## A SERMOY.

BY AMPLIACE DALLY.

"Only a flower" hereby man cald, When ne word it leave he his careles

But list a daugh or absolits head, And on trly beld he broken sink.

And from its place by the firsty way,
Shounded the home to the parties small,
And + the where Louding to bay,
Small the and shallow would on it fall,

It by etant there in the parten fair:
And when the an unit win is were chill, And when the an unit winds were chi And the rose died to the free yair. The hardy wind flower bloscomed still.

The little mallen often smiled To see i see in when the rose was dead and the is her wa chiles his harmy child. This ser non short in the bossom read:

Too of ee we crush with our careless fee. The flowers of love in our paths that

And the berished, would open full and When summer blossoms were lying low

## Miscellaneous.

## Isaac Penrith's Thanksgiving.

The clock had just struck three, It was no trifle of bronze or ormolu; neither was it one of those quaint, old sentinels, of dark wood and tamished gilling that you sometimes e counter on antique stairways, keeping ghostly guard over the tread of generation after generation It was a trim, compact little clock, has giver where its dial, like an eve seemed to look through the four deepset windows of the circular stone room, and watch the tides as they swang back and forth, murmuring discontentedly around the solid masonry place, a dreary, desolate place, it seemed, prisonlike in its isolatum, and terrific in its froming stre gtb. Yet even there the grace of w man's presence cast its visible sigo and token Upon the pine table a vase of later autumnal dowers glowed in velvery carmio and gold, and a round hat decorated with the earlot wing of a tropical bird lay be ide it

Lucy Penrali was booking from one of the word ws-a slender. pretty girl, with touches of faint crimson on either clack, and violet grey eyes, where the deep lights seemed to swim. Her black stiff hagland hills! And unconsciously dress was very simple; but there the roar of the green, translucent itself out in stormy reflections, leavwas a flutter of vivid scarlet ribbon tides became the wail of wind in ing a track like bloody footsteps at her throat, and a bunch of coral- upland lorests, and Lucy's blooming across the tides-the winds were red berries in her shining brown face opposite him seemed her moaning sullenly along the barren braids, hearing si ent witness to the mother's smiling out from the mists genuine love of the picturesque. that exists in every woman's heart. "I don't think the sea is very

rough, father."

Isaac Pearith deliberately folded his newspaper inside out, and commenced on a new column. He was a hard-featured, rugged, old man, with iron-gray bair, and a brow-where the wrinkles stood out like knotted cont.

Lucy stole across the stone floor and put her dimpled face between the printed page and her father's apectacles.

"Now, father, you will row me across. Oh, father, I never can spend Thanksgiving evening in me again. I don't like his father's this dismal place, and I promised them at the farm-house!"

"Rash promises are better broken than kept," sententiously answered old Isaac. "But it was not a rash promise,

father. All the young people are to be there, and Philip Martin-" She stopped abruptly, checked by the dark frown that corrugated

her father's brow. "Philip Martin! I tell you, Lucy, I'll hear no more idle nonsense

about that boy. It was Philip Martin whose tather tried to be keeper of the lighthouse in my stead a bad, black-hearted man-and the boy is a braseh off the old tree, Pli go bail. And-"

But Lucy was crying, with her head on her father's shoulders. Issae's heart relented within him.
"I'm a cross old bear, I know," say. Doc't ery, little ove, there! Ill row ve cross if ye say so; tandt on a young gal like you to live in this stone dangeon year in and year out. I wish I hadn't told am be

before lightin' time." Lucy brightened up like a rose after a slower.

"Oh, father, I am so glad! I do so want to go,"

She tripped backward and forward, adjusting the round bat with the carlet wing, folding the brown shawl, and re-arranging the coral berries in her hair, while old Isaac, with his for cap on, and his hands in the pocket coat, watched her with a proud, amused sense of proprietorship.

"She's more like one o' them foreign birds with plumage like fire, and little, glancin' ways, than she is like a human critter!" thought the light-house keeper "I know I am goin' clean agin a'l rules and regulations, leaving the place alone; but 'twon't be but for a few minutes, and I don't ike to disappoint the gal, her heart's so knder sot on't! I've got to be ather and mother both to the child -and sle's a good gal and a pretty one, too, if she does happen to be Isaac l'eorith's darter."

"I'll carry the flowers over, father," said Lucy, removing them from the vase, and wrapping a bit of paper round the damp stems. There is not much left in the farmhouse garden, and they'll belp to make the Thanksgiving tabe gay. Now, father I'm ready!"

"And as Isaac Penrith pulled the shell-like little boat out to sea, with the long, steady, vigorous strokes that betokened his daily habitation to life on the deep, he fell into a musing remembrance of the faraway Thanksgivings of his youth, with their rains of red and golden leaves, and the odor of sweet fern in the pastures, and the old red farmhouse amo g the bleak New

Nor was the salt drop on old Isaac's cheek the spray from his steadily dipping oar.

