

The Butterfly's Birthday.

BY MAY EVE.

Oh! friends best beloved, Toad, Beetle and Bee,
To-morrow's my birthday—so all come
and see.

For this old cocoon I shall cast aside,
And my gauzy wings I will open wide,

And away and away in the air I'll soar,
This old withered shell shall clog me
no more.

Long, long have you fed on these sweets,
friend Bee,
But an untried world is opening to me.

Poor Beetle and Toad, poor Beetle and
toad,
For your pathway still lies on the dusty
road.

'Twould be hard to grovel in the world
below,
When we've soared the heights where
the jasmynes grow.

Oh! Beetle and Toad, oh! Beetle and
Toad,
Do your thoughts soar up from the dusty
road?

In thought do you rise on butterfly
wings
While longing and yearning for better
things?

I used to dream dreams in my cocoon
there,
In thought I would soar to worlds bright
and fair.

And now, old cocoon, I bid you farewell,
No longer content in your walls to dwell.

My pinions once freed, still upward shall
go,
Up where the sweetest of honey shall
flow.

Oh! Beetle, and Toad, how often I
wonder
That you rest content to grovel down
yonder.

And yet I have heard that mortals be-
low,
Who more than a poor Butterfly should
know,

Like Beetle and Toad, they ofttimes but
grovel,
Some in a castle and some in a hovel.

Not even in thought to soar as on wings,
And dwell in a land of beautiful things.

Content in cocoons forever to dwell,
And call it but death when they leave
the shell.

My poor old cocoon can hold me no
longer,
My heart beats high and my wings grow
stronger.

So that's why my birthday party I give,
And when I shall leave I'll begin to live.

Now Beetle and Toad, good-bye—good-
bye,
For who would grovel that has learned
to fly?
Augusta, Ga.

With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER IV.

SIGHTING THE PRIZE.

The stay of the Walrus in Lerwick harbour was just long enough to complete a few sea stores and take on some of her best hands—harpooners; for the captain was eager to reach the "fishing ground" early in the season, and his men shared in this haste, upon which so much depended.

Here, again, there were leave-takings; a little knot of Shetland women saw the last of their husbands, the harpooners, who, as they well knew, would have to be in the forefront of danger in the fishery.

On the last evening in port, there was a cabin-service for all on board.

"Many a day there will be, likely enough, when no service can be had; so hold forth to us a little this evening, doctor, if you're so disposed, and I hope we shall all be the better for it," said the captain.

Very willingly, though with self-diffidence, the request was acceded to, and the

116 Psalm, with its thanksgivings, its resolves, and its rehearsal of mercies, formed an admirable basis for a little address, bringing to mind late peril and deliverance, and calling upon each one to "pay his vows" now to the Great Deliverer. Prayer, in which they themselves and their undertaking—whether for life or death—were committed fully into the Divine keeping, was followed by the singing of that hymn so dear to pious seamen,—

"How blest thy servants are, O Lord!
How sure is their defence."

Thus wound up a little service in which some thoughtless ones were led to wish that this "defence" was theirs; while to the godly men the cabin had been as a Bethel, a meeting-place with him whom they already knew as their friend.

Loosing from port that same night, they were soon standing out to sea. The broad ocean was before them, and the voyage had now really begun.

He who "holdeth the winds in his fists, and the waters in the hollow of his hand," gave favouring weather, so that for some days they made rapid progress on their way. Every morning and evening, so long as weather permitted, saw some portion of the ship's company assembled for worship, which was led alternately by the captain and his fellow-helper. And right hearty worship it was, always including singing of some psalm of hymn. The pathway of the voyagers might have been tracked by many a burst of Christian psalmody as the vessel pursued her way.

The first Sabbath at sea was so calm and bright that service on deck was possible, thus enabling nearly all to attend; and with Britain's banner above and the grouped assembly below, there was a beautiful appropriateness in the reading,— "How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings."

Calm sailing also gave many opportunities for reading and visitation among the men, which the young doctor was not slow to embrace, holding also an evening school after worship, for any who could attend; and these gracious, kindly influences had their effect by the Divine blessing upon not a few hitherto godless men.

No profane language was at any time tolerated on board the Walrus; but now, the random sea-songs were oftener exchanged for "songs of Zion," and most heartily the good captain rejoiced in the salutary influences at work among his men.

