

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.
CHAPTER IX.

"Will the Doctor come up to Master Friday at once?"

It was another summons, and the Doctor went, knowing it to be the last. Never again should he be brought to make little Master Friday better, for Master Friday was almost quite well now.

Grandmother was sobbing in her bed. "I cannot go to him," she said; "it is as if he had no one in the world. You will stay with him?"

The Doctor bent his head and went out. He went slowly up the nursery stairs, up which he had been so very often on the same errand. Never again—never again! For Friday was dying.

There were not many to take his hand and go with him to the edge of the Valley. The Doctor sat down by the bedside, and Mrs. Hammond drew back into the corner and sat still, wiping her eyes. George was bowed on the foot of the little bed; but the room was very quiet.

He had been dying all day, and as the sunlight fell level in the garden outside, the shadows began to lengthen about Friday's journey. He was quite conscious, but, he said, very tired, and he lay with his eyes closed. He knew that he was dying; he had known it all day, and spoken of it in his grave composed fashion; but how much he understood of it no one could say. For how much God in the last hour gives to children to understand, and how much in mercy He veils from them, not all the mighty ones on earth—with all their wisdom—can tell us.

He had asked for the old hymn, so quaint, and yet as full of quietness and comfort as it was two hundred years ago—

"Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!"

Once he had opened his eyes, as if some sound broke in on his stillness, and said unasily—

"Why does George cry so?"

"For you, Friday," said the Doctor.

Then Friday said weakly—

"Don't cry, George. It doesn't hurt now." And a little after, he looked quietly at Mrs. Hammond, and said: "Mrs. Hammond, I beg your pardon for being naughty a good many times. I shan't be naughty any more."

"My little darling, God bless you, you were never naughty!" cried Mrs. Hammond, covering her face with her hands. "You were always just the best little child in the world, so biddable, and so happy-natured."

But Friday did not hear, for he had taken another step on his journey. Friday had made his peace with the world. He had sent his love to Zachary, and a request that Crusoe's grave should be kept weeded, because he was not coming into the garden any more.

And Zachary in the garden was mourning him, and within George was sobbing, and the Doctor's face was very sad—three men, and he only a little boy! Friday had never done anything great in his life; he was not very clever or very beautiful; he had "converted" no one in his life; he spoke of no visions of glory in his death.

But the Doctor was a man who had odd fancies, and it appeared to him as if Friday's shield hung upon the wall above his head, a very fair achievement, having a quartering of gentle courtesy, of simple obedience, of humble faith, of steadfast patience. And the pebble of his tiny life cast into the water threw out ever-widening circles, which shall be measured with no earthly compass, but with the reed that measures the City. There were only two or three to remember his name; but so remembered, Friday's name was surely crowned.

Grandmother and Mrs. Hammond remembered it with woman's loving tears; Zachary kept it with the memory he gave to Captain John Broke. R. N., when on Sunday afternoons he read the Book by himself. The Doctor laid it by in his heart as the name of the noble little soul he had once been glad to call friend. And it was ordained that the remembrance of Friday should be George's guardian angel to the end of his life. Saturday's child had truly far to go, but that memory went with him, not to fade, but to abide.

In the garden Zachary was sitting under the warm wall. They had told him that Friday would die before night, and he sat gazing across the garden, and thinking that he should no more hear the little young gentleman's step down the walk; no more tell him about the Expedition; no more hear him reading from the big leather books.

In the nursery above, the watchers were waiting for the end—the last and only thing to do. Friday was conscious again; but his story was almost ended. The shadows were very, very long now. There was one cast by a tree on the wall above Friday's head, that crept upward and seemed to wait.

Once, as he dimly saw something mighty drawing near through the silence, and the darkness settled slowly down over him, his little childish heart quailed for fear. In the grasp of that cold, unknown terror, he looked at the Doctor with his imploring eyes and whispered between his fluttering breaths—"Friday is—afraid."

The Doctor leaned over him, where the tiny shaking fingers were stirring feebly on the coverlet.

"Yes, Friday, it is like your way to Paradise. It is the great waves and the roaring of the waters. Nevertheless, by the grace of God the Saviour—"

The wandering, imploring gaze grew tranquil at his voice; but it was still questioning.

"Friday is going down into the Perilous Vale, and it is very dark, but he will pass through, and be quite, quite safe with Jesus Christ," said the Doctor.

