

had to be done, and then he heard the banshee cry of the coming train. She was still two stations away.

"It was my sentry go," he muttered, and the next moment a roar of devilish laughter came up from the river's bed, for the strongest of the forces of nature had a human heart to play with and conquer.

Aye, but it was island-bred that heart, and the God, whom islanders forget too often, loves the men who fight against long odds, so that though the red dragon took it and chewed it in his jaws, and spat it out again in a spur of white water, though he rolled it over and over in his bed like a wandered log, that living fotsam missed the other wreckage of which the river was full, by a hair's breadth, and near mid-stream was still making a stroke or two towards its goal, whenever it came to the surface.

Growler had expected to die, the first plunge, good swimmer though he was, so that his first few strokes were made almost under protest at being too ridiculous against such a current.

Even when half way across the man barely did more than wonder why death was so long delayed, but when he saw the further side he remembered why he was in that deafening, hustling flood, remembered the great live thing that was racing to its doom, and set himself to cover that last half of the course with all the cool calculating courage of his breed.

His "rotten leg," as he called it, was more useful in the water than on land, and though the great surges tossed him at one moment, and buried him the next, they gave him breathing spells in which to edge a foot or two nearer the shore, until at last an insweeping rush sent him blinking amongst submerging islanders, upon which, but for luck, he would have been ground to pieces.

Instead he was left, caught like other drift behind one of them, and lay there, like enough to drown now in two feet of water, though he had come safe through the flood. He was utterly at sea, and something bad struck him besides the boulder, so that his whole body seemed dead on one side.

"Hit, I guess," he muttered half consciously, "that's when the good 'uns go on," and lifting his limp body out of the water, he crawled weakly up the bank. From the top of it he could see the line, and clinging with the tenacity of a bulldog to his last remnant of life and consciousness, he spent his strength in a tottering race towards the oncoming train.

She must have time. In spite of the air brakes, such a train going at her own pace could not be stopped in such a length.

The broken bridge was behind him, the river was crossed, and the moonlight still held. So far it was well, but though he thought that he was running he could not breathe, he knew that he could not keep his senses much longer. Eye and ear had them still, and there was a strange air humming in his head.

HOW HE WON.

Ah, yes, those were the baxpipes, no doubt. They always play when men win the V.C., and that pain in his leg was another wound. Luckily at that moment a sound he knew called him to himself. The metals between which he ran, whispered to him, then a strong live pulse drummed in them, and in the east a glow crept along them towards the runner which was neither the glow of moonlight nor of dawn.

Then Growler knew his duty and won his cross. He could make no last-minute signal. He had neither lamp nor flag. Naked he stood save his shirt, and a figure standing waving that from the side of the track might be seen or might not.

In the middle of the track he must be seen, and in the middle of the track he stood, stark naked before God and man, four square to the death he realized, waving his red shirt as a warning to the oncoming train, and though the driver jammed on the brakes with a savage western course, which the recording angel

mistook for a prayer, the brakes could only sigh over that which they were not strong enough to save.

When the King planned on Growler's Victoria Cross, I wonder if He told him that the best soldiers don't hunt crosses, but just find them in the course of duty.—*The Guild.*

The Tokyo Children's Library

NOTE.—When Dr. Coates was in Canada during the past summer we learned in conversation with him of the "Library" project, and at our request, he has written the accompanying story, which will be trusted thoroughly interest all our readers.—*Editor.*

THIS is a library being founded by Mr. Kwantaro Fujita in Tokyo in memory of his little twelve-year old boy Kyntrato, who was suddenly snatched away by death from his fond parents' embrace on the second of January, 1908. He had been a bright, frolicsome boy, the joy and sunshine of the home, as well as a ring-leader among his school-mates, and, being an only child, he was the centre of many fond hopes. He alone could inherit the family fortune and perpetuate the family name.

He came home one afternoon after calling upon a chum in Hongo, the great student quarter of Tokyo, and his mother noticed that he was not in his usual spirits. The next day fever developed and in spite of all that the best medical skill could do, he grew worse. But, brave little chap that he was, he reassured his parents by telling them it was only an ordinary fit of sickness, and that he wasn't going to die in it.

While lying on his sick bed, he noticed one day that his father, with his usual politeness to his guests, had offered a caller a cigarette and was joining him in smoking another. "Father," said the little fellow from under the quilts, as he lay on the mats, "please give up smoking." The advice was little heeded then, but in the hours of darkness which settled down upon the home after his bright light had gone out, the father remembered the earnest words of counsel, and although at the time it seemed a strange reversal of the Oriental code of morality for a child to presume to instruct his father, he humbly acknowledged his boy had been his teacher, and never since has tobacco touched his lips.

The grief of both father and mother at the loss of their only son and heir was so distracting that business and everything in life seemed but to aggravate rather than assuage it, and for several months their only relief came when they would send their way to the lonely cemetery at Aoyama, to shed bitter but vain tears over their lost child's grave.

Then a vision came to them of the wrongfulness of this unsubmitive repining—that it was not only a sin against the Father in heaven who was the author and lover of all, but against the child of their hearts, into whose short stay upon earth it must be their duty as parents to put an eternal meaning.

As the father one day was looking at the school books and toys that had until then been only reminders of their sorrow, suddenly the thought came through his mind that he ought to take up the work Kyntrato had laid down, and instead of leaving these books and toys on the shelf to gather dust, he should make them the nucleus of a library and play-room for other children in the great world. It came upon him like a new inspiration from the skies, and a new hope and joy came into his soul the more he pondered it, till an unshakable resolution seized him to make it concrete in

action. This was the birth of the Tokyo Children's Library. The father resolved to devote his life and property to the founding of a library for children, where they could freely come and sit and read books suited to their several ages, and furnished not only with a play-room, well stocked with toys and surrounded by grounds where, in the freedom of the open air, they could romp and play, but also an attractive chapel, where they could daily be gathered to learn about that "fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom." Indeed, he has made the Book of books—the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments—the foundation stone of this library for children, distinctly so stating in all the prospectuses that are sent out.

Such in outline, then, is the programme which this earnest Christian man has set before him, to the carrying out of which he has consecrated the remainder of his life. He made a beginning by purchasing a goodly number of books, and then he added to the small collection of Kyntrato's, until the room in his home became too straitened, and he began to look around for larger quarters. The manager of the Public Library in the famous Hibiy Park, learning of his humanitarian project, offered him one of the rooms in the Public Library building, until such time as his plans could mature for a large and permanent home for these good friends of the children. And now any day, child visitors may be seen sitting quietly conning over the pages of books on biography, fiction, nature study, travel, history, elementary science and religion, etc., etc., and enjoying the pictures.

One of the features of the work Mr. and Mrs. Fujita have been doing is the publication of a book called "Jial no Namida," which may perhaps be translated, "Love Tears," containing tributes from many fond parents all over Japan, and collecting materials for it, to be made up of short articles written by children, say between the ages of twelve and fifteen, telling of actual instances from their own experience in which they have been deeply impressed by the love of their parents for projecting and sustaining the joys of child friendships. An appeal has been sent out through the principals of the public schools throughout the Empire of Japan to all the children, there to write down and preserve for the general good a brief record of such phases of their life as children and as chums are now living in, and to send for publication. The book will naturally be one of the great attractions at the library when it is completed.

Now it is particularly this last point which I wish to bring to the children of our own land as Mr. Fujita's request, that they will sit down and do the same thing as he is asking the children of Japan to do. The language will be different of course, but these little articles in English can be translated into Japanese, and they will help to show the children of Japan that human love is after all really