

Ahoy! Ahoy!

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

I hear a shout, I hear a call to every idle rover,
Ahoy! ahoy! each girl and boy, vacation time is over.
Come from your rural haunts and nooks, with faces round and ruddy,
You've had your plays and holidays, and now's the time for study.

Ahoy! ahoy! the echoes fly along the glen and mountain;
They mingle with the running stream, and with the plashing fountain;
And o'er the ocean, too, they go by verdant peaks and passes,
To marshal in the wandering clan of rosy lads and lassies.

From northern woods and breezy camps, from southern haunts of fairies;
From rugged coasts along the East, and from the Western prairies
The signal flies—the shout goes forth to every idle rover,
Ahoy! ahoy! each girl and boy, vacation time is over.

Make no excuse—make no delay—but with a purpose steady,
Fall into line, like soldiers true, for every duty ready,
Let go your fishing-lines and hooks, your bats and balls and rackets,
And turn your thoughts awhile to books—put on your working jackets.

Ahoy! ahoy! on ship and shore are voices loudly ringing,
And breezes to their homes once more a merry host are bringing;
With sparkling eyes and rosy lips, and full of youthful graces,
They'll enter through the school-room door, and settle in their places.

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"She's going to start for Canada to-morrow with a lot of children; and master's sending out two boys from his Refuge, so he's gone to see them for the last time. It's about twenty minutes from here, the place is."

"I know the place," interrupted Sandy; "we took a load of wood there this mornin' for Miss Murray's boys to chop up."
"That's where the master is at this moment," said the servant.

She shut the door again, leaving Sandy on the doorstep, still uncertain what to do. It was a mile farther on, a long mile; and every step would increase the distance between himself and John Shafto. He started back towards home, and ran swiftly to the end of the street, feeling that he could not go the other way. But he paused again there. How grieved John would be! And Mr. Mason, what would he say when he heard John Shafto was dead, without one word of good-bye? Would he suffer anything like the sorrow he was feeling? Suddenly Sandy set off again in the opposite direction, and did not waste another instant, or pause again, until he reached the place where he would find Mr. Mason.

It was a large building—a home for destitute children, who found their way to it from all parts of London. Every window was lighted up, and there was a great stir about it, of people passing in and out busily. To-morrow a number of orphan boys and girls, taken out of the very gutters of the city, were about to start for a new home in Canada; and many of their friends had met for the purpose of bidding them good-bye, and giving them little keepsakes for them to remember the old country by in after-life. Sandy made his way to the entrance of a large room, where they were assembled, but he could not push in at first, for the crowd in the doorway. He could hear Mr. Mason's voice speaking; and he listened impatiently. But he did not know if he might be hustled out if he interrupted his speech, and perhaps given in charge of the policeman he had seen near the outer door.

By degrees Sandy pressed into the room, eager to catch Mr. Mason's eye, and stop him in his farewell speech to the boys and girls, which was eating away the little time left to John Shafto and himself. He could see the emigrants now; boys like himself, who had known the worst of the city life, and who had starved, and shivered in rags, and slept out in the cold, and trodden the pavement barefoot, never knowing from day to day what they should eat, or where they should lay their heads. And there were girls too, whose lives had been as bad; but who were now sitting together in warm scarlet hoods and blue dresses, making so bright a spot among the dingy crowd that they drew Sandy's eyes to them. He glanced at them for a moment, thinking how pretty little Gip would look dressed so; and then he pushed still nearer to Mr. Mason.

Now he could see Miss Murray herself, with a very little girl upon her lap, the smallest and the youngest by far of the emigrants; a child in a scarlet hood and blue frock like the others. Sandy's eyes were fastened upon her; and he stood as still as if he had been turned into stone, every other object vanishing quite out of his sight. This little girl had her face towards him, a tiny face, but not pinched like Gip's; a rosy face, with bright black eyes, and pretty black hair curling under the scarlet hood. It could not be Gip! was it possible that it could be his little Gip? He dared not breathe or move. But all at once she raised her little hands to her face, and peeped through the open fingers at the people round her; just one of Gip's pretty tricks, the very one he had taught her himself! No. It could not be any other child than Gip!

