

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued.)

"I don't understand what it means; is it a tale in a book?"

"No, Friday, it is quite true."

"What did he do?"

"That is what will be the end of the tale."

"I think it is a very hard story" said Friday; "and if you please, will you tell me what it means?"

"Yes; it is a very hard story, little friend," said the Doctor, and he leaned forward and looked at Friday more gravely and kindly than ever he had done before.

"It is your story, Friday; God has said No to your heart's desire."

"Do you mean—do you mean—I mayn't be an explorer," said Friday, panting.

"Yes, Friday, I do mean that."

"Oh, why?"

Friday had slipped down from his high chair, and was standing at the Doctor's knee, his eyes dilated, his face white, and his chest heaving.

"Because God says No, Friday."

"Won't He let Friday?"

Since his illness he had often fallen back into the old baby-way of speaking of himself.

"I think not."

"What does he want Friday to do?" Friday's voice had failed to a whisper, and he was trembling so much that he had laid his hands on the Doctor's knees. The doctor took the tiny, cold fingers in his firm hands, and spoke very, very tenderly.

"Friday, dear, I think God means you to stay here with us a little longer, before He sends a message. I think he means to first send you something to bear, a little pain perhaps, and a good deal of tiredness; and he calls you to lay down that heart's desire; and this is the brave thing that must be done so cheerfully and patiently."

Friday stood as if he were in a dream, he did not understand all that the Doctor said; but he did understand that the long earthly journey of his dreams was not to be. And in the midst of that icy coldness and dreadful aching, Friday wondered if Captain John felt like this when his heart broke; yet Captain John did that brave thing. And then on that small battlefield little Friday fought his fight—and conquered. It was one dim puzzle of pain, and confusion, and disappointment; but in the thick of the darkness Friday grasped at the clue; at the one thing he could comprehend and hold fast; at that simple old guide to which we might well hold, and save ourselves from the bewildering maze of our own vain creating, we, older and, in our own eyes, wiser than little Friday.

His eyes were blind with a mist of tears, his breath came in sobs, and he could scarcely utter the words; but he lifted his face and made his last little valorous stand.

"Friday will be good."

There was silence in the nursery. There was silence in the room below, where grandmother was lying, except for a fitful sound of feeble sobbing from her bed. Mrs. Hammond was trying to soothe her, in the pauses of wiping her own eyes and the Doctor was standing on the hearth, his arm resting on the chimney-piece. Grandmother was wailing softly to herself.

"The little one! The little one! It is all I can look for, to lie and wait till I am called; and I linger here, cumbering the ground, and he is taken before me! The short little life! And I am an old woman who has seen her threescore years and ten. What was the little life begun for, to end so soon? He has had a great deal to bear for no end."

The Doctor was a young man, and a shy one; but he had something in his mind to say, and with an effort he said it.

"I believe that no child's life, however short, is lived in vain. If it has done nothing more, it has left some lesson behind, if we would learn it. And I think we have not very far to look for little Friday's."

There was silence again, for grandmother seemed to have listened, Mrs. Hammond had nodded through her tears, and the Doctor's head had gone down on his hand.

He almost thought he was not sorry for luckless little Friday. For it was running

in his mind that they whom we call unlucky often gather to themselves an exceeding noble patience, beautiful with a beauty not of this world.

It was even a greater effort to speak again; but the Doctor, knowing that it must be done, did it.

"Is there any one to send for?"

Grandmother fell to sobbing again, the feeble crying of extreme old age. Mrs. Hammond said—

"Not that near, sir! It isn't that near?"

"It may not be six days, and it may be as many months."

"But what do you think—you, sir?"

"I—think—it will not be very long."

But Friday sat on the nursery-floor, pondering, and looking out of the window with eyes that saw nothing. He was not crying, for he was too tired, languid, and puzzled to cry. He did not comprehend all that the Doctor had meant; but he did comprehend that the Hand was laid down, and his dream was over. But he had a strange feeling as if he did not mind so very much, as if all were nearly over now. And he had a great deal to think about. For Friday had caught a glimpse of a riddle, and he was groping for an explanation, and there was no one to give it, and he thought and thought until his head ached, and then he laid it down on the carpet, and went to sleep for very weariness. It was that hard riddle—only younger than the hills—over which older heads have puzzled until they, too, ached, and have been fain to lie down and leave it to Eternity to give the answer.

The riddle of failure. The riddle of the toilers in the fore-front of the battle, of the vanguard. They fall unseen; theirs is no earthly crown; they have no honor; their very lives are forgotten. Their names are written in water, and the great river rolls on, and it is as though they had never been. . . .

