

as the conviction flashed upon me. Quick, shrill, despairing came the cries, now.

"Come to me, oh, come and save me! I shall be drowned—drowned. Oh, Geoffrey, Geoffrey! help me! Don't let me die—come to me, Geoffrey!"

Even in her desperation her voice took a tenderer tone in calling on his name. And I did not move. Shriek upon shriek smote on the stillness; but well I knew that all ears save mine were far away; that the loudest cry that could come from the young, delicate girl, would never be heard, except by me. Soon, exhausted by her own violence, her voice died away into a piteous wailing, amid which I could catch broken words—words that rooted anew my stubborn feet to the ground; words that scorched and seared me, and hardened into a purpose the bad thoughts, that at first only confusedly whirled and throbbed at my heart.

"Geoffrey! come quickly to me. I shall die. Oh, Geoffrey! it is so hard to die *now*! Where are you, that you do not come to save me? Oh, Geoffrey! *my* Geoffrey!"

"He will never hear, he is far away," I said to myself; "there is no help for her, none." I felt myself smiling at the thought.

"I am drowning! Oh, the cruel sea—the dreadful, dreadful rocks!" shrieked the voice.

"The beautiful rocks," I muttered, "you said you loved them, but a little while ago. It was there that you and he— Ay, shriek on!"

The advancing tide was not more cruel, the hard rocks more immovable, than I, as I stood listening, till again the cries subsided into a moaning that blended with the rush of the waves.

"Oh, my mother! my mother! Heaven help me—have mercy on me!"

The voice was suddenly quite hushed. I shivered, and a strange, awful, deadly feeling stole over me. In that minute what an age passed.

I know how murderers feel.

But God is merciful—most merciful. Again the supplicating voice rose to my ears, this time like music. I sprang from the ground where the moment before I had crouched, and dashed down the cliff.

My mind was perfectly clear. It has been a blessed thought to me, since, that it was no delirious impulse turned me on my way to save her. I might have been mad before, I was not now. I had full command of my reason, and as I clambered along, I at once decided on the only plan by which I could rescue her. I knew every turn and twist of the rocks, and very soon I gained a high peak, above where she stood, at the farthest corner of a little creek, into which the tide was driving rapidly. There was no time to lose. I slid down the steep, smooth rock to her side. She was nearly unconscious with terror, yet when she saw me she uttered a glad cry, and wound her arms round my neck in her old caressing way. I let them stay there. I tried to arouse her courage. I told her I would save her, or we would die together. I bade her cling fast to me, and fear nothing; and then, with

one arm strongly holding her slender, childish form, and with the other, grasping the rocks for support, I waded with her through the waters.

Before we rounded the chain of steep rocks which had shut her in from the shore, she fainted. I was very strong. I raised her in my arms, and clasped her close. I climbed my way with vigor, I never felt her weight. I felt nothing, except thanksgiving that she was living, breathing, safe!

A sound of voices came confusedly from the cliff. I answered with all the power I could, and I was heard. Ere I gained the foot of the cliff, I saw, in the clear moonlight, a figure rushing toward us—Geoffrey. It yet rings in my ears, the terrible cry which burst from him, as he beheld the figure lying lifeless in my arms.

"She is living, she is safe!" I cried. I saw the change in his face, as he snatched her from me to his heart. Then I fell at his feet, and knew no more.

UNCLE BERNARD'S STORY.

OH! Uncle Bernard," cried all together a group of little people, "tell us a story."

Uncle Bernard, a white-haired old man, whose easy-chair had been drawn to a warm corner, for the winter was howling against the windows, looked up from his large-print Bible and smiled fondly on their rosy faces: "A story! let me read you one out of this good book."

"Oh! no," says bold little Bob, as he caught the old man round the neck, "we know all the Bible stories; tell us a fairy tale!"

"Yes! yes! Uncle Bernard," chomped the rest, "a fairy tale, a fairy tale, a fairy tale; you have never told us a fairy tale."

"No, deary, I have never told you a fairy tale. Fairy tales are lies, and young folks like you should not love to hear lies, nor old folks like me should not tell lies."

"Oh! but Uncle Bernard, we know that fairy tales ain't true, but it is such fun to hear them."

"Well, my pets, I'll try to tell you a story that sounds like a fairy tale, and yet is all true. Sit down and listen."

