

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER IV.

A wide bowery garden of old fashion, mellow with sunlight, yesterday's shower over and gone. In the middle Zachary standing with a rake in his hand, and Friday sitting with an open book on his knees, his face bent over the pages.

Silence save for the drowsy humming of the bees.

Friday raised his head and drew a long breath.

"Zachary, my book says: 'Beyond the Swethlanders there is another sea, so slow and almost immovable that many think it to be the bounds which compass in the whole world. Some are persuaded that the sound of the sun is heard as he riseth out of this sea; and that many shapes of God are seen and the beams of his head. At this sea is the end of nature and the world.'"

"Ay!" said Zachary, stretching out his hand unconsciously, while his eye grew fixed and unseeing. "Ay! I've been there."

"And did you see the beams of his head?" asked Friday in a reverent whisper.

"No, sir. Naught but the frost-smoke arising, and the Northern Lights up aloft."

"Perhaps you were not worthy, Zachary, like the man who did not find Paradise."

"I doubt I warn't, sir."

"Zachary, I have read in the travel-books about men going to that Frozen Sea, and what they did. Some did not come back ever any more."

"Me and my mates had like not to a done, sir."

"Zachary, have you ever read about Henry Hudson?"

"No, sir. I'm not a book-learned man, myself. I've only been in Hudson's Bay. Might it be that same place?"

"Yes, because his ship found it, you know. Henry Hudson was the master, and the men—I believe it begins with M?"

"Mutiny, sir?"

"Yes, it was mutiny. And so they put Henry Hudson and his son and six men, all sick and dying, in a little boat, and set it drifting on the sea."

"That were a right down blackguard trick, for sure!"

"Yes; but there was one dear man I love very much. He was the ship's carpenter, and his name was John King, and he got in the boat with the master because he would not stay with that wicked crew. I think perhaps he was worthy, Zachary."

"Ay, sir. Let's hope he saw them beams when he came to die."

"And there was Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and they saw his ship sailing and sailing away, and it never came back. And there was Master John Knight in his ship 'Hopewell,' and he was driven among the ice, and so he landed on an island. And he left two men with the boat, and took four men, and they went out of sight over a hill. And the two men waited and waited, and fired a gun, and called, and they waited thirteen hours. And they waited all night, but the book says they came not at all. And there were three English ships that set sail one day, and there was Cornelius Darfurth in the 'Confidentia,' and Richard Chancelour in the 'Edward Bonaventure,' and Sir Hugh Willoughbie to command, in the 'Bona Speranza' (and that means Good Hope, the book says), and Master Richard Willes, Gentleman, says that he was a worthy and renowned knight. And the ships kept together till a great storm came, and then Richard Chancelour never saw the others any more. And he waited for them, but they never came, so he said he would go on alone, and all his brave men said they would go and do their duty, and they were very cheerful and patient. But two years afterwards Sir Hugh Willoughbie was found with his ships, and he and the crews were all together, and quite frozen, seventy dead men. Do you know, Sir Hugh Willoughbie was a very noble knight. I often think about him; he is one of my dearest men. And there were three men, and they were brothers, and they went to find a way through that frozen sea, and they had a great many sufferings, and were very brave; but everybody has forgotten their names, and now nobody knows them. I think that is a pity, so I try to remember them, and call them the Three Brothers.

And another man was Behring, who found the straits on the map, and he and the crew were very, very sick and sad, and so the ship was wrecked on an island, and Behring died 'of want, nakedness, cold, sickness, impatience, and despair.' These are very sorrowful travels, aren't they, Zachary?"

"They are, sir. Ah, but there's a many laid their bones there, so there has!"

"Some of the travellers came back; they don't all die there. There was Captain James with his crew, and they were wrecked on an island, and it snowed and froze extremely. They were very ill, and a great many died there. They made a boat; but the carpenter died too. So Captain James said: 'If it be our fortune to end our days here, we are as near Heaven as in England.' And they all said they would do anything he ordered, and he thanked them all. I love those dear men very much. They escaped at last."

"That's a good hearing, sir."

"I read a great deal about captains; I love them so much. And the Doctor tells me things when I don't know what it means. We talk about them often. Zachary, I have read about Master Martin Frobisher and his three voyages, and about Master John Davis and his three voyages. They are beautiful to read about. I like to have Master Frobisher under my pillow at night, if Mrs. Hammond does not find it. Do you like to have anything under your pillow?"

"I don't find it to make me sleep the sounder, sir."

