

### The First Voyage.

I.  
"My little one's going to sea,  
It's lonely my heart will be;  
O, pitiless wind,  
For once be kind,  
And bring him again to me."  
"But, mother, it's not for long,  
And see, I am brave and strong;  
The stars of the night  
Are clear and bright,  
And hark! to the old Breton song!"  
(Sailors sing on board.)  
"The sea is great and our boat is small,  
But heaven is greater than sea and all.  
Ave Maria!"

II.  
The little one lightly sprang  
On board as the sailors sang,  
And leaving the pier,  
His parting cheer  
Half gayly, half sadly rang.  
He looked at his mother there,  
Her hands were clasped in prayer,  
While steady and strong  
The old Breton song  
Rose through the midnight air.  
"The sea is great and our boat is small,  
But Heaven is greater than sea and all.  
Ave Maria!"  
J. L. MOLLOY in Temple Bar.

### GENEROSITY.

Chris Whelan came out from the theater in a state of mental exaltation. The play he had been seeing was tragic and the hero heroic—very heroic, very noble and self-sacrificing. In the auditorium the women had all been crying their complexions off and the men, who were just as much moved, had had the additional excitement of trying to look as if they were not.

Fate had been very kind to Chris Whelan. He was young, strong and impressively handsome; he was rich, well born, well mannered, and thoroughly well liked; but yet he was not exactly content, because, impossible as it may seem in the nineteenth century, he would have liked to be a hero.

He had tried such means of self-sacrifice as appeared open to him; he had gone in for slumming when it was the rage, but he did not catch a fever, nor lose his life nobly rescuing some one from anything disagreeable; moreover, several of the ladies with whom he worked showed signs of falling in love with him, so he gave up slumming as a failure. He had tried politics, choosing an unpopular party, but did not find even that successful as a means of self-sacrifice, for his colleagues simply whipped him, and none of his old friends made the least difference in their behavior towards him.

On this particular night he walked homeward feeling very discontented indeed. The path of romance and self-abnegation seemed closed against him. He seemed doomed to perpetual enjoyment, which was commonplace and prosaic. He was so wrapped in his own thoughts that he scarcely noticed when some one touched him on the arm.

"Hello, Davis," he said, absently; "where do you come from?"  
"I have been to your rooms," said Davis. "They told me there where you were. I tried to wait till you came in, but I got so impatient I couldn't keep still, so I came to meet you."

Whelan was still only half recalled from his own castle-building. "All right; do you want anything?" he said.

"Yes, I want—generosity."

Davis would rather have said "justice," but some instinctive knowledge of his friend's character told him that he would be much more likely to get what he wanted if he called it by the more attractive name.

To be just is only one's duty; that is why one so seldom does it; but there is something flattering to one's vanity in the mere name of generosity.

Whelan was thoroughly interested now. "You are in some trouble," he said, "and I can help you. Come into the Mall and let me hear."

They walked along slowly in the shadow of the trees, silent at first, but presently Davis began his appeal.

"Chris, old fellow," he said, "we have been friends a long time."  
"We have and mean to be, come what may."

Whelan had expected a confession of murder, forgery or bigamy, or perhaps all three, and was fairly reveling in the thought of how steadfastly he would stand by his friend.

Davis went on.  
"You are a lucky fellow, Whelan; you are rich, popular, in good society, a favorite with the best sort of women."  
"Well, yes," said Whelan. "It was all true, and he did not see any need to deny it."  
"Well, yes, what then?"

"On the other hand, I am—well, not anything to look at or talk of—a person of no account whatever. I want you to see clearly how much that is worth having you have, and how little I have. I want you to recognize this and be generous."

"I have not many virtues, Tom," said Whelan, warmly, "but I know what friendship is, and I shall not fail you. Speak without any more preface; what form in this generosity to take?"

"I want you to give up Madge Parry to me."  
"Good God!"

Whelan stopped dead short in the middle of a crossing. This sort of sacrifice had never entered his mind. Davis had fairly to drag him out of the track of the cars that were rattling past; the two sat down on a seat in the shadow of the trees.

