

"They were true soldiers, Teddy, and 'ought' meant to them, as it should to us 'can.' We always can do the things we ought. Our brave-hearted Wolfe had found the work God meant him to do, and did it. Had he been stronger he might have done more and thought less, and it was thought, steady, clear thought that opened the way into the French citadel. See how it stands! How hopeless it must have seemed that September night," and they looked up at the fort frowning down upon them from its place on the cliff, then across to the opposite bluff on which rose Point Levis. "Just see, Teddy, this has well been called the 'gateway of Canada.'"

As they spoke, out from the shadow of the cliff, into the line of crimson ripples, came a row-boat, the oars creaking on their pins as two brawny Frenchmen pulled it close to the side of the anchored steamer. Up the rope ladder climbed one pilot, down shot the other; mail bags were exchanged, and with many hearty 'Bon Soirs' the little boat passed again into the shadow; the great heart throbbed again, and the steamer moved out into the moonlight. Early next morning Teddy woke with a start. Surely something was wrong; it seemed as if the world had suddenly stopped its race round the sun.

"Mother," he whispered, as he sat up in his berth, in fear.

"Yes, Teddy."

"What is the matter? Are we sinking?"

"No, no, Teddy, dear, the engine has stopped; we are letting off the pilot at Rinouski and exchanging mails. This is our good-bye to Canada for some months; we will soon be out in the ocean. Listen! There are the bells." And the tinkling of the bells in the engine-room was followed instantly by the slow, dull thud, which soon quickened into the regular throb of the usual speed.

His next waking was not so pleasant. He found the curtains swaying slowly, his body a little inclined to roll about in the berth, with a strange sensation of being rocked in a cradle very present.

"How do you feel, Teddy?" asked his mother, as she saw his head appear above his berth.

"All right. I'm going to get up."

He was not long in getting on deck. How changed everything was! All the golden glory of the day before had gone; the sky was dull, the sea black and angry, roared and broke against the steamer. On she went, rolling to one side as they crashed against her, righting herself only to roll again.

The steak he ordered for breakfast, however, came too late, Teddy was not there to receive it. The waiter smiled a meaning smile, as he glanced at Teddy's empty place. Teddy's was not the only empty chair. Poor Teddy! He was in his state-room all in a heap on the sofa under the port-hole. He could have told no one just how uncomfortably he felt, and was just settling down into misery, when suddenly came a crash, as if a giant with a mountain for a mallet, had struck the side of the steamer and into the room, over the locker, over the sofa, carrying everything before it, poured the water. With a bound Teddy was in the passage calling, "The water's coming into our state-room. Come quickly."

Up from his breakfast sprang the captain, followed by the mate, chief steward, doctor, waiters, all rushing down to No.

24. Teddy got there, among them, just as the captain said to the bed-room steward, who had just arrived, "Steward, see that the ports are fastened properly. It's very unsafe to have them open at all in such weather." And Teddy knew there was no cause for alarm. The water was baled out, the room made comfortable, and Teddy was allowed to sleep.

After that, although the ship rolled till the steward staggered, and dishes dropped, Teddy stood like a sailor, and laughed at the fun.

He learned to love those great heaving billows rolling in such majesty across the boundless deep, and shouted with glee as their crests foamed and scattered in spray with a strange hissing sound. And the gulls; those white-winged, silver-breasted sea birds hovering round the steamer, with their weird, sad cry, lighting on the crest of the wave, rising and falling with it as they rested there.

With a great cry in his heart he ran to his mother one day, "Oh, mother, mother, they're shooting the gulls with their revolvers, just for fun. Oh! mother, won't you stop them?" And he burst into tears. Manly tears those tears of Teddy's were, and his mother comforted him by telling him the captain would not allow it, and repeated to him, as she had often done on this voyage, as they watched these spirit-like birds—lines from an old song of an old sailor —

"He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things, both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

She then told him that his father was not at all well, and there were many little things he could do to help them. How gladly Teddy did this, only those who know him know. Here and there he ran like a flash, brightening his father with his bright face and merry tales. He persuaded him to go up on deck and gathered wraps and rugs to make him comfortable.

Not a moment too soon did they reach the side of the vessel. Passengers and crew stood motionless, watching with breathless interest a great glistening mass of ice, moving slowly by. Peak above peak it rose, with deep crevices on its broken surface, while perched at all points, were Teddy's friends—the white wings. A shot rang out, and they rose to hover about the steamer and light again on their castle of ice.

I cannot tell you of the fog and how the mournful fog-horn bellowed until the sky was clear again, of the whales who spouted white fountains into the air, of the porpoises who ran their tumbling races with the ship, or of the many new things he saw, for we have many things to see in the new old land to which Teddy is going. Meanwhile we think of him enjoying his life on the wide, wide sea, doing much to make the days brighter for those about him.

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The Missionary Puzzle.

(W. Bert Foster, in 'The Sabbath-school Visitor.')

"I can't go out for a week?"

Master Johnny Amsden's face displayed a vast amount of disappointment.

"Not for a full week," said the doctor, drawing on his gloves.

"Why, doctor, I've just got to go out."

"What for, I'd like to know?" demanded Dr. Maxwell, gazing down upon him, quizzically. "What is there of such importance that you must disregard my orders, eh?" and he pinched Johnny's ear.

"Why, I'll tell you," said his youthful patient, confidentially; "it's about the missionary society."

"Ho, ho!" cried the doctor. "Do you dabble in associations for the furnishing of gingham aprons and silk hats to the South Sea Islanders?"

"I guess you don't know much about missions and missionaries, Dr. Maxwell," said the boy, with gravity.

"Maybe I don't. Do you?"

"Our society supports a missionary in China and a native preacher in Burma," replied Johnny, with pride, "It's the Burmese missionary that these measles interfere with."

The jolly doctor threw back his head and laughed again. "I guess these measles of yours'll not hurt any missionary in Burma," he said. "They're not as contagious as all that. You've got 'em pretty light, you know. You'll be out in a week."

"But I've only got this week to earn my dollar in."

"What dollar?"

"Why," said Johnny, seriously, "each of us agreed to earn a dollar extra for the Burmese preacher, and we're to have a meeting next week and tell how we got our dollar. We're to earn 'em ourselves, you know. I was troubled a good deal about how I should earn mine, so the time slipped by until this week, and it's the last one."

"How are you going to earn it?" inquired the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye.

"I promised to help Mr. Smith, the market man round the corner, every night after school for a week; he said he'd give me a dollar. So you see, doctor, if you don't let me go out, I can't keep my promise."

"Humph! Haven't you a dollar of your pocket-money left?"

"Oh, yes, sir, but that wouldn't be earning it!"

"It looks, then, as though I should have to furnish you the means of earning that dollar, as I am the one who keeps you indoors. Of course the measles can't be blamed."

"Oh, no, sir, I didn't mean that!" cried Johnny.

"Of course you didn't," said the doctor, with a wink. "You'd rather go out and be assistant to a green grocer. But, as you're so fond of working in a store, I'll give you a job that would puzzle the best boy Smith ever had."

Johnny looked at him in some doubt.

"I'll pay you a dollar if you do it, too," said the physician, smiling. "I'll let you use your brains instead of your hands. If you're bright enough, you can earn your dollar."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Johnny, curiously.

"Just a little figuring. It will keep you busy to-day, I guarantee. If you can do the sum by the time I come to-morrow you shall have your dollar."

"But what is it?" cried the young patient.

"It's a problem—a puzzle—and you're to