

eating grass and roots. Oh, it was too pitiful! When I came out of prison I tried to get work and could not, so I joined these robbers a few days ago, that my old mother and my sister's children might not die of want. They are starving even now, yet what can I do?"

"Why don't you ask the English consul to make you a soldier? He has a little army to keep the Turks and brigands from stealing everything from other people."

"True," said Themistocles thoughtfully "he has an armed force in order to protect the ingathering crops, and I believe I will go right to him and ask permission to join it. The pay of a regular soldier would be better than this uncertainty."

"Then take me with you," begged the child, "because I know him, and he'll take me right to my mother."

"I cannot to-day," sadly replied Themistocles; "but I will not go until I can take you with me, I'll promise you that."

By this time the flute was finished, all beautifully carved, and Themistocles went into an adjoining apartment of the cavern and asked the captain's permission to blow it. This was readily granted, as they were entirely out of hearing of every one. Themistocles then played the Greek national air, whose wild, plaintive notes sounded peculiarly sweet within the cave. Thus entertained, the first day passed and at the end of it Themistocles and the child found themselves warm friends.

That night, at supper, the only meal which the brigands take, Ernest had a special seat of honor, down on the ground but just at the right of the captain, and he was given the best of everything their table supplied. A fat mutton, cut to pieces and cooked in large earthen vessels with rice, seasoned with tomatoes, formed a large part of their repast, while beets, boiled with the tops on, then cut up in vinegar and oil, make a salad much enjoyed by them all. Brown bread and coarse white cheese completed the whole. This was spread upon a rough straw matting, and the brigands sat cross-legged around on the ground. But near little Ernest there was a savory chop of the mutton broiled on the coals, two fresh boiled eggs, a cup of warm milk from the goat, and a large bunch of grapes. These had all been carefully prepared by old Nicholas, and he had walked some eight or ten miles that day to the country below to get the grapes and eggs.

Soon after eating, Ernest went soundly to sleep on his straw pallet, but not without kneeling in one corner of the cave and saying aloud his little prayer in Greek, which was as familiar to him as English. To his usual prayer which he said at his mother's knee every night, asking so earnestly to be forgiven his sins and made a good boy, he added to-night, "And please, God, make these brigands all good, and give their little children something to eat, but don't let them catch my mother and father and bring them here, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

To the wild mountain robbers, whose devotions consisted of hastily-read prayers in their churches, or a few rapid crossings of themselves before some sacred picture, this seemed strange and touching. They had never felt any need of forgiveness of sin, nor had they ever gone to God in any trouble and asked for help; and although, "May God help us" or, "God forgive," was often on their lips, they knew nothing of any religion of the heart, and as little Ernest got in bed every one of them wiped from his eyes the tears they could not keep back.

Late that night the captain called a council of war and decided what proposition should be first sent below to the Consulate for the redemption of the child, also exact particulars of his condition. This was all to be arranged through accomplices, who, of course, would give no clue to his whereabouts, though the recapture of a prisoner is too dangerous to be undertaken, as it necessarily results in his murder. The brigands, of course, demanded at first an enormous ransom that there would be no possibility of its being paid; but this was always done, accompanied with threats, and with the expectation of receiving in return an offer much smaller than they would receive. These negotiations would generally occupy some weeks until the two parties came to terms.

We cannot follow out each day in the life of our little captive. Every morning during the time he would awake and call old Nicholas, who slept right by his side, and ask

