

in any steady agricultural labour. Lawrence found him very chatty, and as he could speak a little English and Lawrence a little book French, they got on very well together.

Baptiste had wandered all over the great North and North-West, as far as Fort Churchill on Hudson's Bay and up the Saskatchewan to near the foot of the Rocky Mountains. He had been employed by the Hudson's Bay Company in the varied avocations of trapper, *voyageur*, and guide; but on one of his trips from Fort William, on Lake Superior, down the Ottawa to Montreal, with a convoy of furs, he had fallen a victim to the fascinations of a bright-eyed Indian girl at Caughnawaga. He had now a bark wigwam and squaw and two papooses at that village, and confined his wanderings within a limit of some four hundred miles, instead of two thousand as before.

He was full of vivacity, very polite in his way, somewhat choleric and hasty when crossed, and a rather boastful talker. He was very proud of his aristocratic ancestry. He claimed descent from the Chevalier de la Tour, Governor of Acadia in the seventeenth century, and favoured Lawrence with highly romantic traditions of the beauty and valour and fidelity to her husband's checkered fortunes of the heroic Madams de la Tour, narrating how she held the fort at the mouth of the St. John against three-fold odds. The relationship claimed was not improbable, for some of the best blood of France, that of the Montforts and Montarancies, flowed in the veins of semi-savage wanderers in the woods or dwellers in Indian wigwams.

Towards evening the brigades of boats swept into a little cove, where, behind a narrow beach, the dense foliage rose like a castle wall. A little streamlet shyly trickled down, making timid music over its pebbles. In an open space the camp-fires were soon blazing brightly, the splendid black and brown bass, caught by trolling in the river, were soon broiling on the coals, and never lordly feast at a king's table was enjoyed with keener zest than the frugal repast of these hardy lumbermen.

It was soon dark, for the season was September, and, in the light of the camp-fires, the lounging figures smoking their short pipes, and some, who are sorry to say, playing cards, looked like a group of bandits in one of Salvator Rosa's paintings. The trees overhead gleamed in the firelight like fretted silver, and through the rifts the holy stars looked down like sentinels in mail of burnished-steel keeping ward upon the walls of heaven.

Leaving the uncongenial company, Lawrence plunged into the caves of darkness of the grand old forest, which lifted on pillared colonnades its interlaced and fretted roof, more stately and awe-inspiring in the gloom than

any minster aisle. There, with thoughts of home and God and heaven, he strengthened his heart for the duties and the trials of his now life.

On returning to the camp he gratefully accepted the invitation of the foreman to share his tent, and soon, lying on a bear-skin rug spread upon a bed of fragrant spruce boughs, was fast asleep. The rest of the crew throw themselves down in their blankets with their feet to the fire and slept beneath the open canopy of heaven.

With the dawn the camp was astir. Breakfast was promptly dispatched, and as the sun rose, turning the waters into gleaming gold, the little flotilla again glided on its way. So passed day after day. Lawrence was often weary in back and arms and legs with rowing, and his hands were severely blistered; but the ever-changing panorama of beauty was a perpetual delight. Sometimes, as they approached a rapid in the river, the sturdy boatmen would spring into the water and push and drag the batteaux against the foaming current. When the rapid was too strong to be overcome in this way, the boats were lightened and pushed up with poles, and dragged with ropes. The bales and boxes, supported on the broad backs of the men by a band going around their foreheads, were carried over the portage to the calm water beyond.

The light-hearted Frenchmen beguiled their labour by boat songs having a rattling chorus, in which all joined. The favourite song was that of the king's son who went a-hunting with his silver gun, with its strange reiteration and stirring chorus, which made every rower spring to his oar with renewed vivacity and vigour.

Baptiste led the refrain, with infinite gusto, in a rich tenor voice, and the whole company, English and French, joined in the chorus, waking the echoes of the forest aisles and feathery crags as they passed. On all our Canadian-streams, from the grand and gloomy Saguenay to the far Saskatchewan, this song has been chanted for over two hundred years. It is therefore, as a relic of a phase of national life fast passing away, not unworthy of a place in this chronicle.

(To be continued.)

FATHER'S KNEELING-PLACE

ALL the children were playing "Hide the handkerchief." I sat and watched them a long while, and heard no unkind word, and saw scarcely a rough movement; but after awhile little Jack, whose turn it was to hide the handkerchief, went to the opposite end of the room, and tried to secrete it under the cushion of the big arm chair. Freddie immediately walked over to him, and said in a low, quiet voice, "Please Jack, don't hide the handkerchief there, that is father's kneeling-place."

