

FRIDAY.

BY FRANCES.

CHAPTER III.

"Zachary, I have brought some very nice travels for to-day."

"Ah, Master Friday?"
"I have read this part to the Doctor. He liked it very much. It is one of my favorite travels. Zachary, I am going to begin."

"I'm a-listening, sir."
"There is a vale between the mountains which extends nearly four miles; and some call it the Enchanted Vale, some call it the Vale of Devils, and some the Perilous Vale. In that vale men hear oftentimes great tempests and thunders, and great murmurs and noises, day and night; and a great noise, as it were, of tabors, and nakers, and trumpets, as though it were of a great feast. This vale is all full of devils, and has been always; and men say that it is one of the entrances of hell."

"Meaning no offence, sir, is this here gospel true?"

"I believe so, Zachary. I might ask the Doctor. But it must be true, because it tells where it is, and the men did see it, although they were so very frightened. But the good Christians, that are stable in their faith, enter without peril; for they will first shrive them, and mark them with the sign of the Holy Cross, so that the fiends have no power over them. Zachary, it is like Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' you know, that I read to you a long time ago."

"Ay, ay," said Zachary, reassured; "it is summat after that pattern. Parson used to call it a Hallegory. Might this be a Hallegory?"

"Oh, no. This is called Travels. I am going on, Zachary. And you shall understand that when my fellows and I were in this vale, we were in great thought whether we durst put our bodies in a venture, to go in or not, in the protection of God. So there were with us two worthy men, friars minors of Lombardy, who said that if any man would enter they would go in with us, and when they had said so, upon the gracious trust of God and of them, we heard mass, and every man was shriven and houseled; and then we entered, fourteen persons, but at our going out we were but nine."

"Preserve us, sir!" exclaimed the dismayed Zachary; "had the devils gotten 'em?"

"I believe so, Zachary." And away went Friday into the Perilous Vale, where the great multitude of dead bodies lay by the way, "as though there had been a battle between two kings."

"And therefore we were the more devout a great deal; and yet we were cast down and beaten down many times to the hard earth by winds, and thunders and tempests; but evermore God of his grace helped us. And so we passed that Perilous Vale without peril and without encumbrance, thanked be Almighty God. And that is all about that. Do you like it, Zachary?"

"Ah, sir," said Zachary, for Friday always asked the same question, and he always made the same answer.

Friday closed the book, and rubbed his hands softly, with grave pleasure. They were sitting in the old rose-arbor at the end of the long walk. Outside it was raining, and the bowery wreaths round the open doorway were dripping. They had taken shelter there when the shower began and Friday had brought Crusoe and an ancient, mouldy-smelling book by way of amusement. The book had given every satisfaction; not so Crusoe. His behavior had been trying in the extreme, and at this moment he was under the table, gnawing Zachary's wooden leg. The table was covered with nodding fuchsias in flower-pots, and Zachary was tying up the branches with strips of bast. Friday was sitting on an upturned hamper, watching a little and reading a little, and enjoying himself a good deal, for if any one had a capacity for enjoyment it was Friday.

Crusoe came out from under the table, cocked his ears and swaggered to the door where he stood and defied the rain in short barks. Friday lifted him on his knee, and lovingly embracing him around his woolly

waist, watched Zachary steadfastly for a few moments. Then he said, "Zachary, if I were to find an undiscovered country, do you know what I should do?"

"And what, Master Friday?"
"When I had let go my sails, and brought my ships to anchor, then I should go ashore. I think perhaps I should stoop down and kiss the land, being so very glad to see it, like some of the captains I read about. And then I should call all my men to kneel down and give thanks to God for his mercy."

"Werry proper, too."
"And the next thing the captains did, and I should do, is to set up the king's standard—I mean, of course, the Queen's."

"Ay!" said Zachary approvingly.

"Yes, that is what you ought to do if you find a country. The Perilous Vale reminds me of a thing I found in one of the old books, and it is a proverb, like Early to Bed, and A Stitch in Time, and those things Mrs. Hammond says, but much nicer. It is: 'A passage perillus makyth a port pleasant.' And I think about it when I read about the explorers, because they must have been so glad to come to their ports after all the danger. Don't you think so?"

