

"The Souls of the Children."

Who bids for the little children,
Body and soul and brain?
Who bids for the little children,
Young and without a stain?
Will no one bid?" said England,
For our souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good and evil,
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb;
Fever and pain and squallor
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling,
"I bid for them one and all!
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to skulk, to crawl!
They shall sleep in my hair like mag-
gots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine,
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime with a wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin,
They shall swarm in the streets to plifer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
Just ripe for the law to slay."

"Prison and hulk and gallows
Are many in the land;
'Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly do they stand.
Give me the little children,
I'll take them as they're born;
And feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn."

"Give me the little children,
Ye rich, ye good, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round,
While you shut your idle eyes,
And your judges shall have work,
And your lawyers wag the tongue,
And the gaolers and policemen
Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh, shame!" said true Religion,
"Oh, shame, that this should be!
I'll take the little children—
Oh, give them all to me,
I'll raise them up in kindness,
From the mire in which they've trod,
I'll teach them words of blessing,
And lead them up to God."

—Charles Mackay.

With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER IX.

A SUMMONS FOR HELP.

With affectionate care Mike had superintended all arrangements, and the body, sewed up in its own hammock, was placed on an extemporized bier and covered with a ship's flag.

"He shall be well done to, mates; for hasn't he gone to dwell with a King?" was his remark as he tried to do honour to the memory of his departed comrade, "gone to be with God."

The ship's company were assembled, and the young doctor, taking the place of chaplain, preceded the body to the gangway, reading those glorious words of the burial service—"I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Never, perhaps, had these blessed words sounded more impressive, or fallen upon more solemnized listeners than when read on this occasion amid the solitudes of ice regions.

The body was then lowered from the gangway, and the company of bearers gathered round on the ice below, while Arthur finished the reading of the service. Then in silence they took up their burden.

"There, then," said Mike, as their labours were completed, "our poor mate'll want for nothin' more until the Lord himself calls him forth from this here grave."

"And that will be a glorious uprising for all who know him. It matters but little where the body rests, if we are in Christ's company at the last," remarked the doctor, who, with Fyfe, was lingering to fix up a hastily cut inscription over McIven's tomb.

This last act touched Mike deeply. It's so like our doctor to think o' everythin'. Now, Mac's poor widder shall hear as he had a headstone an' all, though he was buried in the ice."

There was a chastened feeling among the company assembling that evening in the ship's cabin, and the young doctor chose for the portion a part of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, giving a little exposition by the way, when he came to the last three verses of exultant hope and triumph the feelings of some of the men could not be restrained, and audible expressions of joy and thanksgiving burst forth from one and another. It was a "sitting-together in heavenly places," and the dangers and discouragements of their situation were for the time forgotten in the holy joy and peace spread over all. Even the good captain's rugged face bore marks of emotion which he could not conceal.

"It do seem as if our poor mate's going up had drawn all hearts after him," remarked Mike as they separated, strengthened in spirit.

The dangers of their position did not lessen that night, as the ice was again in motion, pounding the ship's side and threatening to heel her over still more. Scarcely a soul slept or thought of sleep, and the captain never left his post on deck, so imminent did he consider the present danger to his vessel, and believing also that some change of weather was at hand.

It caused no small excitement when, in the morning, the rumour ran through the ship that this was the captain's opinion.

"I never knew our cap'n far wrong all these twenty years; and though I'd never a thought but o' seel'n the Walrus sit here till next season, I give in if our cap'n thinks different," said sturdy O'Rea.

"I rather think she'd not be 'sittin'' long if she had to stay," said Mike. "She'd soon be lying keel upwards, with her back broke, if this crush o' the ice holds on; but I believe our God's a-goin' to lead us out afore long, though our pretty ship seems put to the pinch the whiles."

As the men thus talked, the distant boom of a ship's gun was heard. Every man on deck was on the alert. Again the sound came.

"Some signal gun, I rather think," said the captain, listening attentively, "though I believe there was not a single sail in sight when we left the sound."

The heavy frost-fog lay all round, so that glasses were of no avail. Again the boom came faintly over the frozen fields, and with it the sound of crashing ice.