"Don't you? It is a great comfort to me. I like to think about all my nice men. About Master Anthony Jenkinson, because he was a man of rare virtue, of great travel, and a worthy gentleman; and Master Sebastian Cabot, and everybody called him 'the good old gentleman,' because he was so dear, and he gave a great deal of money to the poor, and was so brave and glad. And about Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and Sir Hugh Willoughbie, and John King, the carpenter, and all the good captains. They sailed in barques, and pinneses, and gallegoes; and what is a gallego, Zachary?"

Zachary closed one eye, and looked profound; but Friday waited.

"It's a —" began Zachary, much, as he expressed it, "drove;" "it's a —" looking sideways at the small audience to see if there was any hope of escape. Friday was still waiting. "Wessel," concluded Zachary, with something of lameness.

"How many masts, if you please?" inquired Friday respectfully.

"Now I'm a-going to do up the honions," remarked the mariner, perhaps a trifle off the subject. Friday tucked fat calfy old Heylyn under one arm, crooked his first finger into the hole in the flower-pot, and paddled down the walk to the onion-bed.

"Zachary, which do you like best, the sea or the garden?" he said, after a long silence, during which he had watched operations closely, with his chin resting on his hands.

"I don't know as I could say, sir. I never thought to leave the sea of my own head. It was my old leg that stranded me at last."

"If you hadn't had your—new leg," said Friday delicately; "how then, Zachary?"

"I think myself I should ha' been a sea, sir. It was a old saying among us that a man as had been in them Arctic regions couldn't for his life help going back. No matter how awesome it was there, and how blithe he was to get away, he was bound to go back. It was like as if it drew him."

"Did you feel like that?" said Friday, in a low voice, for a sympathetic thrill of terror and ecstasy ran through him.

"I've been three times to the polar seas. It's likely I should be there still only for my timber-toe. We laid a many of my mates down in the ice—rest their old bones! The last yage as ever I took I thought to lay mine aside 'em. Only five on us came back, and you wouldn't have took us for the same men as went out, so old and gray, and broke we was, and one childish. I never looked to pray to God as I prayed in that little cockle-boat among the grinding ice. I can't say I ever prayed rightly before. And surely he sent us a Danish whaler to pick us up and take us to Upernavik—bless them Christian souls! for two

on us were d'lirious and Hughie Powell had never spoke a word or stirred a hand for three days. We buried him at sea a day out from Upernavik. The Danes took us to Copenhagen, and we worked our way back to Peterhead, where we'd sailed from—five on us, all as was left. They carried me ashore, being that my journeying days was done. But old Tim Sanderson was alongside me—him that had suffered that in the expedition as had turned his hair white, and his face a kind o' gray—well, that same man, Master Friday, he was limping along, for he was cruel bad in the joints, and he put his hand on my arm, and he said, 'Matey.' Says I, 'Well, Tim?' Says he, 'Here we be.' I says, 'Who'd a thought it?' He says, 'Ay, ay; but I'm bound to go back. I wouldn't ha' said so when we was picked up; but it come on me the first step I set on this here quay, and I hear it a-calling strong. I'm bound to go back afore I die; for it's wrote down.'"

"And did he go back?" said Friday, shivering with an awful delight.

"He did, sir."

"And have you ever seen him since?"

"He came to see me in 'orsepital before he sailed. And after we'd done our talk, he just took my hand and went, as simple as it might be us parting to go to bed."

"And where is he now?"

"I think myself he's taking his last sleep there, sir. He sailed in the 'Lucy' brig. She was spoke off Cape Desolation, then sailing due north, and never seen no more."

Friday thought and thought, and fell into a brown study. By and by he emerged, and said—

"Zachary, what was the name of your ship?"

"Boy and man, sir, I've sailed in many a craft. My last ship, as was the expedition wessel, was the 'Good Hope.'"

"That was the name of Sir Hugh Willoughbie's ship, too. Sir Walter Raleigh had a pinnace called the 'Fifty Crowns.' I can't remember all his ships. In John Fox the ship was called the 'Three Half Moons.' And in Thomas Sander they were the 'Jesus,' and the 'Green Dragon,' and the 'Ascension,' and that is a very nice travel, and it prays at the end to bring us all to heaven, to live there world without end, Amen. It think it is a good way to finish a travel, to pray at the end, don't you? And in Philip Jones they had five tall and stout ships, and the first was the 'Merchant Royal,' a very brave and goodly ship, and of great report. And Fernando Magellan had five ships when he went round the world; but that is rather sorrowful, for one deserted, and one was wrecked, and two were worn out and left behind, and so only one came back home, and Magellan was not in that, because he had been killed in some islands. I am very sorry for that poor man, that he could not finish his journey, for it was such a long voyage. Oh, it was such a long voyage! It took three years and twenty-eight days."

