

"It sounded to me as though he said, 'I've got a whale.'"

"D'ye think he's been a fishin'?" was the laughing response. "I thought he said, 'Git out the way;' you better go to sleep, Almiry."

Meanwhile David hastened back to his prize, which was now surrounded by the water.

The monster was utterly motionless, and as the boy approached it he almost thought he had been mistaken, and that such an enormous thing could not have been alive.

Getting into his boat, he paddled close up to it, finally ventured to touch it with an oar. As there was still no movement he lost all fear and became exultant.

He rowed around the great creature, and in the starlight could see the open mouth—a cavern large enough to engulf several such boys. David became for the time an animated exclamation point.

"Of all this world an' creation, what a mouth! Conscience alive, what a tail! I shouldn't ha' cared to be very near when he was thrashin' round so."

Our hero now tied one end of the rope securely to the iron ring in the bow of the boat, fastened the gaff to the other end and hooked it firmly into the lower jaw of the dead whale, and then lay down in the boat to wait for morning and high water.

The novel sensation of being out in the Basin in the night under such peculiar circumstances kept him awake. But the time dragged heavily. He tried to make a little fun for himself when beginning to feel drowsy.

"Mighty big hoss I've got here, but my kerridge is ruther small. Git up, ole feller!" A thrill shot over the boy as he added: "My, what if he should not be really dead, an' the water as it gits higher should bring him to life! My neck wouldn't be worth much."

But no such thing happened, and, save being tossed about by the waves, the night passed quietly until the eastern sky began to show faint streaks of red.

The great carcass was now afloat, and David felt safer to keep a rope's-length distant, as it made him just a trifle nervous to see the huge thing rolling on the water.

Soon there was a tremendous lurch which nearly upset the boat, and drenched its occupant to the skin; but no serious harm was done; the whale had simply turned over, and only its white breast was now visible at the surface of the water.

David's plan was to wait until high tide and then row to shore, towing the whale; but he soon found he could not do that.

"I might as well think o' draggin, the meetin'-house off!" he exclaimed in despair, after tugging with all his might and making no progress. "I wish father was here."

Early in the morning the Hart family was astir as usual, for they were workers from the father down to little Stephen.

"Where's David?" asked Jack, coming into the kitchen, where his mother was preparing breakfast; "he must ha' got up awful early, for I've been awake ever so long."

"I haven't seen him. Perhaps he went out with your father," was the unconcerned reply.

But at breakfast-time it appeared that no one had seen him.

"John!" said Mrs Hart energetically,

as a recollection flashed across her mind, "I do believe 'twas David that shouted in the night, and I believe he said, 'I've got a whale.'"

Mr. Hart could not help laughing at the idea, but he sent Jack to the shore to see if the missing boy were to be found, and himself went to the barn to search.

Jack soon came running back to say that the boat was gone, and that there were barefoot tracks down the bank.

"He's probably gone a-fishin'," said the father; "he happened to wake up, an' so he took an early start; 'most likely thought he'd be back to breakfast-time; he' done it before, you know."

"But the whale?" questioned the mother.

"Pooh, Almiry," replied her husband, "you must a dreamt that; though he might ha' said he was goin' to see 'f he couldn't catch a whale; p'raps he'll bring ye one for dinner;" and Mr. Hart laughed aloud at his own joke.

But the forenoon wore away and David did not come. The family were now alarmed, and the father started in search of him.

He walked rapidly down the shore, eagerly scanning the water, now sparkling in the mid-day sun.

"Have you seen anything of a boy in a boat?" was the question he asked everyone. But nobody answered in the affirmative. Three or four miles he walked, and was about ready to turn back, thinking David must have gone up the Basin, when he spied something far out on the water, but it did not look like a boat.

Hastening on he came to "the store," and there requested others to look and see if they could make out the object. A boy was dispatched to "Cap'n Wilkinson's" to borrow a spy-glass, by means of which they discovered a boat with an occupant, and something else which appeared like a portion of a wreck.

To make a long story short, other boats were sent out, and with the aid of a few pairs of strong arms, David's prize was towed ashore.

The lad was fairly ill for lack of sleep, excitement, and hunger; but he was a hero in the eyes of the crowd that soon assembled—for news travels fast—and a happier boy never trod Arcadian soil.

He knew the whale was worth something, but his ideas of value were vague; he only hoped he could sell it for enough to send little Bessie to Boston.

When the immense creature was in position where it could be seen and measured, it was found to be eighty-seven feet in length, and seventeen feet from back to breast through the thickest part. The tallest man in the company stood on the monster's lower jaw, and his head did not touch the upper.

Before night a steamer came down the Basin and the captain purchased David's big fish, paying what seemed to the boy the incredible sum of four hundred dollars.