"I am asking a good deal, I know," said Davis, "but I am asking it of a man who can afford to give, and, as you said just now, I don't think you will fail me. I have very little in the world; I can't think you would have the heart to take from me the little I desire. Any woman would fall in love with you; there is only this one in all the world for me. She is on the verge of caring for me when you come on the scene; she will care for me again if she does not see you any more. Let me have this one piece of good luck, Chris; spare it to me out of your influence. There's Lady Lily Lovison, who used to share your Whitechapel wanderings—she'd have you any day, and small wonder; or McNamara's daughter, the beauty—proud as she is, she would be prouder to marry you. Among all the women who would be ready to marry you can't you find some one else, and leave Madge to me? Why, with

all your advantages any woman who was not a fool would jump at you."  
"You forget one thing," said Whelan, slowly; "any woman won't do. I am fond of Madge Parry—No," he went on after a pause; "no, Tom, I can't think of it."

But the answer showed Davis that he had been thinking of it.

They sat silent for a moment or two and then Davis tried again.

"You remember that fellow in the Bible, Chris, that we used to hear about when we were boys? The great man had flocks and herds without number, you know. The poor man had only one ewe lamb. You are in the position of the rich man; don't take her from me."

"It's altogether different," said Whelan, whose scriptural knowledge was vague but practical, since he mixed the allegory with the fact and between the two made out his case. "It's altogether different; Miss Parry can't belong to you like the lamb did to the fellow in the story, and he was cheated out of it, while no one is acting unfairly toward you. You did introduce me to her, I know, but I did not know you liked her, as well as I had, the trial was as free to me as to you."

"That's all true," said Davis, congratulating himself inwardly on having taken the right line at first. "That's why I ask you for generosity and not for justice. Some men might say, 'I introduced you to the woman I loved, trusting you not to supplant me,' but I don't; I ask you to give up to me, not because I have the best right, but because I have the greatest need. I love her as a prosperous man such as you cannot love. She is my riches, my society, my ambition, as well as my love; and what have I to offer? What means have I of winning her love in comparison with you? Don't you see how terribly handicapped I should be in a contest with you? What could happen to me but defeat? And I tell you that in this matter defeat will be bitterer than death. It will be hard to bear—such a blow from such a friend, from my friend, too, who is armed so much better than I that I have no chance against him."

Whelan did not answer. He sat looking absently at the clear, silent, frosty sky. The Mall was getting empty now, and the cold pure night air was quieting and pleasant. The surprise with which he had listened to his friend's request began to wear off; the feeling of exaltation which had filled him when he left the theater began to reassert itself. He remembered how eagerly he had longed for an opportunity of self-sacrifice but half an hour ago, and was almost ashamed to see that now his opportunity had come, it was doubtful whether he would avail himself of it. He looked across at Davis, and saw his attitude of utter and helpless dejection; he fancied too, that he saw tears in his eyes, and was profoundly touched. At the moment his friend's pleadings seemed to him full of force and truth. There could be no question which of the two wanted to use the only available word, Miss Parry most. Would it not be contemptible to use all his unquestionable advantages against a man who had absolutely no power of competing with him? So easy a victory would be no glory, but to resign a certain victory was true generosity.

After a long pause he spoke.  
"You think she will have you, Davis?"  
"I am sure of it. If not, you can still try your chance, you know."

"Leave my chance out of the question and try your own, and I wish you success with all my heart, Tom."

Three months later the marriage of Miss Parry and Mr. Davis was announced in the papers, and Chris Whelan, who had been keeping himself out of the way through the best part of the season, now felt himself at liberty to return to town.

"You won't mind my looking you up occasionally, I suppose?" he said to Davis; "I shall like to know how you get on."

"Oh, come by all means," Davis said enthusiastically. "You have the right to see the result of your generosity, and you'll congratulate yourself when you do see it. We are making a success of marriage, Madge and I."

So Chris went. The Davises had nothing of what is usually termed "a position," but they had a very little place at Tooting, where Chris got in the way of going very often, indeed, always sure of a warm welcome from his friend and his friend's wife.