"A signal gun, and no mistake. Hope there are no poor fellows in distress, but some change is just on us, that's certain." And as the captain spoke a sudden gust rattled the icy shrouds of the vessel, lifting the dense fog here and there, like drapery drawn up into space by unseen hands.

And with the blast came a sound familiar to every old hand on board—the crash and roar of masses of ice in conflict, floe against floe, reverberating through the still solitudes with grand effect.

"There, doctor! that's a specimen of our ice-artillery up here. Sorry we have to hear it, though it doesn't touch our vessel yet. But look ahead, my hearties, for we may get it presently."

Full well the captain knew the possibilities at hand, dependent upon the course of the current now agitating the floes.

It might mass the ice in greater force than ever, and thus imprison them effectually, or it might bear clear away the floe that now barred the mouth of the inlet.

"It's my belief the sound was blocked by the same floes that shut us in here, and woe to any poor ship caught in that trap!—a whole seaboard of ice down upon her at once. The boom of those guns came over ice, not water."

So talked the captain with his first mate, who was, as we have seen, like himself, well versed in Arctic signs.

It only remained to watch the issue of the conflict outside their haven, and soon they began to feel the pressure of the mighty forces at work as more ice was driven in, crowding up to their very stern, now partly defended by massive beams lashed athwart the vessel to break the force of the ice.

"This looks bad, captain," said the mate, as he watched anxiously the movements of the ice, now entirely choking every space around the ship.

"Ay, ay, so it does; but you and I know there's One sitting above, and he'll always be King, come what may."

"You must hearten up your mates, Fyfe, and remind them of that."

"Well, doctor, if this is it, you and I must plan our campaign while we're shut up, though I don't give up hope of getting out yet, mind you. We must hearten up our men anyhow, and keep them a-going, poor fellows!"

And what of the young doctor him-

self, in view of the possibility before them? A pang was felt when he thought of the young sister and widowed mother, who would look so anxiously for his return; but trust in God calmed his spirit, so that he responded cheerfully to the captain's remarks as to the issue of events.

"An' what in the world have we got now? It is not one grizzly but a whole half-dozen of 'em, I do believe, a-comin' to make merry over us, I s'pose." So soliloquized Mike as in the twilight he saw five or six shaggy-looking objects appear on the horizon in the direction of the sound.

It was long before they took any distinguishable shape, and still longer before the "watch" could bring himself to believe they were other than wild beasts.

"They've got scent of us fast here, an' think to have a grand merry-makin' presently. All in good time, my hearties," he continued derisively, nevertheless thinking it well to arouse some of his comrades.

"Why, Mike, where's yer spectacles, or has the frost clove 'em up, as you calls them bears? They're men, sure as I'm alive!" said the first man that came up. And so it proved, as the objects drew nearer.

"Some mishap in the sound, and them were the guns as we heard the day we was druv' in here, I'll be bound."

This conjecture was but too well-founded, and to the question, "Where do you hail from?" came back the reply, "Ship Hesperus, stranded on the ice!"

Slowly the party drew near, and the poor, exhausted fellows told their tale of disaster amid a group of sympathizing comrades.

The captain's supposition had been correct, for the very day after the Walrus left the sound, the Hesperus entered it—her boats in pursuit of fish; and caught by the tremendous floes that swept in some days after, she had been stranded completely upon the ice-field at the head of the sound.

To give thanks for their own merciful escape from the same disaster, and render help to their suffering comrades, was the one feeling of all on board the Walrus, and among the able men each one was ready to vie with the other in whatever service could be rendered.

Yet even the terrible disaster of which they heard tidings had its aspect of mercy. No life had been lost, and the ship, instead of being crushed and pounded to a mere wreck between the floes, had been lifted almost as by lateral pressure, having little cargo, half out of the water and heeled over on her side on the firm ice-field. A strange and perilous position truly; but so long as the ice remained firm she would not become a wreck, while she was still habitable after a fashion.

Such were the details brought by her people, and to seek help for their sick, of whom there were many, they had traversed the ice in hope of finding the Walrus.

