

A June Concert at the Girl's Academy.

BY ROBERT BEVERLEY HALE

Laughing and talking down into the hall
Lightly they come; I know not what
they say,
But they have passed a healthy, happy
day,
And they are lovely—and God bless them
all!

They welcome the musician with a will,
And hark! His soft, complaining notes
begin;
But I—I cannot hear the violin;
'Tis what I see that makes my heart
stand still.

Reverent they sit; souls and sweet faces
blend,
And eyelids droop beneath the music's
charm,
While here and there perhaps a loving
arm
Steals silently around some "dearest
friend."

I gaze upon their faces for a while
And all my grown-up worldliness is
gone,
Faces that God must once have smiled
upon,
And all unconscious they give back the
smile.

Windows through which pure aspirations
shine,
Unwritten pages free from blot or
stain,
Whereon the cynic World has tried in
vain
To write—and has not traced a single
line.

Kind critics they! The charmed notes
rise and fall,
Now wild with frenzy, now severely
sad;
They do not stop to weigh the good
and bad;
Good, bad, indifferent; they applaud it
all!

Oh, you sweet blossoms! May it still be
long
Before that treacherously bright June
day
That calls you from this heaven of
work and play
To take your chances in a world gone
wrong.

God guard you when with hopeful flags
unfurled
You march away on great designs in-
tent!
God make you wise and keep you in-
nocent!
God bless you, happy outcasts from the
world!

With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER V.
FIRST CAPTURES.

"Helm a-lee, and hard up!" shouted the captain, as he caught sight of the advancing danger.

It was not a moment too soon, for already the roar of the swell round the base of the giant voyager was distinctly heard, and none could say whether the setting of the deep current that bore it along might not cross their pathway.

"Helm to port, and wear her round!" shouted the captain again; suddenly changing his tactics, for he now saw plainly that the berg was bearing down almost across his track.

"I say, though, isn't our cap'n a bit foolhardy to risk such a shave as it'll be?" said one of the crew to the second mate, who with eager eye was gauging their perilous nearness to destruction.

"Trust him for all that, my man. No foolhardiness in our old captain, so haul away, Ned, and God speed us!"

It seemed like rushing into the embrace of death, and as the mighty mass came on, and the swirl and roar of the water eddying in its cavernous sides became tremendous, it was a moment of unspeakable suspense to every one on board.

The captain's seamanship, however, was not at fault, and as the good ship cleared the dangerous distance, and, answering well to her skilful handling, stood off on an opposite tack, all hands saw that the bold manoeuvre had probably saved their ship, and a lusty cheer rang out from the whole crew.

"Now then, my hearties, wear again; and we'll try to find our fish," sang out the captain, as they saw the foe safely to leeward in a southerly direction.

Again the ship was brought to her

former course, and under more sail hastened to overtake her prize. The men, excited to eagerness before, were quickly ready for action, and as their fish hove once more in view there was a general acclamation.

The order to shorten sail was quickly followed by, "Man the boats!" and in a mere twinkling, as it appeared, this was done.

"Now, then, steady, my hearties. Bear well away to leeward, and you'll find them napping, I rather think," was the captain's remark, as the three boats left the ship—the first mate with his harpooners leading the way.

Arthur had watched the whole scene with intense interest, and, as Fyfe passed to his boat, he said,—

"You'll ask a good cruise for us—won't you, sir?"

The request was hardly needed, for the risks of the enterprise were beginning to reveal themselves to the young landsman.

"No fear of that, Fyfe; I shall follow on your track, be very sure," was his earnest reply.

Shortening sail still further, the vessel hove in the direction of the boats, and as the distance increased every glass was put in requisition to watch their movements.

The captain's shrewd supposition as to "napping" proved quite correct; for one huge creature seemed, as they drew near, to be slumbering on the surface, and after a sharp but short contest was secured by the first boat, while the other two followed a smaller fish, which also became their prize after a rather long chase.

"I tell you what. I believe we've got a blessing on board our ship, for I never see such a quick haul before to begin with," said one of the men, as they pulled back slowly, towing their prizes.

"Ay, ay, mate, that's true; but sure enough we've had a blessing from the beginning, in us fellows learning to know that we've got souls to live for, as well as our 'haul.' Though that's no bad tack-on, depend on it."

The boats were greeted with many a cheer as they drew near the vessel, each one displaying its little flag at stern—the sign of good success.

Securely mooring their prizes, the usual busy scene followed; all hands working with a will in stowing away the valuable commodity.

