

Clare, Kerry, Cork, Kilkenny and Dublin, including the Lakes of Killarney, the wild west coast, the Giant's Causeway, Dunluce Castle, Dublin Bay, and many other of the fairest scenes of the Green Isle; "Round About England," with a large number of beautiful engravings of the most romantic and interesting scenes and historic sites in the shires of York, Durham, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Lancashire, Derby, Leicester, Lincoln, Cambridge, Warwick, Worcester, Gloucester, Kent, Somerset, Devon and Cornwall; "Landmarks of History," with numerous full page engravings of the chief actors and scenes and events in the great historic drama of Europe; "Land of the Pharaohs," "Asia Minor and the Levant," "Lands of the Bible," with large numbers of Bible scenes in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and the Levant, of much interest to all Bible readers; "Mission Life and Work in China, Alaska and the North Pacific Coast," "In the High Alps," "Corea, the Hermit Nation," "The Modern Jews," and other illustrated articles which cannot now be enumerated.

Indifference.

If I and mine are safe at home,
It matters not what wolves go by,
Nor that my neighbour's children roam,
Nor that I hear them loudly cry
Help! help! help! help!

If mine are safe and undefiled,
It matters not what woe betide,
Nor who beguiled my neighbour's child,
Nor that by ruthless hand it died
Calling for help.

I've taught my own and made them wise;
I've watched them well and kept them pure;
My care the greed of wolves defies;
My walls are high, my gates secure,
I need no help.

Alas! my child has climbed the wall,
Is out among the wolves so fierce
(I dreamed not harm could him befall),
But now their fangs his flesh will pierce—
Help! help! help! help!

Think not the Lord will spare thy child,
If thou hast seen the wolves go by,
Nor warned thy neighbour's son beguiled
To pitfalls, where he sure must die
For want of help.

Or here, or there, the Lord will mete
To thee the measure of thy deeds—
Works make the prayer of faith complete.
To help thy neighbour in his needs
God doth of thee require.

MRS. L. D. BURNETT COWAN in the *Union Signal*.

"MOTHER," asked a little child,
"since nothing is ever lost, where do
all our thoughts go?" "To God,"
answered the mother gravely, "who
remembers them forever." "Forever!"
said the child. He bent his head, and
drawing closer to his mother, mur-
mured, "I am frightened!"

NEVER be afraid to use the highest
motives in doing the smallest deeds.

JACK.

"I CAN do it and I will do it,"—
and the thin lips shut tight, and a
curious bunch of lines and knots came
just above the little pugnose. Jack's
one homely feature and the deep grey
eyes lit up and flashed their determina-
tion, and the small fist clenched
tightly. "If anyone else ever did, I
can do it, even if he did live three
hundred years ago, and was a foreigner,
and anyhow I said I'd do it and I will,
so you fellows just shut up and don't
say a word to mother about it, and
mind keep particularly mum to Mr.
Wallace, and come along with me
next Saturday afternoon and I'll do
it, see if I don't."

It was a long speech for Jack to
make and he took a deep breath at
the end.

A crowd of boys, a half dozen or
more—like any other crowd of boys
the world over.

Jack was the most noticeable of
this crowd. He was one of those boys
we always look at twice when we meet
them, and wish we were boys again
ourselves, we old folks; a boy that we
take an interest in at once, and never
think of asking if he goes to school
and what book he is in and how he
likes it—which questions we consider
the right and only form when we
chance to be alone with a small boy,
with whom we had no previous ac-
quaintance. A manly little fellow was
Jack, and I remember well the first
time I met him. I was stationed in
Jack's native village, and went to
Jack's home to board. It was just
before tea time and I was talking with
his mother in the little sitting room
that became so dear to me in the
months that followed, when a form
darted up the road and vaulted over
the gate (Jack had a contempt for
gates and never opened them) and a
voice was heard in the kitchen:
"Hullo, mother, say—is tea ready?
I'm as hungry as a—" Jack appeared
at the sitting room door and saw me.
"This is our new minister, Jack," said
his mother, "he is going to stay with
us." Jack's broad mouth smiled and
showed a famous set of white teeth,
and Jack's face brightened with a look
of welcome that made me forget that
I was a stranger in a strange land;
and Jack came across the room pull-
ing off his old glengarry cap and hold-
ing it in his brown hand. "I'm glad
to see you, sir," he said, "I hope you'll
be happy here."

"I am sure I shall, my boy," I an-
swered; "if all the folks are like
you," and after that Jack held a warm
place in my heart, and even to this
day I call him my boy, though he is a
man with boys of his own, and I—
Oh, well, I am Jack's old pastor.

