



MR. GLADSTONE AND GRANDDAUGHTER,
DOROTHY DREW.

To Dorothy.

Mr. Gladstone was very fond of his little granddaughter, Dorothy Drew. She was the playmate of his latest years. During his last illness she was inconsolable when he was unable to recognize her. The following poem, inviting little Dorothy to his Golden Wedding, has a very touching interest. There is something very beautiful in this great statesman, four times Prime Minister of England, on whom the cares of empire descended, unbending his great genius to write those simple verses to his little grandchild.

I know where there is honey in a jar,
Meet for a certain little friend of mine;
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are,
That only wait small hands to inter-
twine
A wreath for such a golden head as
thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes
all glad,
The house is bright with blossoms
high and low,
And many a little lass and little lad
Expectantly are running to and fro;
The fires within our hearts are all
aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our
delight,
On this high day, the holiest and the
best,
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken
flight,
Thy grandmamma, of women loveliest,
Made me of men most honoured and
most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to sup-
per
He was thy sweetheart, has, I grieve
to tell,
Been seen to pluck the garden's choicest
rose,
And tiddle with it to another belle.
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee
this:
To waste no love on any youthful rover
(All youths are rovers, I assure thee,
Miss.)
No; if thou wouldst true constancy
discover,
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing
day,
The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make me
gay:
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my
Dorothy,
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow
flee.

In any one of our larger cities there are more homicides in a month than occurred in the whole province of Canada, or in the whole of Great Britain, in a year. The pistol is drawn on slight provocation, and the courts discharge the accused on such grounds as self-defence, even when it is clear that he provoked the quarrel. Murder has been rampant in this land and the executions for murder have been few. If God should chastise our nation for this, by sending war upon us, none need be surprised.—*Christian Observer.*

With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE FLOES.

Days passed on, and still no sign of liberation for the imprisoned voyagers appeared; and, though hope of this was not extinct in the captain's mind, he saw it wise to prepare his ship's company for what might possibly be awaiting them; and, consulting with the young doctor, adopted various measures for the preservation of health and the recovery of the sick.

Barred in as they now were, there was little to vary the monotony of life beyond the daily toll of guarding against increased danger from the pressure of the ice, which, with every movement of the great floes outside, was driven still further up the cove; and, but for the daily process of hewing it back, would soon have closed fast round the ship, and piled up even with her bulwarks.

"If we can save her only by a few inches of space, we must do it, my men, and God help us!" was the captain's remark, as he saw some of them almost ready to give in under the herculean toll and exposure day by day.

"A fellow feels 'most ready to lay down his pick and have a snooze instead, forgettin' it's a life and death matter, and it's a wonder to me how you keep up so lively, sir," remarked Mike one day, as Arthur went the round of the men to see if any more were in danger of succumbing to the cold and the hard toil.

"What, Mike! You talk of giving in! I thought you were too much of a hero for that."

"Whether I be a hero is not for me to say, sir; but there be'n't no givin' in o' the will. It's only the drowsy feel as steals on us now and again a bit, and sometimes makes poor fellows lie down 't the snow for their last sleep."

"Yes, yes, I understand, Mike. No danger of me thinking you are a coward in the matter; but, please God, we shall be helped through, I believe."

"It do hearten a fellow to hear you say that, doctor, all along though you be a landsman, sir, and no offence, I hope."

Arthur read in the man's statement but too well that strength was rather on the decline than otherwise among more of the crew, and every possible counter-action was adopted to prevent this. For his one poor patient, the Western Islander, he knew there was no hope of life being much farther prolonged. He could not dare to hide this from the man, but sought the more earnestly to set before him that heavenly hope which Christ alone can give.

Gradually the light of salvation in Christ dawned on his mind, and though he still clung to the hope of return to his dear native island, the fear of death was taken away, and he saw Christ crucified as his Surety and Peace.

It was while Arthur was reading one day by the sick man's bed that blessed portion in Ephes. 2, "For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us," that light broke fully on the poor fellow's mind, and trying to raise himself, he exclaimed, in a tone of glad surprise, "And do it say that, doctor? Then there iss only for me to go straight to him, and he will be my Peace!"

