Down the canon of the street, Hear the muffled marching feet! Hear the thousand-throated hum, As the soldiers nearer come! Eagerly the people crowd: Faintly now and now more loud, While we listen, breathless, dumb, Comes the droning of the drum; Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek, Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek, Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

Marching down the western light, Bursts the column on our sight!
Through the myriad golden motes
Splendidly our banner floats!
Then the sudden-swelling cheer,
Voicing all we hold most dear, voicing all we hold most dear, Wondrous, welling wave of sound, Till the whirring drum is drowned! Still our pulses beat in time To the rhythmic roll sublime: Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek, Rika-tek, rika tek tek tek, Rika-tek, ki fel. Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek. Now the marching men have passed. We have watched them to the last, Till the column disappears
In a mist of sudden tears.
Loves and hates before unguessed
Tremble in the troubled brusat;
Loves and hates and hopes and fears
Waking from the sleep of years,
At our country's calling come,
To the rolling of the drun:
Rikn-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek, Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek, Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika tek tek tek, Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

hope of life, began to cheer heartily at this, and in a moment more our boat was in the lee of the great hulk and close under her bows.
"The sailors began to clamber down from the rigging, watching the seas and holding on all the time lest they should be swept away while reaching

gled back again to our course,
"'Fetch her round this time," commanded Jess, 'er all's lost.'

"Our strength was well-nigh spent,

"'It's no use,' cried Steve.
"'We'll be swamped if we get

broadside,' said some one else.

"They say 'fortune favors the brave,'
and I think it may be so, for suddenly
our old dory seemed to careen and almost capsize and then, righting itself
in spite of the waves, swept down
straight toward the vessel. The men
on board her watching us as their last

on board her, watching us as their last

broadside,' said some one else.

"Jess shouted his orders to them as they came in sight, leaning over the rail. By his directions they found rail. By his directions they found and brought a coil of rope, one end of which they with some difficulty made fast to the jib-boom, where it would have a good height above the water. "Now, four of you erawl out and lower yourselves on the rope. Boat won't hold more than four at once,' loss shouted.

Jess shouted. Those boys didn't have to be told twice what to do, like some boys I know, said grandpa, looking mean-

ingly at Kent.
"But, grandpa, do tell how you got back to the shore."

"Well, the men carried the coil of rope over into the boat, leaving the end fast to the jib-boom, and we rowed away, allowing the coil to unroll as we went. This proved of great service to us in making the second trip after the other four men who were still left on the wreck.

'We landed the half-frozen creatures on the beach and charged them to keep moving that they might not sink down and freeze in their exhaustion before we returned. Now they vere on terra firma, they seemed com

pletely unnerved.

"Rowing back, partly held to our course by the rope that we had made fast on shore, we soon reached the wreck the second time. The other four men were soon in the dory, and with a little cheer at our success we set out again for the shore.

"But Leneared a little too soon for

"But I cheered a little too soon for my part. For when we were about half way in I stepped into a coil of rope that was lying in the bottom of the dory and that had somehow be-come twisted with the line by which we were helping to guide her, which the sailors had brought aboard. I was thrown from my balance and the next instant found myself in the icy bil

lows.
"'Ben's overboard — nab him!"

somebody called out.
'Robert Jordan, at the risk of going over himself and of upsetting the whole boatload of us, reached over before I could be swept off and 'nabbed' me, indeed, as I struggled in the icy water. I was pulled in without upset water. I was pulled in without upsetting the boat, which was a miracle almost, as she was overloaded, and the sea was like a yeasty tumult of billows. They pulled me over the rail, dripping with brine, with very little eeremony.
"' 'Got a "'sousing" that time, didn't

ye, Ben? asked Steve, glad enough that it was no worse. 'Give him the oar or he will freeze.'"

"Were you much scared?" asked nt. He had been listening with breathless interest to ascertain if grandpareally got drowned, forgetting that he was at that moment telling the

story.
"Not so much as your grandma was "Not so much as your grandma was an hour or two later, when I told her about it, sitting by a hot fire in dry clothes, sipping hot ginger tea," answered grandpa.
"And what did you do with the shipwrecked men, grandpa?"
"An organization for the relief of sea, called the Humane society, took charge of them and gave them new

Dewey Not Heroic in Appearance

"In person Dewey is not the naval "In person Dewey is not the hava." says L. A. Coolidge in McClure's. "He is slight, of medium height, with finely chiselled face, and hair sprinkle d with gray, while his firmly set lips and clearleye would mark himas a gentleman and a man of the world. While in Washington he was a clubman and fond of society, one of those who rarely appeared after dinner except in evenappeared after dinner except in evening dress; just the kind of a fellow, in short, that some have in mind when they inveigh against the 'dudes' of the navy who are pensioned on the government and haunt the drawing-rooms of the capital. He is quiet in manner, sparing and incisive in speech, courteous in bearing and decisive in action."

strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antonette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of a host, or a Marie Antonette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of a host, or a Marie Antonette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of a host, or a Marie Antonette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an host, or a Marie Antonette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an host, or a Marie Antonette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an host, or a Marie Antonette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an host, or a Marie Antonette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an host, or a Marie Antonette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an host, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an host, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an host, or a Deborah to stand at the front of a host, or a Deborah to stand at the front of a host, or a Deborah to stand at the front of a host, or a Deborah to stand at the front of a host, or a Deborah to stand at the front of a Deborah to stand at the front of an appear of a Deborah to stand at the front of an Deborah to stand at the front of a Deborah to stand at the front of an Deborah to stand at the form of a Deborah to stand at the found in the front of a Deborah to stand at the found in the front of a

bject: "Woman Wronged"—Lessons Drawn From the Conduct of Vashti, the Velled—The Glory of Those Who Staunch the Battle Wounds, As Florence Nightingale Did.

TEXT: "Bring Vashti, the queen, before the king with the crown royal, to show the people and the princes her beauty: for she was fair to look upon. But the Queen Vashti refused to come."—Esther i., 11, 12.

Vashti refused to come. — DESIDET 1, 11, 12. We stand amid the palaces of Shushan. The pinnacles are aftame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed; the wealth of empires flashing

light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed; the wealth of empires flashing from the groves; the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and seenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leaf of architectural achievement. Golden stars shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the whiteness of the sca-foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavillions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, in which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. Those for carousal where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle! Light of silver dripping down over stairs of ivory on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and might black, and inlaid with gleaming pearl. In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are scated at a hanquet. Under the spread of ogk and linden and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankinconse fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rain-bows falling into crystalline baptism upon flowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swiring with the finny tribes of foreign aquarough channels of marble, and widening it here and there into pools swirling ith the finny tribes of foreign aqua-ums, bordered with scarlet anemones, ypericums, and many-colored ranunculi. Meats of rarest bird and beast smoking Meats of rarest bird and beast smoking up amid wreaths of aromatics. The vases filled with apricots and almonds. The baskets piled up with apricots and figs and oranges and pomegranates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The bright waters of Euleus filling the urns and drc pping outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and filly-shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccough of the inebriates, the gable of fools, and the song of the drunkards. In another part of the palace Queen Vashti is entertaining the Princess of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Abasuerus says to

are the hiccough of the inebriates, the gabele of fools, and the song of the drunkards. In another part of the palace Queen Vashit is entertaining the Princess of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants: "You go and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring herto this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashit come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashit's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to obey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rise up into one sublime refusal. She says: "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Ahasuerus was infuriate; and Vashit, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations, who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland has faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed; and Shushan is in ruin; but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture gallery of God and admire the divine portrait of Vashit the queen, Vashit the veiled, Vashit the suent.

In the first place, I want you to look upon Vashit the queen, A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly bush the fresh passes and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of Heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation; and whether she comes up from the shanty

were none too soon making up our minds to attempt to rescue, either. It wasn't 15 minutes after we left her before the ship settled against the sands and parted in the middle. Then the sea soon did the rest. The masts toppled over, and the rigging to which the men had been clinging went dragging over into the sea."

"Oh, let's put the medal away and keep it then, grandpa," says Kent, quite seriously. "Don't let's give it to baby to play with any more. It might get lost.

"All right. We will put it away. The time may come when you, my boy, will want to take it out and show it to your grandchildren, and tell them the story I have told to you—of how Grandpa Newcomb helped to save the crew of the brig Zilica."—New York Ledger.

Dewey Not Heroic in Appearance.

Yashti!"
Again, I want you to consider Vashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day with her face uncovered she would have shocked all the delicacies of Oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded men who in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to enells. French mob

naces as though they were hedges of wild flowers, and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphire; and all the harples of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of womanly indignation.

But these are the exceptions. Generally, Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy; Rebecca would rather fill the trough of the camels; Hannah would rather would rather give a prescription for Naama's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah; Phebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle; Mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures. When I see a woman of going about her daily duty, with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle but firm discipline presiding in the tursery, going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashti with a veil in on."

