

### The Burial of the Dane.

Blue Gulf all around us,  
Blue sky overhead—  
Must' all on the quarter,  
We must bury the dead!

It is but a Danish sailor,  
Rugged of front and form:  
A common son of the fore-castle,  
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name, and the strand he hailed from,  
We know—and there's nothing more!  
But perhaps his mother is waiting  
On the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,  
Reason drifting a wreck,  
"Tis my watch," he would mutter,  
"I must go upon deck!"

Aye, on deck—by the foremast!  
But watch and look-out are done;  
The Union Jack had o'er him,  
How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine,  
Stay the hurrying shaft,  
Let the roll of the ocean  
Cradle our giant craft—  
Gather around the grating,  
Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order and listen  
To the holiest page of prayer:  
Let every foot be quiet,  
Every head be bare—  
The soft trade-wind is lifting  
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service,  
(A little spray is on his cheeks),  
The grand old words of burial,  
And the trust a true heart seeks—  
"We therefore commit his body  
To the deep"—and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather railing,  
Swift as the eye can mark,  
The ghastly, shotted hammock  
Plunges away from the shark,  
Down a thousand fathoms—  
Down into the dark!

A thousand summers and winters  
The stormy Gulf shall roll  
High o'er his canvas coffin—  
But, silence to doubt and dole!  
There's a quiet harbour somewhere  
For the poor and weary soul.

Free the fettered engine,  
Speed the tireless shaft!  
Loose top-gallant and top-sail,  
The breeze is fair shaft!  
Blue sea all around us,  
Blue sky bright o'erhead—  
Every man to his duty!  
We have buried our dead.  
—Henry Howard Brownell.

### Tied to the Mast.

"TELL us a story, papa," chorused half a dozen voices. "We must have a story."

"O, you've heard all my yarns already," answered Capt. Martingale, laughing. "If you want a story, this gentleman will tell you one."

"This gentleman" was a tall, broad-chested man, with a thick black beard, which was fast turning gray, who had come in just before dinner, and had been warmly welcomed by the captain. A very grim fellow he looked as he sat in the great oaken chair, with the fire-light playing fitfully on his dark, bearded, weather-beaten face; and Robert, the eldest boy (who was very fond of books of travels and adventures), whispered to his brother Dick

that "this man looked just like one of the pirates who used to haunt the Gulf of Mexico."

"Am I to tell you a story?" asked the visitor, in a deep, hoarse voice, quite as piratical as his appearance. "Well, then, listen: There was once a poor boy who had no father or mother, no friends, and no home except the wet, dirty fore-castle of a trading schooner. He had to go about barefooted in the cold and rain, with nothing on but an old ragged flannel shirt and a pair of sail-cloth trousers; and instead of landing on beautiful islands and digging up buried treasures, and having a good time all around, like the folks in story-books, he got kicked and cuffed from morning till night, and sometimes had a sound thrashing with a rope's-end into the bargain."

Bob's bold face grew very blank as he listened. He had privately a great longing for a sailor's life, and this account of it (given, too, by a man who seemed to know what he was talking about) was very different from what he had dreamed of.

"All the sailors were very rough and ugly to him," went on the speaker, "but the worst of all was the captain himself. He had been very badly treated himself when he was a boy, and so (as some men will) he took a delight in ill-treating somebody else in the same way. Many a time did he send the poor little fellow aloft when the ship was rolling and the wind blowing hard, and more than once he beat him so cruelly that the poor lad almost fainted with pain."

"Wicked wretch!" cried Bob, indignantly. "I hope he got drowned, or eaten up by the savages."

"Or taken for a slave himself, and well thrashed every day," suggested Dick.

"O no, Bob," said little Helen, who was sitting on a low stool at her father's feet; "I hope he was sorry for being so cruel, and got very good."

The strange guest stooped and lifted the little girl into his lap, and kissed her. Helen nestled close to him, and looked wonderingly up in his face; for, as he bent his head toward her, something touched her forehead in the darkness that felt very much like a tear.

"Well," resumed the speaker, after a short pause, "the schooner, heading eastward across the Indian Ocean, came at last to the Maldivo Isles, where it's always dangerous sailing. The coral islands, which lie in great rings or 'atolls' all around, like so many strings of beads, are so low and flat that even in the day-time it's not easy to avoid running aground on them; but at night you might as well try to walk in the dark through a room full of stools without tumbling over one of them.