Lucy Penrith sprang lightly to her feet, as the keel of the boat grated softly on the smooth shining sand of the beach.

"You will walk up to the house with me, father. See how high

Isiae stopped and secured his boat to a heavy projecting rock by means of a loop of heavy rope. "Th go," he said briefly, adding within himself, "and if Philip Martin's there, I'll tring her back with

80m 155 The old brown house stood a little way back on the beach, with a smooth stretch of silvery sand in front, and a cluster of black green cedars in the rear, tossing their plumy hands about in the blustering salt-seented gale, and a group of merry-makers, young and old, in their Thanksgiving habitiments, were on the porch awaiting the

arrival of the new-comers. "Oh, Lucy, we thought you never were coming!' said a brighteyed little damsel, whose hair was blowing shout her face like a mist of rippled gold; "what made you so late! And Phill Martin-"

Lucy's appealing, trightened glance stopped the half-uttered sentence short; but Isaac Penrith had caught its meaning.

"I'm a cross old bear, I know," "Lucy," he said, drawing his daughter aside as the group hurried

ought to be a little keerful what I merrily into the house once more, where a fire of drift wood blazed restly in the linge out ashoned year dark yet, and it is rather hard | fireplace, and the "old people," in caps and brass-buttoned suits, were purring around the getial glow-"Lucy is there mything between you and -and Dorr Martin's son?? could have the day to himself. Fut never mind; Pill be back long

away while tears sprang to her eyes, ".ell me," he arged, sternly grasping her arm; "I will have no more half-confidence. Has he asked you to be his wife?"

"Yes, father," " nd you-what answerdid you make?

"Father," simply answered Lucy with her violet eyes raised to his, "I love him!"

"Child, answered Isanc Penrith, "conquer this idle tolly as best you may. I never will give my daughter to Philip Martin! Formw you know my will and determination in the matter."

He turned abruptiv away, releasing Lucy to the demands of half a dozen plending bird-voiced girls, while he himself briefly declined the kindly offers of hospitality that beset him on every side.

"I must be goin' back, friends," he said, " 'Twasu't fairly right to come over, but Lucy was so set on't, and I musu't lose no more time By the looks of the clouds we'll have a stormy night, and the Lord help them that are out to sea a ong this cruel shore!"

And so he bade the revellers a "Good-right," and looked his last at the ruddy glow of the drift-wood fire, and Lucy's sweet face, flushed by its radiance-or something else -as she stood adjusting a late rose in Barbara Cliffe's gold-misted

hair. "I'll walk down to the shore with ye, neighbor Penrith," said old Truman Cliffe, pulling on his dread anght coat, "Somehow, I've been a sailor so long, I can't bear to keep indoor when the wind is blown' up like it does now !"

The late Autumnal sunset was frieging the overhanging clouds with sullen fire-such tire as borns shore, and the distant thunder of the ground swell sounded like the bass chords of Nature's organ.

"You're right, Israe," said Truman Cliffe. "It's goin' to be an awful night! There's mischief in them clouds, and if ever there was murder in the sound of the breakers, it's there to-night. Why, what's the matter?"

For Isaac Penrith had uttered a cry that made the old sailor's blood

grow chill in his veins.
"The boat! Merciful Father, the boat has gone!"

It was true; the loop had somehow become loosed, and the little bark was rocking somewhere on the waves, beyond sight or sound.

"Truman, I must have your boat as quick as possible. The sun is nearly down, but I can reach the light-house yet before lighting time!"

He spoke in a husky voice, while the beating of his heart seemed like the strokes of a muffled drum.

Truman Cliffe turned with, a dismayed face towards his old companion.

"Our boat is down to Kilcoran, with Jared and his girls; they won't be back until to-morrow mornin'!"

There was an instant's silence, and then Isaac spoke, still in the same hoarse, umatural voice. "Is there no other boat that I

could get ?" "There's Hugh Donnelly's down to the Point; but that's two miles "I'l go for it." Truman stopped him, as he was

turning blindly toward the shore. "No, Isaac, your lame a d stiff, and I am a good walker. Keep your strength for the hard rowin's you'll have to do and Pil he back as quick as mortal man can go and he colored and turned her face come. Sit down on the rock, old friend, and rest-you're trembling like a leat."

Isaac Peurith obeyed, mechanically, and dropping his head upon his hands he sat motionless, while the bloody track upon the waves grew purple and more indistinct, and the far-off thunder of the ground swell seemed to utter memees in his ear.

we miles away! and the brief twilight was already setting in! How slowly Truman & liffe plodded along; and yet those idiots on the shore had always ca'led him a switt walker. He would go himself and he started up only to sink back again weak and help ess.