"Ay, that's a true proverb, Master Friday."

"I told the Doctor, and we talked about it. I asked him to write it for me, to put on the wall over my bed, and he has written it very beautifully, like the printing in some of the oldest books. It is very nice to have it to sleep under. A passage—perillus—makyth—a—port—pleasant." Friday repeated the words softly to himself, and smiled, and thought. Crusoe at this point finding the thing becoming tame, wriggled himself, and rolled off his perch. Friday took off his straw hat to assist meditation, and laid it on the floor. Crusoe took it in his mouth, and much impeded by the brim getting between his legs, dragged it under the seat, where, under the impression that it was a soft bone, he first picked it clean and then worried it.

Presently Friday said: "Zachary, if you were me, I mean if you were grown-up, and didn't have to do as Mrs. Hammond says, about going to bed and things, what would you go to seek?"

"In the way of travels, now?" said Zachary, for this was their standing topic of conversation.

"Yes. Of El Dorado, or the fountain of perpetual youth, or Paradise—which would you rather?"

Zachary, a little at a loss, paused with his mouth full of wisps of bast, and directed one light-blue eye sideways at the hamper.

"There was a man," said Friday thoughtfully, "his name was Juan Ponce de Leon; I often read about him. He heard that there was a fountain of perpetual youth in some islands, so he went all through them, and wandered and wandered, and searched, but he never found it. The Doctor says there isn't one on earth—he didn't say about anywhere else," added Friday, pondering. But the man never found it, and he fell into despair. And Sir Walter Raleigh was always looking for El Dorado, and that was a golden city, and he never found it either, though he looked again and again. I think he got very sad at last. So I think I would rather try to find Paradise. What do you say, Zachary?"

"Not putting much belief in them two places named, I think, sir, at my time of life a man should be shaping for that last port."

"Have you ever read about Christopher Columbus, Zachary?"

"Not to say read, sir—I've heard tell of him," replied Zachary, with some uncertainty.

"Because in his travels he found a place that was so beautiful that he thought he had got to the Place of the Blessed, and he called it Paradise. He was so very glad. But soon he found it wasn't. It is harder than that to get to Paradise, and it hurts more. It tells about it in this travel. The Doctor and I read it often. It is a very nice part," said Friday, turning over the leaves of his book.

"It is called the Terrestrial Paradise, and it is the place towards the east, at the beginning of the earth, where Adam and Eve lived. But the man of the travel did not see it himself."

"No, belike," observed Zachary, rubbing his nose.

"No, he said he was not worthy," said little innocent Friday. "It has a wall around it, Zachary, and only one gate, and that is all burning fire, so no one can get in." And in the middle is a well, and all the water of the earth comes from the well of Paradise. And he says you shall understand that no mortal man can reach Paradise, because by land it is all wild beasts and dark places, and by water the rivers run in great waves. And the water roars so, and makes so huge a noise, and so great a tempest that no man may hear another in the ship, though he cried with all the might he could. Many great lords have essayed with great will, many times, to pass by those rivers towards Paradise, with full great companies; but they might not speed in their voyage, and many died for weariness of rowing against the strong waves, and many of them became blind, and many deaf, for the noise of the water; and some perished and were lost in the waves; so that no mortal man may approach to that place without special grace of God. And so the Doctor says no alive man can get there, but only dead. But he says that doesn't matter, if God lets us go, at the end."

(To be Continued.)

POISONED WELLS.

About forty years ago a wealthy New York merchant bought a lot of land in Newport, and tearing down the old house which stood on it, built a stately dwelling for his summer home.

A few months after he took possession of it his only child, a girl of twelve, sickened and died.

The next year his wife was stricken with some mysterious ailment. She, too, died. He sold the house, haunted by such bitter griefs, and never returned to it.

The beautiful home was bought by the father of a large, merry family of boys and girls, but before the summer was over one of the young people had fallen into a low fever. The physicians were baffled by the case. No medicine and no treatment that could be suggested gave any relief to the patient; the poor lad lingered for some weeks, and then died.

