



"SEE, FATHER; SEE HOW HIGH I AM!"

HIGHER THAN THE HEAVENS.

"See, father; see how high I am!"  
 Yes, dear, I see; so very high,  
 Much higher than thy pretty thought,  
 Which measures but a lily's stem,  
 Soaring in grace above the earth  
 On which it grows to wear, like thee,  
 Its diadem of purity.  
 Far higher than thy pretty thought  
 Thy childish truth and beauty rise:  
 High as the searching sun's glow;  
 High as the clouds which blessings rain  
 Upon bright summer's thirsty land;  
 High as night's zenith's milky-way;  
 High as the floor its arch upholds.  
 Oh, child, how high thou art! Higher  
 Than that high heaven, and near to him  
 Who sits upon the throne to which  
 That heaven, so high, is the vast floor—  
 Thou art the height from which man fell;  
 To which God would uplift again.  
 Thy loftiness—unflecked by sin,  
 By seeming, or by thought untrue,  
 Unsought, unconscious—is conferred  
 By honesty and innocence,  
 And simplest love, and open heart  
 Which blessing of its grace outpours;  
 To which all generous priestliness  
 Of nature is but likeness mean,  
 And fane and temple, dead clay type,  
 Their ministers, thin shadows vain.  
 Thy baby feet have made my chair  
 High altar steps; those two small hands,  
 Lifted of sweet inward goodness,  
 Higher than hands of mitred priest  
 Speaking his benediction there!  
 For thou wast consecrated by  
 A loftier grace than that by popes  
 Dispensed. Such beauty on a soul  
 The will of man has ne'er conferred.  
 Nor is it honored by the sects  
 Who give it neither place nor power.  
 It ministers to the round world;

Throned in each living bosom there  
 By rank of inward nobleness  
 And heaven's perfume of a child.  
 Thy stole and cope the angels wear  
 In God's great temple—the sweetness  
 Of the simplest heart that beats.  
 Thy spirit's dignity finds nought  
 Save the One Good to measure it.  
 Thy infant ways are thin disguise  
 Of that which only yearning love  
 Could ever reach, here or above,  
 Which, reached and understood, IS GOD.  
 Oh, child and prophet! guide and hold  
 Thy father's faltering steps to heights  
 Of goodness, beauty, innocence.  
 Help the great Christ to make me his.  
 Lead to the heights too high for me  
 Without thy little hand to lead.  
 Fair child! I feel how high thou art.  
 —B. Waugh, in Sunday Magazine.

FRIDAY.  
 BY FRANCES.  
 CHAPTER. VII.—(Continued.)

Then came a long delay while George  
 ran to Zachary's cottage for the key, and  
 his companions waited at the end of the  
 paddock, where the dusk was deepening to  
 darkness, and the dew lay heavily. Then  
 they saw him running through the wet  
 grass, and he sprang over the hurdles,  
 and led the way down the dim bowery  
 garden.  
 "He isn't there! I am sure he isn't, he  
 kept repeating, in a suffocated tone.  
 "I hope to Heaven he is not—as I think,"  
 said the Doctor.  
 "Lord ha' mercy on us! Sir John was  
 shooting there all afternoon!" exclaimed  
 Zachary, tottering on his poor old limbs.  
 They had reached the door.

"George," said the Doctor, "no child alive would stay in the wood after dark, as long as it could leave it. I fear—I fear there has been an accident."  
 George uttered an inarticulate sound and fumbled at the lock, but his hand shook so much that the Doctor took the key.  
 "O Lord, send he isn't here!" cried Zachary.  
 "He isn't! I am sure he isn't!" reiterated George.  
 The Doctor threw open the door, and Zachary turned the light of his lantern into the darkness of the wood—and Friday was there. Yes, he was there. A tiny figure sitting cross-legged on the ground, with a wave of damp fair hair over his forehead, and his wakeful eyes fixed on the door, holding a black woolly body close in his arms, and waiting patiently and faithfully. The little face looked up wistfully at the Doctor, and Friday said, "Crusoe is so cold. I can't make him go warm."  
 It was such a sudden shock to see him and hear him speak, and speak so calmly, that they could not answer for a moment. Friday began to realize that he was found; but the finders looked so oddly at him that he thought they were angry. He crossed his stiff little legs, and stood on his feet, still holding Crusoe close to his breast. He saw the Doctor, and George and Zachary, and he looked up at them with a gallant front, and truthfully said his say, half-manful, half-imploing.  
 "I didn't mean to be naughty, I truly didn't. I came back, on my honour. George had made the door shut fast, and I couldn't reach; and I waited, and Zachary locked it, and I called, but he didn't hear, and I waited here, and I waited till now. And I haven't been any farther, on my honour."  
 "O, little 'un!" cried George, dropping beside him with a queer cry. "I didn't mean to leave you here; I didn't mean it! I didn't know!"  
 Friday looked down at Crusoe in his arms, and then piteously at the Doctor.  
 "Crusoe is so cold," he said. "I can't make him go warm."  
 Something made the Doctor whisper to George—  
 "Take him away at once!"  
 And George took him, Crusoe being so sleepy that he did not even raise his head. And the Doctor caught up Friday, and when he felt how very cold he was, and wet with dew, he held him inside his own warm coat, and carried him quickly away; and Friday thought he seemed to sigh, so he said—  
 "If you will put me down, I can walk, thank you: for I am very heavy."  
 "Not very, Friday," said the Doctor; "and I want to put you to bed."  
 "Because of bed-time, or because of being naughty," asked Friday, with the lump big in his throat. "I couldn't help it. I didn't mean to be naughty—oh, I didn't, I didn't!" And the lump growing so large as to be inconvenient, he hid his quivering face on the Doctor's shoulder.  
 "Because of bed-time," said the Doctor cheerfully. "It is long past your hour, Friday."  
 "Do you think Mrs. Hammond will be angry?" whispered Friday.  
 "I think not. I believe we shall all be only glad to have our little boy safe. Was Friday afraid in the wood?"  
 "Yes," said Friday sorrowfully; "I tried not to be, but I was. I wanted not