Mrs. Davis, indeed, was particularly gracious and cordial toward her husband's friend, but now and then Chris caught a glimpse of something behind her friendly manner that puzzled him. She was the most charming and lovable woman he had ever seen, and of course she was passionately attached to her ugly, commonplace husband. This was quite as it should be, only why did she so labor to convince him of a fact he never doubted? So time wore on, and if he began to find that the hours spent in his friend's house were the only hours worth having in his life, the discovery did not disturb him much. He went at his own risk; Davis was glad to have him, and Madge was absolutely safe in her exaggerated love for her husband.

Now it happened that while Davis and his wife had been on their honeymoon they had fallen in with an old uncle of Davis' who was a great admirer of pretty women, and he had been so taken with Madge's beauty and brightness that on parting with them immediately made her will in his nephew's favor, "as a recognition of his good sense and cleverness in securing such a charming and amiable woman as his wife."

The old man said nothing about this at the time or afterward; he probably saw other pretty women and forgot all about Madge, for he never held out a helping hand to her in all the long struggle with poverty which followed their marriage, and took no notice when he was informed that their second child was called after him. But if he forgot his fancy for Madge, he also forgot to make any other will, and when at last news of his death reached Davis in London, he found himself the owner of a good railway stock, a fine old country house, several well-let farms, and a coal mine at Glywycob, North Wales.

This, of course, entirely revolutionized the means to enter that sort of society which is spelled with a capital "S," and were only doubtful as to whether they should found their claims to admission on his wealth or her beauty, and Whelan found those pleasant impromptu or matter-of-course visits quite out of the question.

At the end of the season Mr. and Mrs. Davis went to Wales, but their departure made very little difference to Chris, the separation of the past month had been so complete.

Presently, however, he received a letter from the Davises, asking him to spend a few days with them, to inspect the new house

and the farms and the coal mines and the scenery, and to ruralize generally. He went gladly enough, and had a pleasant time, almost as pleasant as the old days at Tooting. Davis was full of triumph in his new possessions, but he did not bore his guest with them; he let him off easily as far as mountaineering and farm-inspecting were concerned. But on one point he was resolute, Whelan must go down a coal mine.

Whelan agreed, but he was not very enthusiastic about the expedition; so it was postponed time after time until the day before he intended leaving. At breakfast Mrs. Davis, remembering that Chris had not yet seen the mine, proposed that they should walk down and visit it that morning. Davis agreed, they lost no time in setting out, but half way there, they met the manager, who reminded Davis that it was a holiday, and the men were not working.

"Dear me, so it is," said Davis. "I had quite forgotten. What is to be done? We can't let you go back without seeing our mine, Whelan."

"We can go all the same, can't we?" asked Madge. "It is the mine we want to see, not the men. I have not been down myself yet and I want to go so much. You can find us a guide, I suppose, Mr. Wyatt?"—this to the manager—"and if you have not any engagement yourself to-day, perhaps you would come with us."

Mr. Wyatt said he should be most happy, and set off to find a guide, and in due time the party found themselves wandering about in the dark and dirt and bad air, and trying to pretend that they liked it because it was a new sensation.

Mr. Wyatt and the guide had wandered to a little distance. Madge was just asserting vigorously that she would never allow any of the children to come into this sort of a place, and that she wished they were all well out of it themselves when a sudden ominous sound was heard. Instinctively they all stood still and waited; there was a loud, dull roar—a shaking, as it seemed, of the very foundations of the earth—a crash, and then the whole roof of that part of the mine near which they stood fell in and there was dead silence and black darkness.

"Nobody need be alarmed if we are all here," he said, "Madge, are you all right? Whelan? That's well. And Wyatt and Darriek?"

Neither Wyatt nor the guide answered; they had been some distance away when the roof fell in, and it was too evident that they were buried beneath the ruins.

"Well, we are all right," said Davis. "Let us be thankful for that, at least. I don't know much of my own mine yet, but I know we can't be very low down, we must be quite near the surface, in fact, and they know at the house where we are, so we have a good chance of being rescued."

But even while they spoke they heard other explosions, one after another, in different parts of the mine, and presently one in their immediate neighborhood was followed by a rush of hot air, and then by a stream of water which quickly covered the bottom of the space which they stood on.

"Good heaven, this is serious!" exclaimed Davis; "little as I know, I know what this means. The water keeps coming in, and there is no outlet for it. We are in great danger. Madge, where are you?"

