



HELEN.

A big hat
 And some tumbled curls,
 That's the head of
 The sweetest of girls.
 A tucked frock
 And an armful of posies,
 Here is one of
 Her favorite roses.
 Two little shoes
 Without any heels
 In order to know
 How the firm ground feels,
 You want the picture,
 I'm sure you do,
 For you'd love Helen
 And she'd love you!

-Marcia B. Jordan, in *Youth's Companion.*

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER. VII.—(Continued.)

Friday rose up in bed, clasping his hands.
 "Oh, my Crusoe is ill! You would bring him if you could! He licked so funnily, and he was so cold—I know it has made him ill to stay in the wood!"
 "Friday, lie down" said the Doctor.
 Friday caught his hand and clung to it.
 "But you will make Crusoe better?" he implored.
 "Like you make me better. Oh, why don't you speak. I can't help being naughty; I must go down-stairs to my dear Crusoe!"
 The Doctor waited a moment, and then spoke.
 "Friday, you must be very good now because I am going to tell you the truth. I cannot make Crusoe better; no one in the world can do it. He is dead; he died in the wood."
 Friday sat still and motionless, his eyes fixed.
 "You know what I mean, Friday, don't you?" said the Doctor gently.
 Friday nodded his head.
 "Who made him dead?" he said, in a slow heavy voice.
 "Did I?"
 "Oh, no, Friday; he was shot."
 "Did it hurt him much?"
 "I think not—at last," said the Doctor hesitatingly.
 "Is he quite, quite dead?"
 "Quite dead, little friend. Remember that I told you because I thought you would be a good boy."

"I will," said Friday. He drew a deep sigh. "I am not crying."

The Doctor was not sure that he would not rather he were crying.

"Perhaps you will cry a little, Friday, and then go to sleep. Crying is not always naughty, you know."

"I don't want to cry," said Friday, lying down; "I am thinking about my Crusoe."

"And by-and-by you will go to sleep?"

"I am not sure. I have a great many things to think about."

The Doctor stood by his bed-side, and Friday was very quiet.

"Getting sleepy, Friday?"

"No. I am thinking that Crusoe was nobler than I was. If I had been shot, I should have cried; but Crusoe was so very good; he kept on loving me all the time. I think I remember when he died—he tried to lick me. Oh, Crusoe, I didn't know!"

Friday turned his face to the wall. The Doctor waited a while till he thought he was asleep, and then went away softly. Just as he reached the door, he heard a sound and looked back. Friday had raised his wan little face from the pillow.

"I beg your pardon for not being asleep," he said with extreme gentleness and politeness; "but if you please, will you tell George that I am afraid I shall perhaps have a sore throat to-morrow, and if he would dig my Crusoe's grave it would be very kind of him."

Tell him under the acacia, because when the wind blows through the tree he will sleep sound, like the man with Captain John. Ask him to give him one kiss, a gentle one, on his head, if you please. And now I will try to go to sleep; but I wish I hadn't been a Friday's child, it does so hurt sometimes. But I will be good all the same—I will be good; and that is all, thank you."

And the next day Friday was very ill and the day after, and the day after, and for many days after. He was always in bed, and Mrs. Hammond nursed him very kindly, and the Doctor came to see him twice a day, and sometimes in the night. And then he began to get better, and George would come and talk a little to him, which was very good of George; and the Doctor only came once a day. And after a while he gave over coming, and Friday got up, and they said he was better.

And after another while they told him that Mrs. Hammond was going to take him, and Kitty and Nellie, to Devonshire for change of air, and Friday weakly rejoiced, and began to get out the travel-books again.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The mistress' compliments, and could the Doctor come up to see master Friday?" It was the young groom who had the charge of George's horse, and he was waiting at the Doctor's door. And so the Doctor did come up, and was received by Mrs. Hammond, who ought to have been in Devonshire at that minute.

"No, sir. When it came to the time, Master Friday was not well enough to go, and Miss Daly had to take the young ladies."

The Doctor did not seem surprised; he seemed to be more occupied in tracing the pattern of the carpet with his eye.

"No," he said; "I thought it would be so. How is he to-day?"

"I should say; but middling, sir. He isn't in bed, and he never says he feels ill, but he looks it, and I hope you will think it only fretting at being left behind. He took it sadly to heart at first, but I think he's used himself to it now. It was the mistress wished you to be sent for, sir. She is quite shocked and put about at the change in his looks, and she couldn't feel easy till you had come."

"Yes," said the Doctor, and paused; then concluded, "I can see him at least." It was a curious answer, Mrs. Hammond thought.

"I will go up now," he added, rousing himself. "I suppose he is in the nursery?"

"Yes, sir. And the mistress would like to hear of him as you come down."

"I will see her. Thank you, Mrs. Hammond. Perhaps I had better go to the nursery alone."

He went up the stairs, and down the passage, and opened the door of the square old room where Friday chiefly lived now.

He was sitting in his tall chair by the window, with his books near him on the window-seat, but he was not reading. It was only a very shadowy smile that he could summon up by way of greeting, but he held out his hand, and the Doctor shook it with ceremonious courtesy.

"Good-day," responded Friday gravely; "I am very well, thank you. I did not stand up because my high chair is bad to get out of by myself. Will you sit down in Mrs. Hammond's seat?"

The Doctor took it, a great chintz-covered rocking-chair, and sat opposite to Friday, slowly rocking himself with much seeming laziness, and glancing keenly at the little figure from under his eyelashes. Friday was very thin and large-eyed, and rather a languid little host; but his behavior was scrupulously exact, and he sat up with his hands on the elbows of his chair.

