

The Old Teacher.

BY GEORGE F. HUNTING.

I wonder if he remembers,
That good old man in heaven,
The class in the old red school-house
Known as the noisy seven?

I wonder if he remembers
How restless we used to be?
Or thinks we forgot the lesson
Of Christ and Gethsemane?

I wish I could tell that story
As he used to tell it then,
I am sure that, with heaven's blessing,
I could reach the hearts of men.

That voice, so touchingly tender,
Comes down to me through the years,
A pathos, which seemed to mingle
His own with the Saviour's tears.

I often wish I could tell him,
Though we caused him so much pain
By our thoughtless, boyish frolic,
His lessons were not in vain.

I'd like to tell him how Harry,
The merriest one of all,
From the bloody field of Shiloh
Went home at the Master's call.

I'd like to tell him how Stephen,
So brimming with mirth and fun,
Now tells the heathen of China
The tale of the crucified one.

I'd like to tell him how Joseph
And Philip and Jack and Jay
Are honoured among the churches,
The foremost men of their day.

I'd like—yes, I'd like—to tell him
What his lesson did for me,
And how I'm trying to follow
That Christ of Gethsemane.

Perhaps he knows it already,
For Harry has told, may be,
That we all are coming, coming,
Through Christ of Gethsemane.

How many beside, I know not,
Will gather at last in heaven,
The fruit of that faithful sowing,
But the sheaves are surely seven.

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY K. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

After a hearty but hearty supper, Will Wallace and Quentin Dick set out on their night journey. They carried nothing with them except two wallets, filled, as Wallace could not help thinking, with a needlessly large amount of provisions. Of course they were unarmed, for they travelled in the capacity of peaceful drovers, with plaids on their shoulders, and the usual staves in their hands.

"One would think we were going to travel for a month in some wilderness, to judge from the weight of our haversacks," observed Wallace, after trudging along for some time in silence.

"Maybe we'll be langer than a month," returned Quentin, "an' the wilderness here-away is worse than the wilderness that Moses led his folk through. They had manna there. Mony o' us hae naething here."

Quentin Dick spoke with cynicism in his tone for he was a stern straightforward man, on whom injustice told with tremendous power, and who had not yet been taught by adversity to bow his head to man and restrain his indignation.

Before Wallace had time to make any rejoinder, something like the appearance of a group of horsemen in front arrested them. They were still so far distant as to render their tramp inaudible. Indeed they could not have been seen at all in so dark a night but for the fact that in passing over the crest of a hill they were for a moment or two dimly defined against the sky.

"Dragoons—fow' o' them," muttered Quentin. "We'll step aside here an' let them gang by."

Clambering up the somewhat rugged side of the road, the two men concealed themselves among the bushes, intending to wait till the troopers should pass.

"What can they be doing in this direction, I wonder?" whispered Wallace.

"My friend," answered Quentin, "dinna whisper when ye're hidin'. Of a' the sounds for attractin' attention an' revealin' secrets a whisper is the warst. Speak low if ye maun

speak, but sometimes it's wiser no to speak ava'. Dootless the sodgers 'll be gieing Andrew Black a ca', but he kens brawly hoo to tak' care o' himself."

When the horseman approached it was seen that they were driving before them a boy, or lad, on foot. Evidently they were compelling him to act as their guide.

"It's Ramblin' Peter they've gotten haud o', as sure as I'm a leevin' man," said the shepherd with a low chuckle; "I'd ken him amang a thousand by the way he rins."

"Shall we not rescue him?" exclaimed Wallace, starting up.

"Wheesht! keep still, man. Nae fear o' Peter. He'll lead them in amang the bogs o' some peat-moss or ither, gie them the slip there, an' leave them to find their way out."

Just as the troop trotted past an incident occurred which disconcerted the hiders not a little. A dog which the soldiers had with them scented them, stopped, and after snuffing about for a few seconds, began to bark furiously. The troop halted at once and challenged.

"Tak' nae notice," remarked Quentin in a low voice, which went no further than his comrade's ear.

A bright flash and sharp report followed the challenge, and a ball whistled through the thicket.

"Ay, fire away," soliloquised Quentin. "Ye seldom hit when ye can see. It's no likely ye'll dae muckle better i' the dark."

The dog, however, having discovered the track of the hidden men, rushed up the bank toward them. The shepherd picked up a stone, and, waiting till the animal was near enough, flung it with such true aim that the dog went howling back to the road. On this a volley from the carbines of the troopers cut up the bushes all around them.