Madge struggled through the fast-rising water toward her husband's voice and clung to him desperately.

"Tom, dear," she cried, "you speak of danger. Tell me the truth. Do you mean—is it death?"

She gave a little moaned cry and fell back into her husband's arms. She was not a particularly courageous woman, and there was a small wonder if she was terribly frightened now. There was a long silence, and then Whelan spoke.

"Good God, Davis, can't you say anything to comfort her? To make it seem easier? It's your place to help the poor child to bear it."

"She has fainted," said Davis, shortly. "It is best so. She won't feel it so much when the end comes."

"An awful end," said Whelan, shuddering. "An awful end! It is maddening. If one could only do something to save her—something to help her."

Something in his tone amazed and even interested Davis, in spite of his own horror.

"Why, Whelan," he exclaimed, "you don't mean to say you care for her still? That you have been going on caring for her all these years?"

"Still?" repeated Whelan. "All this time? Why, of course I do. I should have gone on all my life and here, however long we had both lived. You have made her very happy, Tom, so it is just as well as it is, but if I'd known at the time what she would cost I don't think I could have done it, and if I had known I don't think you would have accepted the sacrifice."

"What sacrifice?"  
"What sacrifice?"

It was Madge who spoke, starting from her husband's arms and questioning with passionate eagerness.

"What sacrifice? I was not fainting; if I had been I think I would still have heard such words as those. What sacrifice?"

"Never mind now, Madge," said her husband, feeling for her in the dark; "it is all past now. We have only a few moments left to live. Don't let us say anything to disturb them."

Madge flung away his hands angrily.

"What sacrifice? I will know; I will understand before I die. What sacrifice? Speak, one of you!"

"My dear, be reasonable," said Davis, fretfully, using the usual "husbandese" for "don't contradict me." "It is a past matter between Whelan and me."

She broke away and stood apart from both of them.

"It concerns me, too," she said. "I know so much already. Mr. Whelan, you know what I heard; finish the story."

"As you will," said Chris. "Tom, I think I have a right to tell her now. It is only that we both loved you, Madge, as you heard just now, but Tom asked me to give you up to him because he needed you most, and I did so. It was hard to bear at the time—it has been harder since; but as it has turned out so well I am content."

"Content?" the word rang sharply through the darkness. "Content—yes, we have both been content when we might have been happy. Oh, why did you do it? Why did you do it?"

She had come close to him now and seized his arm fiercely.

"Why did you do it? What right had you to sacrifice me that you might be generous? Generous! no, you were selfish and cruel; you trod on my heart that

you might rise a step higher in virtue. Was I a stake at cards that you should let your friend win me from mere good nature? Was I a place in the world that you should step aside and resign me to him? Was I not a heart and soul, a living woman, who surely had a right to a voice in her own disposal?"

"But, Madge," cried Whelan, amazed at her anger, "one word. How could I know? If you had refused Davis—"

"Refused him—can you not understand? You both came to my mother's house, and I thought—I hoped—no matter now what I thought and hoped, for you left me without a word—and it seemed to me that you were fickle and he was true, and that I had been foolish and blind to have believed in you, and to have misperceived me. He was ready to love me when you had left me. What wonder if I was touched by his patience, won by his faithfulness?"

"But you seemed so fond of your husband, so happy, that I was almost glad—"

"Seemed!" she cried bitterly. "Was I tired of me, think that I regretted you? So you were glad of your work, were you? Ah, you are very noble, I know, Chris Whelan, very unselfish, very generous; but your unselfishness was blasted my life. Your generosity has wronged me grievously."

"Madge!" cried Davis reproachfully, "have you no feeling for me that you speak so? Have I not been a good husband to you?"

"I can forgive you," she said quietly, "that is all. You have both wronged me, but you less than he."

Before either of the men had time to answer her another explosion shook the place where they stood, there was a sound of earth and stones falling into the water near them, then the air grew suddenly lighter and a cool breeze blew in their faces.

"Look here!" he shouted, "we shan't die this time. See, there's an opening up above; we are even nearer to the surface than I thought. Do you see that big bowlder that is uncovered now? We can climb up that and then lift each other up so as to struggle through the opening. We are saved! Courage, Madge! Whelan, for heaven's sake, stop looking so tragic! Don't you see we are saved, man?"