"Even so, McIven; or, if we go back to the eighth verse, there you have it in full. 'For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.' You see, it is all gift, from first to last. Now, who can doubt, after such a message of peace and forgiveness from the Saviour himself?" said Arthur, as he read on to the end of the chapter.

"Yes, I do see it now, and he iss true, and the wall iss taken away. The wall wass my sins. Yes, it iss cleared away. Christ hass done it," said the poor fellow joyfully, as he caught the message of peace, and held fast by the words in which it had first entered his heart. The Saviour had savingly revealed himself to him, and from that day there was no more doubt nor fear; although still the poor fellow clung to the hope of reaching home alive.

"It iss the worse, because we wass so near the finish," was his remark to a shipmate who looked into his berth to condole with him. "But he will do what iss wise, mate, though I see not Islay more," he added; and this expression of strong confidence, which Arthur overheard as he entered the cabin, brought a thrill of gladness to his heart. Here, then, was the full answer to

his prayers for the poor fellow; whose case, with its clinging to life, had touched him deeply.

It was the triumphing of the mighty power of him who is able to subdue all things unto himself. The last earthly fetter was being loosed, and, taking his seat by the sick man, Arthur read to him that glorious fifth chapter of 2nd Corinthians, "For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He paused at the end of this verse to say, "And this glorious hope is yours now, McIven,—the home is ready and waiting for you, and you will hardly grieve to reach it soon, if the Saviour calls?"

"No! there iss no griefing now, doctor, except for the wife who iss to be alone, and who will no more see her husband. But he iss wise, and I will leave it with him to comfort her."

"Ah! that's it, McIven; leave it all to him, and then you can say, 'But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

It was as a rich harvest-reaping to the young doctor to witness this blessed, all-conquering power of grace; and as the sick man, in feeble voice, went on, "Yess, he iss nearer now—that iss, ferra near, and I will see him soon, for there iss no wail now," Arthur was moved almost to tears, and the little dark cabin became as a sacred place, illuminated with heavenly light.

Day by day the heavenward voyage drew nearer the end, and all his shipmates in turn went into see him, and wonderingly to hear from his lips that "Now he griefed no more for Islay and his home; for that God wass about to giff him a heavenly home, and this would he giff them too, if they would have it."

Many a rough fellow left that cabin to think and pray as he kept watch or toiled away at the ice-hewing; and it seemed as if the death-bed of this poor, simple Western Islander was to be made the quickening into life of not a few souls hitherto dead in sin.

The condition of the voyagers was but little changed, except that, as the strength of more of the men began to fall, the difficulty of maintaining the double watch and the tollsome ice-hewing proportionately increased. The latter had to a large extent to be suspended for the time, and the consequences were soon felt in the tremendous pressure acting upon the vessel, which quickly forced the large cabin-door off its hinges, while, from the same cause, that of the doctor's cabin would not close.

"That shows where we are, you see, doctor, and it's a terrible grip for our poor vessel. I've known a ship come out from a squeeze with almost every seam gaping, until it was hard work to keep her afloat while she could be caulked in a rough fashion."

"You minister poor comfort for a landsman's ears truly, captain," was Arthur's quiet reply. "But I believe we both take comfort in the same thing—namely, that God is overhead and can deliver even from this danger."

"True, true, doctor, every bit true; and I need to be reminded of it now things look serious. He can deliver, and it's holding fast by this that stays a man's soul. What's that verse about staying upon God?"

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, . . . that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God," was Arthur's ready quotation.

"Ay, ay, that's the very verse, doctor. My old head won't hold it as well as it once did, though the sense of it abides in a man's heart the same, and that is be to God for that."

The loud grinding of the ice against the sides of the vessel broke off this conversation, and the captain returned to his post, while the weak and weary men, with characteristic sailors' love for their ship, sprang up as with sudden strength to see what might be done.

Foremost on the spot was Mike, followed by Ned Chambers, and, with handspikes fixed on long poles, they sought to stave off the huge masses of ice, or at least to lessen the force of their assault.