"That'll dae noo. Come awa', Wull," said the shepherd, rising and proceeding farther into the thicket by a scarce visible footpath.

"The horses canna follow us here unless they hae the legs an' airns o' puggies. As for the men, they'd have to cut a track to let their big boots pass. We may tak' it easy, for they're uncommon slow at loadin'."

In a few minutes the two friends were beyond all danger. Returning then to the road about a mile farther on, they continued the journey until they had left the scene of the great communion far behind them, and when day dawned they retired to a dense thicket in a hollow by the banks of a little burn, and there rested till near sunset, when the journey was resumed. That night they experienced considerable delay owing to the intense darkness. Towards dawn the day following Quentin Dick led his companion into a wild, thickly-wooded place which seemed formed by nature as a place of refuge for a hunted creature—whether man or beast.

Entering the mouth of what seemed to be a cavern, he bade his companion wait. Presently a sound, as of the cry of some wild bird, was heard. It was answered by a similar cry in the far distance. Soon after the shepherd returned, and, taking his companion by the hand, led him into the cave which, a few paces from its mouth, was profoundly dark. Almost immediately a glimmering light appeared. A few steps farther, and Wallace found himself in the midst of an extraordinary scene.

The cavern at its inner extremity was an apartment of considerable size, and the faint light of a few lanterns showed that the place was clouded by smoke from a low fire of wood that burned at the upper end. Here, standing, seated, and reclining, were assembled all sorts and conditions of men—some in the prime and vigour of life; some bowed with the weight of years; others, both young and old, gaunt and haggard from the influence of disease and suffering, and many giving evidence by their aspect that their days on earth were numbered. Some, by the stern contraction of brow and lip, seemed to suggest that submission was the last thought that would enter their minds, but not a few of the party wore that look of patient endurance which is due to the influence of the Spirit of God—not to mere human strength of mind and will. All seemed to be famishing for want of food, while ragged clothes, shaggy beards, hollow cheeks, and unkempt locks told eloquently of the long years of bodily and mental suffering which had been endured under ruthless persecution.

CHAPTER V.—RISKS AND REFUGES.

IMMEDIATELY on entering the cave in which this party of Covenanters had found a temporary shelter, Will Wallace learned the reason of the large supply of provisions which he and his comrade had carried.

"I've brought this for ye frae Andrew Black," said Quentin, taking the wallet from his shoulder and presenting it to a man in clerical costume who advanced to welcome him. "He thought ye might stand in need o' victuals."

"Ever thoughtful of his friends; I thank him heartily," said the minister, accepting the wallet—as also that handed to him by Wallace. "Andrew is a true helper of the persecuted; and I thank the Lord who has put it into his heart to supply us at a time when our provisions are well-nigh exhausted. Our numbers have been unexpectedly increased by the arrival of some of the unfortunates recently expelled from Lanark."

"From Lanark!" echoed Wallace as he glanced eagerly round on the forlorn throng.

"Can you tell me, sir, if a Mr. David Spence and a Mrs. Wallace has arrived from that quarter?"

"I have not heard of them returned the minister, as he emptied the wallets and began to distribute their contents to those around him.—"Ah, here is milk—I'm glad our friend Black thought of that, for we have a poor dying woman here who can eat nothing solid. Here, Webster, take it to her."

With a sudden sinking at the heart Wallace followed the man to whom the milk had been given. Might not this dying woman, he thought, be his own mother? True, he had just been told that no one with her name had yet sought refuge there; but, there was a bare possibility and—anxiety does not reason! As he crossed to a spot where several persons were bending over a couch of straw, a tremendous clap of thunder shook the solid walls of the cavern. This was immediately followed by a torrent of rain, the plashing of which outside suggested that all the windows of heaven had been suddenly opened. The incident was natural enough in itself, but the anxious youth took it as a bad omen, and trembled as he had never before trembled at the disturbances of nature. One glance, however, sufficed to relieve his mind. The dying woman was young. Delicate of constitution by nature, long exposure to damp air in caves, and cold beds on the ground, with bad and insufficient food, had sealed her doom. Lying there, with hollow cheeks, eyes closed and lips deathly pale, it seemed as if the spirit had already fled.

"Oh, my ain Lizzie!" cried a poor woman who knelt beside her.

"Wheesht, mither," whispered the dying woman, slowly opening her eyes; "it is the Lord's doing—shall not the Judge of the earth do right? We'll understand it a' some day—for ever wi' the Lord!"