to be afraid, but I couldn't help it; but I didn't cry, I didn't cry at all, because it didn't matter."  
 "What didn't matter?"  
 "You said nothing mattered if I kept on trying to be good. And so I sat and waited till somebody came for me. And I didn't cry."  
 "What did you think about, Friday?" said the Doctor, and perhaps it was because he was bending down his head that his voice sounded so low.  
 "I said my prayers, because, you see, if somebody hadn't come, I should have had to go to bed in the wood. And I thought about Captain John, and the ship's carpenter, and Sir Hugh Willoughby, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and I tried to be very noble, and very cheerful, and patient like they were; but I can't," said Friday, his voice suddenly hurrying between sobs; "I can't really. I think only a little boy can't be very noble, and my back is so wet, and I am very cold, and—oh, please, do take me to bed!"  
 And he put his arms round the Doctor's neck, and laid his head down, and if he cried a little then, the Doctor did not think it naughty.  
 And so he rode into the house, and wondered if the Doctor knew how he would be put in the corner to-morrow for getting his clothes wet; for he was sure the Doctor would not carry him if he knew what a darkly naughty thing that was.  
 But the Doctor was thinking of other things. He was holding Friday fast in his arms, and thinking of the unquestioning obedience, the silent patience, the absolute faith—the gentle nobility of that little steadfast single heart.  
 "If you please, will you ask the Doctor to come and see me before he goes home?" requested Friday, when he was fairly established in bed, after his warm bath, and all the other measures Mrs. Hammond and the Doctor could devise. The Doctor came, and found Friday sitting up against his pillow, and awaiting his coming with intent eyes.  
 "Well, Friday, will you say good-night to me?" said the Doctor. "For my part, I think you had better lie down and go to sleep."  
 "I want Crusoe," said Friday; "they won't bring him."  
 "Because they want you to go to sleep, Friday."  
 "I want Crusoe," repeated Friday; "he always sleeps on my feet. He can have a clean Times. If you please, will you bring him?"  
 "Not now, I think, Friday. You must lie down, and go to sleep."  
 "I can't go to sleep without my Crusoe. I don't sleep well if I don't have Master Frobisher under my pillow and Crusoe on my toes. George has brought me Master Frobisher, but he won't bring Crusoe. And Mrs. Hammond won't, and Martha won't."  
 "I think you cannot have doggie to-night, Friday."  
 "Crusoe wants me, I know he does," said Friday beseechingly. "Mrs. Hammond doesn't mind if he has a clean Times. I told Martha there was one here, but she went away. Crusoe does like my bed so very much, and I could make him go warm now. He scratches at my door. Why doesn't he come? Where did George take him?"  
 "Doggie is down-stairs."  
 "Is he having his tea?"  
 The Doctor paused a second, but Friday's clear eyes regarded him steadily.  
 "I believe not, Friday."  
 "Hasn't he had any?"  
 "No."  
 "Then why doesn't he come to me?"  
 "Now you must lie down and go to sleep, Friday. It is getting very late, and you are making yourself ill."  
 "I will try to go to sleep if you will just bring Crusoe to let me give him one kiss on his head!"  
 "Friday, suppose I were to tell you that you must be a good boy and obey me, only because I say so?"  
 (To be Continued.)  
 NOTHING can be great which is not right.  
 Dr. Johnson.