"It really was queer, sir, to see that big fellow 'snoring' there so comfortable on the top, as if he was a-waiting for us," said one of the men, as he detailed to the young doctor some particulars of the chase.

"Ay, sir, many's the desperate fight I've seen—boats topsy-turvy, and all sorts, before the fish would give in; but he seemed to take it quite comfortable-like, the fellow, and we down'd him with the second harpoon, so we came back fresh as larks, you see, sir."

"Mercies received call for mercies acknowledged," so I hope we'll none of us turn in before we thank the Giver for his gifts," said the captain, as he released his men from their long day's toil.

The scene we have detailed may serve as a specimen of many that followed, though of course the success was not always so marked. As is frequently the case, the fish after a time became shy; and the vessel in pursuit made her way up the Straits to a point as far north as most prudent voyagers attempt to go, where, finding a sheltered sound, she anchored for a time.

Stretching away in the far distance lay the ice-fields, and here and there, like grand sentinels, stood the ice-mountains, built and moored in their place by the Eternal Hands.

Any views of the Arctic region which our young landsman had ever seen were far exceeded by what he now beheld in reality around him.

"Yes, doctor; but wait till you've seen it all lighted up by 'our 'Rora,' as my men call it. You can't believe what a show that is. It always seems to me like a dip down of some of heaven's glory, to tell us what that's like a bit," said the captain as they talked one day.

The season was now advancing; the long Arctic days were beginning to abridge their length, and though a bold navigator, Captain McNaghten was brooding daily for the completion of his cargo, never ceasing in his vigilant observation of Arctic signs, lest he should be overtaken by the sudden descent of winter. But no such prognostics appeared, and the unusual mildness of the weather left no cause for alarm.

A week had passed without any addition to their spoils, and some of the men were beginning to chafe under the delay and disappointment after such unusual success.

The Sabbath—that day so sacredly kept on board the Walrus—had dawned brightly for Arctic regions, when a knot of seamen on deck noted the blowing of a whale at the entrance of the sound.

There she goes—was the general exclamation.

"I say, mates, don't he never alter?" inquired a new hand.

"Never."

"You don't know our captain, if you think he's the man to let a boat ply on Sunday," observed one of the harpooners.

"Godliness is profitable unto all things," he cried, and this many a year I've sailed with him we've never found it no else," added the man resolutely.

"Well, all I can say is, it's a pity to let fish go by when we're waiting for 'em," observed the first speaker. "Why, we only need to make one or two more old fellows strike colours, and then we're away to England any time."

"Anyhow, God's Day must be kept, and I hope you'll learn that lesson before long, Jack," replied the defender of Sabbath-keeping.

The fish sighted on Sunday had not forsaken the neighbourhood when Monday came, and almost with dawn the boats were away in pursuit.

They were soon far out of sight, so that not even the man aloft could find them, and when after six hours' absence no signs of them were visible the captain weighed anchor and "stood out" to the entrance of the sound. There he hovered until the cry aloft, "Sail on weather bow!" brought all glasses to bear in that direction.

They're not empty-handed, anyhow, captain, though they've had a long run for it," said Arthur, as he spied two boats with flags up.

"No, doctor, but there's something not quite right for all that. I can tell by the dip of my men's oars how it goes with them. God grant they're all safe!" he added with concern.

As they rapidly neared the ship, it was noticed that they gave no answering cheer to the crew on board, who now descried plainly the prize astern the boats.

"Some mishap?" shouted the captain, as soon as they were within hail.

"Lost a man," was the reply.

It needed but few inquiries, as the boats dropped astern, to find who was the missing one; no other than poor Jack.

"Ay, poor fellow! and he'll have no more Sundays now, neither to break nor to keep," sadly remarked the same earnest fellow who had discussed with him the matter of Sabbath-keeping, and spoken so feelingly of the young doctor's work among them all.

"We couldn't hoist our flag nohow after losing him, though we'd got the fish," added the man, with fraternal feeling towards his poor lost mate.

"A chuck o' the tall did it, and more of us had a narrow miss overboard, I'll assure you, doctor," put in the man, Arthur's other informant on a previous occasion. "I thought o' some o' your words as I went overboard, sir. I can assure you, an' I thought as how One could bring me up again; an' here I am!" he added, with evident feeling.

The merry talk that usually accompanied the work to follow was subdued almost into silence; for the poor lost man had been a favourite among his fellows, and many a rough, weather-beaten face felt a trickling tear that evening as they listened to the solemn words of Holy Writ, "Boast not thyself of tomorrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth;" and again, "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

Vows were made that evening which were not forgotten, and men went forth to their perilous work with a firmer trust in the Divine care and goodness.

