

have to beat slowly up against a light wind in a somewhat hazy atmosphere.

A little after sunrise, however, we were gladdened by the sight of a ship to windward coming down in our direction, and presently observed between it and ourselves the spout of a whale. The ship hove to and lowered its boats in chase, but the monster turned flukes and went down, leaving his pursuers to pull leisurely along for a few minutes and then lie still, waiting for his reappearance.

Up he came, breaching high as he shot out of the water so close to us that we could see him very distinctly; and once more the four boats of the ship were pulled rapidly toward him, but with such dexterity and silence that we could hear no sound; for now the men had shipped their oars and taken their paddles.

While the pursuers had lain waiting and keenly looking out for the whale they had evidently discovered us, for we had seen them wave their little "wafts" to assure us of it; and, therefore, we could now watch the chase relieved of any anxiety for ourselves. The animal slowly moved ahead.

With what energy the paddles were now plied, but how noiselessly! Then a stout, square fellow at the bow of the leading boat ceased his work, braced himself carefully, and we saw the gleam of his harpoon. In another moment it rushed through the air like an arrow, striking the whale just as he humped his back to go down. As the monster disappeared the three other boats were pulled rapidly up to the scene, to be of service should he bid fair, before rising, to take out a greater length of line than the first boat had on board. He went immensely deep. The second line of the boat which had struck him was added to the first, but this did not make enough, and then the two lines of another were successively bent on. At last he came up, after having exhausted three lines and a half, and was killed after a short run. We were now taken up by one of the boats, and found that our rescuers, who had accomplished so much more on Monday morning than we on the Sabbath, were the good Scotchmen of the *Leonidas*.

The body of Captain May was reverently taken up, and as the *Roger Williams* could now be made out to leeward, the boat which took us from the forlorn boards was ordered to convey both the corpse and ourselves to our own ship. Our mate and crew were thrown into consternation at the catastrophe which had happened, and the former insisted upon getting Captain Graham on board to perform the burial service. The body was accordingly kept until next day, when, the *Roger Williams* and the *Leonidas* both lying hove to, the Greenock shipmaster came on board of us, and standing upon our quarter-deck, read the impressive words for the occasion, while the British and American flags drooped at half-mast on board the respective ships.

Fast in the back of the captured whale the Scottish crew found a harpoon marked "*Roger Williams*," and hence knew that the leviathan they had taken was the very animal which had given Captain May his death. As the creature yielded one hundred and fifty barrels, and the *Leonidas* only wanted one-third of this amount, the remainder was taken by our mate, who had now become captain, and it proved fully sufficient to give us the quantity we required.

A week later both ships, completely full, rode at anchor in the Bay of Islands—the Scotchman stowing a thousand barrels more than ourselves, although his voyage had been six months shorter than ours. And, considering all the circumstances, there could be little doubt that Captain Graham's Sabbath-days had been more profitably spent in reading the Bible than had been ours chasing whales.—*G. H. Coomer*.

A Lark's Flight.

OUR in the country the bells were ringing,
Out in the fields was a child at play,
And up to heaven a lark went singing
Blithe and free on that morn of May,
And the child looked up as she heard the singing,
Watching the lark as it soared away;
"O sweet lark, tell me, heav'nward winging,
Shall I go also to heaven one day?"

Deep in the shade of a mighty city,
Tolled a woman for dally bread,
Only the lark to see her and pity,
Singing all day in a cage o'erhead.
And there they dwelt in the gloom together,
Prisoned and pent in the narrow street,
But the bird still sang of the golden weather,
And the woman dreamt of her childhood sweet.

Still in her dreams the bells were ringing,
Still a child in the fields was she;
And she opened the cage as the lark was singing,
Kissed him gently and set him free.
And up and on as the bird went singing,
Down came a voice that seemed to say,
"H'en as the lark that is heav'nward winging,
Thou shalt go also to heav'n one day!"

—*Cassell's Family Magazine*.

The Walrus.

AWAY up north among the cold icebergs seems a very uncomfortable place to live in; and so it would be for you and me; but for Baby Walrus, who is born there, and is suited to such a cold place, it is perfectly delightful. There is nothing the chubby little fellow likes as well as taking a nap on a great cake of clear ice, or diving into the cold water. Though born on land or on ice, the walrus is most at home in the water; and well it may be, for as it has only flippers instead of feet and legs, it cannot do anything but flop on the land, while in water it can swim like a fish. It can even dive down and not come up again for a whole hour. The full-grown walrus is a terrible fellow, almost as big as an elephant, with two great tusks in his upper jaw, and a mouth covered with a beard as coarse as so many knitting-needles. The baby, however, has no such tusks, and for two years its mother and father have to take care of it just like any little human baby. And how its mother does love it! and its father too, for that matter; but it is the mother that takes the greatest care of it. She is usually as gentle as anybody could wish; but touch her baby, and you will see a fearful creature. She has tusks and whiskers as well as Papa Walrus, and when she opens her mouth to roar, she looks as savage as any animal can. The walrus has several enemies, and the worst, I am sorry to say, are men who hunt it for tusks and oil; but the great polar bear is almost as bad as men, and delights in a little baby walrus for dinner above all other things. When Mamma Walrus sees any powerful enemy trying to catch her baby, she rushes to it, takes it under her flipper, and scuds away through the water as fast as she can. If she is overtaken, she calls all of her friends about her, and then war betide the pursuer; for the angry animals can use their tusks with terrible effect.