A fine fellow was Jack, and the
boys knew it. Good-natured and
hence willing to do anything to keep
the peace, brave as a lion, up to all
sorts of mischief; getting tremendous
falls but always managing to alight

right side up, having hair-breadth
escapes, but always *escaped*, the ac-
knowledgeed leader of the small boys
of the village.

Many a time I've said to his mother.
"Aren't you afraid Jack will be
killed, he does some very venturesome
things."

"No," she would answer, "I used
to fear, but I've got over that. God
has something for Jack to live for, he
will take care of my boy. But I do
wish he would not be quite so daring."

I said I believe Jack is up to all
sorts of mischief. I meant legitimate
mischief, that is, legitimate as boys
look at it. Old folks wear glasses,
boys don't.

Jack would not do a mean or cow-
ardly thing for his life. He was the
very soul of honour, and had an utter
scorn for anything small or mean or
underhand. Just let some fellow pro-
pose playing a mean trick on anyone
and Jack's eyes would flash, and his
freckle face redden up pretty quick,
and the thin lip curve with utter con-
tempt as he would say, "You can do
it if you like, but I am not quite so
small."

Then it would be the other's turn
to flush up, for Jack always made a
mean fellow feel ashamed of himself,
and he would very likely reply, "Oh
well, hang it Jack, you needn't be so
particular; it wouldn't do any hurt."
But somehow it never came off when
Jack was not for it.

At one end of the village, about a
hundred yards from the school, there
rose out of the water an immense rock
like a lighthouse. Some two hundred
feet through at the bottom, it grew
smaller as it came towards the top,
which was about two hundred and
fifty or three hundred feet from the
sea level. At the very top, which was
nearly flat, was a long white slab with
letters on it, placed there in some way
over three hundred years ago by a
Spanish seaman—some said, a pirate.
Anyhow with spy glasses, the name
Joannes Vairis, and the date, 1573,
could be made out, and also what
seemed to be other words, but in print
too small to be read, and written
probably in a foreign language.

Now the sides of this rock were
almost bare of any kind of projection,
except a rough ridge or ledge that
wound half round the rock like a
spiral till it came within some thirty
feet from the top. There the ledge
stopped for a space of some twelve or
fifteen feet where a piece had evidently
fallen or been taken out. After this
space the ledge wound on to the top
of the rock. Many a venturesome
boy had climbed as far as the "lost
link," as they called it, and many a
lad in the last three centuries had
longed to cross the link, and read what
was on the slab above. I forgot to
mention that just above where the
first edge ended, the rock jutted out,
thus making the top quite invisible
and unattainable.

At the time when our story begins

they had been discussing the white
slab and the old pirate who put it
there.

"I don't see how the old fellow ever
got across the link."

"Oh that's plain enough," said
Jack. "Don't you see it was all right
when he went up, and he took a
through ticket; but when he came
down he thought of us fellows, and
removed his bridges behind him. I
believe he had the piece knocked away
himself."

"That's so—I never thought of
that. See here, Jack—" It was Will
Fish who spoke. He and Jack were
chums. "See here, Jack, why don't
you cross it?"

Every boy stopped talking at once,
and showed the intensest interest.
Some of them were somewhat jealous
of Jack and his popularity, and would
have liked very well to see him stick
on something he couldn't call mean or
cowardly. Here was their chance.

"Yes, Jack, why don't you cross it?"
Jack's face paled a little, then
flushed again. "To tell the truth,
fellows, I've been thinking of that my-
self—in fact, I've thought of it a long
while. My bump of curiosity is quite
large, and I'd like very well to find
out what took that Spanish chap up
there, and what he's got to say for
himself."

"Oh, nonsense, Jack, you can't do
it." This from one of the jealous ones
to edge him on, for they knew Jack's
pride.

Jack stopped and looked over at
the rock as it could be seen from
where they stood. It looked terribly
hard from there—and would look
harder still at the top of the first
ledge, but Jack's pride was at stake;
nothing but what was wrong had ever
stopped him yet, and the boys were
waiting for his answer now. "I can
do it, and I will do it; if anyone else
ever did it I can do it."

Many a time I've taken Jack with
me in my rambles along the sea shore
and over the hills. I used to like to
watch him, so full of life he was, his
face like a mirror reflecting every
change in his mind. It was rarely
that his face looked the same unless
he was thinking deeply, then it was
wonderful how old looking it got, and
how serious.

"A penny for your thoughts," I
would sometimes say when I saw him
in one of these brown studies. Then
Jack would look up with a laugh, and
a red flush would come in his fair fore-
head. Jack's forehead was the only
part of his face that was fair, it never
seemed to tan, though for what reason
I could never tell, for he used to wear
his hat so far back on his head, that
it was a constant miracle that it staid
on at all.

"Oh, I guess they are not worth
that," he would say, and off he would
be leaping over the rocks and climb-
ing the hills as though half ashamed
at being caught serious.

But one day he came back. It was