

Henry Hudson.

(Summer of 1611.)

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

At daybreak, on the frozen Hudson's Bay,
Shut in from mortal view,
The ship *Discovery* at anchor lay,
With her disheartened crew.

All winter long, starvation at their feast
Had been a constant guest;
The Northwest passage to the favoured East
Seemed like an idle quest.

They murmured at their leader, brought to feed
The fishes of the deep;
And murmuring grew to hatred: they decreed
He in their stead should sleep

In the cold waters which his name should bear,—
His monument and grave;
They seized and bound him in their mad despair,
The strong man, true and brave.

Into the shallop Henry Hudson stepped,
His darling son beside;
And six poor wasted seamen near him crept,
To stem that frozen tide.

The dawn was breaking on that ice-clad world,
When drifted out to sea,
The sport of icebergs, by the currents whirled,
That starving company.

What was the end? Who lingered last of all
In that long voyage of death?
Who in delirium would faintly call,
With his expiring breath,

For wife and mother on the English shore?
Who strain his piercing eyes
In hope of succour that could come no more?
Then prays and faints and dies.

Their noble leader gone, the murderous crew
Set sail for native land.
For months they waudered, growing gaunt
and few
From want and savage hand.

At last, too weak to steer, their vessel ran
Into an Irish bay;
Each one, unwelcome to his fellow-man,
Dishonoured, passed away.

Next day the ship *Discovery* was sent
To learn of Hudson's fate;
Only the icebergs heard the sad lament
Of friends who came too late.
Cleveland, O.

In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trop."

CHAPTER IX.—BROKEN-HEARTED.

BESS was up as usual in the morning; and David would have gone with her, but for Euclid. He shrank from meeting any of the neighbours; and, if it had been possible, he would have remained indoors till his hair had grown long again. All the day he stayed in the dark, unwholesome room, talking at times with his mother, but generally sitting silent, with his head resting on his hands. The hours seemed endless. Hunger and cold he had borne with courage, and he could do so still; but shame he could not bear. Pride in a good name was the only moral lesson he had been taught; and his good name was gone. His mother had sympathy enough to guess what troubled him; but she did not know how to comfort him. There was a vague, indistinct feeling in their minds that he had not forfeited his good name; he had been robbed of it.

At last evening came, and Bess went out again to redeem the precious pledge. Both David and his mother forgot their troubles for a brief space of time as they thought of seeing it shine once more on her hand, so wasted and shrivelled now, and so different from the firm young hand that had first worn it. It had been a brand-new ring when David Fell bought it,—no other would satisfy the proud young artisan,—a thick, heavy ring of gold, such as the finest lady in the land might wear.

"It's here, mother!" cried Bess, running in almost breathless, with the small, precious packet in her hand. David lighted the candle, and held it beside his mother, as her trembling fingers unfolded the paper in which it was wrapped. But what was this? A thin, battered ring, worn almost to a thread. No

more like the one they all knew so well, than this bare and desolate room was like the pleasant house David Fell had provided for his young wife. Mrs. Fell uttered a bitter cry of disappointment and dread.

"O Davy!" she cried, "it isn't mine! it isn't mine!"

In two minutes from that fatal cry of despair, David, panting, bareheaded, nearly mad with passion, stood on the pavement in front of the pawn-shop. There was no need to enter it; for Mr. Quirk was pacing to and fro in front of his premises, inviting the passers by to inspect his goods. He was a short, undersized, knavish-looking man. David confronted him with a white face and dilating nostrils, holding out the ring to him.

"It isn't mother's!" he gasped. "You've give Bess somebody else's ring. This ain't mother's ring."

"That's Mary Fell's ring," drawled Mr. Quirk sneeringly, and as coolly as if he had prepared himself for the charge, "as she pledged here to me two months ago. That's her ring."

"Give me my mother's own ring!" shouted David, every nerve and muscle tingling with all the force and energy he had in him. "Give me her ring, you swindling thief!"

"It's Mary Fell's ring," repeated the pawnbroker stubbornly; "and Mary Fell's well known as a thief and a drunkard, and something worse."

Scarcely had the words against his mother's good name been pronounced, before David had flung himself in his rage, and the unusual vigour he had brought from jail, upon the puny man, who was unprepared for the attack. The boy and the man were not ill matched, and blow after blow was given. The battered old ring fell to the pavement, and was trodden under their feet. A circle of spectators gathered as if by magic about them in an instant, none of whom cared to interrupt the sport such a contest afforded. There were cries and cheers of encouragement on all hands, until the combatants fell, David uppermost.

"What's all this about?" inquired a policeman, elbowing his way through the crowd, and calmly looking on for a minute, whilst David still struck hard at his enemy, who was struggling up to his feet. The policeman seized the lad by the collar, and he tried to shake off his hold as he faced the pawnbroker, blind and deaf with rage.