The simple obedient faith failed not even in death. Friday never doubted.

"Will Friday be very long passing through?"

The Doctor's eyes were dimmer than they had been for years; but he kept his voice steady by an effort of will.

"I think not, Friday."

Whether Friday heard, and hearing was comforted, they did not know; but all things were slipping away from him now. The little fingers groped powerlessly on the coverlet.

"Friday does not see," he said.

The Doctor took his right hand.

"Here I am, Friday."

"Will you hold it all the way through?"

"Yes."

"Hold it quite fast till Friday has passed. And then put them together for prayers—when Friday is quite through—to thank Almighty God for his grace."

It was only the old tale of the Perilous Valley; but to him it was true.

And then he lay and never stirred again. Only he opened his eyes, and looked round, with the flicker of his own gentle smile, at the Doctor beside the bed, Mrs. Hammond beyond, and George resting on the foot.

And so Friday went down into the darkness. And the light of the day faded with the light of life.

"A Friday's child! A Friday's child!" wept Mrs. Hammond, to herself. "I knew it! I knew it!"

Oh, no, no, good Mrs. Hammond, in this at least fortunate! That Friday's merciful Father should call the little soul in all its whiteness beyond a thousand fortunate! No more unlucky. Happy little Friday, to come to his undiscovered country so early, and find his El Dorado, and the fountain of perpetual youth, and the Place of the Blessed, all in one, beyond all disappointment and failure for ever!

"Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine:
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing, clear, and fine..."

Quite through the street with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing."

George had fallen on his knees beside the bed, and hidden his face; but Friday did not know, for he was blind and deaf for the noise of the tempest, and quiet for weariness of rowing against the strong waves.

And the roaring of the water drew nearer. Nevertheless, by the grace of God—

Friday's breaths grew fainter and fainter, and the Doctor, watching the shadow on the wall, seemed to count. And the last rays of the sun lit up the wall, and perhaps in that shining the Doctor saw Friday's shield in a glory.

And the light glancing up the wall fell on the sweet old words—

"A passage Perillus makyth a Port Pleasant," and the following shadow crept up, and gently blotted them out, and with that came one tiny fluttering sigh. And so the Doctor loosed his hold on the fingers, and reverently laid the waxen hands together, as one praying.

For Friday, by the grace of God, had passed.

THE END.

SEA EAGLES IN THE HAMBURG ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

The two gigantic eagles represented by our artist are rare and very interesting guests from the eastern coast of Asia. The one with the white shoulders is a Siberian sea eagle, *Haliaeetus pelagicus*, Pall., and the other, which is black except its tail, is his near relative from the Korean peninsula; the Korean sea eagle, called by naturalists *Haliaeetus branickii*, Tacs.

The Siberian sea eagle has been known since the time of Steller, the celebrated Russian traveller, who noticed it in Kamtschatka, and mentioned it as early as 1744, in his descriptions of that country, calling it "Aquila Marina;" and in 1811 Pallas described it, making accurate drawings of the bird. Therefore these immense birds of prey of the East have been known for more than one hundred years, and yet very few museums are so fortunate as to possess a skin of one of them. The Korean sea eagle is still more rare. In 1888 the Zoological Garden in Warsaw received the first skin of a bird of this kind, which was described by Tacsanowski. Until very lately no live specimen of either of these eagles was ever brought to Europe, the Zoological Garden in Hamburg being the first to possess living examples. Both of these were presents; the Korean eagle was brought by Capt. Dethlefsen from Corea, and the other by Capt. Havecker from Eastern Siberia. None of all the numerous eagles and vultures which occupy the great middle cage in the Hamburg Garden compares with these two birds, either in the size of their bodies, the strength of their beaks and talons, in the nobility of their bearing, or in the boldness of their glance. In every respect they surpass their near relatives, the common European sea eagle, the white-headed American eagle—the national emblem of the United States—and even the African sea eagle (*H. vocifer*).

The Siberian eagle has a white tail, thighs and upper wing coverts, the other feathers being dark brown; while the Korean eagle, on the other hand, is almost black, with a tint of brown, only his tail being white, as our engraving shows. The powerful beaks of these birds are remarkable, not only for their size and

strength, and for the hook-like curve of the upper mandible, but especially for the beautiful light lemon color, which distinguishes them from the beaks of all other birds of prey.

