



FOUNTAIN AT AIX LES BAINS.
(A favourite Health Resort of Queen Victoria)

The Story of a Hymn Book.

CHAPTER XII.

HOSPITAL AND BATTLEFIELD.

I ACCOMPANIED my owner across the mountains, and again found myself at home on the banks of the Delaware. We had often fallen upon stirring and awful times. The trumpet of war—alas! of civil war—had been sounded, and North and South were arrayed in unbrotherly strife.

Neither time nor space will admit of many details in reference to that season of fire and blood through which the American nation was now called to pass.

Shortly after the commencement of the war, Mark Hobday volunteered for service in the military hospital, which were a terrible necessity of the hour. By and by he was attached to a column of the army, and moved of camped with it in all its operations.

It was not in Mark's nature to minister to the suffering bodies of men and to neglect their souls. In the intervals of his duties among sick and wounded he was ever reading, praying, and exhorting with the men. He was soon dubbed, by universal consent, "Doctor," a title intended rather to be expressive of his supposed qualifications in divinity than of his skill in medicine. But while Mark could take cheerily the good-natured act of the men, who by general consent had installed him as their spiritual adviser, he was certainly distressed and well-nigh appalled when he found himself announced in general orders as chaplain to the battalion. But there was no help for it; "Dr. Mark" and "Chaplain Hobday" he remained, by an induction in which neither bishop nor presbytery had any part.

What a change for the young man who but a few years before was a wild rough lad, frolicking on the shore, or sporting on the waves! How little his teacher had imagined that of all his class, this boy, perhaps outwardly the least promising, was to become so useful a man, in very deed a minister of righteousness and salvation!

In camp and hospital work I was Mark's constant occupation. How many a time he gathered the men around him on a Sunday afternoon by lifting up his strong, manly voice in the song—

"Soldiers of God arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son:

"Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror!"

One hymn Mark called his "hospital hymn." How many a time he recited it by the bedside of men whose bodies were maimed and mutilated by shot and bullet!

"Oh, say it again!" would burst from the parched lips of some weary sufferer as he rolled his uneasy head, whose crimsoned bandage showed a startling contrast to the deadly pallor of the pinched features.

"Oh, say it again!" And then again, and yet again, Mark would softly say:

"When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,
With lamb-like patience arm my breast;
When grief my wounded soul reveals,
In lowly meekness may I rest."

How well I remember the last evening that I was Mark's companion on his hospital rounds! A poor young fellow lay very near to death. Amputation had been skillfully and successfully performed but exhaustion had

supervened, and life was ebbing away. Mark scarcely left the side of the boy—for the sufferer was hardly more than that.

It was hard, dying before he was nineteen, away from home and mother! It was a dark day for that southern home when its firstborn joined the flag of the Confederacy; and now on the banks of the Potomac he lies a-dying, nursed at the hands of the very army from which he received his death-wound.

Mark was alone with him, save the orderly and an orderly who was at hand to assist in moving weary and helpless men when they groaned for a change of posture.

Tim Dooley, the orderly, was Irish born, but, like many others of his countrymen, a naturalized citizen of the Stars and Stripes, and a soldier in the Federal ranks. Tim professed to be a Roman Catholic, but he often caught himself listening to the words which Mark spoke to sick and dying men. He had watched his intercourse with this poor lad. He had seen how the boy had learned to smile at death, and how, amid wounds and suffering, he rejoiced, like the Virgin of old, in God his Saviour. And yet no beads were counted, no crucifix was seen, no Ave Marias were said.

But that the soldier's peace and hope were real and satisfying Tim could not doubt.

Listen! what is that which Chaplain Mark is repeating now, while the dying lad's eyes, beaming with emotion, are fixed upon him?—

"Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won,
Alone thou hast the wilderness trod;
In me thy strengthening grace be shown,
O may I conquer through thy blood!"

It is a verse of Mark's "hospital hymn." "Alone!" faintly murmurs the sufferer. "Alone,"—Jesus was alone, and then with stronger intonation, "But I am not alone."

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," said Mark.

The soldier put out his hand, and took hold of his friend's, and clasped it fervently.

"Yea, though I walk," whispered the soldier. He could not complete the verse, but said, "Thou, Thou!"

"Yes, 'Thou art with me,'" said Mark; "and Jesus says, 'Where I am, there shall ye be also.'"

"So when on Zion thou shalt stand,
And all heaven's host adore thy king,
Shall I be found at thy right hand,
And free from pain thy glories sing."

The eyes were fixed on Mark's face, a soft sigh, and the hand that Mark grasped was lifeless and still.

The tears streamed down Dooley's face. Mark closed the soldier's eyes, and then turned aside and left the dead to the good officers of the nurse. As he was leaving the ward, Tim Dooley stepped up to him, and, raising his finger to his forehead, said, "And, sure, would yir riv'rance lend me the poetry?"

Mark abstractedly placed me in the orderly's hand, and I saw him no more.

The very next day Dooley, now quite convalescent, was taken from the hospital and sent into the ranks for active service. His regiment receiving urgent orders, he was miles from Washington before Mark probably even remembered that the Irishman had his hymn-book.

Tim was but an indifferent scholar. But the death of Christian soldiers had made a deep impression upon him, and he eagerly opened my pages to try and discover the secret which had given men patience in pain, and fearlessness in death.

He had only spelt through the ten verses of my first hymn when he was called to the front. But as verse by verse he went through that epitome of the Gospel, new light broke in upon his soul. Nothing about priest or penance or purgatory.— "Jesus only."

