

INVOCATION.

FROM THE GALE.

Come, come, come my love, come and hurry, and come, my dear, to bring me, to bring me through—has open'd a way for Death to fear;—
Oh, come, come, come, my love, before his hand is here.

Though a hard road should her way, turn not back, but persevere;—
Though her heart send down fiery hail, rain lightnings, do not fear;—
Let your heart's side, white feet fly over cliffs and mountains high, white feet fly over hills—
Bridge rivers, scatter armed foes, shun the hills.

Like children to their Queen, then shall my love, desires, drop from me;—
Eger to meet you on your way and compass your home;—
To speed me to, to lift you on, 'mid storms of joy and floods of tears;—
To the heart of the battered wall, delivered by your spear.

The javelin-sources of your eye, the lightnings from your glorious face,—
Shall drive away death's armed gray in ruin and Lest I run and scatter me; my ancient comrade you shall stand, with thunder on my brow.

Then, hand in hand, we'll laugh at Death, his brainless nerves an arm;—
How can we break our overthow, or plot, or do us harm?—
What so weak a thing as Death when you are near, when you are near?—
Oh, come, come, my love, before his hand is here!

—Roger Horatio, in *Century*.

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

The story I am about to relate describes an actual occurrence.

The recompense that came so speedily, and in such a singular manner, to the principal actor in the events that are portrayed, will no doubt suggest to the general temperament a predilection in terms.

The real names of the persons thus brought to the notice of the reader, I have, of course, withheld.

Uncle Simon, as he was called, lived on a small island in the Casco bay, on the coast of Maine. He was a simple-minded but hard-working fisherman of great integrity of character.

During the six months, large schools were frequent the muddy bottom in the bay, affording a rich harvest to the fishermen along the coast.

As these fish take the hook best in the night, it is the custom of the fishermen to go in their small boats to the fishing-ground about sunset and fish till day-break, or somewhat later.

Uncle Simon was returning to the shore from baking after a successful night's work.

The light wind was barely sufficient to give his heavily-laden boat steerage-way, and, weary from his toil, the old man was nodding at the helm. Suddenly his half-closed eyes caught sight of a dead body in the water, just ahead of him.

Uncle Simon, however, opened his eyes wide, for just one moment, then lowered his sail, and, reaching out his boat-hook, drew the dead body toward him.

It proved to be that of a man, floating face downward. The skirts of his coat were thrown up over his shoulders, and from a deep inside pocket a leather pocket-book and a leather-wallet were protruding.

On examining the pocket-book he found that it contained a large amount of money in bank bills, which were soaked with water, but not otherwise injured.

Uncle Simon was a poor man. He had no money, and had to sell his boat to buy his wife a new one.

This money was his only means of wealth in his eyes. Men have been murdered, and souls have been lost for a smaller amount than that pocket-book contained.

What was to hinder him from calling it his own? No living creature was within five or six miles of him. He was utterly alone. As he towed the body to the shore, it lay dead, and to allow the voiceless ocean to swallow up the dead body. Who would have known his guilty secret?

But it is the inward inclination that gives force to temptation, and there was nothing in the nature of this simple fisherman's character that could have put it into his mind as to make it yield. He took the pocket-book with him, and, after reaching home, he dried the bills, and then carefully recounted them. There were \$90.

From letters and bills in the book, he ascertained that the body was that of a Capt. Small, who, some weeks before, had sold his vessel on Half-Way rock (a rocky mid-way between Cape Elizabeth and Cape Small Point), and had lost her.

He also ascertained that the vessel was owned in North Yarmouth, a neighboring town. At once he sent word to the owners, one of whom came to the island.

They knew what freight-money the Capt. had in his possession, for he had written to them from his vessel before his departure. On comparing the money, it was found the right amount to a dollar.

About a fortnight after this, the old man was going home in his boat from Drunken Lodge, where he had been to fish for rock-cod, when he came across a raft of drift wood. There was but little drift wood, and Uncle Simon, like most of his neighbors, was obliged to purchase his fuel.

He took in sail and set to work picking up the wood. While thus occupied, he saw something bobbing up and down in the water that excited his curiosity, and which proved to be the handle of a mallet, the mallet itself being under water.

Brother Gardner on Raising Boys.

"I had a boy to bring up, and I didn't bring him up too early. But, do you know, my life I met men who are bring up too softly. As boys diey air kissed and petted and snuffed wid sweet cake and cried over. As young men dey hadn't to do but spend money, dress like monkeys, losd on de street and look down on honest labor. As men dey am a failure. People dey pick 'em up and don't avoid them. When I sees a man whom I bery body dislikes, I realize dat he is a bad boy. The city druggists all sell it."

He had a boy I'd rub him agin his shoulder, and when he come to him, it comes forth. Love makes all things new; makes all cars light, all pain ease. It is the one enchantment in human life which realizes Fortunio's purse and Aladdin's palace, and turns the "Arabian Nights" into mere prose by comparison.

Before real society can come, true homes must come. As in a sheltered nook in the heart of the city, a boy can find a home, roll down the summit of Mount Blanc is found a little green spot full of tender flowers, so in the shelter of home, in the warm atmosphere of household love, spring up the pure affections of parent and child, father, mother, son, daughter; of brothers and sisters. Whatever makes this insecure and divorce frequent, must be removed, and that is the first step.

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