And yet, not so. For in the hall of Time there is the tiny piece of work appointed for each human soul, which none but that soul can do. And so these forgotten builders have done their work—in blindness and groping, in sorrow and pain, in imperfection and silence—yet they worked the task. They lay down to rest—perhaps not unwillingly—and whispered to themselves "failure," and the world said "failure" over them and they passed and were forgotten. What matter now, to those who have read the answer to the hard riddle in the unfolding scroll of Eternity?

And forgotten their very names are here, but not there. In their Father's blessed Book of Remembrance they are written, all the toilers, whether the crown were set upon their labor, here or there. And we humbly believe they, too, who waited to toil, not being called, who have done no work we can see, who only bring

"A patient God, a patient heart."

All the noble, the brave, the pure, the faithful, the disciplined, the steadfast; all the captains and the men together; Captain John side by side with the good ship's carpenter. And perhaps with them even little Friday himself!

(To be Continued.)

QUEER THINGS IN PAPER.

We used to write in our copy-books "Paper is made of rags." But paper is made of many other things besides rags nowadays. In fact there are not worn-out rags enough to manufacture the quantity of paper used, and some other material had to be found. It was thought astonishing when straw was first used for such a purpose. Now a variety of such things is used, and must be, to supply the demand for paper.

And an odd fact in connection with this is that while paper is being used for dozens of purposes formerly needing wood or even a harder material, such as car wheels, boxes, barrels, tubs, pails, etc., wood is rapidly driving other ingredients to the wall in the manufacture of the cheaper grades of paper. The common use of wood pulp, which by improvements in the processes of making is now produced at very low cost, is the cause of the cheapness of various grades of paper, which are much below the quality produced before its use. —Harper's Young People.

NOW AND THEN.

Let me tell you a tale of a quiet country pool, so sweet and clean, where the willows bend down to the great bur-reeds (with their brown busbies and the spike on the top), and the reeds sway over the rushes, and the rushes flutter over the broad leaves of the water-lilies which grow near the edge where the water is shallow. Oh, it's a lovely spot! how I wish I might see it again! Down there, where it is so clear and sweet, a little creature lived. It had large, large eyes, for it was always wandering, always curious, trying to find out the meaning of things.

"I can't make it out," it said one day, "why I should always be wanting to get up to the top, and get right above it too. I should die if I did that, I know, for I was made to live in the water."

"No, you weren't," said a dragon-fly that came quick as a flash, and then hovered steadily above the pool. "You were made to come up here and fly about like as I do, and that's why you are always wanting to come to the top; you don't know yourself. Come up now—don't be afraid; you are ready to be like me."

"No, no!" said the other sadly; "I can't fly."

"Of course you can't," said the one above; "but it is because you have never needed to fly. But you can swim—swim in the water, and I am only swimming too—swimming in the air. And you can see, you have two eyes, and they are enough for you in the water; come up here, and you will get more. I have four thousand, and I was once like you."

How the little creature down below wondered on hearing that! Four thousand eyes! what a lot could be seen! and wings!! Oh, it was good to think of it, and it was worth trying for; so it took courage, and crept up and up the slender stem of the flote-grass, till it left the water and reached a long straight veined leaf, and then it fainted; you would have said it was dead. But it wasn't; the sun was shining upon it and dried it, and its body grew hard, and then it split open, and out from the old case a beautiful creature came, with four thousand eyes and flashing wings, and such a bright, bright gleaming body! Only for a little did it rest on the flote-grass after its old case had sunk into the pool. The sun was warm, the air was sweet, and everything was beautiful; suddenly it spread its wings and darted away, hither and thither, till at last, as it grew strong, it could fly swifter than a swallow!

That's the way with the dragon-fly; now it is in the water, but then it is in the air; now it sees but a little, then it sees much; now it is a poor little, slow-moving thing, then it is a brilliant, dazzling, living flash! And yet it is the same creature all along, and the air is not so much different from the water, only finer, and sweeter, and better.

And this, children, is all that death can do to anybody who loves Jesus and trusts him. Death can but make him faint for a moment, and then the soul leaves its old case which we call the body, and passes into the brightness and the beauty, the warmth and the life and the love of Jesus Himself.

