CASTLE ISLAND LIGHT.

Between the calm harbor
Where the ships lie at anchor,
Through a crooked pass the vessels sail
To reach the Gosport wharves.

On the Windward Passage, 80g and dread,
From bleak San Salvador;
Three thousand miles the wave must roll
Ere it reach the Island Light.

Here on the coral reefs
That hold their body from breakth,
The sea, for ages, has dashed,
And shares go adding rock.

Hither and yon the sand bars lie,
Where the prickly bushes grown,
And where rude spongy fishes crawl,
In his wattled hut, alone.

Southward and right the strait,
To the Castle Island Light;
Of all that bound the ocean round
It has the loneliest site.

II.

'Twixt earth and heaven the waves are driven
Scrit on in flashes;
The light streams out for sea leagues seven
To the great Bahama Bank.

A gibbet tower, a furlong scant
Of whitened sand and rock,
And one sole being the waters seeing,
Where the gull and gannet flock.

Hark the warder of the pass!
That mariners must find
The light that flashes like the aslen moon
Which hangs in the southern wind.

The old man hear stands on the shore
And holds the withering gaze
Of seaward reaching eyes that distant world
Will come the next dim sail.

From the Northern Sails, from England,
From France, the craft go by;
A something on the wild sea stay
That most his wants supply.

III.

In a Christmas storm the "Carlisle" struck
At night, on the Fallen Rocks;
But the keeper's wife heard not the guns
And the bells imploring toll.

She died ere the gale was at its end,
Her last look was for the light
Her husband, on the tower, had kept
Through the long winter night.

Now all and alone alone stands he
At all still hours of the day,
But they never had known his like of man,
Or heard of the gentle lady.

Not heard of the old man Alsa,
Who holds the unknown seas,
And the golden fruit that is planted well
By the Loving Hesperides.

IV.

Who looks on Castle Island Light
May hear the seamen tell
How one, the mate, alone was saved
From the deck of the "Carlisle!"

And how for months he tarried
With the keeper on the isle,
And for many of the long days they dwelled
Had ever a word or a smile.

Between the two they had no bond,
Let birth or fate provide;
But strangers each to each they met
From their father's light and tide.

The second her trouble could not bear,
To wild had the mate run away
But with a lurking smuggler's
crew,
But other was never known.

Then in the keeper died like Lear,
Left with his faithful child,
Who held the warm mate's hand
Whenever sob or smiled.

The sat to bide with an old, old man,
And between the waves and sky
To watch, till day to day was long,
While bone ships hasten by.

There came, aleigh, the white full moon
That hides the middle year;
Then the sea shown the same sad
Through its sad dungeon.

It glistened down on a lighthouse tower,
A beach on either hand,
And the features won of a girl who sat
Digging a grave in the sand.

—E. C. STEDMAN in *The Independent*.

CHURCH SPIDERS.

Two spiders—so the story goes—
Had made a living book
Amidst a meeting-house one day,
And hopped to have their look.

"Here we shall have at least publish,
Where we can feed and grow."
Each chose his place and went to work:
The light was dim, you know.

"One on the wall, the other on the beam,
That shows the cunning of the creature,"
Thirty the pulpit sat, and he
Made sermons by the dozen.

The deek appears so neat and clean,
I'm sure we ought to have no fear,
Besides, how often have I seen
Both prayer and preacher.

So trod the pulpit, but alas!
His hopes proved sadly vain;
With dismal thrill the organ blast
And spoiled his geometric gain.
And ere the service ended
The right of sanctuary.

At length, half-starved and weak and lean
He sought his lofty perch,
Who now had grown to sleek and broad
He weighed two fractions of a pound
And looked as if the art of food
Were his especial study.

"How is it, friend," he asked, "that I
Endure such thoughts and shocks?
While you, in spite of all you do,
Are round and fat as rocks?"

"The Contribution Box."

—*Emily Pfeiffer.*

THE MYSTIC CHARIOT SWUNG LOW.

Ordrawn upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dats where dey take de saints ober,
Dats what de ole folks say.

Clear as a bird-song, the voice floated in through the open, unscreened window, where sat Edith Morgan and her aunt, Mrs. Hayward, who had just come from Massachusetts on a visit at this comfortable Western home.

Why, Edith!" exclaimed the elder of the two ladies, "I thought Old Hannah was all the singer you had here."

Edith flushed slightly, but smiled, saying: "No, auntie; your critical ear deceived you this time. That was our Milly."

"Indeed! A voice like that in a New child is worthy of cultivation. Does she sing other songs with equal pathos?"

"I must confess, auntie, replied Edith, "her music is usually confined to negro melodies which she has learned from Hannah; but she sings these all with great feeling and purity, auntie, I hardly know what to do with Milly. I have hoped you coming might help me out of the quandary. Since mamma's death she has been quite out of control at all. Papa thinks whatever she does is just right, and so, of course, pervails her to follow her own inclinations." Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Milly herself. She did not look much like a singer, for she was a sweet-faced, demure little maiden.

