

## The Little People.

A dreary place would be this earth,  
Were there no little people in it;  
A song of life would lose its mirth,  
Were there no children to begin it

Little forms, like buds to grow,  
And make the admiring heart surrender;  
Little hands on breast and brow,  
To keep the thrilling love chords tender.

What would the mother do for work,  
Were there no pants or jackets tearing;  
No dainty dresses to embroider;  
No cradles for her watchful caring?

How boys at wintry morn,  
With sat hel to the school-house hastening;  
How merry shouts as home they rush,  
No precious morsel for their tasting?

How sterner souls would get more stern,  
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,  
And man to stoic coldness turn,  
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach  
Through time's mysterious dim unfolding,  
The little ones with cherub smile  
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said His voice in whom we trust,  
When, in Judea's realm a preacher,  
He made a child confront the proud,  
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song indeed would lose its charm,  
Were there no babies to begin it;  
A dreary place this world would be,  
Were there no little people in it.

—John G. Whittier.

## Sam Walker, Surfman, Station 9.

THERE were two persons sitting on the door-step of a station of the life-saving service. One was Will Plympton, and the other liked to write down his name and calling as "Sam Walker, Surfman, Station 9." They were looking across the white, chilly sands toward the sea, that under the tearing, exasperating strokes of the wind hourly grew more and more violent. The clouds had a scowling look. It was not a disturbed sky simply, angry here and there, but everywhere its face was one of settled, ugly moroseness.

"Mischief brewin'," said Sam.

"Yes: the wind has been busy at something for the last twenty-four hours," replied Will.

"How white and ugly that surf is! Looks to me as if it was all full of sharks' teeth, white and hard."

"Somebody will feel them when the storm breaks—at any rate, before it is over."

"Yes; I s'pose the vessel is on the water that has been quietly movin' on to meet its doom in this storm, and didn't know it more than you and I know the future."

All this time the sea and sky had been growing blacker.

Keeper Joel Barney, the official head of the crew at station 9 stepped out of the station, and the conversation was interrupted.

When Sam and Will were alone again, Sam said, "That sea and me feel alike, I guess."

"Why?"

"O I'm not at all easy."

Here Sam's face seemed to darken like the sky.

"What are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinkin' of somebody that wronged me once. That was in Old England. We were boatmen, and there was an extra chance at work we both wanted, and Payne Chesley set on foot some stories that lost me my old place and kept me out of a better one. Lies! lies!" said Sam, vehemently—"all of them."

"Well, didn't people see that?"

"Yes, but too late to help me, if it

had been the truth, it couldn't for the time have hurt me more."

"What's false will wash off like mud. It's only what is true that sticks in the stays and hurts."

But Sam was not disposed to dwell on this side of the subject. He arose, strode off grumbling, came back grumbling, and sat down in the station doorway.

"What makes me think of Payne Chesley I don't know. I feel ugly as that sea looks, and I don't know but I could put Payne Chesley under the water if I had him. Seems to me 'twould be just sweet to do that. But that isn't the thing for an old chap like me," he said, meditatively. "We've got to swallow these feelin's."

Still blacker grew sea and sky.

A very savory odor of old Java, fried potatoes, and biscuit now came from the station kitchen, and the crew gathered for supper.

"Storm's broke," said Keeper Barney, amid the rattling of dishes; "I see the rain on the window near me."

Just then Silas Peaslee came in from the beach, and his dripping "sou-wester" told the story of the arrival of the rain.

"A bad night," said Silas. "If a vessel gets on Howlin' Pint."

But no vessel was so foolish as to do that fatal thing.

The men on duty patrolled the beach as the regulations require. Four times between sunset and sunrise they tramped from two to four miles each side of the station. Each patrolman carried his Coxton signals, which could be lighted at once, burning with a red flame, and warning of any vessels that might be discovered sailing too near the shore, or announcing to any wrecked vessel that help was near. But though keen eyes watched and quick ears listened, there was no sign of vessels in danger or distress. There was only that near and incessant thunder in the darkness, that awful roar of an invisible anger which manifested itself in an occasional throw of cold surf about the feet of the patrolmen venturing too near the edge of the sea.

The morning lighted up a confused mass of white, struggling billows under black, heavy masses of storm cloud, that swept the sea with pitiless discharges of rain. The men at the station were at breakfast when Arnold Rankin rushed in, shouting, "There's a wreck off here!"

"Boom—m—m!" came the report of a gun from the sea.

"That's Arnold's voucher," cried Keeper Barney, springing from his seat, and upsetting the chair in his eagerness. "Our surf-boat cannot live in that sea. Open the boat-room doors."

"Man the beach-waggon, boys."

Out upon the sands the cart was quickly rushed, and a wreck-gun and other apparatus taken from it. The gun was placed in position, and a shot carrying with it a light, strong line sent over the wreck.

"They've got it!" said Sam Walker, looking toward the vessel, around which boiled the white surf. "They have made it fast!"

"Take to half hitches with the shot-line round that whip!" shouted the keeper, soon signalling to the wreck to haul on board.

The "whip" was a larger line doubled through a single pulley-block, and it was patiently hauled on board, followed by a hawser. These two lines were made fast, the hawser being

secured above the "whip," or endless line.