The last words were audible only to the mother's ear. Food for the body, even if it could have availed her, came too late. Another moment and she was in the land where hunger and thirst are unknown—where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

The mourners were still standing in silence gazing on the dead, when a loud noise and stamping of feet was heard at the entrance of the cave. Turning round they saw several drenched and haggard persons enter, among them a man supporting—almost carrying—a woman whose drooping figure betokened great exhaustion.

"Thank you, O thank you; I—I'm better now," said the woman, looking up with a weary yet grateful expression at her protector.

Will Wallace sprang forward as he heard the voice. "Mother! mother!" he cried, and, next moment, he had her in his arms.

The excitement coupled with extreme fatigue was almost too much for the poor woman. She could not speak, but with a sigh of contentment, allowed her head to fall upon the broad bosom of her son.

Accustomed as those hunted people were to scenes of suffering, wild despair, and sometimes, though not often, to bursts of sudden joy, this incident drew general attention and sympathy—except, indeed, from the mother of the dead woman, whose poor heart was for the moment stunned. Several women—one of whom was evidently a lady of some position—crowded to Will's assistance, and conveyed Mrs. Wallace to a recess in the cave which was curtained off. Here they gave her food, and changed her soaking garments. Meanwhile her brother, David Spence—a grand-looking old man of gentle manners and refined mind—gave his nephew an account of the manner in which they had been driven from their home.

"What is the matter with your hands, uncle?" asked Will, observing that both were bandaged.

"They tried the thumbscrews on me," said Spence with a pitiful smile, glancing at his injured members. "They wanted to force me to sign the Bond, which I declined to do—first, because it required me to perform impossibilities; and, second, because it was such a Government in the world has a right to exact or freemen to sign. They were going to put the boot on me at first, but the officer in command ordered them to try the thumbscrews. This was lucky, for a man may get along with damaged thumbs, but it would have been hard to travel with crippled legs! I held out though, until the pain became so

great that I couldn't help giving a tremendous yell. This seemed to touch the officer with pity, for he ordered his men to let me be. Soon afterwards your mother and I managed to give them the slip, and we came on here."

"But why came you here, uncle?" asked Will.

"Because I don't want to be taken to Edinburgh and hanged. Besides, after hearing of your temporary settlement with Black, I thought the safest place for your mother would be beside yourself."

When Wallace explained the cause of his own journey, and the condition of the district around Black's farm, the plans of David Spence had to be altered. He resolved, after consideration and prayer, to take to the mountains and remain in hiding, while Mrs. Wallace should go to Edinburgh, as already planned, and live with Mrs. Black.

(To be continued.)

Cause and Effect.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

A LITTLE dinner party was in progress down below,
While above stairs, in the nursery, was a lonely little Fred.

"There is nothing left to do!" he sighed,
"That clock is very slow,
And when nurse does finish supper, she will put me straight to bed!"

"Now, if they'd let me play with that!"—
he looked upon the wall,
And gently pushed a chair along before him, as he spoke—
"I really would not mischief it, or worry it, at all,
And I feel quite pretty certain I could mend it, if it broke!"

About five minutes after this, the door-bell rang, and low
The servant to the master whispered, "Sir, he's at the door—
The messenger you rang for," Replied the master, "No;
He's made some stupid blunder." And he thought of it no more.

Five minutes passed; a sound of wheels; the servant came to say:
"The carriage is a-waiting, sir,—belike it's come too early,
But the man is very positive you rang for a cuppay."

"I didn't," said the master, and his look and tone were surly.

In the same mysterious manner a policeman came and went,
And a doubtful look was growing now upon the master's face;
An idea had occurred to him of what the mystery meant,
And he was just preparing to follow up the trace—

When, lo! "A burst of thunder-sound,"—
the engine drew up proudly,
Close followed by the hose-cart; and dire confusion grew.

But the master from his door-step by shouting wildly, loudly,
Was in time to stop the deluge, and 'twas all that he could do.

Straightway to the alarm he went, and captured Master Fredly,
Who sobbed, "I ouldy gave it such a little, little jerk!
I didn't mean to start it—just to try if it was ready;
I wanted—all I wanted was to see if it would work!"

WHAT DO YOU WISH?—Here is a good point well made by *The Young People's Standard*: "For the prayer service in the Junior meeting it is well to ask the children some such question as, 'What do you wish to ask God for to-day?' After a number of objects of prayer have been named, everyone should have an opportunity to offer a sentence prayer. The idea of definiteness in prayer can be taught in no better way."

AGREEABLE ALL AROUND!—"I purpose introducing some new features into the service," said the Rev. Mr. Textual. "All right!" remarked Fogg. "New features in that pulpit are just what I have been longing for for the last year or two."