"It's David's own cash," said his father, "an' he shall have his say as to what shall be done with it."

And David had his say.

The much-needed surgical treatment was given the little sister, and to-day she walks on two sound feet; while the remainder of the money was laid aside to be used for schooling.—*Christian Union.*

FINDING OUT THE WORLD.

YOU come to me, my little lad and lassie,  
With eager, questioning looks,  
To tell you something new, some curious story,  
You cannot find in books.

And you are eight and eleven, nowise troubled  
With wrinkles or grey hair;  
And you have balls and dolls and games a dozen,  
Plenty to eat and wear.

And you have books, with gayly painted pictures  
Of kings and queens and slaves,  
With stories of good people, wise and tender,  
And tales of wicked knaves.

And you can read of—oh! so many countries  
Beyond so many seas,  
Of unknown people and their curious customs,  
Of foreign fruits and trees.

Of famous battles fought by land and water,  
Of ladies and brave knights,  
Gay palace festivals with all the splendour  
Of tossing plumes and lights;

And still you ask, my little boy and maiden,  
For something new and strange,  
All your young thoughts and eager fancies  
reaching  
About the world for change.

Something you cannot find in books or story?  
Something you think I keep  
Hidden away, to talk of and dream over,  
When you are well asleep.

Hunting for fairies in some moon-touched forest,  
With these same troubled eyes  
That lift to me, by day, their eager pleading  
For some new sweet surprise.

And so you find in all your nursery legends  
The things of every day  
Changed just a little?—all the world's new people  
Are going the old way.

And, too, you find that man to man is brother?  
That heart to heart is bound?  
That all things answer, each unto another?  
And that the earth is round?

To all the centuries, little boy and maiden,  
You hold the thread and clue,  
Beat lower, little hearts, and cease your questions,  
I know of nothing new.

—Wide Awake.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE Suez Canal is of vastly more importance to civilization than it is commonly supposed to be. The shortening of the transit between Europe and the far East is multiplying the interchange of goods in a marvellous manner. In 1870 700,000 tons of shipping passed through the Canal; in 1882 the tonnage had increased to five millions, or more than 700 per cent. in 12 years. This increase represents partly trade that used to go around the Cape of Good Hope; but the immense increase may be regarded as almost entirely new trade—trade that would not exist without the Canal. And whereas at first the Canal seemed scarcely wanted, now it is so crowded that a new one has been projected. People do not exchange goods for fun; the increase of trade represents an increase of benefits, and as yet the harvest has scarcely begun. If there be proper facilities, the 5,000,000 will become 100,000,000 in another dozen years. It is notable that England's share in this Canal tonnage is now 80 per cent. She has four times as much interest in it as all the rest of mankind, taking only her trade through it as a measure. When we consider, besides, that the Canal has become the highroad to India, and even to Australia, we need not wonder that sensible people in England want to keep Egypt. Mr. Charles Waring,

from whose article in the *Fortnightly Review* we obtain our figures, calls attention to the fact that the high tolls (about \$2.50 per ton) are prohibitive of many kinds of Eastern products. American wheat, for example, is protected by the Canal to an amount fully equal to the freights from New York to Liverpool. A free, capacious Canal at Suez might produce remarkable commercial changes.

THE SINKING SHIP.



THE ship *Britannia* which struck on the rocks off the coast of Brazil, had on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel was sinking so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off when a midshipman rushed back to see if any one was still on board. To his surprise there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him.

"What are you doing?" shouted the youth. "Escape for your life! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?"

"The ship may," said the man; "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich."

His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate. In a few minutes the ship was engulfed in the waves.

We count such a sailor a madman, but he has too many imitators. Many men seem determined to die rich at all hazards. Least of all risks do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle. And yet the only riches we can hug to our bosom with joy in our dying hour are the riches of grace through faith in our only Saviour, Jesus Christ. Let us make these riches ours before the dark hour comes. It will come to all.

PRINCE LEOPOLD'S DEATH.



HER MAJESTY is again called upon to endure the loss of one of her nearest and dearest. It goes without saying that universal sympathy will be extended to her in this her latest affliction. Because of his lifelong frailty, Prince Leopold has been dear to his mother in a sense which every parent will understand. The very fact that his life has so long hung upon a thread has made him doubly dear, whose lofty personal character and blameless life constituted him a model for the imitation of all young men.

It is greatly to be feared that the Queen is in no condition to withstand this sudden shock. Her own once robust health has shown within the last few years indubitable signs of breaking down. Affliction after affliction has crowded upon her, and it would not be surprising if, within the next few weeks, the strain should show itself in a manner not to be thought of without the deepest anxiety. That she may be given strength to endure her sorrows will be the prayer not only of British subjects everywhere, but of the denizens of every land into which the fame of her virtues has penetrated. —*Globe.*