"Once upon a time, and a great while ago, there lived in a wide wood a wild man, whose name was *Sthenos*. His father and mother had been keepers of a lovely garden, where they dwelt in peace with our good God; but he, very early in his childhood, had wandered far off and lost himself among the shadows of the forest, where he soon forgot all the little that he knew. Not only his head and face, but also his whole body, was covered with long shaggy hair; his nails were like claws, and he could climb the trees or swim in the water as easily as walk on the ground. Gigantic in height, his shoulders were broad and his limbs sturdy. He could outrun the swiftest deer, hit with a stone the flying bird, and kill with his knotty club the fiercest beasts. He ate only what he won in the chase, with some pleasant herbs or fruits, or honey which he found in hollow trunks and among the rocks; and he drank only water

from springs, or the deep river which flowed through the valley. He slept in caves or in the crotches of trees, lest the prowling beasts should catch him unawares. Yet, savage as he was, he had a certain nobleness and rough grace of mien which distinguished him as superior to the brutes around him, and made them acknowledge him as their lord. Thus he lived, lonely and unhappy, and, notwithstanding his strength, full of fears.

"One day as he was pushing through a thicket to reach the river, he heard singing sweeter than any he had ever heard. He thought at first that it was a bird, but he knew the songs of all birds, and that this was not like any one of them. He dashed on, and saw reclining on the bank of the river a creature so lovely that he stood still in wonder, trembling with a new feeling that shot like fire through his heart and joints. Her form (his woodman's eye saw at once that the delicate proportions were those of a female) was something like his own, but fair and elegant where his was brown and shaggy. Around her was cast a loose white robe, and about her shoulders floated a scarf, blue as the sky. While she sung, she looked upward as if some one was hearing her, whom Sthenos could not see, and then she listened as if to a voice he could not hear. Soon turning her eyes upon him, she smiled with ravishing sweetness, and beckoned him nearer. Awe-struck, but drawn irresistibly on, he fell at her feet, gazing on her beautiful face. She spoke in accents of his early speech, which now came back to his understanding, and said: 'Sthenos, our good God whom you have so long forgotten has not forgotten you; but pitying your loneliness and misery, has sent me to live with you and be your friend. Already I love you, and you must take me to your heart and give me your love.'

"As she spoke she bent down and wiped his forehead, from which she had parted his matted locks, looking with her clear blue eyes into his, until his whole being seemed drawn out to her, and he laid her head with its bright golden curls on his broad breast, and felt an ecstasy of inexpressible happiness.

"And now that I am to dwell with you, dear Sthenos, lead me to your home!"

"Home!" replied he, "I know not what you mean!"

"Where do you rest after the chase, or amid the darkness? Where do you eat your food, and where do you most delight to be? That is home."

"I have no home. All places in the forest are alike to me. Where weariness or night comes upon me, there I lie down; when I have killed the deer then I eat. I have never thought of a home."

"Come, then," said she, sweetly, "let us seek a spot where we will make a home for ourselves;" and putting her slender hand in his, she led him on until they came to a fountain gushing out from under a high rock, before

which a sunny meadow spread itself toward the southwest, blooming with harebells and daisycups, and pansies, and many more wild flowers. 'Is it not charming?' said she; 'the spring shall give us water, and the rock guard us from the fierce north wind, and we can look out upon the sunlight and the shadows as they float mingled together over the green grass and the flowers that spring up through the verdure.'

"Sthenos smiled, and, though he could not understand all her meaning, he felt a charm of nature he had never before known.

"Now," she said, 'the sun, though its light be pleasant, looks down too hotly upon us; and when the night comes, the dews will fall and the winds chill us. Go, break off boughs from the trees, and strip the broad bark from the decayed birches.' This was an easy task for the vigorous man; and in the mean time she had gathered heaps of dry mosses, and the spicy shoots from the hemlocks, and spread them deeply over the leaf-covered ground. Then leaning the thick boughs against each other, and laying, by her directions, the curved bark, overlapping in successive and continuous layers upon them, Sthenos saw as his work a rude, but safe hut, and said: 'This shall be our home. I go for our evening meal;' and dashing into the forest, he soon returned with wood-pigeons and a young fawn which he had killed, casting them at the feet of his gentle wife, who had already arranged in leafy cups the berries which she had gathered from the meadow; and Sthenos beheld wild flowers, mingled with long, trailing, delicate vines, adorning the entrance of their home.

"The simple meal, soon prepared by her skillful hands, he thought more savoury than he had ever had; but before she suffered him to partake, she pointed upward, and with clasped hands sang praise to our good God the giver. An hour of delicious friendship stole away, as hand in hand they looked into each other's eyes—thoughts he knew not how to speak, and she needed no words to utter. Then another hymn to our good God, the sleepless Preserver, she warbled from her lips of gurgling melody, and the pair sank to rest.

"Thus sped on day after day, and night after night. Gradually Sthenos lost his fierceness, save in the struggles of the chase. She had fashioned for him soft garments out of fawn-skins and feathers, which now he wore less for need than pride, and to please his skillful friend. His shaggy hair was smoothed into curling grace; the hut constantly received new conveniences and ornaments from his strong or her cunning hand; and happy was he after his toils in the forest to return bearing a rich honeycomb, or leading a goat with full udders to his home, dear because hers.