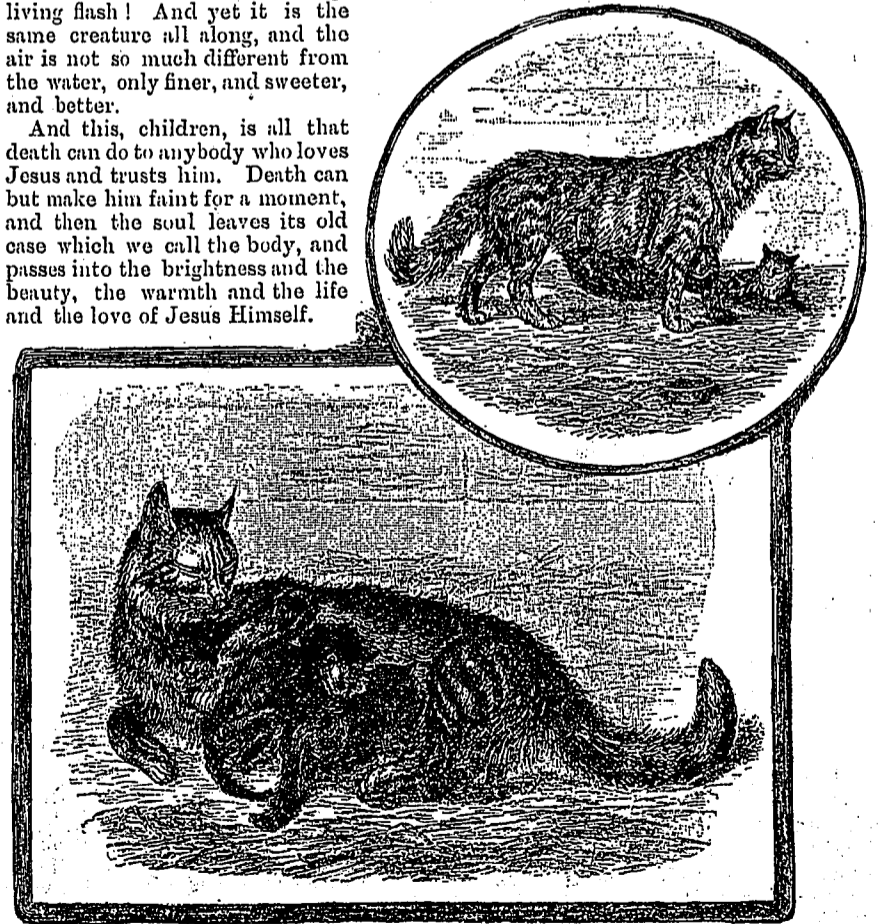
Would you wish it to be so with you then? If you would, be faithful and loving and true to Jesus now, for this is his promise—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." A crown of life! That means life completed, life perfected, life as it should be. So be true to Jesus now, and then death will be the best and kindest friend you could ever have wished for.—Rev. J. Ried Howatt.

A CAT AS FOSTER MOTHER OF AN APE.

There are plenty of examples in the animal kingdom which prove that most creatures, whether mammals or birds, are capable of conferring their motherly love on the offspring of others as well as on their own. The hen gives the duck that it has hatched the same care that it gives its own chickens, the dog will act as foster mother to a young lion, and the long-eared Egyptian goat as nurse to a young panther. But the exhibition of motherly care to be seen in the well arranged Leipzig Zoological Garden (in charge of Mr. Ernst Pinkert) is new and peculiar, offering a pleasant scene to the lover of animals. A fine, great, reddish-brown Angora cat has become foster mother of a very young ape. As the little thing lost its own mother when it was very small and was greatly in need of another nurse, it was given to the Angora cat. The experiment proved successful; the cat received the little orphan affectionately, and cares for it as well as for her own kitten.

The cunning little ape hangs, in the literal meaning of the word, on its tender mother, and is never left by her. Clinging by all fours to the shaggy fur of the mother cat, he accompanies her in all her walks, and the cat is not inconvenienced by her four-legged parasite. If he is torn away from this embrace, he immediately jumps crying loudly to his accustomed place. At meal times he enjoys the same rights as the kitten. It is a charming picture—the old cat with her little one, which she caresses fondly, and the little ape that likes to lie in her soft, warm fur. When the cat rises she takes her living burden, and walks around, wagging her tail, in the building belonging to beasts of prey in the Zoological Garden. Cats have been known to bring up squirrels, but this is the first time on record that one has acted as mother to an ape.—Illustrirt Zeitung.

EVERY SERMON ought to have something in it that the devil will have to try to answer.



A Cat as Foster Mother of an Ape—A Picture from the Leipzig Zoological Garden.