"Give me my mother's ring?" he shouted. "I give him in charge," said Mr. Quirk, welcoming the policeman's interference; whilst David felt an awful thrill of despair run through him as he saw whose hand was grasping him. "I was a-doin' nothing, and he up and at me like a tiger," added the pawnbroker.

"Ay, he did: I saw him," cried a woman standing at the pawn-shop door. "He's a young jail-bird: everybody can see that."

It was only too plainly to be seen. David was now standing perfectly still in the policeman's grip, pale and frightened, with a hang-dog air, which told powerfully against him. One of the passers-by, an intelligent, well-dressed mechanic, pressed forward a little, asking, "Why did you meddle with the man? What's this about a ring?" But the policeman checked David's attempts to reply.

"That's no business of mine," he said sharply. "You give this lad in charge?"

He addressed himself to Mr. Quirk, who replied plaintively.—

"I'm a householder and a ratepayer," he said, "and I give him in charge."

"Then you'll make your defence before the court," said the policeman to David. "Come along with you!"

David glanced round the cluster of faces hemming him in. Some of them he knew. Blackett was there, grinning triumphantly, and Roger was peeping behind him, half afraid of being caught by his father. Euclid had stopped for a moment, with his basket on his arm, and was looking on with an amazed and puzzled face. David dared not call upon any of them by name; but he cried out, in a lamentable voice, which touched and startled many of the careless on-lookers,—

"Will somebody tell my mother what's befell me?"

He saw Roger make him a sign that he had heard and would fulfil his request, before he was marched off to the police station to pass a night there,—no longer a strange and unprecedented occurrence to David.

Bess had set the door of their room a little ajar, and was waiting anxiously for David's return. Her mother had not ceased to sob over her lost ring from the moment when she had caught sight of the worn-out, battered thing which had been exchanged for her own. Her grief was the more keen as she had little hope of David recovering the right one. She had heard of other women having their wedding-rings changed, or "swatted," and never being able to right themselves; and she could not bear to think of some other woman, happier than herself, wearing it as her wedding

ring, and prizing it as she had done. A thousand dim memories and inarticulate thoughts centred in the lost ring,—none the less real, perhaps, because the poor widow was only an ignorant woman, and could not express her feelings in language. She lay moaning in utter hopelessness and helplessness, knowing too well it was lost forever. Before even they could expect David back, Roger ran in, breathless and stammering. The candle was still burning, and they could see his agitated face and his excited gestures plainly.

"He's bein' took to jail again!" he exclaimed in broken sentences. "I see him all along. He up and at old Quirk as brave as a bulldog. He had him down on the ground in no time. He'd said as you was a thief, and a drunkard, and worse; and David couldn't stand it. I'd ha' had a cut at him too; but he had him down on his back in a moment's time, and he fought for you like a good un."

"But where is he?" gasped the mother, as her eyes, glistening with terror, turned towards the door, where Bess was standing, as though waiting to let David in, and close it safely after him.

"He's took to jail, you know," answered Roger, with an oath such as he had learned when he could first speak. "There was a bobby up, afore I could give him warnin', pushin' through everybody; and old Quirk gave him in charge, and they walked him off to the station, to be shut up all night till tomorrow mornin'." And he shouted, "Somebody tell my mother what's befell me!" And he looked straight at me, and I came off at wuust. Perhaps they'll let him go free in the mornin'!"

But even Roger's unaccustomed eyes could see the deathlike pallor and change that came over the face of David's mother, as she heard what he had to say. She uttered no word or cry, but sank down again on her miserable death-bed, and turned her despairing face to the wall. Bess sent away Roger, and carefully putting out the candle, crept on to the sacking beside her, and, laying her arm gently across her, spoke hopefully of David being released, and Quirk punished, as soon as the truth was known. But Mrs. Fell was at last broken-hearted, and answered not a word even to little Bess, who fell asleep at last, crying softly to herself.

Who can tell how long the hours of that night were? Darkness without, and within the utter blackness of despair? The craving hunger of disease, and the soul's hunger after the welfare of her children! The chilly dew of death, and the icy death-blow dealt to every lingering hope for them! When Bess awoke and bestirred herself early in the morning, her mother still lay speechless, and she dared not leave her. Euclid started on his day's work alone. There was no one she could ask for help: so she set about her little tasks of lighting a handful of fire, and making a cup of tea for her mother, which she could not persuade her to touch. It was a dark and dreary winter's morning,—so dark where she was living, that she could scarcely see her mother's face.

The afternoon was fast fading into night,—another night of misery and despair,—when Roger stole softly in, and crept gently up to the side of the bed where David's mother lay. Bess was sitting by her, holding her hand closely, as if she could thus keep her in the world where her lot had been so hard. She had not spoken yet, and had scarcely moved since Roger had brought his fatal tidings the night before. Now, when her ear caught the sound of his low, awe-struck voice, she opened her eyes once more, and fastened them upon him. He stooped down, and spoke to her in a sorrowful whisper.