"My faith, Master Friday, that was a powerful long cruise, surely!"

"And so I am sorry that he died before the end, when it had been so hard. I do wonder why God let so many travellers die before they had finished."

"Ay! and that's a fair puzzle, so it is. They getten all the work and none of the pay."

"I think they didn't want any pay," said Friday softly. "My good captains didn't; but only to finish the travels. I think I will ask the Doctor why God didn't let them. You see they were such dear men, and they didn't want anything naughty, but to find places. Oh, you cannot think how very much they wanted! Zachary, do you know what I shall be when I am a man?"

"And what, sir?"

"Zachary," said Friday, and his tiny heart swelled till he could scarcely speak, and it seemed as if he must sob, "when I am a man, I shall be an explorer." (And no capitals of any type whatsoever could convey the rapture and reverence Friday threw into that mighty word.)

"Yes," said Friday, clasping his little trembling hands, "I think it calls me too. And that is why I am rather sorry I am Friday's child, you know. If I had been Saturday's child, like George, then I should have always known for sure and sure that

I should have far to go. But it is so very unlucky to be a Friday's. Perhaps I shall never finish my travel, with being full of woe. But I don't care; I'm not afraid; the Explorers weren't. Zachary, did you ever know one?"

"An explorer, Master Friday?"

"Yes."

"I did, sir," said Zachary, very soberly. Friday gave a long, long sigh.

"I wish I had. I suppose he was a very noble gentleman, very brave, and very cheerful and very patient."

"Sir, his equal does not walk this earth below," said Zachary. "We obeyed orders, faithful and true, ay, and loved him, but not near enough—not near enough. And now it comes over me, as I sit a-thinking, that he was a great, good man, and no one knowed it. And I'm hoping he's getting his pay aloft, for he got none here."

"What was his name?" asked Friday, in a whisper.

"His name, sir,—Zachary had taken off his battered hat, and held it in his hand—"it was Captain John Broke, R. N."

"If you please, would you tell me about him?" asked Friday humbly.

"When stable clock strikes, I knock off," said Zachary, replacing his hat; "and then I go and eat my baggin' under the wall, and then if you've a mind, Master Friday, I'll tell you. Now don't let us have no more talk until I'm done this here bed."

So Friday sat and looked at Zachary as if fascinated, until the stable clock struck. Whereupon Zachary immediately knocked off, and betook himself on his old and new legs to the bench under the sunny wall. And Friday, bestowing the calfy book under one arm, and Crusoe under the other, crooked his first finger into the hole in the flower-pot, and followed him. The flower-pot being then pitched directly opposite to Zachary, Friday encamped with Crusoe on his knee, and musty old Heylyn in a clean place in the wheel-barrow, and waited while Zachary made his repast, regarding him the while with the deepest respect and admiration. And the bagging being finished, and Crusoe screwed round into a comfortable tight black muffin, Friday with wistful eyes diffidently observed that everybody was nice and ready. And on that Zachary began the story of Captain John Broke, R. N.

(To be Continued.)

A MISSION GIRL IN A TEMPLE.

Dwelling on the good work the Zenana Mission is doing among the women of India, Dr. Pentecost related in illustration the following incident of his recent tour: "I was visiting Jejuri, fifteen miles from Poonah, one of the most beautiful spots on earth. On the top of a huge rock stands a hoary Hindoo Temple, an illustration at once of the power and degradation of heathenism. I was standing on the balcony of this temple in company with some officers and missionaries. We could see some forty or fifty women—priestesses of the temple—and hardly knowing what I was doing, I commenced to sing, 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.' My friends joined in the hymn, and then we sang, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' Looking down into the gardens I saw a young girl about fourteen years of age; her little face was lighted up, and two great tears welled from her eyes. I said to one of the lady missionaries, Miss Mitchell, 'Go and speak to that girl.' She went down and spoke to her, and sang a simple Mahrattee hymn. The girl knelt down while the first verses were being sung, and then said, 'I know that; I can sing the rest of it,' which she did. This child had received just six months' training in one of the Zenana Society's schools. Though living amid those impure surroundings, without a friend or guide, deep down in the heart of this Indian child was the tender love of Jesus Christ, and no doubt by the grace of God, she will be rescued from that terrible place."

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A SHAME TO CIVILIZATION.

John G. Whittier in a recent letter writes: "I feel a great interest in any effort to check the pernicious habit of tobacco using. It is not only a nuisance, but a moral and physical evil, and a shame to our boasted refinement and civilization."

—Christian Herald.