"His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me."

Could it be true?

"See all your sins on Jesus laid:
The Lamb of God was slain,
His blood was once an offering made
For every soul of man."

These were the words that haunted the memory of Tim Dooley as he marched southward. Then came a sudden alarm, a sortie, a skirmish; and in the dark night a bullet pierced Tim Dooley's bosom, and his life blood flowed over my pages, for he had placed me in the breast of his tunic. Oh, had it been my blessed privilege to be once more an instrument of comfort and salvation?

(To be continued.)

A FAMOUS HUNTING-PLACE FOR WHALE, AND ITS DANGERS.

BY MR. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

From the northern part of Hudson's Bay, already Arctic in character, stretches far towards the pole a deep inlet, which some early navigator of those desolate polar shores has termed Roe's Welcome—as if anything within that ice-bound and lonely coast could be welcome to a person just from civilization! The name, no doubt, was given in memory of some escape from the drifting ice-packs, when the inlet furnished refuge from one of the fierce storms of that polar region.

Roe's Welcome is a famed hunting-place for the great polar whale, or "bow-head," as the whalers call it. This huge whale, which is indeed immense in size, often makes his home among the great ice-packs and ice-field of the polar seas, and a goodly quantity of these it finds in Roe's Welcome. But these ice-packs, swinging to and fro with the tides, currents, and winds in such a long narrow inlet as this, render navigation dangerous even for the staunch whaling-ships, and they generally make their fishing grounds off the lower mouth of the great inlet, where the cruising is much safer if not always so profitable. Occasionally, when some exceptionally good ice-master is in charge of a whaler, he dashes into the better fishing grounds for a short cruise; another less skillful, lured by the brighter prospects, or discouraged by a poor catch outside, enters the inlet, and either reaps a rich harvest of oil and bone, or wrecks his vessel. Or he may even escape, after an imprisonment in the grip of the merciless ice fetters for a year or two longer than he had intended to stay.

Such was the fate of the good ship "Gladiator," from a well known whaling port in southeastern Massachusetts. She sailed to the northernmost end of the "Welcome," as the whalers call it, and, after a most profitable catch of "bowheads," had the ill fortune to remain firmly bound in the ice for two years. During this long time—much longer than that for which the vessel had been provisioned—the crew were dependent on the many Eskimos who clustered around the ship. The natives supplied them with ample quantities of reindeer, musk-ox, seal and walrus meat in return for small quantities of molasses and coffee. There companionship, too, rude as it was, did much to while away the dreary, lonely hours of the two years' imprisonment.—St. Nicholas.

Chief Bread Baker to the King.

With I was very small indeed,
And even younger than my sire,
I went nut walking by myself
To gather facts to make me wise.

I came unto a baker's shop
Where I beheld the strangest thing;
A great gold sign whereon I read,
"The Chief Bred of Baker to the King."

I went within and asked the man,
In all respect, "Can this be true?
Does ever any King eat bread,
The same as all the poor folk do?"

The baker was a floury man,
As most men are who talk and bake,
And said, "It is a fallacy
To judge that King consume but cake."

"Not only does the King eat bread,
But history states, and does not cheat,
There have existed certain kings
Full glad to have some bread to eat!"

And while I stood a-wondering
Whatever fallacy might mean,
Behold I saw another sign
Whereon was "Hatter to the Queen."

I sought the hatter 'mid his plumes
(Not knowing he was mad thereat)
And asked, "Can it be really true
That any Queen puts on a hat?"

The hatter said, indignantly,
"It is an error fit for towns,
To think that Queens array their heads
Exclusively in golden crowns."

"Indeed there have existed Queens,
As in the chronicles 'tis said,
Not only glad to have a hat,
But still more glad to have a head."

A sadder and a wiser child,
I heed no home to think of things,
It seems so strange that Queens wear hats,
And bread is good enough for kings!

THE MAN WHO WILL BE WANTED.

If we could only get the ear of that boy in school or that young man in college, we would say most earnestly to him that the time is coming, and perhaps not far distant, when you will be wanted. The opportunity is ready to develop when you will be needed, a most important opportunity, when if you are ready, you can enter into a great life work, a time which taken at its flood will lead on to fortune and to fame. This is a broad and populous country, and opportunities for eminent achievement and large usefulness are constantly occurring in religious work, in educational work, in business, in professional life, or in politics, and the service of the country possibly in war. You may be wanted ever so much but if you are not ready when wanted you will be passed by. The opportunity, just the one you would most like, will not wait for one not ready. Somebody else will take the place. You will certainly be wanted and you should be ready to respond at the right moment. The important places require men of character, fixed principle, education, power. No man gets mental power and discipline without hard, stern work and years of it. And no weak, undisciplined and unprincipled person is fit for command, or can ever expect to hold a commanding position. There is no lack of important positions for those competent to fill them. But it should be remembered that important positions can always find those able to fill them and the world will not wait for you if you are not ready.

Many an old man to day is looking back to see another in just the one place which was designed for him, and in which he might have been perfectly content, happy and useful, in which he might have done a great and important life work, and achieved distinction, but, when opportunity's hour struck, he was not ready, and he now feels that his life has been a failure, because he neglected to prepare himself for the time when he would be wanted. The late Professor H. B. Smith used to say to his students, "Young gentlemen, have a hobby, have a hobby, i. e., have some one line of study of which you will be master, where you will stand *fa de princeps* and when opportunity calls you will be the one wanted. Always study with this thought in mind, that before long the opportunity will occur when you will be wanted."