



RAILWAY TRAIN VERSUS DOG TRAIN.

The Bloodless Sportman.

I go a-gunning, but take no gun,
I fish without a pole;
And I bag good game and catch such fish
As suits a sportsman's soul.
For the chiefest game that the forest
holds,
And the best fish of the brook,
Are never brought down by a rifle-shot,
And are never caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,
I hunt for game in the trees,
For bigger birds than wing the air,
Or fish than swim the seas.
A rodless Walton of the brooks,
A bloodless sportsman I;
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the
woods,
The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods are made for the hunters,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless
game,
The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the
soul of the pine,
And thoughts in a flower-bell curled;
And the thoughts that are blown with
the scent of the fern
Are as new and as old as the world.

So, away! for the hunt in the fern-scented
wood,
Till the going down of the sun;
There is plenty of game still left in the
woods,
For the hunter who has no gun.
So, away! for the fish by the moss-
bordered brook
That flows through the velvety sod;
There are plenty of fish still left in the
streams,
For the angler who has no rod.

Eric's Good News.

By the Author of "Probable Sons."

CHAPTER VI.

The weather broke, and there were very few mornings that did not find the young soldier on the beach by the side of his little friend. Sometimes Eric would ask to have a chapter read out of his Testament, and then would follow an earnest discussion; at least, if the earnestness was only on the child's side, Captain Graham did not let him see it, and the questions and deductions that sprang up struck the captain as startlingly fresh and conclusive.

But the last morning came, and Eric's bright little face grew very sad when the time of parting drew near.

"Will you write to me sometimes, Captain Graham? I shall be thinking of you so often."

"I promise to send you a line now and then, my boy."

"And, Captain Graham, I've been very puzzled lately—I can't make it out—and I'm so sorry."

Here Eric paused, gazed wistfully up at the face of his friend, and then shook his head very sorrowfully.

"What is up now?" inquired Captain Graham in an amused tone.

Eric slipped his little hand into the strong one that was laid on his shoulder.

"I wonder why you are so unhappy, if you have known all about Jesus. I should never have been if I had known before, and yet you were just as tired and unhappy as I was."

"It isn't so fresh to me as it is to you, Eric."

The captain's tone was hesitating; he could not bear that the boy's faith in himself should be shaken, and yet truth compelled him to undeceive him.

"I had forgotten all about these things, my boy. They don't touch me as they do you. It is my own fault, I suppose. You know much more about them already than I ever did."

"Why," said Eric, with open eyes, "you have told me all yourself! And you have explained all the hard things so beautifully. Why, Captain Graham, if it hadn't been for you I should never have known about Jesus."

"It isn't the knowing about him, Eric; all we professing Christians have the

head knowledge, but the majority in our country are not much the better for it. Don't puzzle your little head over me. You are a happy little soul in your belief, keep so, and when you pray to your new Friend, don't forget me."

Eric nodded brightly. "He knows all about you, Captain Graham. I have told him everything. I will ask him to make you happier. He is sure to do it. Oh! must you go? Oh! Captain Graham!"

And though it was on the beach the young soldier was not ashamed to stoop down and have two little clinging arms round his neck, and two little quivering lips pressed lightly against his bronzed cheek.

"Good-bye. I'll try not to miss you. I don't mind disappointments so much now, but I shan't never, never, forget you!"

Poor little Eric's ungrammatical sentence rang in the captain's ears as he walked away: "I shan't never, never, forget you," and he grimly wondered what his brother officers would say if they knew in whose society the latter part of his leave had been spent.

"Ah! well!" he muttered, "I envy that child's faith and happiness, and more than half feel inclined to follow his example. It is not a religion he has got hold of, but a real Person—it makes a vast difference, I fancy!"

Captain Graham rejoined his regiment, and his life went on in the old way. Yet he looked forward with a strange

me, for I would forget it all very soon. I don't understand what he means, do you? He has got a fever in Africa? I am asking the Lord Jesus to make him better and send him back quick. My dear captain, aren't you more happy now? I get happier every day. I tell Jesus about you, and I feel that he is sorry for you, too. He likes people to be happy, my Good News says. Have you told him what's the matter with you? I expect you have, but there is nothing he can't do, is there? The wonderfullest thing he has done for me was finding my knife. I lost it, and it's got my name on, and father gave it to me, and I have lost it for months, and when I know he would give me anything I wanted, I asked him to find my knife. I told nurse I should get it, but she laughed, and yesterday Rex brought it to me in his mouth: he had found it in a heap of dry leaves in the garden. It was kind of Jesus to tell Rex where it was. He knows how fond he is of finding things. Rex was so pleased, and so as I. I must not write any more, nurse says. Your loving friend, "Eric."

"Have I told him what is the matter with me? Of course I have not. I don't know it myself. If this Book is true, I shall never be at rest till I have done so. And I do believe the truth of it in my soul, only how to set to work is the difficulty. Eric slipped into it easily enough. If one were a child again it would be easy, but as I am not—"

Captain Graham here started. He had a Bible in his hand, and had been carelessly scanning its pages, but now here before him were these words, and they burnt themselves into his very soul as he gazed:

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

Long did he ponder. When midnight

letter best if you saw mine that I wrote to him, which he kept under his pillow and gave to my aunt when she came away from him. I don't quite understand, but I send them both, and will you come and see me? I am really quite unhappy to have dear father die, but I have told the Lord Jesus, and I sit quiet and he comforts me.