"Send the life-car, boys," said Keeper Barney. "Quick!"

Every moment the storm seemed to be gathering more force, as if to resist the brave men in their work of rescue. More heavily rolled the waves upon the shore, the wind charged up and down the beach, and roughly the rain splashed the faces of the surfmen. And yet the crew worked, springing from duty to duty, and cheering heartily when they saw the life-car coming along the hawser and hauled out by means of the "whip."

"The're loadin' her up," was the news that Sam's keen eyes enabled him to communicate. "Four men have got into her."

"Haul ashore!" shouted the keeper; and safely across the turbulent sweep of surf came the life-car. The hatch was removed, and four men sprung upon the beach.

"Haul out!" was the keeper's ready command; and back to the wreck went the car.

"It's a steamer, the men say," was Arnold Rankin's announcement to his mates. "She's in a bad fix, and will break up afore night, they think."

Again and again went the life-car on its journey of mercy to the wreck.

At last arrived those who said, "Nobody else on board!"

"Look here!" exclaimed one of the steamer's crew, coming from the station, where the rescued men had found shelter: "there was one sick man. Has he come? He is not at the station."

The keeper looked around upon his little company of helpers.

"Boys," he said, "there's a sick man aboard. Are you sure, though, he did not come?" he asked, suddenly turning to his informant.

"Sure as I am here. Payne Chesley is not at the station, and he is not on the beach."

"Payne Chesley!"

Will Plympton heard the name, and instantly he looked at Sam's face. He saw Sam's startled, intent gaze, and then Sam said to the keeper, "Somebody must go and get him. I'll volunteer."

"I'll go! I'll go!" said several.

"Your ropes out there are weak," said one of the steamer's crew; "there has been so much strain on 'em. One will be enough to go in that car; send you the strongest man. No easy thing bringing a sick man to it. Whew! if he ain't up! And he signals too! I'd go if I wasn't bruised so."

Upon that wreck the sharper eyes of the company could make out the form of a man waving something—waving a plea for life on the edge of that horrible, ghastly ocean-pit of water.

"I'm the strongest," said Sam Walker, proudly; and in proof he raised his heavy muscular arm.

Everybody knew it was as Sam asserted. Into the car he went, and the hatch was closed after him. Keenly every eye watched the passage of the car to the steamer.

"I hope the ropes will hold," muttered the keeper, looking off in the face of the driving storm.

"Hurrah! He's there!" shouted the men.

There was a season of anxious waiting.

"Haul ashore!" shouted the keeper. "Ker—r—ful, boys!"

The car was near the beach, when

suddenly the ropes gave way and over in the surf helplessly rolled the car.

"Form a line boys! Lock close and wade out far as you can!" shouted the keeper.

And so, reaching out into that hungry, grasping sea, they snatched from it the food that the "sharks' teeth" in the surf had almost won.

"Hurrah for Sam Walker!" was the bidding of Keeper Barney to his men.

But Sam Walker did not need the pleasure afforded by that ovation. He made this confession to Will Plympton: "I thought it would be sweet to put Payne Chesley under the water, but I tell you, Will, it was a good deal sweeter to pull him out."—*Forward.*

## For Charlie's Sake.

WHAT a marvellous power lies behind these simple words. "For mother's sake," "For my boy's sake," "For the sake," of some loved one, what noble deeds have been wrought! what perils and dangers have been shunned! The following incident illustrates the potent influence of this phrase:

The office-door opened slowly and a stranger in poor, soiled clothes walked in. The man who sat at the desk was a lawyer, a judge—and he was very busy over the papers of a pending suit. It was in the days of the civil war.

The stranger had borne his share of the suffering that was in the land. He had been wounded in battle, and, weak and emaciated, he was on his way back to his native state and town.

But the busy judge scarcely raised his eyes to look at him. The poor soldier had taken off his cap, and stood feeling confusedly in his pockets.

"I have—I did have a letter for you."

The judge took no notice of the timid, hesitating words. He was very busy, and he was conscious only of a feeling of annoyance that a stranger should break in upon his time.

The confused, nervous search in the pockets continued, and the judge grew still more annoyed. He was a humane man, but he had responded to many soldiers' applications already—he was very busy just now.

The stranger came near and reached out a thin hand. A letter, grimy and pocket-worn, lay on the desk, addressed to the judge.

"I have no time to attend to such—"

But the impatient sentence was checked on the good man's lips. The handwriting was that of his son. He, opened the letter and read:

"Dear Father,—The bearer of this is a soldier discharged from the hospital. He is going home to die. Assist him in any way you can, for Charlie's sake."

And then Judge A—forgot how very busy he was. His heart went out towards the poor, sick soldier, and for "Charlie's sake"—his own soldier-boy far away—he loaded him with gifts and acts of kindness, and lodged him till he could send him on his way rejoicing.

I KNOW not what the world may think of my labours, but to myself it seems that I have been but a child playing on the sea-shore; now finding some pebble rather more polished, and now some shell more agreeably variegated than another, while the immense ocean of truth extended itself unexplored before me.—*Sir Isaac Newton.*