

the boy or the atmosphere he carried around him seemed to disarm the captain of all unkindly feeling.

When the carpenter explained the situation and spoke of the lad's capabilities, he did so in a tone that betrayed his unexpressed wish that the youth's case might be favorably considered. To the intense relief of the lad, the face of Captain Simmers broadened into an amused smile at the boy's daring and the fixed look of confidence with which he regarded the skipper.

"What's your name, my lad?"

"Donald Fobister, sir."

And the captain gradually drew out the entire thread of the boy's history, which subsequently became the property of the entire crew. Briefly, he was one of a family of ten. Had been reared on a small holding in North-west Aberdeenshire. His ancestors for generations had farmed this holding and sent out men and women into the world who had in some instances risen to eminent positions. At all events, not one of them had ever disgraced the name they bore, and probably this last scion of a worthy race had come nearest of all to any possible transgression of the laws of his country.

The last chapter of the family history was in line with many others in Scotland at that moment, and under the curse of which scores of households made up of the best blood and intellect of the country are still smarting. The lordly owner of the estate that enshrined the annals of Donald's fathers had required every acre of its heath and arable land alike for a game preserve and hunting ground; so old Sandy Fobister and his loyal, thrifty, hard-toiling wife, with their numerous progeny, had to clear out.

Their choice lay between the city and a foreign shore. Emigration was a cruel word to Sandy Fobister, and so, like thousands more, he and his belongings became citizens of the great metropolis and all but lost their identity in the mingled splendor and squalor of its unkindly associations.

It was a woeful transplanting of human energy, but it had been decided in Scotland—so late as the twentieth century—that the sporting proclivities of a few time-killing rouses were of greater account to the state than the healthy blood and productive energy of the cleanest bred children of her soil.

In time the Fobister family scattered, and so this young bird, in keeping with the self-reliant instincts of his race, is found spreading his pinions to the Atlantic gale, fired in his first flight with an ambition that rested at no point short of that which quartered the entire circumference of the globe.

The lad "made good," and won the esteem of every one of those weather-worn sea dogs by no other means than the simple fact that he carried a pair of hands that could adapt themselves to anything, and a disposition to be employed if it were only at the scouring of the anchor.

The fast ripening fields of the Great North West were drawing their thousands of harvesters from the Atlantic seaboard, and every westbound transcontinental of the Canadian Pacific was crammed to its last limits. On an afternoon towards the end of August, one of these, with its vociferating crowd of eager "hands," pulled up at a point in the Canadian North West that might in time assume the proportions of a city but just then offered no greater pretensions to recognition than were enshrined in a couple of elevators, a dry-goods' store, lumber yard, Presbyterian church and the humble domiciles of less than a hundred inhabitants.

But if the "town" usually dozed away the time in its sleepy hollow, on this particular date, as if it had been pounced upon as the dumping ground for an old-time camp meeting, the platform at the depot presented a scene that almost beggared description. All around out-

side the depot limits were rigs of all kinds and in all sorts of conditions—their teams or the solitary patient nag tied up to any available fixture or left in the hands of Providence after being haltered to a twenty-five pound weight. Their owners—prosperous-looking farmers or typical "hayseeds" and "mossbacks," gathered from every point of the compass within a radius of 40 miles had come in to pick up hands for the ingathering of their wheat. These were now mixed up with a large proportion of the living freight from the train in a common crowd of bargaining mortals—intent on the one hand on getting the very last cent for his labor and with no less eagerness on the part of the other to give the smallest sum for which a man could be harnessed to a season's employment.

Time and the C.P.R. will linger for no one. Bargains have been made and the rejected are disconsolately stepping on board to "try further on." There is a solitary lad with an eager countenance who continues to linger but seems to have been noticed by no one. Those hustling agriculturists, in their eagerness to get at the biggest and brawnier of that great army of hulking fellows, appear to have shot over his head as they roamed about, but now, guided by the tugging and the finger of his little daughter, the swarthy, weather-stained but kindly face of a strong-limbed Scotchman is directed towards him.

"Speak to him, father," said little Mary.

"Hallo, my boy—do you want a job at harvest?"

"Yes, sir," eagerly responded the lad.

"How many binders can you keep up with?" inquired Mr. Mossback, with a merry twinkle.

"I can stook or drive a pair of horses," said the brave little chap, shooting up to his full height.

"What do you want?"

(With the softest looks on the bright and shining face of Mary and a glance of confidence upon the fatherly countenance of his interrogator) "What ye think I'm worth."

"All right, boy—where's your baggage?"

In a trice the modest grip or "hold-all" of Donald Fobister (for it was no other) was handed out to him. The train pulled out and slowly the platform cleared like a fog-bank under the rays of a meridian sun.

Three people had been made happy by that brief sojourn of the "Harvest Special." Mary was happy, and her satisfaction, if subdued, was none the less evidenced in her quiet confidences with her daddy. Donald's was still more manifest as he contemplated with growing confidence the appearance and movements of his new friends and the lovely country that stretched out before him. And Mr. Mossback whispered his luck to the postmaster: "There was a heap o' decent lookin' chaps, Jim, but—dagon't—I've got ane o' the handiest little birkies o' the lot; and I'd hae missed him 'gin it hadna been for Mary."

(To be concluded in February issue).

## HOPE

The poet Hesoid tells us that the miseries of all mankind were included in a great box, and that Pandora took off the lid of it, by which means all of them came abroad, and only hope remained at the bottom. Hope, then, is the principal antidote which keeps our heart from bursting under the pressure of evils and is that flattening mirror that gives us a prospect of some greater good. Some call hope the manna from heaven that comforts us in all extremities, others the pleasant flatterer that caresses the unhappy with expectations of happiness in the bosom of futurity. When all other things fail us, hope stands by us to the last. This, as it were, gives freedom to the captive when chained to the oar, health to the sick, victory to the defeated, and wealth to the beggar—Wanley.

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