THE COMMANDER-IN CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN NATAL.

Lieut.-Gen Sir Redvers Buller is a veteran soldier of proved ability. He is just sixty years old, and has won many honours by his skilful military services in various lands. He served in China in 1860, in the Red River expedition in Canada in 1870, and later in three South African wars with the rebellious savages. He has also had experience in the administrative bureaus in London

The bucket was brought and the berries poured into it, then the curious basket of withes and birch-bark was handed back to the boy.

A few minutes later, as he was going down the slope, he happened to look back over his shoulder. The ruddy-faced man was in the act of pouring his berries into the basket of a little Indian girl who had stumbled and spilled hers. The boy's eyes grew warm.

"Him good man," he muttered, anxiously. "Bad Injun go steal. Ugh! Me heap watch."

So when the outfit started up the Skagua Trail, an hour later, he followed at a distance, unobserved.

It was slow progress, almost like climbing up one side of the roof of a house, and slipping and scrambling down the other, up and down, up and down, with quagmires and sink-holes in the low places so treacherous that horses slipped and sank into them bodily, and were seen no more.

But the boy had already grown familiar with the hardships and horrors of the trail, and was accustomed to the scaling and surmounting of dangerous places. Untiringly he followed the outfit until the third night, when his knowledge of the country assured him that if the guide intended mischief it would be attempted

THEY MAKE GREAT LEAPS AND THEREBY FEEL LIKE WINGLESS BIRDS

Copyright Charles Scribner & Sons. *From "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag."*

at this point. The country was so wild and broken that it would be impossible to trace one who was at all familiar with the labyrinthine passes; and there were places on every side in which booty, even as large as horses, could be safely hidden away.

As it grew dark the boy crept up closer and closer, until he was almost within the very limits of the camp. And there he waited, silent, motionless, vigilant, as though he might be a part of the dark soil against which he pressed.

He saw the ruddy-faced man enter his tent, and the guide and the carriers wrap themselves in their blankets and prepare for sleep. Then one, two, three, four hours passed, at the end of which he saw a dark shadow gliding stealthily toward the horses, and he knew that his surmise had been correct.

The ruddy-faced man was dreaming of a little girl at home, when he felt a light touch upon his face, and he murmured, "Elsie," and sought to reach the hands with his lips; but instead came a guttural, "Ugh! get up quick! Guide steal horse. Hurry!" and in an instant he was the old campaigner, alert, calm, comprehending.

"Who are you?" he demanded, without raising his voice.

"Dat no matter," impatiently. "Horse be steal. Hurry!"

The man had but to put on hat and boots to be dressed, and then he sprang from the tent. Five minutes later he returned, chuckling.

"The fellow's too scared to ever think of coming back," he said; "but I reckon we can find our way over the trail just as well without him." Here he caught sight of a small figure gliding away, and he called, sharply:

"Hold on there! Who are you?"

"Injun boy. You buy berry me."

"Well, I can't tell you how much I am obliged to you. Money won't pay the debt; but I'll do what I can."

He opened a buckskin bag, and selected from it a generous handful of coins. But when he looked up the boy was gone.

Presently, however, his voice came back from somewhere down the trail:

"No want money. You good man; buy berry; fill girl basket when spill. Injun boy no take money from you."—Western Christian Advocate.

THE SANDHILL STAG.

The hero of Mr. Thompson's book is a sportsman after our own heart. After following the trail of the Sandhill stag over the snowy hills of Manitoba for three years, when he came face to face with the monarch of the plains, the majesty and beauty of the magnificent creature so overcame his hunting instincts that he had no heart to fire. "A change came over him, and every thought of murder went from Yan as they gazed into each other's eyes — and hearts. Yan could not look him in the eyes and take his life. 'I will never harm a hair of you. We are brothers.'"

The story of the three years' hunt is told in Mr. Seton-Thompson's sympathetic and fascinating style. When the hunter was himself stalked by wolves, he says: "Now I know how a deer feels when the click of a lock is heard in the trail behind him." As the trail of the Sandhill stag grew hot, the wild beast in the hunter's heart did ramp. He wanted to howl like a wolf, and he felt the thrill of the murderous instinct that made the hair bristle on the spine of the wolf.

The sixty drawings in the text and margin are full of life and character. Mr. Seton-Thompson is our Canadian Landseer. No one among us can paint animals like him. Though born in England, he received his education chiefly at the Toronto Collegiate Institute, and made his home for many years in Canada. His work upon the zoology of Manitoba is a classic in its way. He was selected by the Century Company "as the most capable draughtsman in America" to illustrate the birds and mammals in their great encyclopædia. He has exhibited in the French Salon, and his picture, "Waiting in Vain," shown in the Toronto Art Gallery, haunts the memory like a spell. The publishers have made this book, with its coloured frontispiece and rubrics, a gem of art.

"Boys of the Priory School." By Florence Coombe. Illustrated. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

Very representative types of the British schoolboy are Raymond Wentworth, his cousin Hal, and the half-dozen of their companions who figure prominently in this stirring tale. The interest centres in the relations of Raymond and Hal Wentworth, and the process by which Raymond, the popular cricket champion and hero of the school, learns that in the person of his much-ridiculed cousin there beats a heart more heroic than his own.