Whelan's face did not clear.

"Come with me a moment, Davis," he said, "I have something to say to you."

"Speak before me," said Madge, firmly. "Let us have no more private compacts between you."

"Good," said Whelan quietly. "Your husband says we are saved. Don't you see that only two of us are saved? Who will help up the third?"

"Good heavens!" said Davis, "I never thought of that."

"Think of it now," said Chris, still speaking very quietly.

"You mean, think which?"  
"Yes, that is what I mean."

Perhaps in his heart Whelan felt that it was his friend's turn to be generous. Perhaps he had some hope that Davis might feel the same; if so, he was to be disappointed.

"A man does not grow in unselfishness by living for years in the enjoyment of the result of a selfish action. A man who will still meanly as 25 is tolerably likely to act still more meanly at 30."

"Well," said Davis at length, "the third of us may be saved, too. We could bring help."

"Nonsense; the water is rising too fast for there to be any chance of help coming in time. The one who remains here must die."

"Well, you know, Chris," said Davis, with a good deal of stammering, "I'm a married man and I have children, and now that I have all this property I have very heavy responsibilities; and really, you know, whenever one hears of a case like this, it is always the unmarried man who offers to stay. I really think it should be you."

"You think so? Suppose we leave it to your wife to decide."

Davis hesitated. "I think that will be hardly fair," he began.

"But I will have it so," said Whelan, suddenly. "If you won't consent I'll refuse to help you in any case, and we two will drown together; but, if you will let Madge decide I will abide by her decision. What do you say?"

"I suppose I have no choice," said Davis. "Madge, which of us do you decide for?"

"I will not choose," cried Madge, passionately. "I only wish it could be I who should be left behind. It should be if I had strength to lift one of you and might have my way. Settle the matter between you. You were ready enough to arrange my life to suit yourself. But I am less hardy; I dare not take such an awful responsibility upon myself. You are mad to think I could."

"But, Madge," said Whelan, gently, "if it is true that we between us spoiled your life, can we do more to atone than offer you this choice now? If we only thought of ourselves then, we want—at least I want—only to do what is best for you now. Choose."

"I will not. It is cruel to ask it. How can I sentence either of you to death? You are the noblest man I ever knew, but the most blind and cruel. Tom is my husband; we have children; we have lived together all these years, and—and I have grown to love him. But yet—Oh, Chris! Chris! God forgive you your generosity! But for that I should have loved a much better man."

Chris drew back.

"Come, Davis," he said, "I've got my answer."

They struggled toward the bowlder together, and without much difficulty climbed to the top of it.

Whelan turned to Davis. "You will go first, I suppose, and help Madge from the top?"

But Davis had some vague suspicion in his mind. If he left those two together he might never see Madge again.

"No, my wife first," he said.

"You'll let me? I am the stronger, you know."

Davis nodded.

"Thanks, now, Madge."

He took her in his arms to raise her, then paused.

"Good-by," he said, "good-by, Madge. I think you have been a little hard on me, I made a great mistake, but I meant well. I can do no more than say I'm sorry, can I? Don't you think you might be a little sorry too?"

They could see each other plainly now in the bright light that streamed straight down upon them. A sudden bewildering change rose in Madge's eyes. He looked at her eagerly. What was in her mind? What was

rising to her lips? Something that would make her life possible even now, or at least make death sweet?

"Madge," he whispered, "Madge, what is it?"

"Hallo! Hallo! Is any one alive down there?"

It was Wyatt's voice, and Wyatt's good-natured, ugly face peered through the opening.

"All there? Ah, that's good! Darriek and I got out all right, so we rushed off and got a ladder, and now if you'll just move out of the way I'll let it down and you can all come out of that ugly hole as soon as you like."

So in about three minutes the tragedy was over, and Whelan will never know to his dying day what it was that Mrs. Davis was going to say to him.

Some three months later the papers gave a detailed account of the marriage of Lady Lillie Lovison and Chris Whelan, but the papers said nothing about one little incident that took place.

After the ceremony, when Chris had gone through all the minutiae promises that a bridegroom makes by order of the Prayer Book, he turned to the sweet little woman who had loved him so long and so faithfully, and made another of his own account.

