

The Riders of the Plains.

FROM AN EX-MOUNTED POLICEMAN,
FORT WALSH.

SO WAKE the prairie echoes with
The ever-welcome sound,
Ring out the "boot and saddle" till
Its stirring notes resound.
Our chargers toss their bridled heads
And chafe against the reins,
Ring out! ring out the marching call
For the riders of the plains.

O'er many a league of prairie wild
Our trackless path must be,
And round it rove the fiercest tribes
Of Blackfoot and of Cree.
But danger from their savage bands
A dauntless heart disdains—
'Tis the heart that bears the helmet up
Of the riders of the plains.

The prairie storms sweep o'er our way,
But onward still we go,
To scale the weary mountain range,
Descend the valley low.
We face the broad Saskatchewan,
Made fierce with heavy rains,
With all his might he cannot check
The riders of the plains.

We tread the dreadful cactus land,
Where, lost to white man's pen,
We startle there the creatures wild
With the sight of armed men.
For whereso'er our leader bids
The bugle sounds its strains,
Forward in sections marching go
The riders of the plains.

The fire king stalks the prairie,
And fearful 'tis to see
The rushing wall of flame and smoke
Girding round us rapidly.
'Tis then we shout defiance,
And mock his fiery chains,
For safe the cleared circle guards
The riders of the plains.

For us no cheerful hostelry
Their welcome gates unfold,
No generous board, no downy cotlet
Await our troopers bold.
Beneath the star-lit canopy,
At eve, when daylight wanes,
There lie those hardy wanderers—
The riders of the plains.

In want of rest, in want of food,
Our courage does not fail,
As day and night we follow hard
The desperado's trail.
His threatened rifle stays us not,
He finds no hope remains,
And yields at last a captive to
The riders of the plains.

We've taken the haughty feathered Chief,
Whose hands were red with blood,
E'en in the very Council Lodge
We seized him as he stood.
Three fearless hearts faced forty braves,
And bore their Chief in chains
Full sixty miles, to where lay camped
The riders of the plains.

But that which tries the courage sore
Of horsemen and of steed
Is want of blessed water,
Blessed water in our need.
We'll face like men what'er befalls,
Of perils, hardships, pains,
Oh, God! deny not water to
The riders of the plains.

And death, who comes alike to all,
Has visited us out here,
Filling our hearts with bitter grief,
Our eyes with many a tear.
Five times he drew his fatal bow,
His hand no prayer restrains;
Five times his arrow sped among
The riders of the plains.

Hard by the Old Man River,
Where freshet breezes blow,
Five grassy mounds lie side by side,

Five riders sleep below.
Neat palings close the sacred ground,
No stranger's step profanes
Their deep repose, and they sleep well,
These riders of the plains.

There is no marble column,
There is no graven stone,
To blazon to a curious world
The deeds they may have done.
But the prairie flower blows lightly there,
And creeping wild rose trains
Its wreath of summer beauty o'er
The riders of the plains.

Sleep on, sleep on, proud slumberers,
Who died in this far west;
No prancing steed will feel your hand,
No trumpet break your rest.
Sleep on till the great archangel
Shall burst death's mortal chains,
And you hear the great "Reveille,"
Ye riders of the plains.

We bear no lifted banners,
The soldier's care and pride;
No fluttering flag waves onward
Our horsemen as they ride.
Our only guide is "duty's" call,
And well its strength sustains
The dauntless spirits of our men,
Bold riders of the plains.

We muster but five hundred
In all this "great lone land"
Which stretches o'er this continent
To where the Rockies stand.
But not one heart doth falter,
No coward voice complains;
That few, too few in numbers are,
The riders of the plains.

In England's mighty empire
Each man must take his stand;
Some guard the honoured flag at sea,
Some bear it well by land.
'Tis not our part to fight its foes—
Then what to us remains?
What duty does our Sovereign give
Her riders of the plains?

Our mission is to plant the reign
Of British freedom here,
Restrain the lawless savage
And protect the pioneer.
And 'tis a proud and darling trust
To hold those vast domains
With but five hundred mounted men—
The riders of the plains.

The Waldenses.

JOHN H. EAGER.

ON the northern border of Italy,
just at the foot of the Alps, and in
full view of the perpetual snow, lies
a beautiful, mountainous country,
which for a long time has been called
the Waldensian Valleys. In the
winter it is very cold, the whole coun-
try being covered with snow—some-
times five or six feet deep, and not
unfrequently even deeper still. But
in the summer the snow passes away,
except on the tops of a few distant
mountains, where it never melts, and
the air is cool and pleasant and breath-
ing, even in August.