"If we can't do much for her, Ned, we'll fight to the last for our good ship."

"Eh, mate, and won't we, though," replied Ned, planting his pole against his brawny chest. "She's as purty a craft as ever sailed the Arctic, I know," and, straining all his strength, he succeeded in staving off a huge mass that would have driven in the stern windows in another moment.

"There, then, yer lordship! please to take another road this time, an' I'll be obliged to ye," said the man, with sailor sang froid.

"Hallo there, Mike! look out on your

lee, or we shall have a pounder there directly!" shouted Ned again, as he called his mate's attention to another monster hummock about to assault their lee side. "Now, then, old fellow! drop anchor, or else keep your offing. He's a regular man-of-war, this chap. Isn't he, Mike?" observed Ned, as he came to the rescue.

It was the pressure of the huge floe outside that was thus forcing large hummocks into the cove, and, with every such accession, loosening the chance of escape.

"If only the winter frost don't catch us, we may do yet," observed the captain, as he watched and encouraged his toiling men. "It's no easy handling for you, my hearties; but I'd rather see it travel a bit than stand stock-still day after day; little chance for us then. We'll see it set sail all of a heap some of these days, and then we'll follow with colours flying."

"Ay, ay, captain," cheered the men, in reply to his encouraging words.

"Don't fear us, captain, we'll stand by our ship, and may God stand by us all!" said the second mate, as spokesman for his fellows.

"Ay, well, a bit more and we shall know whether there be any chance of us seeing the old Pentland again this year," said one of the fresh Lerwick hands. "It's a small 'un, I'm thinkin', though our captain keeps up so brave in his speech."

"An' he knows what he's talkin' on, I'll warrant. An' isn't he related to the King above as rules all?" retorted Mike sharply; for the very shadow of a slight upon his captain he was ready to resent. But beyond this, there was another meaning in Mike's words.

In this poor fellow's heart there was a slow but sure change going on, and the light which was dawning within made itself seen without. The untaught sailor became in many an instance a "preacher of righteousness" among his fellows. Things did not "happen by chance" now, but a great and gracious Being was ruling all, and watching over them in the midst of surrounding dangers. Of this Mike was assured to his own comfort, and could not bear to hear a doubt expressed by any of his comrades. He might have proved a poor theologian in argument on many points, but like the blind man of old, he could say, "This one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see," for he saw God as a Father and a Friend.

(To be continued.)

HOW WE KEPT ARBOUR DAY.

If you lived in the country a mile from school, and with never more than ten scholars at that, and half a mile from neighbours, and they old people without any children, perhaps Arbour Day wouldn't mean much to you. It never did to us till last year, but it was my fifteenth birthday, and I wanted to celebrate it somehow.

We have a nice large family—father, mother, grandma, and six children of us. Then there's Pardon Fisher, the hired man.

I said to father, "Why can't we have an Arbour Day all to ourselves?"

"Yes," added mother, "and you and Pardon set out trees along both sides of the road. It would add lots to the looks of the place."

"I'll see," said father. "If we get the work well along, perhaps we'll give the afternoon to it."

I found pieces for each of us children to speak, all about trees. We rehearsed them in the barn, so they'd be new to the family; and we learned a song to sing together, "The Brave Old Oak."

After dinner on Arbour Day father and Pardon took the oxen and cart and went for trees, and we children all went, too. They took up only maples, but we each had a different tree. Mine was elm, Harry's pine, Bob's birch, Sue's tamarack, Chester's beech (he's so fond of beech-nuts), and Sweetie's willow. Father and Pardon set their trees along the roadside, twenty nice maples. We children set ours by the driveway from the road to the house. Each of us set out our own tree with as little help as possible.

It was supper-time when we were through, and the day was so warm mother and grandma had set the table on the porch. Wasn't that lovely? After supper we children spoke our pieces and sang our songs, and the grown-up people seemed to enjoy it; and us heartily. Father said it was as good as exhibition day at school, and he was so interested that he recited a piece he used to speak at the academy when he was a boy.

Every tree lived and grew well. And we mean to keep Arbour Day every year.—*Sunday-school Advocate.*