

The Schoolroom.

BY NELLIE HANKIN.

A messenger will come some day,
And whisper in your ear,
While you are sitting at your desk,
And no one else can hear.
Then you will rise and go away,
Nor will permission ask,
The teacher sees and knows of him
Who takes you from your task.

And on your desk the book you left
The children next day see,
Your pencil lying in the place
Where it was wont to be;
They miss you for a few short days,
And speak in soft tones low,
Of how you left your desk and book,
And loved them always so.

If by your acts and selfish looks,
You spoil their happy play;
And children say how glad they are,
That you have gone away.
And some bright day a scholar new
Will sit down in your place,
And brush your books, now old and gray,
From every dusty trace.

There myriad voices mingle still,
Crying and laughing too,
The work and play, the love and hate,
These drown all thought of you,
Save in some loyal, loving heart,
Always kind, warm, and true,
And school begins another term,
With classes formed anew.
Barrie, Ont.

PROMOTED.

A Story of the Zulu War.

BY SYDNEY WATSON.

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

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE MARCH.

The success of Corporal, or Sergeant, Harris, as we must now call him, and the complete information he had been able to supply as to the suggested route, hastened the departure of the regiment, and a general order was issued to march on the following Monday for the seat of war.

How eager those fellows were; how they burned to revenge the deaths of many of their comrades of other regiments; how intensely they seemed to despise the very idea that there could be any pluck or prowess among their sable enemies; how, both in bragging speech and song, they allowed no loophole for Zulu courage or skill; all this and much more might be gathered if one listened for a few moments at the door of the canteen; and on Saturday night, as song after song arose, none seemed to be more enthusiastically sung or encored than a slightly altered version of "We've beat the French before, boys," etc., for now in the wildest excitement they sang—

"We've beat the blacks before, boys,
And so we can again."

Presently their mood changed; they would have something quieter, and Willy Wilson was called upon, amid thunderous applause; and as he stood up his voice quivered ever so little as he sang, amid perfect silence, "The love that came too late." As Sergeant Harris, thinking of all that had happened during the last two months, and especially the last few days, stood alone in the quadrangle, and the sweet refrain came floating to his ears—"The love that came too late,"—he looked up, and forgetting all else save his own great joy and peace, he murmured—"Dear Lord Jesus, how can I thank thee for thy love, which found me before it was too late? Oh, bless these dear fellows; may the solemnity of this time help them to seek thy redeeming love, ere it be too late."

Early on Monday morning all was astir, and by nine o'clock all was ready for marching, and the band playing "Bonnie Dundee," while the men, mostly very young—mere lads—with exultant hearts and hopes centred more on military glory than anything else, gaily marched on. Who can describe a military march to the seat of war? Who can tell all the varied emotions of the men? Who can enumerate the thousand and one shifts that have to be made, or note the various amusing as well as touching scenes attending the days that intervened between barrack and field?

Then what a country this was through which they passed! How unlike "Old England." Here are no hundreds of miles of fertile fields, or huge towns, with smoke-cloud ever hovering over them, and rising from their hundreds of lofty chimneys. No sweet, smiling, picturesque hamlets or villages, nestling in the hollow between two grassy downs;

while tiny mission hall, chapel, or church, dot the varied scenes with thoughts of hope and heaven.

Here all was different; wild and rugged often, with a wildness peculiar to itself, and foreign in its type; or with malarious marshy tracts, where fever lurked, and wild beasts and poisonous reptiles lay in cruel watch; or, again, where in silent dignity, waving their spreading arms, those "forest kings" grandly reared their heads, as if watchfully guarding the hidden recesses of those mighty woods.

Every ear, too, was constantly alive to every new sound, for who could tell where, ambushed, some Zulu horde might be ready to attack, or harass, Cossack-like, the march of the men! Then the mid-day and the evening halts; what wild fun there was among the men. How intensely they enjoyed foraging for food! A pig hunt was a source of almost endless sport, first because of its immediate fun, then the luxury of the fresh-cooked meat; and last, but not least, the merry joke and banter that went on afterwards over the deer accidents and wild escapades which were often the attendants, or results of these porcine raids.

The utmost care was employed by the doctors and superior officers to prevent excesses and carelessness that might result in sickness and fever among the thoughtless fellows under their care. And now at last it is known that in all probability, by mid-day to-morrow, they will be on the field of battle. They are told that already the war is raging with terrible fury, and that they must be prepared to plunge right into the fight.

There were some very solemn mo-

ments on that last night before the battle; somehow, no one suggested song, and after the tents were pitched and the evening meal had been finished, and the horses attended to, one and another took writing materials and commenced to pen letters, in case there should be an opportunity of sending them from the seat of war, or else—solemn thought—if found among their baggage, if numbered with the dead, they might be sent home to their friends.

