

**The Death of the Year.**

A CLOUD came over the golden west,  
A bell rang over the silent air;  
The sun god hurried away to rest,  
Flushing with kisses each cloud he prest,  
And, oh! but the day was fair.

"How brightly the year goes out!" they said,  
"The glow of the sunset lingers long,  
Knowing the year will be over and dead,  
Its sad hours over—its fleet hours fled—  
What service of even-song."

"How sadly the year came in!" they said.  
I listened and wondered in dusk of night;  
To me no year that might come instead  
Of the old friend numbered among the dead  
Could ever be half so bright.

The sun-kissed clouds grew pale and gray,  
The bells hung silent in high mid-air,  
Waiting to ring the year away  
In strains that were ever too glad and gay  
For me—as I listened there.

Oh, hearts! that beat in a million breasts,  
Oh, lips! that utter the same old phrase,  
I wonder that never a sorrow rests  
In words you utter to friends and guests  
In the New Year's strange new days!

Is it just the same as it used to be?  
Have new years only a gladder sound?  
For ever and always it seems to me  
That no new face can be sweet to see  
As the old ones we have found.

There is no cloud in the darkened west,  
The bell is silent in misty air,  
The year has gone to its last long rest,  
And I, who loved and new it best,  
Shall meet it—God knows where!

**The Core-boy of Camp Kippewa.**

A Canadian Story.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL TO WORK.

THE march of civilization on this great continent means loss as well as gain. The opening up of the country for settlement, the increase and spread of population, the making of the wilderness to blossom as the rose, compel the gradual retreat and disappearance of interesting features that can never be replaced. The buffalo, the beaver, and the elk have gone; the bear, the Indian, and the forest in which they are both most at home are fast following.

Along the northern border of settlement in Canada there are flourishing villages and thriving hamlets to-day where but a few years ago the verdurous billows of the primeval forest rolled in unbroken grandeur. The history of any one of these villages is the history of all. An open space beside the bank of a stream or margin of a lake presented itself to the keen eye of the woodranger traversing the trackless waste of forest as a fine site for a lumber camp. In course of time the lumber camp grew into a depot from which other camps, set still further back in the depths of the "limits," are supplied. Then the depot develops into a settlement surrounded by farms; the settlement gathers itself into a village with shops, schools, churches, and hotels, and so the progress of growth goes on, the forest ever retreating as the dwellings of men multiply.

It was in a village with just such a history, and bearing the name of Calumet, occupying a commanding situation on a vigorous tributary of the Ottawa River,—the Grand River, as the dwellers beside its banks are fond of calling it,—that Frank Kingston first made the discovery of his own existence and of the world around him. He at once proceeded to make himself master of the situation, and so long as he confined his efforts to the limits of his own home he met with an encouraging degree of success; for he was a only child, and, his father's occupation requiring him to be away from home a large part of the year, his mother could hardly be severely blamed if she permitted her boy to have a good deal of his own way.

In the result, however, he was not spoiled. He came of sturdy, sensible

stock, and had inherited some of the best qualities from both sides of the house. To his mother, he owed his fair curly hair, his deep blue, honest eyes, his impulsive and tender heart; to his father, his strong symmetrical figure, his quick brain, and his eager ambition. He was a good-looking, if not strikingly handsome, boy, and carried himself in an alert, active way, that made a good impression on one at the start. He had a quick temper that would flash out hotly if he were provoked, and at such times he would do and say things for which he was heartily sorry afterward. But from those hateful qualities that we call malice, rancor, and sullenness he was absolutely free. To "have it out" and then shake hands and forget all about it—that was his way of dealing with a disagreement. Boys built on these lines are always popular among their comrades, and Frank was no exception. In fact, if one of those amicable contests as to the most popular personage, now so much in vogue at fairs and bazaars, were to have been held in Calumet school the probabilities were all in favour of Frank coming out at the head of the poll.