"Gip!" he shouted suddenly, at the highest pitch of his voice, till the roof rang again; "Gip! my little Gip!"
Mr. Mason stopped in his speech, and every eye was turned up to Sandy. But he did not see a single face about him, no face but little Gip's, with wide-open, searching, wondering eyes, gazing everywhere in search of him. He heard no sound, except Gip's shrill voice calling, "Here I are, I wady! Here little Gip are. Where's Dandy?"

In another second Sandy had forced his way to the front and held out his arms to

Gip, who ran into them, with a shrill scream of delight. He sat down on the floor, with her on his lap, and hid his face on the little scarlet hood, scarcely knowing whether they had not both died, and gone into that heaven of which he had only heard since he had lost her.

"Oh! Dandy, Dandy!" cried little Gip, clinging to him with all her strength. "Dandy's come back again to Gip!"

Sandy did not notice how quiet every one was around them. There was no sound, except that of deep-drawn sobs; for many of the people who had gathered round were in tears. Mr. Mason came down from the little platform, where he had been standing, and laid his hand on Sandy's head.

"Is it your lost little Gip?" he asked.
"Ay!" answered Sandy, holding her tightly in his arms, and looking anxiously about him to see if he could make his escape from the room with her; "ay!" it's my little Gip. Nobody mustn't take her away from me again, you know. She belongs to me, and I'll take care of her now. She mustn't be took off to Canada away from me."
"No, no," said Mr. Mason, "we will not take Gip from you, my boy. If she goes, you shall go. But stand up, Sandy, and tell Miss Murray all about her."

He rose to his feet very slowly and reluctantly, not loosening for a moment his hold of Gip. All he could see was an indistinct ring of faces of people closing him in, so that he could not get away; but he spoke out in a loud, clear voice.

"Mother was always a-gottin' drunk," he said, "and one bitter night she lost little Gip in the streets; and I've been searchin' for her up and down, everywhere, ever since. If it hadn't been for Johnny Shafto, I'd have died maybe. But I want you to let me take her, and keep her; and I'll be very good to her. Gip 'ud never be happy without me; and Mrs. Shafto and Johnny 'll be very good to her. Oh! if you please, Mr. Mason, Johnny's dyin', and he sent me to ask you to come d'reckly."

"Wait one minute," said Miss Murray, as Mr. Mason was about to hurry away. "I must tell my friends here how this little girl came under my care. She was found crying in the streets one night by a girl who had a sister in this home, and she brought her direct to me. None of us could learn from her either her name or where she lived; and we kept her with us, whilst I made every inquiry I could. I shall be sorry to go to Canada without my little girl to-morrow; but Mr. Mason will take care of them both, and perhaps they will come out with me next time."

Sandy heard very few of these words, for his terror lest John Shafto should be dead awoke again with greater force. If he were still alive, he would see little Gip after all! He was all impatient to be off, and in a few minutes he found himself, with Gip still in his arms, sitting beside Mr. Mason in a cab, the driver of which had been ordered to go as fast as he could to Mr. Shafto's house.

(To be continued.)

YOUR INFLUENCE.

THAT is a subtle something over which you cannot always have control. You may guard the words you are to speak, or you may speak words different from those you at first intended, or you may leave them unspoken. But not so with the silent influence that goes out from you, that may proceed from the expression of your countenance, from a simple look, a nod of the head, a motion of the hand, the sound even of your footsteps. Consciously or unconsciously, you are all the time speaking in this silent but powerful manner. And the speech you thus make, which we call influence, may affect others for their best welfare or for their ruin. He who steps into a saloon or indulges daily in the moderate use of drinks, who uses profane words or other impure speech, whose conduct of life is on a lower moral plane, whether he wishes to do so or not, influences others to do the things he does. That man moving in respectable society and holding membership in the church, who visits a drinking place, by his conduct invites others to do so. He says to them in unspoken words, but words which they

know how to interpret, "There is no danger in going into a drinking place." The young lady member of the Church who indulges in the fashionable vanities of the world says to her companions, in words alike unspoken, "There is no harm in these things; no hurt can come from them to the religious well-being of the soul."

These things being true, it is of the highest importance for one's own good, as well as for the good of others, that our influence be always pure and good, healthful and uplifting. And to be so it must be guarded as the best interests of our life are guarded.

