

peated, 'Bismillah! In the name of God!' then fitted it into the key-hole.

The door opened! The church was a simple stone room, fitted with rude benches and pulpit. Nimr groped his way in, spread his own goat hair coat upon the floor for a bed, and carefully laid Rufeil upon it, lifting the young man's head upon his own lap for a pillow. In spite of all Rufeil's entreaties, he sat up with him thus the whole night.

In the early morning, the villagers began creeping back to their ruined homes. It became noised about that the preacher was lying wounded in the church, and Rufeil was soon surrounded by sympathetic friends, all anxious to do him service.

'What he needs is a doctor,' said one, 'but who of us would dare go over the mountains for him at this time, with our enemies hunting the highroads for us?'

'I will go,' said Nimr, 'no one will dare touch me. I will have the doctor here before night.' Then a quizzical look came over his face. 'I suppose the doctor will not trust himself to me, you had better give me a paper.'

Rufeil scratched off a few lines with difficulty. Nimr folded the paper into a tight roll and slipped it into the hollow of his cane stick. He smiled for the first time.

'They may search me now if they like, they will never guess my errand.'

He was gone all day, while the people gave Rufeil the best of what little remained to them. By night the doctor arrived, with his strange brigand guide. He was an old friend of Rufeil's; not many years before, they had studied together in the school at Sidon. The broken leg was set and the bruised limbs made more comfortable, then came the inevitable treatment of a multitude of ailments that suddenly manifest themselves in a crowd at the appearance of a doctor. He left the next morning with the blessings of the village upon his head.

During the long convalescence which followed, Nimr would never leave his patient. When fever was upon Rufeil, he would bathe his head, and with gruff insistence would keep away the ever-solicitous crowd of friends. Sometimes he would sit, with Rufeil's head again upon his lap, gazing with awe upon the painted letters on the wall.

'What do they mean?' he asked, one day. Rufeil read them aloud—the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments.

'Is that your religion?' asked Nimr.

'It is the key to it,' answered Rufeil.

'Wallah! it is a strange doctrine,' said the robber. 'The Bedouins, who brought me up, taught me that the noblest aim in the world was to kill and rob and swear by God's name, and never to forgive a trespass.'

Rufeil turned and raised himself upon his elbow in his earnestness. 'Nimr, have you nothing to be forgiven?'

From that time till Rufeil recovered, he used to read daily to Nimr from the great Bible which lay on the pulpit, doctrines at first distasteful and incomprehensible to the hardened robber, explaining them till they became to him at first familiar, and finally beautiful.

The bright day came for Rufeil's return to the house which had been rebuilt for him. But to Nimr the day brought only the deepest gloom. Before light, he rose from his mat at Rufeil's side and bent over him with a father's tenderness, kissing him first on one cheek, then on the other, without a word. An hour later, when the joyous people met, Nimr was gone.

He was seldom seen again among the villages, only it became a well-known fact that he robbed no more. Hunting or carrying messages through dangerous parts of the country became his chief employment. Several times a year the dark man would suddenly appear among Rufeil's little congregation. Seating himself upon the floor, cross-legged, with folded arms, he would listen with face intent upon the young preacher; when the service was over he would go, often without a word.

If ever it happened that any of Rufeil's people were robbed by other brigands upon the highroads, word had but to be sent to Nimr, and the goods were always restored.

As for Rufeil himself, no man of rank in the region could as safely go and come as he, however wild the district; for among brigands and villagers alike he was known and honored as Nimr's preacher.

Keep It Wholly.

A little girl was trying to learn the Ten Commandments. Her mother told her to shut the Bible and write them from memory. She brought the result of her effort for inspection, and, lo, she had written the Fourth Commandment: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it wholly.'

The mother said: 'Why don't you know how to spell better than that? The word is not "wholly," but "holly."'

The good grandmother, who was sitting by, said: 'Maybe the child hasn't really made a mistake after all. At least her idea of holy is preferable to that of many who think that they keep the Sabbath if they go to church in the morning, and then feast, or lounge about, or visit, or go riding, or read the secular papers the rest of the day. They don't seem to understand that when God said, "keep it holy," he meant the whole of it.'

When I went home I examined my Webster's Unabridged, and learned that the two words, 'holy,' and 'wholly,' came from the same Anglo-Saxon root, which is 'hol,' the whole. The radical idea of holiness is completeness, wholesomeness. A man is whole, physically, when he is in perfect health, obeying all the natural laws under which he lives. And a man is whole, or holy, spiritually, when he is conformed in his character and life to the higher law—the law which God has revealed for the soul.

Being interested in this matter, I asked a Hebrew scholar what was the primary meaning of the word translated 'holy' in the Fourth Commandment, and his answer showed that the little girl was not far wrong when she wrote the words, 'Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it wholly.'—Selected.

Sir Patrick Spens.

(Grace Greenwood, in the 'Union Gospel News.')