But when I see a woman of unblushing

bidness, loud voiced, with a tongue of infinite clitter-clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking-beam, gayly arrayed in a very nurricane of millinery. I cry out: "Vashit has lost her veil!" When I see a woman struggling for political preferment—trying to force her way on up to conspleuity, amid the masculine demagogues, who stand with swollen fists and bloodshot eyes and pestiferous breath, to guard the polis—wanting to go through the loaferism and defliement of popular sovereigns, who crawl up-from the saloons greasy and foul and vermine-covered, to decide questions of justice and order and civilization—when I see a woman, I say, who wants to press through all that horrible seam to get to public place and power, I say:

And of adoctness of intellect, and endowed with all the schools can do for her, and of high social position, yet moving in society with supercillousness and hauteur, as though she would have people know their place, and with an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homoopathic infinitesimals of sense, the terror of dry-goods clerks and railroad conductors, discoverers of significant meanings in plain conversation, prodigies of badinage and innuendo—I say:

"Washti has lost her veil."

Again, I want you this morning to consider Vashti the sacrifice. Who is this that I see coming out of that palace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. Oh! what a change it was from regal position to a wayfarer's crust! A little while ago, approved and sought for: now, none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Vashti the sacrifice!

Ah! you and I have seen it many a time. Here is a home empalaced with beauty. All that refinement and books and wealth can do for that home has been done; but Abasuerus; the husband and the fasher, is taking hold on pat

charge of them and gave them new clothes. They were then sent home by land. They lost everything they had, though, on the brig."

"And what became of the brig? Did she really go to pieces?"

"Well, I guess she did? And we were none too soor making up our minds to attempt to rescue, either. It wasn't 15 minutes after we left her her inture, you know there will be no voefferation. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes in life it
is necessary to resist; but there are crises
when the most important thing to do is to
keep silence. The philosopher, confident
in his newly discovered principle, waiting
for the coming of more intelligent generations, willing that men should laugh at the
lightning rod and cotton-gin and steamboat and telegraph—watting for long
years through the scoffing of philosophical
school, in grand and magnificent silence.
Galilgo, condemned by mathematicians,
and monks, and cardinals, caricatured
everywhere, yet waiting and watching
with his telescope to see the coming up of
stellar reinforcements, when the stars in
their courses would fight for the Copernican system; then sitting down in complete
blindness and deafness to wait for the
coming on of the generations who would
build his monument and bowat his grave.
The reformer, execuated by his contemporaries fastened in a pillory, the slow firescoming on of the generations who would build his monument and bow at his grave. The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him, ground under the eylinders of the pristing-press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of Heaven. Affliction enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain, and the darkness of the night—waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang, and hush the storm, and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted, and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather up His dear children in a Heavenly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, in silence and answering not a word, drinking the gall, and bearing the Gross, in prospect of the rapturous consummation when

Angels thronged His charlot wheel, And bore Him to His throne; Then swept their golden harps and sung, "The glorious work is done!"

Coal is dearer in South Africa than in any other part of the world; it is cheapest in China.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.

NTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JULY 17.

Lesson Text: "Elijah on Carmel," I Kings xviii., 30-40—Golden Text: I Kings xviii., 39—Commentary on the Lesson by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

30. "And Elijah siad unto all the people. Come near anto me. And all the people. Come near anto me. And all the people. Come near anto him. And he repaired the came near unto him. And he repaired the came near unto him. And he repaired the came near unto him. And he repaired the subsender of the control of the control will send rain. He is as usual obedient, and starts to seek Ahab, but on the way he meets Obadiah, a servant of Ahab, and commissions him to go and say to his master. "Behold, Elijah is here!" Obadiah in everywhere, and that kingdoms and nations had been caused to take an oath that they could not find him. How securely hidden are all whom God hides! How gloriously safe are all whose lives are hid with Christ in God! (Col. ili., 3.) On being assured that Elijah would surely show Ahab with the news, and Ahab starts to meet Elijah. The result of the interview is that all Israel, with the prophets of Baal and of the groves, are summoned to meet Elijah at Carmei. They are to provide two bullocks, and the prophets of Baal and of the groves, are summoned to meet Elijah at Carmei. They are to provide two bullocks, and the prophets of Baal and of the groves are summoned to the groves of Baal and of the groves of the groves of Baal and the groves of Baal and of the groves of Baal and of the groves of Baal and of the groves of Baal and the Groves of Baal and Groves of Baal and the Groves of Baal and the groves of Baal and

Thus the fire came at the dedication of the tabernacle and of the temple and on other occasions (Lev. ix., 24; II Chron. vii., 1; Judg. vii, 21; I Chron. x ii., 26). And I doubt not but that Abel's sacrifice was accepted by the sword of flam stouching and consuming it.