"Mrs. Hammond said you would come to see me, because I cannot go out. I am very much obliged to you. I am very, very glad to see you. Please stay."

"I will," said the Doctor, "as long as I can. And how are you to-day, Friday?"

"I am quite well, thank you," answered Friday; "but Mrs. Hammond says I am rather ill, and she knows about it. But I am a little tired. I miss my Crusoe a good deal."

"I dare say, Friday," said the Doctor, though he looked almost ashamed to say it, "if you would like another doggie I could get one for you. Just as black and curly as Crusoe."

"Thank you," said Friday diffidently; "but I would rather not, if you please." "I thought you would say so. But is there anything you would like?"

"No, thank you. I couldn't love it like Crusoe. We loved each other very much, and meant to possess one grave, like the people in the Bubes in the Wood, when we had finished our travels, but now we can't. Crusoe is buried under the acacia, and it will bloom white over him every year. George did it; he is very kind. I can't see the acacia from this window. My knee feels very empty for Crusoe sometimes, and I think about him in bed. He was such a dear dog."

A great tear trickled down Friday's cheek and splashed in his lap, but the melancholy dignity of his face forbade remark, and the Doctor pretended he had not seen it.

"And so Friday could not go to Devonshire?" he said.

"No," said Friday.

"That was a very unfortunate thing." "Yes," answered Friday, "it's with being a Friday. I can't help it."

"Did it feel very hard?"

"I minded at first," said Friday; "I minded very much, and I cried, and I was naughty to Mrs. Hammond. I was sorry after. I have tried to be cheerful since but I don't always do it very well. So then I read about my captains."

"Yes, you have plenty of books there."

"George has brought me some, but I like my old ones best. I felt that I wanted something very nice to read to-day, and I have read about the Perilous Vale, and the way to Paradise. Yesterday I read 'Master Frobisher,' the part where the 'Anne Frances' ship struck on a rock, and the crew made a pinnesse, and they had no nails, so they broke their tongs and gridiron, and everything in bits. And Master Captain Best went on doing his duty in this pinnesse, and went on with the voyage, and a storm came, and the Captain sent his men into the ship 'Michael' and stayed in the pinnesse himself, because the ship 'Michael' would not hold all; and then the pinnesse presently shivered and fell in pieces, and sank. Master Captain Best is one of my

nice men. And in another place a dreadful storm came, and the ice closed in on the ships, and came in so fast on them that they looked for death, and the barque 'Dionyse' sunk, and the fleet was abashed; but the dear men got out the boats in the great and dreadful ice, and saved all the men. And the storm grew worse, and the ice was above the top masts, and it pressed the ships so that it was pitiful to behold. And they lay all night looking for death; but God made the wind cease in the morning, and they got out of the ice, and praised God for their deliverance. I read it in 'Master Frobisher' yesterday, and then I had him under my pillow all night. And Zachary has been up here to see me, and he told me all about Captain John again, and I have read about my good ship's carpenter, and I dreamed about him. And I think I cannot wait much longer to go and find my undiscovered country—and how soon do you think I shall be able to go and explore by myself?"

The Doctor opened his eyes, and looked full at Friday's earnest face. He leaned forward, with his arms resting on his knees, and said, "Do you want to be an explorer so very much, Friday?"

"It is my great thing," said Friday; "I want it most of all."

"But suppose it could not be, what would you do then?"

"It must be," said Friday, "it must be, because I can't help it. I hear it calling, and I shall be obliged to go, like Zachary's man."

"But, Friday, an explorer's life is a very hard one; so hard and bitter that you cannot imagine it."

"I know," answered Friday, "it is like Behring's. He died of want, and nakedness, and cold, and sickness, and impatience, and despair."

"Yes: and many, many more have died in the same way. They have given their whole lives to their work, and then died before they succeeded. Think how many have failed in your books, Friday; and even when they did succeed, think how few had any return here. Little honor, and no reward."

"Sometimes their hearts broke over it," said Friday.

"And if it were so with the captains, what of the men, Friday? Think what they suffered, think how they died, and then think that their very names are forgotten."

"Yes, I have thought; and it makes me love them more, because they were so brave through all."

"Yes, Friday, they were great men. Their courage is one of the noblest things we can think of; but there is a thing that is even braver still. It needs a very brave heart, Friday, and sometimes it is so bitter that all the cold and want of the explorers seem light to it. And one reason that makes it the hardest thing, is that after needing the greatest courage a man can give to it, generally no one knows that it has been brave at all; and that is why it is so hard a thing to do cheerfully and patiently."

"What is it?" said Friday.

The doctor raised his head, and was looking out of the window.

"Do you know what a heart's desire is, Friday?"

"I have read about it in my books; it is one's great thing; like Captain John's open water."

"Yes."

"Then what is the brave thing?"

"It is giving up the heart's desire."

"I don't know what you mean," said Friday, humbly. "Is it a tale you are telling me?"

"Yes, Friday; it is the story of some one who is called to give up a heart's desire."

"Why?"

"I do not know. Very often we do not know why; but in my story some one planned his heart's desire—" The Doctor spoke more and more slowly, and stopped.

"And did he have it?"

"No; because a Hand, a very strong and a very gentle Hand, laid itself on his desire, as if One said No."

"And is that all?"

"I think there is not much more, Friday. We are near the end of the tale."

(To be Continued.)