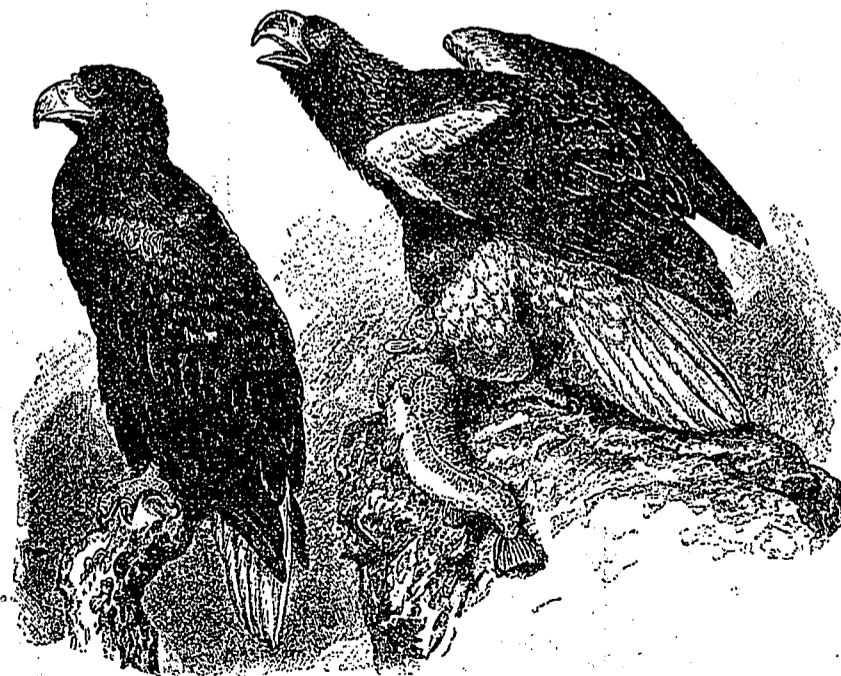
Very little is known of the *Haliaeetus pelagicus* in its free state. The Dorries Brothers, collectors who resided for many years in Amour, in Eastern Siberia, and during that time watched the animal world very closely, saw only four white-shouldered sea eagles among the many common sea eagles in the neighborhood of Vladivostock, and only two black Korean eagles; and never succeeded in shooting one of these rare birds. The Russian explorer Von Middendorff speaks of the sea eagle as being very cautious. Although he found many nests, he very seldom saw the birds; apparently they were on the high seas busily fishing. In August, so says our authority, the sea eagles were quite numerous on the south coast of the Okhotsk Sea, where they preferred to build their nests on the summits of the cliffs, which frequently project singly and like towers from the surface of this sea; and therefore their nests were very inaccessible. Consequently, the eggs of our birds are unknown, nor is anything known in regard to the number and treatment of their young. About the middle of October these eagles move southward, flying high in the air. In the winter they go to Japan and the North of China, returning in summer to their breeding grounds in Kamtschatka.

The Ainous raise the young as an article of trade, and the Giljaks sell the white tail feathers to the Japanese, who prize these feathers highly and are willing to pay high prices for them. The Japanese like them to use in window decoration.

In captivity the sea eagles are very quiet, generally keeping away from the other birds in the cage. Their food consists of fish and meat. Their sharp, penetrating cry is as powerful as their bodies, and, in their native land, can be heard above the noise of storm and surf.—Dr. Heinr. Bolau, in *Illustrirte Zeitung*.

RULES FOR USING BOOKS.

- Never hold a book near the fire.
- Never drop a book upon the floor.
- Never turn leaves with the thumb.
- Never lean or rest upon an open book.
- Never turn down the corners of leaves.
- Never touch a book with damp or soiled hands.
- Always keep your place with a thin book-mark.
- Always place a large book on the table before opening it.
- Always turn leaves from the top with the middle or forefinger.
- Never pull a book from a shelf by the binding at the top, but by the back.
- Never touch a book with a damp cloth, nor with a sponge in any form.
- Never place another book or anything else upon the leaves of an open book.
- Never rub dust from books, but brush it off with a soft, dry cloth or duster.



GREAT SEA EAGLES FROM EASTERN SIBERIA AND COREA.