39. "And when all the people saw it they fell on their faces, and they said. The Lord, He is the God," How much they meant by their confession God knew, who read their hearts, and He knows just how much or how little we mean by our professions and confessions. May we have that truth in the inward parts which he so desires (Ps. Ii., 6). As the prophets of Baal were overcome, so will every one be who sets himself against God (Isa. Ii., 11, 17; II Thess., i., 7-10). May He now cast down every high and proud thing in or about us and subdue us wholly to Himself that we may magnify Him.—Lesson Helper.

Dewey Reminded Him

Devey Reminded Him.

When Dewey was First Lieutenant of one of the gunboats which Farragut used as a dispatch boat, the Admiral used often to come aboard and steam up near the levee to reconnoiter. The Southerners had a way of rushing a field-piece to the top of the high bank! firing it point blank at the gunboat, and then backing down again. Upon one such occasion Farragut saw Dewey dodge a shot. "Why don't you stand firm, Lieutenant?" said he: "don't you know you you can't jump quick enough?" A day or so after the Admiral dodged a shot. The Lieutenant smiled and held his tongue; but the Admiral had a guilty conscience. He cleared his throat once or twice, shifted his attitude, and finally declared: "Why, sir, you can't help it, sir. It's human nature, and there's an end to it!"

HOW GRANDPA CAME BY THE MEDAL.

He had picked up from the floor a large silver medal that baby sister had been biting with her, teethless lit-

had been blung which the gums.

"That?" Why, it's the medal that the United States government gave me in 1851—before your mother was born," answered grandpa, as he studied the inscription absently.

"Did the government give you

"Did the government give you that?" cries Kent, surprised that his grandfather had been on such familiar terms with the government of the United States. "Why, what for?" "So I never told you that story, did I?" says grandpa, with some pride in his voice. "That was for helping to restate the error of the bring Tiling bound."

cue the crew of the brig Zilica, bound for Bay of Fundy and shipwrecked off this coast. And it astonishes me to this day to remember that we did not every one of us lose our lives trying

to save them."
"Oh, tell it! tell it! Please tell it!" urged Kent, now fired with interest to hear about a real adventure by his own grandpa.

own grandpa.

"That happened in the days before the United States life-saving service was organized. That branch of the marine service was not established until the year 1871. Some time before you leave the Cape I will take you to the back shore to visit the life-saving station and show you some of the wonderful appliances they have nowadays for saving life—lifeboats, life buoys. for saving life-lifeboats, life buoys, petticoat breeches, mortars for throwing the lines, red fire to burn and all

ng the lines, red fire to burn and all the numerous traps besides. I think you will find these more interesting than the story, my boy."
"But the story, grandpa; the story! Tell that now, grandpa," insisted Kent, impatient for grandpa to begin.
"How many men were there with you 'How many men were there with you

"Thet me think! There was Steve, my brother; Jesse Freeman, Robert Judson—well I think there were six of us all told."

"And did they all have medals like 4552"

this?

"Yes, every one of us."

"Yes, every one of us."
"Do tell the story, grandpa."
"Well, it was about dark when we took the last ones off the brig," says grandpa, beginning at the end of the 'Poor fellows, they had lashed themselves to the rigging, where they had remained all day, hungry and wet and chilled to the bone. They couldn't have stood it much longer—night a-coming on and the vessel fast

going to pieces. "Half the men in Wellfleet had

"Half the men in Wellfleet had been up to the back shore that day to see the wreck and the men. They would just go and look at the grewsome sight for a little while and then turn about and go home."

"Why did you wait all day before you tried to get them off?"

"Because the wind was blowing a terrific hurricane all day, my boy. The sea was raging like a fury, seething with foam and dashing over the wreck every moment. The breakers were booming and crashing on the were booming and crashing on the beach, and nobody wanted to brave We hauled out the lumbering old boat and lifted her into the cart and them thought it was foolbardy to risk soon were on the way back, the sleet their lives with the certainty of being driving in our faces and freezing on drowned or dashed to death by the our beards. The storm seemed to be

"It was the first day of December.

"I was out of town in the morning and did not hear of the disaster to the though it seemed doubtful if the old Zilica mutil I came home about 3 in the afternoon," went on grandpa, now fairly back at the opening of his story and beginning to stir with awak-

"Have you heard the news?" vous grandma asked, as I came into the house. There's a ship a shore up the back side. Eight men, they say, lashed to her rigging and no hope of saving

"Thunder!' said I, and rushed out again into the gale and started to walk up to the beach."
"How far?" asked Kent.

