

lights dashing up the harbour. The excitement increased to almost a panic as the vessel neared the narrow entrance to the river, through which, if she passed, she would certainly bring havoc and death. In an instant she made a sharp turn toward the south shore—a moment later there was a muffled crash, like the mutterings of distant thunder. A distress light flew up into the dark heavens, and in quick response the rocket apparatus laid the line across her bows. The brigade men waited for the return signal, but none was given. Presently they heard a splash, and felt their rope slacken. Thinking it had missed its aim and had fallen into the water, they began to haul it ashore to try again, but were surprised to find they were hauling something heavier than the rope alone.

Soon a black speck was seen

tossing in the surf, and they discovered that they were hauling ashore a human body. Another moment, and a man, clad in oil-clothes floundered up on the beach. The men of the brigade surrounded him, and thinking the man must be crazy, demanded of him why he had come ashore with the rope and left the other men on board.

"No men aboard," he said, "no men aboard. Wait till I get a little heat into me, and I'll tell you all about it." Then he began beating the numbness out of his arms and legs in good old sailor style.

He soon told them the whole story of the loss of all his crew, and explained his reasons for running his vessel ashore, and then tying their rope round his waist and jumping overboard, to escape from the ship before she was dashed to pieces.

Hants Harbour, Nfld.

THE HERMIT AND THE PILGRIM.

BY CLIFFORD HOWARD.

Within the holy hermit knelt and prayed,
With arms upraised above his bended form,
He called aloud amid the beating storm,
Invoking, for the homeless, heaven's aid.

"O God," he cried, "if in this bitter night
There be but one who seeks a sheltering rest—
E'en as Thou givest to the birds a nest,—
Lead Thou, O Lord, his faltering steps aright.

Without, a lonely pilgrim, faint and sore,
Drawn thither by the Laura's flickering light—
A star amid the tempest-ridden night,—
Stood knocking at the hermit's welcome door.

"O man of God, take pity ere I die
And grant to me the refuge of thy care!"
But to the anchorite, absorbed in prayer,
There came no sound of knock nor pleading cry.

When darkness, with its stormful wrath had sped,
His duty done, the weary hermit slept;
While he for whom that night he'd prayed and wept
Lay at the door, unrecognized and dead.

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