But better, because more enduring, than all these good qualities of body, head, and heart that formed Frank's sole fortune in the world, was the thorough religious training upon which they were based. His mother had left a Christian household to help her husband found a new home in the great Canadian timberland, and this new home had ever been a sweet, serene centre of light and love. While Calumet was little more than a straggling collection of unlovely frame cottages, and too small to have a church and a pastor of its own, the hard-working Christian minister who managed to make his way thither once a month or so, to hold service in the little schoolroom, was always sure of the heartiest kind of a welcome, and the daintiest dinner possible in that out-of-the-way place, at Mrs. Kingston's cozy cottage; and thus Frank had been brought into friendly relations with the "men in black" from the start, with the good result of causing him to love and respect these zealous home missionaries instead of shrinking from them in vague repugnance, as did many of his companions who had not his opportunities.

When he grew old enough to be trusted, it was his proud privilege to take the minister's tired horse to water and to fill the rack with sweet hay for his refreshment before they all went off to service together; and very frequently when the minister was leaving he would take Frank up beside him for a drive as far as the cross-roads, not losing the chance to say a kindly and encouraging word or two that might help the little fellow heavenward.

In due time the settlement had prospered and expanded that a little church was established there, and great was the delight of Mrs. Kingston when Calumet had its minister, to whom she continued to be a most effective helper. This love for the church and its workers, which was more manifest in her than in her husband—for, although he thought and felt alike with her, he was a reserved, unobtrusive man—Mrs. Kingston sought by every wise means to instill into her only son; and she had much success. Religion had no terrors for him. He had never thought of it as a gloomy, joy-dispelling influence that would make him a long-faced "sooty." Not a bit of it. His father was religious; and who was stronger, braver, or more manly than his father? His mother was a pious woman; and who could laugh more cheerily or romp more merrily than his mother? The ministers who came to the house were men of God, and yet they were full of life and spirits, and dinner never seemed more delightful than when they sat at the table. No, indeed! You would have had a hard job to persuade Frank Kingston that you lost anything by being religious. He knew far better than that; and while of course he was too thorough a boy, with all a boy's hasty, hearty, impulsive ways, to do every thing "decently and in order," and would kick over the traces, so to speak, sometimes, and give rather startling exhibitions of temper, still in the main and at heart he was a sturdy little Christian, who, when the storm was over, felt more sorry and remembered it longer than did anybody else.

Out of the way as Calumet might seem to city folk, yet the boys of the place managed to have a very good time. There were nearly a hundred of them, ranging in age from seven years to seventeen, attending the school which stood in the centre of a big lot at the western end of the village, and with swimming, boating, lacrosse, and baseball in summer, and skating, snow-shoeing, and tobogganing in winter, they never lacked for fun. Frank was expert in all these sports. Some of the boys might excel him at one or another of them, but not one of his companions could beat him at all-round contest. This was due in part to the strength and symmetry of his frame, and in part to that spirit of thoroughness which characterized all he undertook. There was nothing half-way about him. He put his whole soul into everything that interested him, and, so far as play was concerned, at fifteen years of age he could swim, run, handle a lacrosse, hit a base ball, skim over the ice on skates, or over the snow on snowshoes with a dexterity that gave himself a vast amount of pleasure and his parents a good deal of pride in him.

Nor was he behindhand as regarded the training of his mind. Mr. Warren, the head teacher of the Calumet school, regarded him favourably as one of his best and brightest pupils, and it was not often that the "roll of honour" failed to contain the name of Frank Kingston. At the mid-summer closing of the school it was Mr. Warren's practice to award a number of simple prizes to the pupils whose record throughout the half-year had been highest in the different subjects, and year after year Frank had won a goodly share of these trophies, which were always books, so that now there was a shelf in his room upon which stood in attractive array of Livingstone's "Travels," Ballantyne's "Hudson Bay," Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" side by side with "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," and "Tom Brown at Rugby." Frank knew these books almost by heart, yet never wearied of turning to them again and again. He drew inspiration from them. They helped to mold his character, although of this he was hardly conscious, and they filled his soul with a longing for adventure and enterprise that no ordinary every-day career could satisfy. He looked forward eagerly to the time when he would take a man's part in life, and attempt and achieve notable deeds. With Amyas Leigh he traversed the tropical wilderness of Southern America, or with the "Young Fur Traders" the hard-frozen wastes of the boundless North, and he burned to emulate their brave doings. He little knew, as he indulged in these boyish imaginations, that the time was not far off when the call would come to him to begin life in dead earnest on his own account, and with as many obstacles to be overcome in his way as had any of his favourite heroes in theirs.