him if it was still raining, always receiving the same answer. "Yes," he would reply, "do you not see how dark and cloudy it is? You can't go home to-day." This would often bring tears to the boy's eyes, but still, as he was never permitted to go outside the inner rooms of the cave, he never knew that it was not raining all the time, and so was content to wait. Once during this period a large army of Turks were ordered to cross over the mountains, not far from this retreat of the brigands, and fearing it might mean a surprise and attack upon them, they dispersed in small parties out through the mountains to watch their movements. Those few days were very trying to little Ernest. He was taken up in the night blindfolded, though it was perfectly dark, and carried by old Petros he never knew where, but for several days he was kept in a dimly-lighted smaller cave by the old man with nothing to eat but coarse bread and cheese, and water to drink from an earthen jug. Old Petros had never been specially friendly towards the child, and had always been feared by him, so the little fellow had a sad time of it, and those three days seemed long and weary. But at the end of that time his two best friends came, and Ernest was overjoyed to see them. They again blindfolded him and took him on their shoulders, this time not to the cave, but to the foot of the mountain. Old Nicholas could not help whispering to him, when it came his turn to carry the child, that it had stopped raining and they were carrying him to see his mother. The movements of the Turkish army had had no connection with his capture, and during those three days of his close confinement all the arrangements for paying the ransom and the safe delivery of the child had been made. This had not been done until the consuls in the village below had signed a contract that no effort should be made to capture the brigands who brought the child down and returned with the money. Under cover of night, near one of the mountain villages, the child was brought by Nicholas and Themistocles, who met others of the band at the appointed place, and there a party from the Consulate brought the money. The child was kept back and under concealment until the money was counted out, then the exchange was made. Mr. and Mrs. Kamanski were both there awaiting anxiously the first sight of their boy. A torchlight lit up the scene and little Ernest, no longer blindfolded but still pinioned, could see the brigands, closely masked, the party from the Consulate counting out the gold, and his father and mother standing by, fearing that even now some mistake or misunderstanding might cause their little one to be murdered. But at last the money was all counted, and as it was laid on the back of mules the child was unloosed and soon clasped in his mother's arms.

Early the next morning found Mr. and Mrs. Kamanski and little Ernest on a French steamer ready to set sail to England. They felt that the danger to their child was too great in this unsettled country. Themistocles came on board and was gladly recognized by Ernest. When Mr. and Mrs. Kamanski learned of his great kindness to their boy, they wrote a warm letter of recommendation to the English consul who gave him employment with ample wages for the support of his old mother and little nieces and nephews. Old Petros, Nicholas, Papa Demetre, the captain, and others continued with the band till the ceding of Thessaly to Free Greece two years later, November, 1881. Thus the hearts of all were made glad except perhaps old Dionysius, who, like Othello, had lost his occupation, and whose cunning and craftiness brought him more gain in times of trouble than in peace and prosperity.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

A few years before the death of the late Mr. Mark Lemon, the well-known editor of *Punch*, the writer had the pleasure of traveling with him on the railway from London Bridge to the Three Bridges station on the Brighton line. Mr. Lemon's request to the inspector, "let us be alone," secured the compartment to ourselves. This led to much frank and interesting conversation between us. After various topics had been discussed, such as improved dwellings for working men, the better education of the poor, &c., &c., the writer remarked:—"There are many good things you have

furthered, Mr. Lemon, by means of your pen and the shaft of ridicule; but there is one thing in which you have always been on the wrong side."

"What is that?" he asked eagerly.

"You seem never to have lost an opportunity of throwing ridicule on those who desire to uphold the sanctity of the Lord's Day, and who earnestly labor to prevent what you and others wish to see in this country, viz.—a Continental Sunday."

Feeling deeply on this matter, I spoke warmly, and expressed my belief that he and others who sympathized with him on this subject, were seeking to bring about a state of things in our country which would in the end be most disastrous to our national welfare, and especially prove one of the greatest wrongs ever inflicted on the working classes. Mr. Lemon replied with great frankness:—

"Well, now, you speak very plainly; but I like to hear a fellow do so, when I feel sure that he is honest and believe what he says, although I differ from him. Go on—I am listening."

The writer continued:—"On this question, I believe the working men of this country are sounder than many professing Christians, and they are wide awake to the fact that if the barriers which surround the Lord's Day in this country were broken down, ultimately they would have to do seven days' work for six days' pay."

With a smiling face Mr. Lemon said:—"Now I will make a confession to you which I have not made to others. Some time ago I got up a petition in favor of the opening of the British Museum on Sundays, and sent into our printing office for the men to sign, when judge of my astonishment, the foreman came to me and said, 'If you please, sir, do you press for the signing of this petition? For unless you do, the men had rather not sign it.' 'What in the world do they mean by that? Why, it's for their benefit that we want the museums opened on Sundays!' 'Well, sir,' replied the foreman, 'the men think that would not be the end of it—it would only be the thin end of the wedge, and that, before long, workshops, offices, and all kinds of places as well as museums, would be open on Sunday too.' 'Now,' added Mr. Lemon, 'that petition was never signed. The conduct of the men made a strange impression on my mind, and I honestly acknowledge that it furnishes a strong fact for your side of the question.' From the day of our interview until his death I never heard of Mr. Lemon having penned an unkind line against the better observance of the Lord's Day.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

A FRIEND IGNORED.