Many years ago the Waldensian
country extended a good deal further
down the valley, towards the city of
Turin; but, after a while, persecution
arose, and the people were compelled
to take refuge in the mountains,
where they could find good hiding-
places, when pursued by their enemies.
Often men, women, and children were
compelled to leave their pleasant
homes, and climb the steep mountain-

side, and hide in the dark dens and
caverns of the earth. Sometimes they
were compelled to fight for their lives,
and to shed their own and their ene-
mies' blood.

When captured by their inhuman
foes, no cruelty or barbarity was too
great to be inflicted upon them—even
upon delicate women and sweet, in-
nocent little children. The words of
the Apostle, in the Bible, give almost
an exact description of how they suf-
fered at the hands of wicked men:
"Others were tortured, not accepting
their deliverance; that they might
obtain a better resurrection; and
others had trial of mockings and
scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds
and imprisonment; they were stoned,
they were sawn asunder, they were
tempted, they were slain with the
sword; they went about in sheep-
skins, in goatskins; being destitute,
afflicted, evil entreated (of whom the
world was not worthy), wandering in
deserts, and mountains, and caves, and
the holes of the earth."

I have walked over the mountains
where these poor people were com-
pelled to wander, and have been in
the caves and holes of the earth where
where they hid themselves. And why
did they suffer such things? Were
they robbers and murderers? Were
they rebels against the authority of
the government? A troublesome
and disturbing element in the land?
No; they were good people—obedient
to the laws, wishing ill to no one, and
anxious to live a quiet and peaceful
life in their own humble homes. Why,
then, were they so persecuted? Simply
because they refused to be Catholics
—because they wanted to read and
study the Bible for themselves—be-
cause they wished to worship God
according to the dictates of their own
consciences.

It may seem strange to you that
God would allow such good people to
be so persecuted; but this has been
the history of God's people, from time
to time, in all ages of the world.
Those who are called to endure great
sufferings for the cause of Christ, and
remain faithful, are highly favoured,
and will be richly rewarded in heaven.

But the Waldenses are not perse-
cuted now as they were many years
ago. They no longer worship God in
caves and holes of the earth, but have
their own churches, where large con-
gregations assemble every Sunday to
hear the gospel preached, and to sing
their sweet songs of praise to God.
In the summer-time, some of the con-
gregations meet every Sunday after-
noon, on some cool, shady, romantic
mountain side, to worship God in the
great temple of Nature, with only the
blue sky overhead, and the soft, green
grass under foot. I shall never forget
the first service of this kind I at-
tended in those historic valleys. The
sight of the people gathered in groups
on the green grass—the words of the
aged preacher—the sweet, plaintive
songs that went echoing down the

valley—all had a peculiar effect upon
me, and touched my heart most ten-
derly. I could not keep the tears
from gathering in my eyes—tears of
pity for the poor people who suffered
such cruelties on these very mountains
years ago, and tears of gratitude that
those horrible days are passed, and
that such a meeting as the present is
possible. I attended other similar
meetings, but none impressed me just
as the first one did.

Once a year these people have a
great national gathering in some con-
venient valley, to talk of their past
history and sufferings, and to thank
God for the wonderful changes he has
wrought. They are God's people, led
through the furnace, and preserved
for his service. Let us pray that they
may be faithful to their high calling.

"Thank You."

It is so easy to say these simple
words. The effort it costs is so little,
and yet the expression means so much.
It not only indicates due gratitude for
favour received, but it shows a proper
observance of those small courtesies
of life which distinguish the true lady
and gentleman.

There are, of course, things of far
greater value than mere polish or
glitter. Solid deeds are of vastly
more consequence. But even the best
deeds acquire added worth when per-
formed with gentleness and grace,
rather than in a rude, uncouth man-
ner. The diamond possesses intrinsic
value in the rough, but its worth is
immensely heightened when the gem
is polished. The gold from the mine
is also valuable, but how greatly is its
worth increased when it is purified
and stamped into coin, or wrought
into ornaments by the skill of the
artist!

A kindly "Thank you" to your
parents, to your brothers and sisters,
to anyone to whom you may be in-
debted for the slightest attention, will
tell greatly upon yourself in making
you more gentle and refined, and en-
couraging a proper degree of respect
in the estimation of others for you;
and this habit once formed you will
find it very easy of practice; indeed,
the difficulty will then become to omit
rather than express obligation for
courtesy received.

To cultivate this habitual polite-
ness, you should constantly address
those in the home circle precisely as
you would strangers to whom you
wished to be particularly well be-
haved. When this habit of constant
politeness is well established at home,
you will be freed in society from a
hundred awkward embarrassments to
which young people are often subject
because of their defective training in
the home.—*The Angelus.*

A JAPANESE convert, a heavy smoker,
gave up the use of tobacco in order to
have something with which to help
spread the Gospel.