"The Trail of the Sandhill Stag." By Ernest Seton-Thompson, Naturalist to the Government of Manitoba. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 20, 1900

ON THE SKAGUA TRAIL.

There was the confusion of arriving and leaving at Skagua, tents going up and coming down, new comers asking all sorts of eager questions, and concentrating baggage for a speedy departure over the dreaded trail toward Lake Bennet, and, here and there among them, Indians who had already been engaged as guides and carriers, and Indians who were still in the midst of their bargaining, and Indians who were there simply to sell berries or fish or moose venison, or perhaps snow-shoes or sleds of their own manufacture.

Among these last was a boy of thirteen or fourteen, short and squatty in figure, but with large, bright eyes that were dancing with friendliness and eager inquiry. As he went from group to group with his berries, receiving a surly answer here and a careless coin there, his quick scrutiny studied the men and their outfits, and even expressed approval or disapproval of the guides and carriers engaged.

Presently he came to an outfit that seemed on the point of departure; for the men were already fastening packages upon the dog-sleds or upon their own backs, while the Indian, who was apparently to [illegible] as guide, was walking from one to another with ostentatious authority. The boy started at sight of him, and shook his head impatiently.

"Why him here?" he muttered under his breath. "Bad Injun—berry bad! He scare, run, steal horse, steal dog, sled, eberyt'ing. Ugh!"

The owner of the outfit stood near; a stalwart, ruddy-faced man with ready laugh and kindly eyes. The boy went to him and offered his berries.

At first the man shook his head genially; then seeming to like the boy's face, he thrust his hand into his pocket and took out some coins.

"Oh, never mind change," he said, carelessly, "it isn't worth the bother. Here, you," to one of his men, "pass me that bucket."

PROMOTED:

A Story of the Zulu War.

By SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "The Slave Chase," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

"MAN OVERBOARD."

The vessel had been out from England nearly a fortnight, and one beautiful tropical evening, when the seamen and marines and soldiers, in different parts of the ship, were assembled in groups, smoking, laughing, jesting, or joining in one of the many games practiced to while away the time, Corporal Harris found himself near to a number of men who, having formed themselves in a ring, sitting, or lounging, or standing, were listening to songs given in turn by one and another of the party, while all joined heartily in the choruses. This had been going on for fully half an hour, when a bright-faced young sailor (a seaman gunner), with a concertina under his arm, passed near. More in fun than in earnest, one man shouted, "Here's 'Christian Teddy,' let's have a song out of him." This sally just suited the wild mood of many of them, and seizing hold of the seaman with the nickname of "Christian Teddy," they kindly but forcibly hurried him into the centre of the ring. Very brightly and good-temperedly he looked round upon them and said, "Well, chums, what do you want?"

A chorus of voices shouted, "A song! A song!"

"Very well," said he, as he ran his fingers merrily over the keys of his splendid concertina, showing plainly how singularly perfect was his touch. "Only look here, chums; if I sing, you must let me sing in my own style, and right through, mind!"

"Right you are, Teddy; sail away, chum."

Then, as the preliminary notes from his instrument rang out and enforced a voluntary silence, his clear, rich, manly voice rose, as with deep feeling and touching pathos he sang:

"It's true there's a beautiful city,
That its streets are paved with gold,
No earthly tongue can describe it,
Its glories can never be told.
"But I know, I know,
I know I shall be there."

The air was admirably fitted to the words, striking, beautiful, and simple. A profound stillness rested upon the men as again his voice rang out:

"Those loved ones dwell in that city,
Whom you laid beneath the sod,
When your hearts felt nigh to breaking,
And you promised you'd serve your God.
"Will you, will you,
Say, will you meet them there?"

As the two first lines of this verse were sung, Teddy Jones and others heard a deep, heavy sob. Following the sound, he saw Corporal Harris, with his head turned aside and his face resting in his hands, as he leaned across one of the guns in the ship's side. For a moment the singer paused, while a lingering note trembled on the air. Should he step out and speak to this sorrow-stricken man? Then for a moment he remembered that the next verse would perhaps help this poor soldier, if it was sin that was his burden; so, amidst almost deathly silence, he sang again:

"Yes! you can go there, my brother,
For Jesus has died on the tree,
And that same precious blood is now flowing,
That washed a poor sinner like me.
"Will you, will you,
Will you now wash and be clean?"

Then, breaking off suddenly and speaking quickly, he said; "Look here, chums and comrades; you said I might sing this song as I liked, and before I finish it I want to say a word or two to you. I'm not going to preach a sermon to you; but that last verse, and the sight of your faces, and these tears, have touched my heart, and I should be a downright mean, selfish cur if, with all the joy I've got, I did not try to get you to understand it, and share it too. Did you notice that I sang—

'For Jesus has died on the tree'?

Well, I guess this is pretty familiar to you all; we're mostly young men here; we've heard the story times and times at Sunday-school, or in sermons; but we must do more than simply hear it. Why, bless my heart, we've all sung, hundreds of times—

'I think when I read the sweet story of old.'

But we sang a lie; how many of us did