"Your loving friend,
"Eric."

This was Eric's letter to his father:

"My Darling Father,—
"I have a lot to tell you to-day, and you will be so glad to know I am happy at last. I have found the wonderfullest book, which means Good News, and it is all true. It came from the sea, and Rex brought it in his mouth, and Captain Graham told me a lot more. I wish I could tell you what's in it, but I can't write so much. There's a wonderful Man, so good and kind, in it. I loved him when I read about him, and he really was alive once, only he was killed, but he came alive again because no one had any business to kill him. He was God, and he went up to heaven in the sky, but he has not only stayed there, he goes all about the world still, only we can't see him, and he loves everybody, and he loves me and he loves you. His name is the Lord Jesus; have you heard of him, dear father? because you never told me. My captain told me all about it: how he died because he wanted us to go to a beautiful place in the sky, and we could not have gone there if he hadn't; he didn't mind how much he was hurt as long as he could make us happy by being hurt himself; and he likes us to speak to him, and he always hears, and Doctor Parker says he will give me anything I ask for if it's good for me. My Good News says he likes sinners, and I have found that I am a sinner, and so is my captain. Are you a sinner, dear father? I hope you are, because Jesus died for sinners. It is so lovely to have Jesus to talk to now. I tell him all, and I never feel lonely no more, and he loves me, I feel he does. Nurse says you will be angry; you won't be, will you? She never tells me why. Her niece's daughter has got a husband. He is our keeper's son. Simmonds says she's a wonderful smart girl. Rex killed a little chicken yesterday. Bob beat him, and he came crying to me. Is a dog a sinner, dear father? I hope you will write me a nice long letter and come back soon.
"Your own loving son,
"Eric."

The father's letter was this:

"My Dearest Little Son,—
"I have been waiting to write to you a long time, and I have torn up three letters, and your aunt has refused to send another, so I must begin again. Your poor old father is very ill, Eric, and I am afraid you will never see him again. I received your last letter, and have read it many, many times. I am so glad to hear from Dr. Parker that my boy is in better health and spirits. I hope you will grow up a strong man yet, able to manage your life better than your father has done, for, Eric, I feel I have made a mess of mine. One does not realize it till one is brought upon a dying bed.
"Yes—believe in what and in whom you please, Eric; may it make you happier than my creeds have made me! I never talked to you about the things that are filling your little head at present simply because—there! I will write no more. Think gently of me, and when you pray remember me in your prayers. One thing I lay upon you as a command: burn every single book in my library and every MS. you find, all my letters, all my notes—spare none.
"Good-bye, my little son. Your aunt—"
("N.B. Your father is too weak to finish this, Eric. I—your aunt—will come and tell you all.
"Florence Wallace.")

Captain Graham read these letters in his room.
"Poor little chap! I wonder if his father found the light at last! Ah! Eric, if that were so, you will have brought two wanderers into the kingdom of heaven."
The End.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
—William Cowper.

Love is better than a pair of spectacles to make everything seem greater which is seen through it.—Sir Philip Sidney.

One of the highest of spiritual luxuries is the enjoyment of pure and exhilarating and sublime thoughts.—T. L. Cuyler.



GEORGE M'DOUGALL, MISSIONARY.

pleasure to the letters that arrived from Eric, and vainly endeavoured to stifle the uneasy, restless longing in his own heart. It was after receiving one of these quaint epistles one evening that the young man retired to his room with a fixed purpose in his mind—that of settling, once for all, whether there was anything in this religion for him, or whether it was only suitable for innocent children and weak, credulous women.

"I cannot stand the worry of it much longer," was his angry thought. "I cannot imagine why it has taken such a hold on me—do what I will, I can get no rest from it, night or day!"

And then again he spread the child's letter before him.
"My Dear, Dear Friend,—
"I was so happy to get your nice letter, and like hearing about the bugles and the soldiers and your clever horse. I'm getting well so fast that my doctor wrote and said perhaps I could ride on a pony soon, instead of being drawn in my carriage. I should like that. My dear father is very ill. He has never written to me since I wrote to him and told him what a Good News I had found. He wrote to nurse and told her not to scold

came it found Captain Graham on his knees.

"Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief!"

CHAPTER VII.

"My Dear Friend,—
"I am in trouble, and I have been crying all day; my dear, dear father is dead, and I shall not see him till I go to heaven. Nurse heard it yesterday, and my doctor came to see me to-day, and my aunt, who I don't know at all, because she said my father asked her not to see me, only she was with him when he died, because he was coming back, and he did not die till he landed at Plymouth. My aunt knows all about Jesus, and she loves him like you and I do, and I am so glad you are quite happy now. My aunt gave me a part of dear father's letter that he had begun to write to me, but he could not finish it. And he told her to take me to live with her, or else she was to come and live with me, so she has come here because I don't want to go away. My aunt says I can send you father's letter. I told her next to father I loved you, and she said you would like to see it, and she told me you would understand father's