I met on the street the other day my friend Mrs. Anstey, whom I had not seen since we parted in June for a summer jaunt. After a cordial greeting and numerous inquiries after our respective families, I said to her:

"I believe Mrs. More was in the same boarding-house with you this summer; we all three have a dear mutual friend; did you hear her speak of him?"

She hesitated, then replied, "No, I don't think I heard her mention him once."

"Why, that's very strange; are you sure?"

"Yes, I am quite sure. We were together constantly, read together and walked together, but I never heard her allude to this friend."

"I believe her children were with her; didn't you ever hear her speak to them of him?"

"No, she raised her children beautifully teaching them to be truthful and unselfish and kind and amiable, but I never her appeal to a higher motive than love to her or the desire 'to please papa.'"

I felt quite astonished, and now asked, "Didn't you see her do anything for him?" "No; she was busy all the time, during pretty little pieces of work, but I never heard that any of them were for his poor, or to be given for his sake, or indeed in any way connected with him."

"Tell me what you thought of Mrs. More; how did she impress you?"

"Well she impressed us all most favorably, was a great favorite, full of gentle spirits, and a great energy of kindness to all, and of a very sweet temper; but unless you had told me, it would never have occurred to me that she was a devout lover of this best of Friends."

"Then it is a fact, is it, that for three months you were in the house with a lady who professes to love this Friend more than father or mother, and that you never heard her mention his name?"

Sorrowfully she admitted that it was, and we parted with our hearts full of strange doubts.

Reader, that friend was Jesus, and this incident is true. Is it also true of you?—*American Messenger.*

IT MAY BE THOUGHT by some of our boy readers that we are too strict in invariably forbidding the mention of fire-arms as articles of exchange. Let those who have had this opinion listen to this heart-rending incident. A few days ago a lad who had earned the money to subscribe for *Young People* by sawing wood, patiently saving it till he had enough, went with a friend to mail the amount to Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The friend writes the same evening: "Fifteen minutes after Arthur and I reached home he was killed instantly—shot by his little brother who was playing with a loaded gun. His poor mother witnessed the fall of her child." The little brother did not mean to do this dreadful thing; it was an accident; but the memory of it will darken his whole life. It is a safe rule, boys, never, under any circumstances, to meddle with fire-arms or use them as playthings.—*Harper's Young People.*

Question Corner.—No. 17.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

With reverend hands they laid him to his rest,
Nor doubted but his work on earth was o'er.
In life—the living had his power confest.
In death—the death still greater witness bore.

1. Fair wife, to thee no memory e'er can come
Of the dear sacred atmosphere of home.
No childhood's hour (that gay unthinking time)
When young companions mixed their joys with thine.

2. Brother beloved—nor as a friend less dear
How sad the hearts now lingering round thy bier.
But where is he, that loved and looked-for guest,
Why came he not, e'er thou hadst sunk to rest?

3. An only child, thine aged mother's joy,
Thy father's hope—his bright, his promised boy.
Yet not the dearest to that faithful breast,
Higher and first of all was God's behest.

4. Son of a king, and greater still than he
In pride of pomp, and real majesty;
Yet high above the splendors of thy throne,
Shines forth thy Sire's title—his alone.

5. Meek matron, wouldst thou seek from all to hide
The griefs that in thy patient heart abide!
It may not be—speak out aloud thy woe,
Then blissful from the holy temple go.

6. And didst thou think that thou couldst lightly sin,
And in the sinning not draw others in?
Couldst thou not see the bitter grief, the shame,
Entailed on all the race that bears thy name?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 15.

1. Solomon's temple. 1 Kings 6, 7.
2. Absalom. 2 Sam. 18, 9.
3. Pharaoh's wife. Because she had suffered many things in a dream because of him. Matt. 27, 19.
4. David mourned over the death of Saul and Jonathan. 2 Sam. 1.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

- THE WORK OF CREATION.—Gen 1, 31.
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| 1. Chorazin | ... | Matt. xi. 21. |
| 2. Bethsaida | ... | Ruth i. 22. |
| 3. E-lin | ... | Ex. xv. 27. |
| 4. A-arob | ... | Ex. iv. 27. |
| 5. P-limothy | ... | 2 Tim. ii. 15. |
| 6. I-sraellies | ... | Ex. iii. 7. |
| 7. O-nestimus | ... | Philemon 10. |
| 8. N-aaman | ... | 2 Kings v. 9. |

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.
Correct answers have been received from Albert Jesse French.