"He's got three months agen," he said, "Never mind! everybody gets into jail some time o' their lives!"

Mrs. Fell's lips moved tremulously, as the eyelids closed slowly over her dim eyes, which were losing sight of Bess, though she was leaning over her, and calling, "Mother!"

"He might ha' been a good man like his father!" she moaned with her dying breath.

(To be continued.)

THE LOUDEST NOISE EVER HEARD.

No thunder from the skies was ever accompanied with a roar of such vehemence as that which issued from the throat of the great volcano in Krakatoa, an islet lying in the Straits of Sunda between Sumatra and Java, at ten o'clock on Monday morning, August 27, 1883. As that dreadful Sunday night wore on the noises increased in intensity and frequency. The explosions succeeded each other so rapidly that a continuous roar seemed to issue from the island. The critical moment was now approaching, and the outbreak was preparing for a majestic culmination. The people of Batavia did not sleep that night. Their

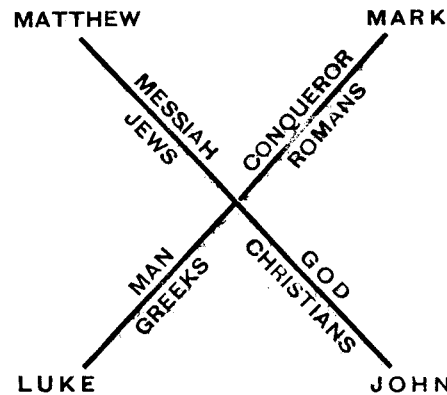
windows quivered with the thunders from Krakatoa, which resounded like the discharge of artillery in their streets. Finally at ten o'clock on Monday morning, a stupendous convulsion took place which far transcended any of the shocks which had preceded it. This supreme effort was what raised the mightiest noise ever heard on this globe. Batavia is ninety-four miles distant from Krakatoa. At Carimon, Java, 355 miles away, reports were heard on that Sunday morning which led to the belief that there must be some vessel in the distance which was discharging its guns as signals of distress. The authorities sent out boats to make a search; they presently returned, as no ship could be found in want of succour. The reports were sounds which had come all the way from Krakatoa. At Macassar, in Celebes, loud explosions attracted the notice of everybody. Two steamers were hastily sent out to find out what was the matter. The sounds had travelled from the Straits of Sunda, a distance of 969 miles. But mere hundreds of miles will not serve to illustrate the extraordinary distance to which the greatest noise which ever was heard was able to penetrate. The figures have to be expressed in thousands. This seems almost incredible, but it is certainly true. In the Victoria Plains, in West Australia, the shepherds were startled by sounds like heavy cannonading. It was some time afterwards before they learned that their tranquility was disturbed by the grand events then proceeding at Krakatoa, 1,700 miles away.—*Sir Robert S. Ball, in the Youth's Companion.*

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

BIBLE OUTLINES.

THE following outlines will furnish lessons in Bible instruction for several weeks. They can be drawn on the blackboard or on paper with stick charcoal, each section to be drawn in the presence of the League, progressing from week to week until the outline is complete, a review to follow occasionally.

1. Jesus Christ:



The diagram will illustrate for whom each of the evangelists wrote, and how they presented Christ.

2. Names.—Christ, Matt. 16. 16. Jesus, Matt. 1. 21; Lord, Rev. 11. 15; Messiah, John 1. 41.

3. Character.—God, John 1. 1; Man, John 1. 14; Both, Col. 2. 9.

4. Life.—Writers, John 20. 31; Places, Mal. 3. 12; Facts, John 9. 4.

5. Map Exercise.—On the blackboard, or, what is better, on paper, draw with stick charcoal an outline map of Palestine, not to be erased until the following lessons have been filled in, which may occupy a few minutes at each meeting, to be concluded with a review.

6. Locate the following places.—Nazareth, Cana, Capernaum, Nain, Samaria, Sychar, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Bethany, Jericho, Machærus, Bethsaida, Cæsarea-Philippi, etc. Other cities can be added, and the most important events be called out in connection with each place.

7. Locate the following Mountains.—Hermon, Olivet, Carmel, Lebanon, Ebal, Gerizim, Tabor, Gilboa, Nebo, Sinai. Add others, and call out their associations.

8. Locate the following Streams and Bodies of Water.—Mediterranean Sea, Jordan, Dead Sea, Sea of Galilee, Kedron. Treat as above.

Maps of all the Bible lands can be drawn in like manner. Wall maps, and map drawing, add great interest to Bible study. Where the League is divided into classes for instruction, this work can be done with little trouble.