

ance, but a chivalric deference, an almost lover-like tenderness marked his every act and word toward his mother.

While he taught others in the school, an unquenchable thirst for knowledge possessed his own soul. He nourished the project in his mind of going to college, although there seemed no possibility of the accomplishment of his desire. He found, however, that he could earn more by the labour of his hands than by the labour of his brain. He therefore, with the consent of the school trustees, transferred his office of teacher to his sister Mary, two years younger than himself, whom he had diligently "coached" for the duties of the office. Through the interest of a friend of his fathers at Montreal, he procured the promise of a place in a "crew" of lumbermen operating on the upper waters of the Ottawa. Our story opens on the eve of his departure. His little hand-valise was already packed. It contained, beside his slender stock of underclothing—every stitch of which was enfibred with a mother's love—his father's Bible and Greek Testament, a Latin Psalter, and his mother's copy of "Wesley's Hymns." His sister Mary had given him her favourite and almost her only book of poetry, a tiny copy of Keble's "Christian Year." His brother Tom gave him a handsome knife, earned by running errands after school hours for the village store. And little Nellie, the curly-headed pet of the household, had knitted for him a purse, which was more than sufficiently large for his slender stock of money—only a few shillings—with which he was leaving home to win his fortune in the world. The love-gifts of the poor, often procured with much self-denial and sacrifice, may be intrinsically of little worth, but they convey a world of affection, which the easily-purchased presents of the rich cannot always express.

The household were up early in the morning. The coffee, prepared by the mother's loving hands, never had a richer aroma, nor the wheaten cakes a finer flavour. The girls tried to disguise their feelings by sundry admonitions to their brother concerning the fascinations of some Indian Minnehaha, whose subtle wiles they seemed to fear; and Tom exhorted him to be sure and bring him home a bearskin rug. The mother said little, but wistfully watched through gathering tears the face of her son as he ostentatiously seemed to be eagerly eating the breakfast for which he had, in truth, little appetite. At length the stage horn blew and the lumbering vehicle rattled up to the door. Hurried leave-taking followed—except a lingering embrace between mother and son—and he was soon whirled away from their midst. The mother that day remained longer than usual in her chamber, and when she came out the marks of secret tears was on her face.

Our young knight was now fairly in the saddle, metaphorically, that is, and in quest of fortune. His prospects were not very brilliant; but he had a brave heart and a noble purpose within—two things that will take a man anywhere and enable him to do anything. They are akin to the faith that will remove mountains. He had first a long and weary stage ride to the town of Ottawa (it was before the time of railways in that part of Canada of which we write). At the close of the second day the stage toiled slowly up the long hill on which the town is situated, threw off its mail bags at the post office, and drew up at a noisy tavern before which creaked and groaned in the wind a swinging sign bearing the effigy of the Sheaf and Crown. The place reeked with tobacco smoke and the fumes of liquor, and loud and profane talking filled the air. Lawrence tried to close his senses to the vile sights and sounds and smells, and modestly asked for supper and a bed.

"What'll you have to drink?" asked the red-faced bar-tender of whom he made the enquiry, expectorating a discharge of tobacco juice into the huge spittoon in the middle of the floor.

"Thank you, I don't drink," replied Lawrence.

"Oh! you won't take nothin', won't yer? You're one of the pious sort, I 'low," answered the bar-tender with a contemptuous sneer on his vulgar face, and, turning away to mix drinks for two burly fellows in red flannel shirts, he tossed his thumb over his shoulder to indicate the way to the dining-room.

Lawrence sat down at a table covered with a crumpled and gravy-stained cloth, supping a rickety cruet and some chipped and cracked dishes, when a bold-faced girl with great gilt ear-rings and with a stare that made him blush to the tips of his ears, asked him what he would have? Unused to ordering his meals, he modestly replied that he would take whatever was convenient. With an ill-bred giggle she brought him a meal which only his keen hunger enabled him to eat. Presently the red-shirted fellows came from the bar-room and familiarly ordered their supper. From their rough talk Lawrence discovered that they were lumberers on their way, like himself, to the lumber camps. He made some casual enquiry as to the distance to the Mattawa River, on which the camp to which he was bound was situated.

"A matter of two hundred miles or so," replied one of the men.

"Be you goin' thar, stranger?" asked the other.

Lawrence replied that he was, when he of the red shirt continued, in an accent that indicated that he was from the forests of Maine,

"Wal now, want fer know! Be you clerkin' it?"