"Yes, doctor," he said, as the two paced the deck together one starry night, "I've felt very sad and lonely in times past when there was hardly a godly man on board; but now, thank God, it is different. 'Iron sharpeneth iron,' and, sure enough, Christian fellowship is a great help. Yes, and I'm glad for our poor fellows to have a little teaching in the right way before we plunge into the thick of work and danger. Not much time to think then, depend upon it," was his concluding remark.

They were now approaching the latitude where icebergs—the dread of Northern mariners—are not infrequently met with, and the watch was doubled by night and day to guard against danger.

"Haul up, doctor! haul up!" shouted down the captain one forenoon, a time at which the young man was usually deep in study below.

Answering the hasty summons on deck, the captain pointed to a mighty mass slowly moving in the direction of the vessel. Its motion was hardly perceptible, and for the moment Arthur supposed that what he saw was a rocky island; but a gleam of sunlight on the glistening mass instantly discovered the mistake, and the young man stood entranced as he looked at the wondrous structure, terraced and pinnacled to its highest summit of blue crystal, nearly three hundred feet from the water-line.

Onward it came, borne steadily by some deep-under-current, and as Arthur silently gazed, the "crystal sea" and "walls of jasper" of the Book of Revelation were not far distant from his thoughts.

"These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep," said the captain reverently, as he watched narrowly the course of the iceberg.

"Plenty of sea-room here, doctor; but grand as they are, we're glad to give them a wide berth when they travel, these Arctic acquaintances of ours."

"But what a marvellous idea they give of the great Creator's power! Why, that is almost an ice-land; it is really immense," said the gazer, with eyes still riveted on the wondrous edifice moving with solemn majesty along its ocean pathway.

"Yes, and it's wondrous, too, how all creation has a voice, and does his bidding," replied the old captain; "for that ice-mountain is like one of his messengers bringing us mariners Northern secrets. It tells us that the ice has broken early, and that is much the same as telling us it will close early. Ay, ay, doctor, it's wonderful universe, and guided by a wonderful Creator."

Thus far God had prospered their voyage, and they were now within a few days' sail of the expected fishing-ground. Messengers from the North were now no rare occurrence, and as they sailed past in stately majesty never failed to call forth some thought of the almighty Architect among those who recognized his hand.

"He's a grand buidler, and no mistake," remarked Fyfe, the first mate, who with Arthur watched the bearings of an iceberg that seemed making straight for the Walrus. Its grand terraces of dazzling whiteness, upheld by pillars of pale blue crystal, and reflecting every colour of the prism, seemed fabulously beautiful.

"Yes; 'He that built all things is God.' Strange, indeed, that men should ever doubt this," was the reply.

"Yes, sir, I once doubted it, and was like 'the fool who says in his heart, 'There is no God,' " said the man earnestly. "But thanks be to God that ever I sailed with our captain, and got my eyes opened; and now, I hope, there's more among us that's getting the same; for let me tell you, sir, they set fine store by your readings and talks with 'em in the fore-castle, and our escape in that squall set them a-thinking the more. 'Twas worth a broken arm, sir, as I've oft thought since; and all thanks to your good care, too."

This was the beginning of many talks on the same subjects, and the young doctor's heart was gladdened by the hope of some good done. Every day seemed more precious as work drew near, and he resolved to lose no opportunity among the men.

Once only were our voyagers in danger, as they neared their destination, from one of the mighty flotilla which we have referred to.

"There she goes!" called out the captain to his young friend, as the first "blowing" of a whale was noted in the distance to leeward.

It is always a moment of excitement on board a whaler when the first fish is sighted, and every eye was directed to leeward, with speculation as to whether chase would be possible.

"Boats all ready, mate?" inquired the captain. "But we must near her a mile or two first; this under-swell would make heavy work for a long pull."

Eager for the chase, all eyes were directed towards the hoped-for prize; even the watch for the time forgetting accustomed vigilance.

Another and another fish was sighted in the far distance by the man at the masthead, and glad excitement ran through the ship.

"That's it, my men. We've seen the 'leader,' and there's more to follow, never fear. Another mile or so, and you shall be at them—so make ready."

But while all eyes were thus eagerly directed towards the expected shoal, a grand old Leviathan of the ice-mountains, which had been sighted to windward just before the first whale was seen, had been stealing down upon them unawares, though with an unusual speed, impelled by some mighty current underneath, and was quietly attaining an unwelcome proximity to the vessel, as was only just discovered in time.