The Hesperus was but a small vessel, and was sailing in company with another. The two were to share the services of one surgeon, but accidentally the vessels had got separated, and the crew of the Hesperus were thus entirely without medical help.

"We caught sight of your top-sails in our last chase, and thought you must be somewhere about here, for we knew the 'highways' were pretty well shut up, by the last view we had from our masthead before she went over," said the leader of the party.

"We've some poor fellows badly frosted—ay, terrible! And it's the very men that drink the most that the frost lays hold of. If your doctor could look at 'em a bit, I believe it would save some lives."

"Not a doubt of it," said the captain gravely, "if he is willing to run the risk."

And a risk it certainly was; but the details of the deplorable condition of the men won a willing consent from Arthur, and as willing a band of volunteers to accompany him.

"By morning light, then, my men, we'll be away."

"An' if I may be so bold, sir, I should say that limbs will have to be lost among our fellows on the Hesperus, so you'd better be prepared," said the pioneer of the party.

This was no welcome news to the young doctor, but he furnished himself accordingly. Very unwillingly would the captain have consented to the undertaking had not the claims of humanity demanded the attempt, for the remembrance of that widowed mother was ever before him, and with almost paternal care he sought to guard his young friend from the perils around.

"Come you in the midst of us, sir,"

said Mike, who had constituted himself Arthur's special body-guard on the occasion. "That old fellow will be prowling about somewhere, for he's been whettin' his teeth ever since you Hesperus men passed yesterday, I'll warrant."

It was no imaginary danger the man referred to, for the grizzly monster had been seen hovering in the distance.

Our readers must not imagine that travelling on the ice was simply plain walking over a smooth surface; they must picture to themselves ridges and hillocks intersecting the greater part of the way, whilst heaped-up masses of drift-ice here and there almost formed small "bergs" of themselves. Distance might be said to be doubled by the ruggedness of the road, and hence the three miles that lay between the ships was no trifle to be encountered in an Arctic temperature by any but hardy men.

"Wish we'd one o' them things as they use in the Indies, to put you in, sir," said Mike, concerned for the young doctor's strength. "What was there the poor fellow would not have done to save the latter from harm?"

"Not a bit of it, Mike. Don't you see how well I step out? besides, we're on a good errand."

(To be continued.)

GOD GIVING.

Elijah wore a sheepskin mantle and a girdle of skin, and his long hair fell down on his shoulders. He was a good man, to whom God often spoke, and he had many errands to do for the Lord. It is not the people who look fine who please the Lord most, but those who are faithful and true and who do not fear to speak the whole truth. Elijah, the prophet, was such a one, and God had sent him now to the wicked



king of Israel, Ahab, to tell him that because Israel was so wicked there would be no rain, or dew for a long time. Ahab was angry, and wanted to kill Elijah for telling the truth, but God took care of his servant. Elijah went to the brook Cherith, near Jordan, and hid there as the Lord told him to do, and God sent one of his little servants, the raven, to feed him. Yes, the birds can do errands for God, and this raven was his messenger to feed the hungry prophet!

God has a great many servants. Another servant of his was a poor woman who had very little to eat, and thought she should die of hunger. God sent Elijah to her to be fed! If she had been selfish, she would have kept all she had for herself. But she believed God, and when she opened her kind hand to help another God filled it again for herself!

Are you one of the Lord's little servants? If you get his word in your hearts, he will use you to carry it to some one, perhaps, who is starving and dying for want of it!

A BABY IN CUBA.

All the little people who read this paper know there is a war between Spain and the United States. When the war was declared, there was visiting in this country a Spanish officer. He found he could not get back to Cuba because it was blockaded. He went aboard a small fishing schooner, hoping to reach his home on her, but she was captured by one of our vessels, and this officer was a prisoner of war. He told our commander that he was trying to get back to Cuba to see his little baby, who had just been born. No doubt our commander had babies of his own. He listened to this officer's story. The next day a small boat under a flag of truce landed this young officer on the shore of Cuba.

Two countries at war, and a little baby can silence guns, raise a blockade, and make two officers of the opposing armies friends.—Outlook.