

"I could only say over and over, 'When thou passeth through the billows I will be with thee.' I know He was, Carl."

Carl looked at the pale lips of his only sister, and with a heart full of real gratitude that she was spared said quietly, "Yes, I know He was—always know that when she's near," he added in his heart, for Carl thought this one sister almost an angel, and never teased and bullied her as some boys do their sisters.

"O little puppy, I wonder what your life has been saved for?" said Marion, taking the little dog for a moment, but quickly putting it down, for she felt faint and weak.

Ten years went by. Marion, a woman of twenty two, seemed older than Carl, a young man of twenty-four, for she had been married for two years, and, as she wrote to her brother, "was bringing him the dearest little nephew—just another Carl." She had lived in India with her husband, but was to spend a few years in her old Scottish seaside home, and now the vessel in which she was to come was hourly expected. How Carl watched the winds and tides! A storm came up, and the ship must be on the coast! The young man and his father were on the rocks before dawn, and in the darkness they heard the guns of a ship in distress. They knew that in all probability it was the "Albatross," and their darling with the little one they had never seen, was to drown perhaps, almost in their sight.

Suddenly a sheet of flame lit up the sky. The ship was on fire, and men and women could be seen throwing themselves into the sea. Boats are launched, and Carl started the first one. It was a great risk, but no one cared for danger; all knew "Miss Marion" was in the ship. Nearer and nearer came the boat; now sunk in the trough of the sea, they could see nothing, and again high on some wave they saw, still far ahead, men, women, and children struggling in the angry waters. Each time some had disappeared, O God, would they save her?

Suddenly a small, black object is seen coming towards the boat. It is a dog, and some one is swimming by his side, while there is something on his back.

"Marion! it is she! Here, Hero! here, old fellow!"

But Judy's puppy had seen the boat far off and was by their side before they needed to call. The baby, half-drowned, but saved, was dragged in the boat, and Marion, who had yielded to her father's wishes years before and learned to combat waves and surf, was soon in her brother's arms.

"It was Hero who saved us. How little we children knew what we were doing ten years ago," said Marion faintly, but with a happy quiver in her voice as she saw her baby reviving.

"And this time I thought who was with you, darling," whispered Carl, "and knew that even though you drowned He would keep you safe. Ah, darling, it was you roused me up to succour Judy when I was a boy. You deserve that her puppy should save your little one."—*Christian Chronicle*.

THE NEW YEAR.

It's coming, boys, it's almost here:
It's coming, girls, the grand new year!
A year to be glad in, not to be bad in;
A year to live in, to gain and give in;
A year for trying, and not for sighing;
A year for striving, and hearty thriving;
A bright new year, Oh! hold it dear.
For God who sendeth, He only lendeth.

KALEIDOSCOPIES.

Probably most of the children have looked through one of these beautiful instruments, and enjoyed seeing the bits of bright glass at the end of the tube shift about in a variety of forms. They have usually been sold as toys, but now architects and carpet-designers are beginning to buy them to get designs for their work. But the greatest use made of them is by the men who manufacture round, stained glass windows. The kaleidoscope furnishes more beautiful patterns than the men can arrange themselves.