"On waking one dewy morning, he looked fondly in her loving face, beaming with tender, holy thoughts, and said, 'You called me Sthenos, but have never told me the name by which I am to call you, my dearest.'

"You have just pronounced the name I love best, except when you call me your wife and your friend. I have had several names in the land whence I came to be near you; but that by which our good God wished you to know me is Enthymia. And, dear Sthenos, whenever you are in trouble, in need, or in doubt, call Enthymia to your side, and whatever love can do, I will gladly perform. With your strength and my affectionate zeal, and the blessing of our good God, we shall be happy as we may in this wild wood; but the good God has promised me that when you shall have learned to sing and pray with me, that our two beings shall be blended into one, and we shall leave the forest to go and dwell in a garden with our good God, far more beautiful than the one from which you strayed a long while ago."

"O happy hope," replied Sthenos; "I can think of no higher bliss than that your loveliness should be mingled with my strength, except that my strength shall be forever united to your dear thoughts."

"Say not so, Sthenos," answered she looking up with a holy smile, like morning light sparkling in the dew; "our highest joy will be to dwell with our good God."

"From that moment Sthenos earnestly endeavored to learn the hymns and prayers of Enthymia. They lived long in the forest, and children were born to them, three sons like their father, vigorous; three daughters like their mother, graceful. But one fair morning the father and the mother came not from their chamber (for the little hut had given place to a wide dwelling): their children went anxiously in to seek them, but they found them not. Sthenos and Enthymia were gone to the garden of our good God.

"The children were mute in wonder and sadness, when suddenly the chamber was filled with ravishing light and delicious odors, and three radiant angels hovered over the bed; and the roof opened, and the children could see far up into the sky, and saw a glorious being standing under the Tree of Life, before the throne of God; and in the smiling countenance of the glorious being they recognized strangely, but sweetly mingled, the love of both father and mother. And one of the angels said (he was the tallest of the three): 'I pointed out the way to them and encouraged them to strive to reach the garden.'

"And I," said the second, on whose bosom shone a gem like a golden anchor, "bore them up on my wings.

"And I," joyfully exclaimed the third, who had eyes like the first spring violets washed with rain, "have made them both one forever."

"Then turning to her sister angels, she said: 'Your tasks for them are over; but I go to fill their united being with immortal happiness.'

"Ah! Uncle Bernard," cried Gertrude, "that is better than a fairy tale; but what queer names, Sthenos and Enthymia; what do they mean?"

"I made them out of the Greek," answered the old man: "and by Sthenos, I mean man left to himself, when he would be a mere savage; and by Enthymia, I mean wisdom sent to him by our good God, to teach him how to live on earth and prepare for heaven. When man is transformed to holy wisdom, and uses his strength for wise ends, he becomes all good, and God takes him up to the second Paradise."

"Yes," says little Charley, "and the angel with the anchor is Hope."

"And the tallest angel is Faith," adds Robert, "for faith gives pious people courage."

"And the gentle blue-eyed one must be Love, for love lives forever," whispers Gertrude in Uncle Bernard's ear.

"Bless you, dear child! you look like her," whispers back Uncle Bernard.

THE SENSITIVE MOTHER.

"WHEN you are married, Isabel, and have children of your own, you will then know how much I love you."

"I know you love me, dear mother. If I did not acknowledge and understand your love what should I be but the most ungrateful of living beings?"

"No one who is not a mother herself can rightly understand a mother's love. What you feel for me, and what you fancy I feel for you, comes no nearer the reality, Isabel, than the chirp of the sparrow does to the song of the nightingale. The fondest child does not fully return the love of the coldest mother."

Tears came into Isabel's eyes, for her mother spoke in tender, querulous accents of uncomplaining wrong, which went to the daughter's heart. Mrs. Gray was one of those painfully introspective people who live on themselves; who think no one loves as they love, no one suffers as they suffer; who believe they give their heart's blood to receive back ice and snow, and who pass their lives in agonizing those they would die to benefit. A more lonely-hearted woman never, in her own opinion, existed, although her husband had, she thought, a certain affection from habit for her; but any real heart sympathy, any love equal to her fond adoration of him, was no more like her own feelings than stars are equal to the noon-day sun.

"Not a bad simile, my dear," Mr. Gray once answered, with his pleasant smile, "since the stars are suns themselves—and if we could change our point of view we might find them even bigger and brighter than our own sun. Who knows but, after all, I, who am such a clod compared to you—who am, you say, so cold and unimaginative—that my star is not a bigger, stronger sun than yours."

His wife gave back a pale smile of patient suffering, and said, sadly: "Ah, Herbert! if you knew what agony I endure when you turn my affection into ridicule, you would surely spare me."

The frank, joyous husband, was, as he ex-