Milly had just risen from Aunt Hayward thought, the prettiest little darkey when she heard you sing." An irresistible smile broke over the pretty face, and the red lips parted, revealing two rows of pearly teeth. She held out two sun-burned paws, saying: "Not quite so bad as that, auntie, though I am tanned most black enough. Edith says, and my hair is most wooly enough. And she shook back her tangled curls.

"How would you like to go back to Boston with me, and take lessons in singing?" asked Mrs. Hayward. Milly opened her eyes with wide astonishment.

"Why, Auntie, I don't need to learn to sing. I always know how. I thought you had heard me."

"You see how she is," said Edith. "When she makes up her mind to anything, there is no changing her. She never storms or acts naughty, like other children but she will say, with the air of a queen: 'No, Edith, can't! I ought not to, or I will not, I say.' I ought to, and there she will stay. Papa says she is made of the same stuff as Bishop and Latimer, and I don't know but he is right."

Mrs. Hayward remained in her brother's house for a week. Aunt Angie, and every day Milly grew more and more in her heart, till the child-like woman felt that she must take her niece North with her to dwell on her city home. But Milly was firm in her refusal.

"You must leave papa, she would say. He has the first claim on me."

One day in the summer she had gone some distance from home, to pick berries for tea. Suddenly a dark cloud filled the sky, while storms so common in some parts of the west, lightning and thunder, unaccompanied by a furious wind. While the family were in a state of distress over Milly's absence, she came galloping home on a pet cow. When questioned as to where she had been:

"I heard Bridget's bell just before the storm came on, and I knew the cows were all going down to the Fork, to drink, and I knew the cows had cleared through the berry-path. So I waited a minute or two, till they came along strong, and then I just got on to Bright Side's back. I knew by the clouds that we were going to have a blow, and I thought she would be safer in the wood, and I couldn't carry her off, and I meant to hug her tight and lie low, so we didn't blow away. And you see I succeeded. My berries are all right, though," she added gayly. "I put them in the only hollow cottonwood tree, and I'll go and get them after the storm is over."

"Were you not frightened?" asked Edith, as she helped Milly change the drenched clothing.

"Yes, Edith," she answered, solemnly, and I prayed to the prayer I used to say when I was little, and I felt God would help me."

At last the fierce cause of the Boston aunt to go home. It was arranged that Edith should accompany her father, as he drove with his sister for her monthly visit to the Lake Region, eastern and train. They were to remain a day in town, for the purpose of shopping, and then take the train for Boston. As Mr. Morgan kissed his pet daughter goodbye he said, playfully: "Now, Daisy, you must write your aunt a thing whilst I am away. Everything is very dry and there have been five cases of us; but Patrick and Hannah are faithful and will see to me. So I shall be all right."

The morning of the third day was dear and pleasant. A breeze from the opposite direction from that which had blown on the same, and with it went the fear from the heart of the poor old Irishman. He did not be in good spirit, though his wife had been so lighthirous as Hannah. So they all would have a with a good cry. Pat was so changing a new Hannah was baking, for she declared she must do heavier cooking before Mars Morgan and Miss Edith got home. Milly was acting as little maid of all to the table cook. She washed dishes, buttered pans, and at last, seeing Hannah occasionally leaving her work to dart to the cottage-door, to assure herself that everything was in order for the home-coming, she said, quite:

"I'wise to ride up in de carriage
Sooner in de morning."

Shsing, Blackbird. Who was that? A crowd, terror or distress. She flew to the door, and there she beheld Mr. Morgan in sad disguise.

The pallor in our fires! She shouted, addressing herself to the Holy Mother, be merciful to us! Is he dead? I am ready."

The pallor was indeed in daylight at some distance. Pat, from his perch on the barn, had spied it, and, in his haste to get down, had fallen, and had slipped to the ground, severely spraining an ankle.

Ye must burn a stiuck, Miss Milly, and just make a hiding hole we can, or the fire is a coomin' like an express train."

Milly understood—she had often heard of it—and already the matches and some bits of paper were in her hand.

"Where, Pat?" she called.

"Out forninst you wire fince. I'll throw water, and Hannah must carry it to me, sprinkle the grass and side of her fire." And Patrick dragged himself painfully to the well.

Milly did as she was told and every thing was helped from the fire. The fright had a wonderful effect on Hannah's rheumatic limbs, and she carried water to Patrick with almost the agility of a girl of fifteen, and nearer. Milly could hear the roaring and hissing of the flame, the tramping and snorting of horses and the shouts of men, as they raced to fight. At the right and left of the fire-ring passed but the child easily could see the flames leaping by saw, through the smoke, several gaunt prairie wolves dash by, but it seemed perfectly natural and she gave no thought of fear. She sang saving her home.

With wet blankets she whipped back the fire, when it threatened to come where it should not. At last, she had the satisfaction of seeing so wide a belt of burnt land between her home and the fire that she felt safe