same time uncorking another for his companion. "Take a draught of perry, cap'n," said he, "you'll not find it bad this hot weather." "Thank you, young farmer," he said readily, taking the glass, "I never know'd bad perry come out o' your father's orchards yet. My respects ladies and gentlemen," and they tossed off the bumpers with great relish, speedily finishing their bottles. "Of course," said the captain, "you are welcome to the boat as long as you knows how to manage her. If you'll stop here a minute or two me and my mate will get her afloat again," and they hurried down to where the boat was beached. "I thought the perry would settle the question," laughed Dick, as they departed. In another ten minutes we were in the boat and on the water. "Be careful," said the captain, as he pushed us off, it seemed almost regretfully; "you must get back for sure before the tide comes in, which'll give you about an hour and a half on the water, you'd better keep the middle o' the channel, an' whatever you do look out for the bore, her'll be coming in main strong this afternoon." "What does he mean by the bore?" laughed your aunt. "The tidal wave," I replied, "a curious phenomenon which I should rather like to see." We were a merry party, consisting of myself and Dick, who were rowing, with your aunt and the two children. Our other friends remained at the Hock, there not being room for them in the boat. We must have been longer on the water than we had any idea, but at length turned back floating with the stream. We were about half-way to the Hock when I saw some men on the shore excitedly calling to us, and then hurriedly jumping into a large boat at the waterside. While they were calling there came from down the river a dull rumble, and then a mighty roar, and in another moment we saw the terrible bore rushing towards us, foaming in its fury. It seized our little boat, tossed it up as it would a mere toy, throwing us all into the water. I and Dick were picked up by the boatmen who had seen our danger, in an unconscious state. When I came to myself it was an awakening to the knowledge that my beloved wife and two dear children had perished. Their bodies were recovered just as the tide turned. I cannot tell you how greatly I was shaken by that dreadful calamity, and the agony I suffered, but it was seen the next day that my hair had turned grey, and before long it was as white as you see it now."

Uncle Joe rose from his chair and went to his room, and we did not see him again that day. I know why he told me the story. — "Temperance Record."

### 'With Him.'

The outside door of one of the county infirmary's buildings stood partly open. Twelve-year-old Letitia had set it ajar. She had crept into the hall to view the outer world to-day. The door behind her, leading from a hall into a ward, was shut, so no draught would strike any ill person. Letitia would have been sorry to have the air do mischief to any patient, or to the poor, year-old, consumptive baby, who sat, white and listless, in his high chair.

It was not every day Letitia could be around. Many days she lay in her cot. Then the doctor said, "Here's my brave little woman!" in such a way that Letitia knew he cared how much she suffered. The doctor's wife cared, too. She came to the infirmary sometimes. It was the doctor's wife who had told Letitia of the loving Saviour of sin-sick souls, and had led the girl to Christ. Some of the patients felt at times, now, that Letitia was different from what she used to be.

"I don't have a well day very often," thought Letitia now, "I wish I could do something to-day to help the other patients, for Christ's sake. I can't do much for him."

Letitia turned. Miss Abby was coming along the hall. Miss Abby was weak-minded, and took great pleasure in a string of buttons. Miss Abby had collected the buttons from friends, and had strung them on a piece of twine. She sat down in the doorway with Letitia now, and immediately called the girl's attention to the button-string. Letitia listened patiently as she heard once again the oft-repeated story as to where each button came from. Miss Abby babbled on infinitely pleased to have so attentive a listener.

"There isn't anybody but you does care to look at my button string real frequent, Letitia," said poor Miss Abby. "I am very particular about this button-string, very particular! If I was in your place, Letitia, soon as ever I could I'd make a button-string. 'Twill be company for you when you're old."

Letitia smiled. Once she would not have listened patiently day after day to poor Miss Abby's babbling about her button-string, but now Letitia was trying for Christ's sake to do what she could for other people.

After a while Miss Abby had talked of all the buttons, and Letitia slowly rose.

"I'm going to look at my sweet peas," said the girl.

Letitia crept slowly down the steps and passed along the bare yard to the corner of the building. The doctor's wife had given Letitia some sweet pea seeds to plant. The last time Letitia had been well enough to go out of doors the sweet peas had sent up green tendrils.

Miss Abby presently heard a faint, joyful cry from the house corner.

"They've blossomed!" cried Letitia. "There are two sweet pea blossoms!"

Miss Abby stopped fingering the button-string, and tried to understand. Letitia came slowly back, her face radiant, the two pink and white sweet pea blossoms in her hand.

"Oh, Miss Abby, they're so sweet!" cried Letitia.

She held the two blossoms toward Miss Abby. Miss Abby looked uncomprehendingly, and fell to running over her button-string again. She did not realize at all what the two beautiful pink and white blossoms were to Letitia. Letitia had already given Miss Abby what she most needed. It was sympathy.

"Nobody but you does care to look at my button-string real frequent, Letitia," repeated poor Miss Abby, gratefully.

"I'm going to show these sweet peas to the other patients in our ward," said Letitia.

She passed slowly through the hall into her ward. The little consumptive baby could hardly smile when Letitia showed him the flowers, he felt so tired to-day.

Letitia went very slowly and softly down the passage-way between the cots. She showed the two sweet peas. Some patients did not look. Others smiled. Others scowled at Letitia. All the patients did not possess pleasant dispositions.

Letitia came to old Mrs. Simmonds.

"I don't know as I've seen a sweet pea for