"Of course the captain had to be always on deck looking out, and that didn't make his temper any the sweeter, as you may think. So that very even-

ing, when the cabin-boy had displeased him in some way, what does he do but tell the men to sling him up into the rigging and tie him hand and foot to the mast. But the cowards were soon paid for their cruelty. They were so busy tormenting the poor lad that none of them had noticed how the sky was darkening to windward; and all at once a squall came down upon them as suddenly as the cut of a whip. In a moment the sea all around was like a boiling pot, and crash went the ship over on her side, and both the masts went by the board (fell down into the sea, that is), carrying the boy with them. It was just as well for poor Harry that he had been tied to the mast, otherwise the sea would have swept him away like a straw. Even as it was, he was almost stifled by the bursting of the waves over his head. He was still peering into the darkness to try if he could see anything of the ship, when there came a tremendous crash and a terrible cry, and then dead silence. The vessel had been dashed upon a coral reef and stove in, and the sea, breaking over her, had swept away every man on board. But storms in those parts pass away as quickly as they come; and it was not long before the sea began to go down, the clouds rolled away, and the moon broke forth in all its glory. Then Harry, finding that the rope which tied his arms had been a good deal strained by the shock that carried away the mast, managed to free one hand and unbind the other arm and his feet. Just then a face rose from the water within a few yards of him, and Harry recognized his enemy, the cruel captain.

"There he was, the man who had abused, starved, and beaten him, dying, or just about to die, almost within the reach of safety. Though barely twice his own length divided him from the floating mast, so strong was the eddy against which the captain was battling in vain, that he had no more chance of reaching it than if it had been a mile away. A few moments more and he would have sunk, never to rise again; but the sight of that white, ghastly face, and those wild despairing eyes were too much for Harry. He flung out the rope that he held; the captain clutched it, and in another minute was safe on the mast, rescued by the boy he had been so cruel to."

"Oh! oh!" said Bob, drawing a long breath.

"I'm so glad!" piped Helen's tiny voice. "I was so afraid he would let the poor captain drown."

"About sunrise," continued the guest, "some natives who were out fishing in a small boat, caught sight of them and came to the rescue. The Maldivo islanders are much better fellows than the Malays, further east, and they took good care of them both for a month or so, till at last an outward-bound brig that had been blown out of her course touched at

the island where they were and took them off."

"And what happened to them after that?" asked all the children at once.

"The little cabin-boy," answered the story-teller, "became as smart a seaman as ever walked a deck, and got the command of a fine ship by-and-bye; and now," laying his hand upon their father's shoulder, "here he sits."

"Papa!" cried the amazed children, "were you the poor little boy?"

"But what became of the poor captain who was so cruel?" asked little Helen wistfully.

"Why, here he sits," said her father, grasping the story-teller's hand, "and he's the best friend I have in the world."—*Harper's Young People.*

### Enduring Persecution for Christ's Sake.

A GIRL of fourteen years, whose name is Hatoon, who has learned to read and love her Saviour, and, with other girls of the village, has formed a praying and missionary band, has a very bad mother. This mother has given two of her daughters to Mussulman husbands, and they have, in consequence, denied their faith. She resolved to do the same with this daughter. The other morning, at his family prayers, the village pastor heard a great disturbance in the street, and, going out, found the mother and some Mussulmans trying to compel Hatoon to go with them. He rescued her; but soon officers came, and she was carried before the Prince Governor. Here she was confined for four days, with access to no Christian, but only to her mother, and with every means used to induce her to consent to be a Mussulman. The Christians of her village gathered *en masse* and demanded the girl, or that she be released. The Governor called her to his presence and permitted no one but her mother to be near. He allowed Shamasha Elieya and two others to be in the yard and in sight. He then tried to induce her to yield, but he said he would not use force. She gave the most decided testimony—would not give up Christ; would give up her mother, her property, everything, but Christ never. The Prince had to confess she was a Christian.

Then her mother tried to have her put again into her power, and she again said she would not deny her Saviour. She could not stay with her mother and fled and seized the skirts of her pastor, Shamasha Elieya. She is now with our school girls.—*Rev. J. H. Shedd, Oromiah.*

EVERY day a self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do 365 days hence, if each day shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for.