Mr. Kingston was at home only during the summer season. The long cold winter months were spent by him at the "depot," many miles off in the heart of the forest, or at the "shanties," that were connected with it. At rare intervals during the winter he might manage to get home for a Sunday, but that was all his wife and son saw of him until it was spring time. When the "drive" of the logs that represented the winter's work was over, he returned to them to remain until the falling of the leaves recalled him to the forest. Frank loved and admired his father to the utmost of his ability, and when in his coolest, calmest moods he realized that there was small possibility of his ever sailing the Spanish main like Amyas Leigh, or exploring the interior of Africa like Livingstone, he felt quite settled in his own mind that, following in his father's footsteps, he would adopt lumbering as his business. 'Tis true, his father was only an agent or foreman, and might never be anything more; but even that was not to be despised, and then with a little extra good fortune, he might in time become an owner of the "limits" and mills himself. Why not? Many another boy had thus risen into wealth and importance. He had at least the right to try.

Fifteen in October, and in the highest classes, this was to be Frank's last winter at school; and before leaving for the woods his father had enjoined upon him to make the best of it, as after the summer holidays

were over he would have to "cease learning and begin earning." Frank was rather glad to hear this. He was beginning to think he had grown too big for school and ought to be doing something more directly remunerative. Poor boy! Could he have guessed that those were the last words he would hear from his dear father's lips, how differently would they have affected him! Calumet never saw Mr. Kingston again. In returning alone to the depot from a distant shanty, he was caught in a fierce and sudden snow storm. The little-travelled road through the forest was soon obliterated. Blinded and bewildered by the pitiless storm beating in their faces, both man and beast lost their way, and, wondering about until all strength was spent, lay down to die in the drifts that quickly hid their bodies from sight. It was many days before they were found, lying together, close wrapped in their winding sheet of snow.

Mrs. Kingston bore the dreadful trial with the fortitude and submissive grace that only a serene and un murmuring faith can give. Frank was more demonstrative in his grief, and disposed to rebel against so cruel a calamity. But his mother calmed and inspired him, and when the first numbing force of the blow had passed away, they took counsel together as to the future. This was dark and uncertain enough. All that was left to them was the little cottage in which they lived. Mr. Kingston's salary had not been large, and only by careful management had the house been secured. Of kind and sympathizing friends there was no lack; but they were mostly people in moderate circumstances, like themselves, from whom nothing more than sympathy could be expected.

"I'm afraid there'll be no more school for you now, Frank darling," said his mother, passing her white hand fondly over his forehead as he sat beside the lounge upon which she was reclining. "Will you mind having to go to work?"

"Mind it!" exclaimed Frank. "Not a bit of it! I'm old enough, ain't I?"

"I suppose you are, dear," replied Mrs. Kingston, half-sadly. "What kind of work should you like best?"

"That's not a hard question to answer, mother," returned Frank promptly. "I want to be what father was."

Mrs. Kingston's face grew pale when she heard Frank's answer, and for some time she made no reply.

(To be continued.)

**NEW YEAR'S DAY IN INDIA.**

A MISSIONARY writes from India: "The New Year of the Hindu comes between March and April. It is a grand time for them, as every one that can goes to the Ganges, which is considered a very sacred river and is called 'Mother Gunga,' to have a bath. After this the children sit on the bank at the feet of some priest, who decorates them with odd-looking lines from a paste that he makes. When they go home their mothers busy themselves with cooking a kind of fritter made of molasses and rice flour. The children call these 'putoss.' They spend the rest of their time in playing and sleeping. One year, the day before their New Year, I said to the children in my mission school: 'Every child who will come to school to-morrow will receive a pretty picture.' I was much pleased to see sixty-four bright faces ready with their lessons, out of seventy on the roll. I gave them the pictures which were sent me by children in America, and they were much pleased. Poor little children! taught by their mothers to worship gods of wood and stone, to steal, cheat, and tell stories."

**NOW IS THE TIME.**

Now is the time to look back over the year that is gone and see what we have done that we wish we had not done. It is the privilege of even very little people to correct mistakes when correction is possible, and to so far regret them as to determine they shall not be made again. This is character-building.

We cannot, be we ever so rich, buy a good character; but be we ever so poor, we can carve ourselves one. Now while you are young think of these things.