"I have no strength left," be thought. "I must wait: I must wait for that snail to creep along the sands. They were right; it will be a fearful night at sea! And there is no light in the light-house to warn homeward-hound ships off the reet!"

As he closed his eyes he could almost see the stately ships drifting upon their death, and going to pieces along the snaken rocks, while their crew were looking out in vain for the red signal star of danger! He could hear the creak and groan of shivering timbers-the crash of mast and yard-arm-the shriek of human creatures! He shuddered convulsively.

"And I shall be a murderer! O. God! why did I desert my post?" And in this moment of agony and repentance, Dorr Martin's mocking face rose up before him,

full of evil exultation. "He always said I could not be trusted, and he was right,"

Dorr Martio's triumph was the bitterest drop in the bitter cup that Isaac Penrith drained to the dregs that stormy night!

"The sun has set—the hour of grace has past," he muttered to himself. "I will not live to have widows asking me where are the husbands who perished on those reefs-I will not look little children. in their faces and hear them whisper that I murdered their father!-I will not see Dorr Martin triumph in my ruin! No; better a quiet grave at the bottom of the sea, than a life of remorse and dishonor! My little Lucy had better moura me dead tian live to blush, for me! Good-bye, my fair-haired darling! I shall see your bonny face no more."

How the wind blew his gray, uncovered hair about, as, murmuring a faint halfforgotten prayer, he crept down to the beach, going to seek his death where the cruel, white tringed waves writhed along the shore. An instant he paused, to look a last adien to the world, the sky, the tarspreading shore, when all of a sudden a wild shrick broke from his parched lips.

For, like a red star, trailing its glory along the tumultuous sea, the light of the light-house streamed upon his vision! The danger signal the steady finger of fire held up to bid a hundred crafts 'beware!'the beacon for which many an anxious helmsman was gazing out into the night! He was not dreaming, his senses were not benumbed. yet the light was all in a blaze in its huge crystal lantern, and he was guiltless of the weight of crime and misery that had so nearly weighed him down.

When Truman Cliffe rowed up to the shore an hour afterward, he found Isaac Penrith kneeling on the wet sand, with forehead against esthandaen israng the chill white reek ily not job Ill the 27th ultrish 0 4

"Well, I say for't !" eigenlated Truman. "You hain't been to the light-house and back, 'cause you hain't get wings, and none but a bird could ba' done it! Who lighted

"I don't know. Give me the oars, quick, Cliffe."

Truman started, but made room for the keeper, and gave up the cars. Not a word was exclanged between them, as Isane rowed with giant strokes, and the little hoat darced over the troubled bi lows swift and light as a theating leaf. Nearer and nearer glowed the gigantic star, closer and closer its glory seemed to shine, until at length Isaac Pearith sprang upon the stone ledge, and rushed two steps at a time up the first stairway, and into the antern-room.
"Thilip Martin!"
"Mr. Pecrith!"

"You-you lighted the signal?" "I did. I came over to bring ocy to shore, and found the lighthouse empty. Of course I concluded something was wrong, so I went on duty myself until I should hear from you."

Isaac l'enrith wrung the young

man's band. "Philip-it-it there had been no light on the reefs all this night your father would have been keeper to-morrow, and I should have

been a rolled man!" The deep co or rise into Philip

Martin's cheek. "It I had been a villain, Mr. Penrith, I should not be Philip Martin!"

"God bless you Phi ip; God bless you!" murmured the old man. "I shall never forget this kindly office you have done me!"
"But Lucy?"

"Lucy is over at Cliff's. Take the best Philip, and go join her. Framan is below, And Philip-"

"Tell her-well, tell her what

you like?

The old man smiled faintly as he saw the warm dush deepen on Martin's bronzed cheek, and the next moment he was alone.

Philip knew that the coveted prize was his at last, and the little boat flew back over the waves almost like an enchanted bark.

And throughout all the rejoining nation that night, there was no Thanksgiving half so fervent as that breathed in the light-house. when the signal star threw out its fiery lines far out to sea, and the fog and mist brooded like a phantom over the face of the great deep.

A man, who had recently been elected a major of militia, and whe was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head on the morning of a parade to exercise a little by himself. The field selected for this purpose was his own apartment. Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed: "Attention company & Rear rank, three paces, march and he tumbled down into the cellar. His wife hearing the racket. came in, saying, "My dear, bay you killed yourself?" "Go about your business, woman," said the hero; "what do you know about war?"

At a recent meeting of the Edina burg Botanical Society, Mr. Jame McNab, curator of the Royal Betanic Gardens, delivered a lecture on the change of climate in Scotland. During the last fifty years the summer heat has considerably lessened, and he proposes the appointment of a central committeto investigate the cause of the change.

Only six cases of small por at the pest house in San Francisco was