BETTER TRY TO BE BIG POTATOES.

AMONG the visitors at one of the Chicago public schools was a retired farmer uncle of one of the pupils. Observing that her guest appeared much interested in the children, the teacher invited him to speak to them.

"Children," said the visitor, "how many of you ever saw a load of potatoes going to market? Only a few hands went up, for Chicago school children are not so favoured in that line as their town cousins. "Well," continued the guest, "any one who sees a load of potatoes going to market will notice that only the big ones are on top. The little ones are at the bottom. In the shaking up that the load gets in going to the market, the big potatoes crowd the little ones to the bottom. This world of ours, my little friends, may be compared to a load of potatoes going to town. The people are the potatoes. You, here in school, are preparing to be a part of this load of potatoes, and to take your chances in the shaking up which comes in getting before the public and making a success in life. In school is where you begin to be either a big or little potato. If you are learning your lessons and working hard to stand high in your class, it means that you are going to be a big potato when you leave school and go out into the world. If you are failing to get your lessons it means that you will be a little potato in the world, a potato that is not much good and one that nobody will have much use for. Study hard! Get every lesson perfectly! Then you will be bright and intelligent, and when you go into the world you will be on top, you will attract attention, and people will pay well to secure you."

"RESIST THE DEVIL."

A STORY is told of a poor chimney sweeper's boy who was employed at the house of a lady of rank to clean the chimney of her chamber. Finding himself on the hearth of the lady's dressing room, and perceiving no one there, he waited a few moments to take a view of the beautiful things in the apartment. A gold watch, richly set with diamonds, particularly caught his attention, and he could not forbear taking it in his hand.

Immediately the wish arose in his mind, "Ah, if thou hadst such a one!" After a pause, he said to himself: "But if I take it I shall be a thief. And yet," continued he, "no one sees me. No one! Does not God see me, who is present everywhere? Should I then be able to say my prayers to him after I had committed this theft? Could I die in peace?" Overcome by these thoughts, a cold shivering seized him. "No," said he, laying down the watch, "I had much rather be poor and keep my good conscience, than rich and become a rogue." At these words he hastened back into the chimney.

The countess, who was in the room adjoining, having overheard his soliloquy, sent for him the next morning, and thus accosted him.

"My little friend, why did you not take the watch yesterday?" The boy fell on his knees, speechless and astonished. "I heard everything you said," continued her ladyship. "Thank God for enabling you to resist this temptation, and be watchful over yourself for the future. From this moment you shall be in my service. I will both maintain and clothe you, and I will procure you good instruction."

The boy burst into tears; he was anxious to express his gratitude, but he could not. The countess strictly kept her promise, and had the pleasure to see him grow up a pious as well as an intelligent man.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XV.

FOUND AT LAST.

It was nearly a mile to the street where Mr. Mason lived, but Sandy did not pause to take breath in his rapid race. He tore along the pavement, and dashed over the crossings, as he might have done if a policeman had been in chase of him. When he reached Mr. Mason's house, he knocked at the door with an earnestness that procured an immediate attention.

"I'm come for Mr. Mason!" he gasped; "John Shafto's dyin', and he wants to see him."

"Master's not at home," said the servant; "he went out at six o'clock."

"Where's he gone to?" inquired Sandy, with a blank feeling of dismay.

"I'll go and ask," answered the servant, leaving him on the doorstep, panting for breath, and sitting down to take rest for a few minutes. It was very hard to find Mr. Mason gone out; for if he were not back quickly, perhaps John Shafto would be dead, and he would never hear him speak again. Would it not be best to return at once with the news that Mr. Mason was not at home? But then John was so fond of him, whom he had known and loved years before he had picked up Sandy in the streets. And Mr. Mason would be deeply grieved if he found John dead without any good-bye between them. It would be a sore disappointment to them both. Yet suppose neither he nor Mr. Mason could be in time, and each of them lost the sad pleasure of seeing Johnny once more! Surely it would be wrong to go back at once, and make sure of it for himself!

Sandy had not quite made up his mind, when the door was opened again by the servant; and he sprang to his feet to hear what she had to tell him.

"Master's only gone to a farewell assembly at Miss Murray's," she said.