"Lilly darling, I promise you that I will never be generous again as long as I live."

**How to Hide the Collar Bone.**

The editor of the "New York Sun" has recently been confronted with a poser, a lady reader of his columns, who believes in his encyclopedic knowledge, has written him thus: "I want to ask you if you won't please give me an article on the development of the throat—directions about the proper exercise to take to hide my collar bone. I am plump enough otherwise, so my scrawny neck isn't due to thinness of body generally."

Not wishing to show the white feather as one he braces himself for the task, but it is evident he realizes his inability to furnish the information desired. He complains that the lady has not been sufficiently specific in her description of herself, that in order to proceed intelligently and safely he ought to know something about the lady's age, and as's of her taste as to collar bones. Astounding, however, that she prefers a collar bone well hidden away in adipose, he mentions certain dietary agents which she might employ. "Starch, sugar, pie-crust, and beer have fattened numbers of persons; while eggs, meat, milk, and a reasonable supply of plum pudding might be induced to expend part of their potentiality upon the clothing of a collar bone, if accompanied by a swinging of the arms at length, backward and forward and up and down, and by a rolling of the head about, the exercise to be pursued faithfully for twenty minutes every day for a year, and care being taken not to sprain the neck when the operations with the head are first essayed or vigorously performed. Nevertheless he admonishes his fair questioner that "none of the expedients in question are sure. Nature watches very jealously over parts of her handiwork, and it may be that the collar bone of one of our correspondents is one of the matters with which nature is so satisfied that she will brook no change in it."

And thus he runs on through nearly a column of humorous and sarcastic banter, torturing without mercy the silly creature who imagined she had too much collar bone to be consistent with her ideal of beauty. Still one can hardly blame the editor for putting her on the spot, for surely such a question is unworthy of a serious answer. And yet it is to be feared that this lady was only one a little weaker than many others, who know enough to hold their peace, but whose highest ambition is to appear beautiful. Not that beauty in itself is to be condemned or discouraged, for the Creator loves the beautiful; but that beauty of form and figure should be sought after at the expense of those finer qualities of the soul, whose possession will transfigure any face and make it pleasant and winsome, is the thing to be deplored. And this capital blunder is being made by thousands every day.

**The Successor of Henry Ward Beecher.**

Since the going out of the great light which for forty years shone forth from Plymouth pulpit, the public have not so frequently heard of the things said and done within that famous house of worship. And yet the death of Henry Ward Beecher has not proved the destruction of the society to which for so many years he rendered acceptable services. The labors which he instituted have been taken up by his successor, and the organization of a philanthropic character which Plymouth Church carried on, have not been allowed to collapse or decline. Though several months have elapsed since the choice was actually made, the formal installation of Dr. Lyman Abbot as successor of Mr. Beecher, did not take place until Thursday the 16th inst. On that occasion, Dr. Abbot made a statement of his theological views. No one can mistake his position in relation to the "new departure" or what has been called "progressive orthodoxy." When asked to explain the doctrine of the Trinity he replied, "God is so great and I am so small that I cannot explain it." Concerning his creed he stated "I count the resurrection of Christ as the best attested fact in ancient history." He declared in clear and emphatic tones his belief that Christ was God in man; that the gospel history is authentic; and that Jesus not only wrought the miracles recorded of him but that He rose from the dead and is alive for ever more. Touching the question of probation after death, he "repudiated as unscriptural the dogma that his earthly life ended probation. But the hypothesis that Christ will be presented in another life to all who have not known him here, he did not accept because there was a lack of evidence to support it. Though a spiritual son of Mr. Beecher whom he succeeded he is not a copyist of his spiritual father. Indeed, in nothing does he resemble his lamented pastor more than in his independence of thought as a religious thinker. The management of Plymouth Church fell confident that they are entering upon an era of prosperity which will rival that of former times. Recently their annual sale of pews realized the gratifying sum of \$17,000. This, though not equal to the amount received in Mr. Beecher's day comes well up to the \$20,000 the usual annual income from this source when the great orator occupied his pulpit throne.

The prospects are that emigration to Canada from Britain during the coming season will be less even than last year.