Our hero replied that he was going

as either axeman or teamster, with both of which employments he said he was familiar. Indeed he had acquired considerable dexterity in both at home.

"What on 'arth be the like o' ye goin' to do up thar?" exclaimed the man, as he started at the thin white hands and slender well-dressed person of the boy.

"Oh, I'll make my way as others have done before me," said Lawrence.

"Wal, ye've got pluck, any way; and thet's all a man wants to get on enywhere, so fer's I sec," said the good-natured fellow, as Lawrence bowed politely and rose from the table.

"Gentlemanly sort o' coot, isn't he?" continued the lumberman *sotto voce* to his comrade.

"He'll soon git enough of the camp, or I'm mistaken," answered that worthy; which remark, overheard by Lawrence, did not prove particularly inspiring.

In order to escape the unsavoury odours and uncongenial company of the bar, which seemed to be the only public sitting-room in the house, Lawrence retired to the small, close, and stuffy chamber assigned him. Opening the window for fresh air, he saw in the distance, gleaming in the moonlight, the shining reaches of the river.

"There lies my destiny," he said to himself as he gazed up the majestic stream which seemed to beckon him onward to the mysterious unknown regions beyond. He thought of the brave explorer Champlain, who, first of white men, had traversed that gleaming track and penetrated the far recesses of the Canadian wilderness; and of Brebeuf, and Lalouant, and Davost, and Daniel, the intrepid Jesuit missionaries who, two hundred years before, for the love of souls, had toiled up the tortuous stream, sleeping on the bare rock, carrying their burdens over the frequent and rugged portages, till they reached their far-off Indian mission on the shores of the "Sweet Water Sea," as they called the vast and billowy expanse of Lake Huron. There three of these four had suffered a cruel martyrdom; rejoicing that they were counted worthy to confess Christ among the heathen and to glorify God by their sufferings and death. The memory of the faith and patience of these early Canadian martyrs, although of an alien race and creed, enbraved the heart of this Canadian youth, two centuries after their death, to pursue the path of duty in the face of whatever obstacles might rise.

Then his eye fell upon the evening star, beaming with a lambent flame low down in the sky, still warm with the after-glow of the departed sun, and gentler thoughts rose within his breast.

Only two nights before he had gazed upon it by his mother's side. She was probably gazing on it now and, he was certain, thinking of him and praying for him. The steady glow of the star seemed like the light of his mother's eyes beaming in blessing upon him,

and in the sense of spiritual communion with home and the loved ones there, he forgot his squalid surroundings and their contrast with the sweet clean comforts of his mother's roof. Praying to his Father, who seeth in secret, he felt that he was not alone, for God was with him.

(To be continued.)

Our Father Knoweth.

"Oh! papa," cried little Daisy, With a sadness in her eye, As she saw the kernels scattered 'Neath the heavy turf to lie;

"Oh! pa," cried little Daisy, "D not throw the wheat away; It must be wrong, I think, to waste it, It is good for food, you say."

Did the father cease from sowing? No, he kissed her tears away, Bade her wait until the autumn, Showed her then the harvest gay.

Thus do we like little children Raise our foolish, human cries, When the wisdom of our Father Some fond hope our heart denies.

Thus may God, in heaven's garner, Show us treasures manifold, That, were all our prayers granted, We might never there behold.

So we pray in trustful accents, As we journey day by day, That his will may be accomplished And his wisdom point the way.

THE BROKEN BAND.

SNAP went the india-rubber ring that held Charlie's papers together. He was late already, and had no time to go back for another, but ran on as fast as he could, while the broken ring lay on the wet grass at the side of the path.

"A new sort of worm, I declare!" said a young blackbird. "It looks very delicate." And she hopped around it, not quite sure whether to taste it or not. While she delayed, another blackbird flew down and seized the band by one end.

"Excuse me, madam," said the first. "That is my worm. I saw it before you."

"But I caught it," said the second, "so it is mine."

"Nothing of the sort," said the first. "I was standing over it."

The second said nothing, but hopped away with the ring hanging from her beak.

"You're a thief!" shrieked the first, giving chase, and seizing it by the other end.

Then followed a desperate struggle. Each held firmly to the end she had taken, and pulled with all her might. Snap went the ring again, and the combatants rolled over and over.

"Bah!" said the first blackbird, when she had regained her feet, and shaken her bruised wings. "What a nasty taste! One's rights are not always worth fighting for."—Selected

TEACHERS! Strive to enlist your scholars in a loyal and loving support of your pastor.