Again the house was sold, and yet again, and each time disease and death, promptly, as if they lay in wait behind the door, attacked one or more of the members of each family. It was examined by scientific experts, but no fault could be found with its site or construction. It was large, airy, well drained. The salt sea-breeze blew through it.

Popular belief declared it to be haunted or accursed. No tenant could be found for it. It was at last taken down to make way for a street. Below the cellars was found an old covered drain, which had long filled the house with the breath of death.

That is the history of a house. Here is another equally true of a life:

Mr. Blank will long be remembered as a leader in American politics; a man of commanding intellect and force of character.

He espoused the moral side in all questions. No man impugned his integrity or his calm, cold virtues. Yet while he had a political following, he had no personal friends. He stood aloof from bad men, and some mysterious quality in him repelled good men. He "did not ring true," they were apt to say. With all his intellectual power he lived a solitary life, and died a stranger to his own family.

After his death it was found that beneath what seemed a fair and noble character lurked a foul sensuality.

These are not pleasant facts, but they are facts to be considered as danger signals for other lives.—*Youth's Companion.*

A GENTLEMAN.

What most characterizes a gentleman is thoughtfulness for others. A true gentleman does not allow himself to annoy any person with whom he is on good terms. He not only refrains from saying or doing anything which he knows is questionable, but he also refrains from anything which others may consider questionable. He places thoughtfulness above self-gratification at home or abroad.

STAR PICTURES AND STAR LESSONS.

(From the Child's Companion.)

VII.

We spoke last time of double stars; to-day we will learn a little about star clusters. They look to us here—so far off—like patches of shiny soft light. Sometimes a star or two seems visible; but looked at through a telescope, many of these hazy bits of light are seen clearly to be clusters of stars, some so distant that they still appear only as misty lights, some clear and shining.

There is that wonderful region called the "milky way," a sort of girdle which goes round the heavens. To you at night it only looks like a soft smear of moonlight in different parts of the sky; but it is known to consist of myriads of stars. You will see it near the Swan and near Cassiopeia.

And what can be the distance between these faint-looking stars and us here on earth? Our minds cannot picture it. Centuries ago the light left them which now reaches our sight—we see them only as they were—long since they might have changed. It is beyond our understanding; but we know that he—our Father—knows and "calleth them all by their names."

VIII.

To-night we come to a very red-colored star and also a group of stars which are sometimes called the Seven Sisters; but really they are the Pleiades. A strange interest there is about this bright group; it is spoken of by Job so many thousands of years ago. Look in the 38th chapter of his book, and you will see that both the Pleiades and Orion are spoken of here, and these two we will now learn to find, so that seeing them we shall the better realize how those eyes so long ago looked up into the same vast space, and remembered God's power and his wisdom, as they saw the shining of the starry cluster.

The figure of Taurus, or the bull, contains this beautiful red star, Aldebaran, which forms the bull's eye, and the seven stars of the Pleiades lie in the neck. A sort of V-shaped set of stars forms the bull's face, and Aldebaran lies at the end of this V.

The Pleiades group is always easily seen on a winter's night—seven or even ten stars you can see with your eyes; but by the help of a telescope more than 600 stars have actually been counted. To find the place in the sky where we are to look for the Pleiades, we must look direct south from Capella, and, when once you see the shining group of the Seven Sisters, you will see plainly to the left a bright red star and the V shape of neighboring stars.

Our map will now show you how to place the counters for Cassiopeia, Capella, Pleiades, and Aldebaran, and this will make it simple in our next lesson to see Orion, one of most glorious constellations of our northern sky.

EVERY TIME a Christian goes wrong, he makes it harder for some sinner to go right.



Fig. 13.

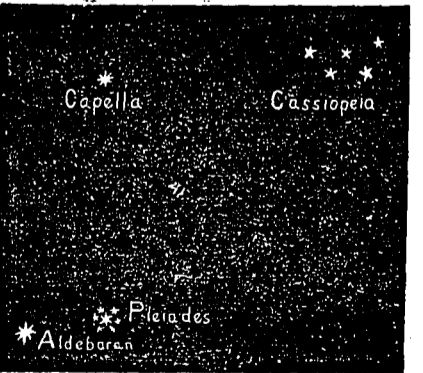


Fig. 14.