In the royal palace, in Dunfermlinetown, King Alexander the Third, an ancient Scottish monarch, sat at the banquet table, with his queen and courtiers, drinking rich, red wine, and eating luscious fruit. A proud earl, at his right hand, was humbly waiting on him; the young sons of great lords were acting as pages and cup-bearers; a famous minstrel stood ready with his lute to sing a splendid ode in praise of his mightiness; and doubtless the old king's heart would have swelled with pride, and danced with pleasant jollity, on the occasion, had it not been that as he looked about him his eyes fell on no noble prince or fair princess to rule in his place, and wear his crown, when he should be called to go 'the way of all the earth,' kings not excepted.

Alexander had no living children, and the heir to his throne was his grandchild, the young daughter of the King of Norway. Somehow this day he felt more than ever before a longing to see this little princess; and as he had just had a fine new ship built, he resolved to send for her at once. So, looking round at his courtiers, he asked, 'Can any of you tell me where I can get a skilful skipper to sail this new ship of mine?'

One of the knights who sat at the right of the king answered, that, in his opinion, Sir Patrick Spens was the best sailor that ever sailed the sea.

Now, it was the winter time, a very dangerous season for navigation in those northern seas; but the king was not going to sail himself; and kings are not apt to make much account of the lives of even the best of their subjects. So Alexander at once called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a letter with his own royal hand, and sealed it with his big royal seal, commanding Sir Patrick Spens to make the voyage to Norway, and bring home King Eric's daughter, without loss of time.

This letter was brought to Sir Patrick when he was walking on the strand, thinking over his perilous voyages, and thanking Heaven that he was to be safe on land for two good months, or more. When he opened the letter, and glanced at the grand signature, he laughed a glad, proud laugh, lifted his head high, and stepped haughtily, as a correspondent of kings should; but before he had read all, the bitter tears almost blinded his eyes,

and he exclaimed, 'O! who has done this unfriendly deed? Who has put it into the rash old king's head to send me out to sea, at this blustering time of year? Be it wind, or rain, or hail, or sleet, we must sail the foam; for this daughter of the King of Norway must, at all hazards, be brought to Dunfermline, to sit on her grandpa's knee, and learn how to govern us unruly Scots.'

But though Sir Patrick murmured a little, he obeyed, like a loyal subject and sensible man; for he knew he could not help himself, and he preferred the chance of drowning to the certainty of losing his head. So, on the next Wednesday, he set sail, with a gay company of noble Scots, whom the king sent as an escort for the princess, his granddaughter.

The weather proved fair, and they landed in Norway on Monday, and presented themselves at court without delay.

They found the princess a very little girl indeed, whom it seemed a pity to take away from her nurse, her dolls, and pets, and carry over the wintry sea, to a strange country.

BOY'S WATCH FREE.

We give this fine Watch free to any boy who sells 24 copies of the new monthly, the 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL'—ten cents a copy (with a ten cent coupon in each.)

The Watch has a beautiful silvered nickel case, highly polished, an enamelled dial, bevelled crystal, hour, minute and second hands, reliable American movement. Will last with care for years.

The 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' is sure to sell like wildfire. Will delight everyone. Costs about \$1.00 per issue and contains 1,000 square inches of Pictures—Pictures of current events, Canadian scenery, things beautiful and curious, snap shots, fashions, patterns, etc. Send postcard—we send papers postpaid, you remit the \$2.40, we send watch by return. First number a great success. Next ones will be better. Order at once. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.



BOYS! YOUR CHOICE!

1. A Boy's Nickel Watch.
2. A Full-size Jack Knife.
3. A Fountain Pen with Gold Nib.

Any of these may be secured by selling the great new Illustrated Monthly,

THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL

No money needed in advance. You remit when you sell, and we send your premium. To see 'The Canadian Pictorial' is to want it. Read the special offers elsewhere, and make your choice, or earn them all, and welcome.

FOUNTAIN PEN FREE.

Every boy aspires to a fountain pen. His vest pocket is made for one. Any wideawake boy can secure one FREE by selling only ONE DOZEN AND A HALF copies of 'The Canadian Pictorial'—a new illustrated monthly that everyone will want. Ten cents a copy, with a ten cent coupon in each.

The pen we offer is a first class article, full size, with a gold nib—fine, medium or stub—compares favorably with any \$2.00 fountain pen.

Send us a postal asking for the papers. When sold, remit us \$1.50 and get your pen by return mail. No risk about this! Show the large announcement to your friends and get them interested in advance, so that you know where to go the moment your papers reach you.

First number selling fast. DON'T MISS IT.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Agents for 'The Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.
P. S.—If you wish to send cash with order, we of course mail premium by same mail as the papers.

JACK-KNIFE FREE.

A regular man's jack-knife—something any boy will be proud of—secured by selling only one dozen copies of 'THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL'—a new illustrated monthly that everyone will want. Ten Cents a copy, with a 10 cent coupon in each. Send us a postcard for the 12 copies. When sold remit \$1.20 and get knife by return mail.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Agents for 'The Canadian Pictorial,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.