(To be continued.)

A LONDON CABMAN,

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

No one knew exactly how it happened, but the street was very crowded at the time. The occupant of the cab put his head out of the window and shouted, "Look alive, cabby! Half a crown extra if you catch it."

"All right, sir," was the answer, and the cabman whipped up his horse and turned into a side street to avoid a block. At that moment a school was dismissed, and children swarmed into the street. Everybody knows the habits of these children, and how seldom they seem to regard it as any business of theirs to take care that they are not run over. The imminent cab made no difference to them; they ran forward in front of it, and one daring little fellow lifted his mischievous blue eyes to the driver only a moment before the catastrophe occurred.

A shout and a scream, a swaying of the cab, and then a crushing fall, and a London cabman had finished his work. They carried him away to the nearest

hospital, and doctors and nurses, as skilful as they were pitiful, did their best for him.

After a time his wife came and wept over him, and the cab-owner called to see for himself what chance he had of recovery.

The cabman made no sign. He must have fallen on his head, the doctors said, and it was doubtful if he would regain consciousness.

The gentleman who occupied the cab had walked to the hospital in the sad little procession. Strange to say, he was not seriously hurt, only his hands and face were badly cut. He came presently and stood by the unconscious driver, and the owner of the cab appealed to him for information, but he was only able to give very little.

"The children ran into the street," he said, "just as the horse had been whipped up. I suppose he had hard work to stop, and must have pulled too much to one side. But I do not really know. It was the work of a moment. As soon as I could get out I did, and I saw the man lying with his head on the curbstone motionless. That is all I can say."

"It is just possible that he may be able to speak before the last," said one of the doctors.

So they waited and watched hour after hour far into the night. The cabman was alive and that was all.

His poor wife sat by his side, weeping and praying. Now and then she bent over to kiss his cheek, but he made no response. She gently touched the helpless hands which had been strong and skilful, but which would never again grasp whip or reins.

The nurses were very good to her, and one of them, who knew the relief it would be to talk, encouraged her to do so.

"Poor fellow! He has a kind, good face."

"Ah, you may well say that, nurse; and he is a kind, good man, too, if ever there was one. He went away this morning with a joke on his lips. 'Cheer up old girl,' he said, 'don't look like a cloudy day, for this is May, you know, and the sun shines.' And he gave me a kiss, he did," and the woman's voice broke as she remembered his tenderness.

"Have you any children?" asked the nurse.

But the question only brought more tears. "We had one, little Teddy, but he is dead. My man never rightly got over the loss of our only boy."

The night wore away slowly. The day came and brought no change to the cabman. But at midnight, about thirty-six hours after the accident, he suddenly opened his eyes. "Was the little one hurt?" he asked.

"No, the children are all safe; it is you who are hurt."

"Thank God! Thank God! Is that my wife?"

"Yes, Tom; I am here. Do you suffer much?"

"Oh, no; I don't suffer at all. I'm glad I insured my life, old girl; you will be all right. That and the club money will make a tidy bit for you. I shan't drive any of those parsons to Exeter Hall this time, shall I? But never mind; it is all right. Oh, how glad I am that I never killed a little kid nor run over one. Thirty years and more I've driven a cab about London, and I never hurt a child in my life."

"I'm afraid you've killed yourself, Tom."

"Yes, but it was for little Teddy's sake. It was a near toucher, though. A little boy with blue eyes, just like Teddy, was making straight for the horses. I should have been over him in a minute! Ah, how glad I am I didn't! Why, my girl, I should have been afraid to die if I had ever driven over a little child, but, thank God, I haven't—never!"

His mind ran on this through the whole of the half-hour of consciousness that was given to him. Toward the end a friend, who knew a good deal about the cabman, visited the ward. He did not say much, but he repeated some of the comforting words of the Sacred Book, and the cabman listened and responded.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have eternal life."

"I believe," said the cabman. "And I have always taken care of the little ones. He has liked that, I am sure. And it was for Teddy's sake."

The visitor offered to pray with the man.

"Thank you," he said; "and will you tell him that I have never hurt a child in my life?"

And the cabman passed away with a thanksgiving on his lips.—Marianne Farningham, in London Christian World.