"Father's kneeling-place!" It

seemed like sacred ground to me as it did to little Freddie, and, by and by, as the years roll on, and this place shall see the father no more forever, will not the memory of this hallowed spot leave an impression upon the young hearts that time and change can never efface, and remain as one of the most precious memories of the old home? Oh, if there were only a "father's kneeling-place" in every family! The mother kneels in her chamber, and teaches the little ones the morning and evening prayer, but the father's presence is often wanting; business and the cares of life engross all his time, and though the mother longs for his co-operation in the religious education of the children, he thinks it is a woman's work, and leaves it all to her.—*Sydney Advocate*.

Heaven is Near.

Oh, heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on
From the silent homes of the dead.
'Tis no lone isle, in a lonely main,
No distant but brilliant shore,
Where the loved ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.

No; heaven is near us, the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we see not the hovering angel band
On the shores of eternity.
Yet oft, in the hour of holy thought,
To the thirsting soul is given
The power to pierce through the mist of
sense
To the beautiful scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall;
The soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel's call.
I know, when the silver cord is loosed,
And the veil is rent away,
Not long nor dark will the passing be
To the realms of endless day.

The eye is shut in the dying hour,
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in a heavenly world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.
We pass from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost;
And the smiling faces will greet us there,
Which on earth we have valued most.

A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.

THAT was a beautiful answer of a little girl who, on being asked by a lady if she had given her heart to Christ, replied, "I do not know just what that means; but I know I used to please myself, and now I try to please Christ." It is said of Jesus, "For even Christ pleased not himself." His mission of mercy to the world implied that he sacrificed his own pleasure and submitted to humiliation and suffering. They who are like Christ will cultivate the same spirit of sacrifice, and seek to please others rather than themselves.

A SALOON can no more be run without using up boys than a flouring mill without wheat, or a saw-mill without logs. The only question is, whose boys? Our neighbour's or our own? Yours or mine?

HOW BESS MANAGED TOM.

Tom's sister Nell was pretty, and being a year older than Tom, wanted to show her authority over him. Tom was rough and awkward, and just at an age when a boy resents all meddling with his "rights." He would put his hands in his pockets, his chair on Nell's dress, and his feet on the window-sill. Of course, they often quarrelled.

"For pity's sake, Tom, do take your hands out of your pockets," Nell would say, in her most vexing manner.

"What are pockets for, I'd like to know if not to put one's hands in!" And Tom would whistle, and march off.

"Tom, I don't believe you've combed your hair for a week."

"Well, what's the use? It would be all roughed up again in less than an hour."

"I do wish, Tom, you would take your great boots off the window-sill."

"Oh, don't bother me, I'm reading," Tom would say, and the boots would not stir an inch, which, of course was very naughty. And so it would go on, from morning till night.

But little Bess had a different way with somewhat stubborn Tom. Bess seemed to understand that coaxing was better than driving; and sometimes, when he sat with both hands plunged in his pockets, Bess, with a book or picture, would nestle down beside him, and almost before he knew it one hand would be patting her curls, while the other turned the leaves or held the pictures. If she chanced to see his feet on the window-sill, she would say:

"Just try my ottoman, Tom, dear, and see how comfortable it is to the feet;" and though Tom occasionally growled, in a good-natured way, about its being too low, the boots always came down. Whenever his hair looked very rough, she would comb behind him, and smooth it up, in a way Tom liked so well, that it was a temptation to let it go rough, just for the pleasure of having her comb it. Yet, for the next three days at least, he would take special pains to keep every hair in its place, simply to please little Bess.

As they grow older, Bess, in the same quiet and loving way, helped him to grow wise and manly. If she had an interesting book, she always wanted Tom to enjoy it with her: if she was going to call on any of her young friends, Tom was always invited to go with her.

"I can't understand," said lady Nell, "why you should want that boy forever at your heels. He's rough and awkward as a bear."

"Some bears are as gentle as kittens," said Bess, slipping her arm through his, with a loving hug, while the "bear" felt a warm glow at his heart, as he walked away with Bess, and determined to be "gentle as a kitten," for her sake.

THE poorest school is not too poor to do something for missions.