Sergeant Harris, we have said, was an orphan; he had no one that he felt particularly he could or should write to; but he helped a few others who were not so ready with the pen; taking the opportunity to speak a word for "the Master." But presently he was alone, and, taking his Testament from his pocket, he commenced to read. Opening at Philipians, his soul was filled with wonder and rejoicing, as he read on in the first chapter, till he came to the twentieth verse, and read: "According to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death. For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

And what of Captain Morgan all this time? He has grown moody and reserved, so unlike his own bright, merry self; and to-night he, too, takes the old Book, and as he thinks of loved ones at home, whom he never may see again, and as he remembers that his own soul may have to stand within the next twenty-four hours before God, he kneels and prays as he never prayed before.

Surely the angels in heaven listened as this prayer rose from lips and heart sincere and simple as a child—educated, noble, manly as he was—"Oh, God! I don't understand how to frame my prayer to thee; I want this 'life,' I want to know my sins pardoned; I want to serve thee, and to lead others to this 'life.' Thou hast said I am to come to thee just as I am; this I am doing as best I understand how, I am a sinner, but thou art a Saviour." Then he paused, overcome with emotion, as he heard his name called in an inquiring tone. Rising from his knees, and wiping his tear-stained face, he drew back the canvas screen of his tent, outside of which he found Sergeant Harris, who said—

"I beg your pardon, Captain Morgan, but I felt, if you did not mind, I should like to speak to you."
"Come in, Harris; come in, my man, surely God sent you at this time." Then taking a seat opposite to him, the captain continued: "Harris, ever since you talked with me about my soul, I have been wretched; I feel lost, undone, and—"

"Praise God!" broke in Harris joyfully; "praise God! you know yourself. Now, sir, he will soon show you himself."
"Yes, Harris, when you came to my tent I had just been praying; I have told God I needed his salvation, and now I feel as if I had come to the end of a road, or where it is blocked; I cannot get any farther, and I don't know what to do."

"Well," said Harris, "I am glad you have got into the right road. It is the right road when you know you are a sinner; and what you call 'the block at the end of the road,' is just this great salvation which God has put there for you, and that is the only point of the road where he could put it for you to take it—just when you had come to an end of yourself. Now, sir, what you want to do is to take the gift. It's an old, old text, sir, but it is not, and never can be, worn out. Shall we read it together, sir? Here it is, sir, John's Gos-

pel, 3rd chapter, 36th verse—'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' Do you believe on the Son? Were your sins laid upon him? Did he mean your salvation when he cried, 'It is finished?'

Then very quietly, with the look of the deepest intelligence, and in a voice trembling with suppressed internal excitement, Captain Morgan, at this juncture, rose, and looking up, said, "Lord, I believe."
Whatever possessed Harris he never knew, but he burst into joyous song, singing out, clear and distinct,—

"Hallelujah! 'tis done; he believes on the Son,
He is saved by the blood of the Crucified One."
Then, very quietly, Captain Morgan said, "I cannot thank you enough, Harris, for your faithfulness, but now I think I would like to be quite alone. God bless you! good night!" And, with a hearty grip of the hand, they parted.

(To be continued.)

A BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

John Brent was trimming his hedge, and the "snip," "snip," of his shears was a pleasing sound to him. In the centre of a wide, smoothly kept lawn stood his residence, a handsome, massive modern structure, which had cost him not less than ninety thousand dollars.

"A close, stingy old skinflint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say.
No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions were both neat and expensive; indeed, he was very particular, even about what are known as the minor appointments of dress.

Instead of being stingy, he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked his help.

Just beyond the hedge was the public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work.
"Halloa, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racket!" one of them said "You paid about seven dollars for it didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.
"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"
"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."
"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."
"Oh! you only promised it to him, eh? And he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."
"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."
"Of course not," admitted Fred; "and I'd like to have it, only I promised it to Willie."
"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you as much again, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy, "that will not settle it—neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racket is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."
"Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge, in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.
"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

Two months later John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.
"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.
"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.
"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.
John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You can stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.
"Why did you take me?" asked Fred in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."
"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendations," suggested Fred.
"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you recommend yourself."
But as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the conversation he had overheard.
Now, boys, this is a true story, and there is a moral in it. You are more frequently observed and heard and overheard than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places of amusement, smoke cigarettes and chaff boys who are better than you are, without elder people making a note of your bad habits.

How much more forcibly and creditably pure speech, good breeding, honest purposes and parental respect would speak in your behalf!

Anxious Passenger—"I say, my man, is that boat going up or down?"
River-side Loafer—"Well, she's a leaky old tub so I shouldn't wonder if she was goin' down. Then, again, her bilers ain't none too good, so she might go up."
Agent—"I think I can sell this place for you, but I can't get the \$5,000 you ask. You'll have to take \$4,998."
Owner—"That's queer. Why should the extra \$2 stand in the way?"
Agent—"My customer is a woman."



"THEY BORE OUR HERO ROUND AND ROUND THE QUADRANGLE."