"Three or four miles. I was young then and didn't mind a little walk as I do now. I ran half the way, I guess. As I went along I overtook three other men, acquaintances of mine. One of

"'Hullo, Ben; haven't seen ye be-

"'We've been up once before. But it's no use trying to do anything.

"I thought so, too, a little later, when we ran down to the beach.

So the night comes on apace, Settles on each solemn face; While we pray with hearts of fire, While a wistful, wild desire Follows where the dangers are, Where the battles blaze afar—Till our heroes homeward come. And we hear the victor drum: Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek tek, Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek tek tek, Rika-tek, rika-tek, rika-tek tek tek.

"What is this, grandpa?" asked | "There was the vessel, driven beam on against the sands, close on shore and the big boiling seas breaking around and over her and over the poor fellows in the rigging. Almost crazed with suffering and fright, they kept

calling to the people on the shore and groaning desperately. They soon sighted us as newcomers and fairly yelled, hoping we had come to help them: 'Save us, save us! We are freezing to death! 'Their desmairing words shrieked

"Their despairing words shrieked out above the booming breakers and seemed to fill the air. The wind had abated a good deal by this time, and it had stopped snowing. The sea was still terrific in its violence, thundering and booming and lashing the shore with foaming wrath. Nevertheless, it

seemed to me that we ought to attempt something, risky as it might be. "We men looked at each other with questioning faces, for none of us at the moment could see just what could

possibly be done. "'Poor fellows!" said Tom. 'Just hear them call to us. And they've got to drown here before our eyes, I reck'n. We can't do anything without a boat, and we can't with a boat in this sea, even if we had one, and there isn't a boat-likely - within

three miles."
""We couldn't get a boat here in

time anyway,' remarked another.

"She'll break up all to pieces in an hour,' said a third.

"Help! Help! wailed the voices of

the imperiled men.
""(food thunder!" said I, "I can't stand here and wait and see 'em die

like rats—can you, Jess?
"'I shall never have any peace of mind again as long as I live if we do,'

answered Jesse.
"'Boys,' said I, 'let's go down to
the town and get a boat and see what 'At that all turned as one man tow-

"At that all thried as one man or and the village, Jess waving his 'son-wester' as we reached the top of the sand dune, while we all shouted back:

"Hold on, hold on for your lives!" "On the way, half running now with the impulse that had seized us in comnon, we made our plans how we would operate for the rescue. We agreed, for one thing, that Jess should be captain of the enterprise, as he had experience with boats rather more than the

others of the party.

""We'll try to get along with any-""We'll try to get along with anything that Isajah Hatch happens to have, then, says Jess. "It won't be so far as the village."
"When we reached Hatch's house

we found that he had nothing better

we found that he had nothing better than a leaky old dory.

"However, we were not to be dis-couraged now at anything. Our blood was up, and every man of us stood ready to risk his own life to save the poor wretches on the brig, whose cries eemed to be still ringing in our ears.
"'She'll leak like a riddle,' says

Jess, critically examining the boat while others of us harnessed Isaiah's old horse to a farm cart. 'Get a couple more bailers, and we'll try her any

rising again, and we felt that the en-

terprise was desperate.
"On the way we were joined by two a smothering snowstorm raged all "On the way we were joined by two other men, who volunteered to assist

horse that we had pressed into service would hold out to draw the cart to the end of the journey.
"We saw that the ship had lowered

in the water perceptibly during our absence and might go to pieces any moment. The men, however, were desperately holding on just about as we had left them. When they saw us they cheered, and this served to strengthen our resolution. We answered as well as we could, while we hauled the boat down to the water's edge and jumped in. It was more or less perilous launching a dory in such a sea, but by watching for a smooth instant we succeeded. The current ran strong against us, and the heavy northeast wind blew us down the shore. But we had made allowance for this in part by launching some dis-tance north of the wreck. Then, with tance north of the wreck. Then, w faces set and muscles tense, four fore. Where ye been?' faces set and muscles tense, four of "Been to Provincetown,' I answered. 'Just heard about the wreck.' two were kept busy bailing the leaky

Going again, because we'd like to now, watching our desperate efforts, know if the poor fellows are still holding on. Gad, it is an awful sight, though!'

The men on the vessel were slent now, watching our desperate efforts, while we were tossed like seaweed up and down on the roaring waves. Twice we were borne past them by the treacherous undertow and swept a quarter of a mile down the shore before we

could recover ground, and twice we stemmed the tide and wind and strug SERMONS BY EMINENT DIVINES.

GOSPEL MESSAGES.