It was a trust that was to be still further tested ere they could see their native land.

(To be continued.)

"A CHILD WAS SORRY FOR ME."

A gentleman was standing, one morning, on the platform of a railroad station in New York, holding the hand of a little girl, seven years old, named Alice. There was some slight detention about opening the car in which they wished to sit, and the child stood quietly looking around her, interested in all she saw, when the sound of the measured tramp of a dozen heavy feet made her turn and look behind her. There she saw a sight such as her young eyes had never looked on before—a short procession of six policemen, two of whom marched first, followed by two others, between whom, chained to the wrist of each, walked a cruel, fierce-looking man, and these were followed by two more, who came close behind the dangerous prisoner. The man was one of the worst ruffians in the city. He had committed a terrible crime, and was on his way to the State prison, to be locked up there for the rest of his life. Alice had heard of

him, and she knew who it must be, for only that morning her father had said that he would have to be sent up strongly guarded, for it had been suspected that some of his comrades would try to rescue him from the officers.

The little company halted quite near her. Her father, who was busily talking with a friend, did not notice them, or probably he would have led his child away. Alice stood and watched the man, with a strange, choking feeling in her throat and a pitiful look in her eyes. It seemed so very, very sad to think that after this one ride in the sunshine by the banks of the river, the poor man all his life would be shut up in a gloomy prison. No matter how long he might live, even if he should become an old, old man, he could never walk in the bright sunlight a free man again.

All at once the prisoner looked at her and turned suddenly away. But in another moment he glanced back, as if he could not resist the sweet pity of that childish face. He watched it for an instant, his own features working curiously the while, and then turned his head with an impatient motion that told Alice that she had annoyed him. Her tender little heart was sorry in a moment, and, starting forward, she went almost close to the dangerous man and said, earnestly: "I didn't mean to plaguo you, poor man, only I'm sorry for you. And Jesus is sorry for you, too."

One of the policemen caught her up quickly and gave her to her father, who had already sprung forward to stop her. No one had heard those whispered words save the man to whom they were spoken. But, thank God, he heard them, and their echo, with the picture of that tender, grieved child's faith, went with him through all that long ride and passed in beside him into his dreary cell. The keeper wondered greatly when he found that his dreaded prisoner made no trouble, and that as time passed on he grew gentler and more kindly every day. But the wonder was explained when long months after, the chaplain asked him how it was that he had turned out such a different man from what they had expected.

"It is a simple story," said the man. "A child was sorry for me, and she told me that Jesus was sorry for me, too, and her pity and his broke my heart." Watchword.

THE POWER OF UNSELFISHNESS

When Alexander the Great was storming one of the cities of Malli, in India, having forced the gate, he made his way at the head of one of his columns to the citadel whither the besieged force had retreated. Impatient that the work of scaling the citadel's wall did not progress as fast as he desired, he seized a ladder, planted it himself, and was the first to ascend. Seeing the king alone, and in great danger, the soldiers made such a rush to the rescue that the scaling ladders broke beneath the overweight, and Alexander was left in the midst of his enemies with only three soldiers, who had gotten up before the ladders broke. Undaunted, the great soldier leaped inside the wall, and stood like a tiger at bay, until he fell exhausted by the loss of blood. One of his comrades had been killed outright, but the other two locked their shields together over their king's prostrate body and, though dripping from many a wound, whirled their swords fiercely in their other hands, keeping off their enemies. Meanwhile, the Macedonians forced an entrance, and enraged beyond control at the supposed death of their king, they literally wiped the town from the face of the earth.

Turn back the story's page, and you will find the reason for this devotion to their leader. During the pursuit of Darius, after marching four hundred miles in eleven days, when but sixty of his men could keep up with him, and all were dying, it seemed, of thirst, a helmetful of water was handed to Alexander. He declined to drink one drop because there was not enough for all. This was the secret of the king's marvellous influence over his soldiers. There is no power of wealth or genius or position or fame so strong as the power of unselfishness.

A furious mob in Los Angeles, many years ago, says a writer in The Christian Register, had got an offender whom they were about to lynch, when Col. J. F. Godfrey, an able lawyer of that city, making himself heard from a high place, turned their whole tide of feeling by proposing a subscription, which he headed with \$5, for the wife and children of the man about to be lynched. The crowd dispersed, the man got off, and no money was collected.

Soap was first manufactured in Britain in 1524.