They have often attacked a boat full of men, and not ceased to fight until the boat was destroyed, and the men all drowned. The reason the walrus does not mind the cold water and the ice is that it has a thick coating of oily fat under its thick hide, and that keeps it warmer than the warmest furs could keep you or me.

An English writer says:

Few things are as interesting as an encounter between a walrus and Esquimau. When a walrus reaches an ice-floe, he usually stops at the edge until his companion behind butts him up on to the ice and takes his place. Hence the occupation of a floe by walrus is a very slow and clumsy manoeuvre, particularly when the herd is a large one—a large one numbering say seven thousand. In a case like this the walrus in some way has to be cut off from his companions. But often the horses, as the walrus are so called, are met with in detached families, and the peculiar song—half a cow's moo, half a mastiff's bay—directs the Esquimau to his prey. The chase is a long one; once the sea-shore is sighted, the advance can be made only while he is under water. Each time he comes up to breathe his pursuer stoops down to hide. At last the hunter gets near enough to strike him as he rises at the side of the floe. The phlegmatic harpooner then becomes excited. His coil of walrus-hide, a well-trimmed line of many fathoms' length, lies at his feet. He ties one end to an iron barb, and this he fastens loosely by a socket to a shaft of horn; the other end is already loose. He grasps the harpoon; the water eddies and whirls; puffing and panting, up comes the unwieldy sea-horse. The Esquimau rises slowly, his right arm thrown back, his left hanging close to his side. The walrus looks about him and throws the water off his crest; the Esquimau launches the fatal weapon, and it sinks deep into the animal's side. Down goes the wounded *awak*, but the Esquimau is already speeding with winged feet from the scene of combat, letting his coil run out freely, but clutching the final loop with a desperate grip. As he runs he seizes a small stick of bone roughly pointed with iron, and by a swift, strong movement thrusts it into the ice, twists the line around it, and prepares for a struggle. The wounded walrus plunges desperately, and churns the ice pool into foam. Meantime the line is hauled tight at one moment, and loosened the next, for the hunter has kept his station. But the ice crashes, and a couple of walrus rear up through it not many yards from where he stands. One of them, a male, is excited, angry, and partly alarmed; the other, a female, looks calm, but bent on revenge. Down, after a rapid survey of the field, they go again into the ocean depths; and immediately the harpooner has changed his position, carrying with him his coil and fixing it anew. Scarcely is the manoeuvre accomplished before the pair have once more risen, breaking up an area of ten feet in diameter about the very spot he had left. They sink for a second time, and a second time he changes his place. And thus continues the battle, until the exhausted beast receives a second wound, and is finally secured.

GOD saves his children either from trouble or in trouble. He delivers them out of it, or makes it minister to their good and the good of their cause.

Trusting in God.

I WAS sleeping in the room up stairs. The wind blew fearfully. How it did roar in the trees! The house shook and started with the gusts. Then I thought, What if the house should blow down! What would become of me! Then I thought of the way the house was made. I knew there were great beams over head, and great beams underneath, and great posts in the corners. How could it blow down!

Then in that storm came the thought that God was near. No matter now about the timbers. Let the wind howl if it wants to; God is better than all the strong timbers. He is mightier than the whirlwind. Then I curled down into the care of the loving Father who watches in the heavens. His ear is always open, waiting to hear the cry of some little child. Great limbs blew off from the trees; and all the way from our house to the harbor the road, next morning, was full of great branches. But we were all safe. It is good to trust in God.

Even-Tide.

THE day is past,
And now at last
The sunset gilds the sky:
I feel at rest
Within my breast,
For Thou, dear Lord, art nigh.

With bended knee
I come to Thee,
The day's misdeeds deplore;
Although the sin
My heart within
Thou knowest all before.

The sunset dies,
And cloudy skies
Obscure the moon's bright ray;
In still night hour
Thou giv'st the power
To lift the heart and pray.

And now I rest
Upon Thy breast;
Repose in Thee is sweet;
Care hath no part
Within my heart—
I cast it at Thy feet.

—*Marian Isabel Hurrell*.

Don't Jest with the Bible.

A GENTLEMAN of keen wit used often to point his remarks with some apt quotation from the Bible. A friend who greatly admired him was present in his last hours, and asked with deep sympathy what was the future outlook.

"Very gloomy, indeed," was his response. Surprised and deeply pained he hastened to quote some precious promises suited to the solemn hour.

"I have spoiled them all for myself," was his answer. "There is not one but is associated with some jest."

His light went out in darkness, though his name was on the church roll. What a lesson is here for all who are willing to be taught by it! Lay it to heart.—*The Life Boat*.

A GOOD book is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. If when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no cleared vision, no stimulated desires for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book.

Your place will be empty by-and-by. How much will you be missed! Are you living so that the world will be poorer when you are gone! Will the poor miss you! Will the troubled and sorrowing miss you! Will the Church miss you!