

The Song of the Red Cloak.

Founded on an incident in the history of
Chester, Nova Scotia.

BY GEORGE P. BAKER.

Come listen, good folk, to the song of the
cloak,

The cloak of red and gray;
Hear how it saved the little town
That nestles where the hills slope down
To deep blue Chester Bay.

'Twas in times of strife far unill'd the life
That Chester knows to-day;
The resolution then was near,
And oft some bold New England crew
Came into Chester Bay.

Then was time of dread, for the strangers led
The flocks and herds away;
And old men rag'd, while women wept
For husbands strong whom battles kept
Afar from Chester Bay.

So old Captain Mill, on Blockhouse Hill,
One bright, cool day in May,
Seeing a Yankee vessel sweep
By Tanook's Isle, whose low shores keep
The mouth of Chester Bay,

Cried aloud in wrath. "Since this village
hath
But weak old men to say
That Chester still shall keep her own,
We'll man the blockhouse all alone,
For King and Chester Bay."

Even as he spoke, there suddenly broke
From children at their play,
A wild, shrill cry—"A Privateer,"
Echoed by voices hoarse with fear
For peaceful Chester Bay.

From houses and stores, the people in scores
Poured forth in their dismay;
The old men turned to Blockhouse Hill,
Longing for strength and old-time skill,
To guard their Chester Bay;

While the women sad,—some quickly clad
In their long, soft robes of gray,—
Hushing the wailing children, fled
To woods beyond the harbour's head,
The head of Chester Bay.

As into this throng, with his purpose strong,
The Captain made his way,
His quick eye saw the linings red
Of the women's cloaks, as on they sped
Away from Chester Bay;

And his face grew bright with a sudden
light;
His words were almost gay:
"Quick, quick, good women, turn your cloaks,
Here's a chance for a right good hoax,
To aid our Chester Bay."

The women obeyed. As they stood arrayed
In red instead of gray,
The Captain spoke,—and up and down
They bore a message through the town
That lies by Chester Bay.

Then to Blockhouse Hill strode old Captain
Mill,
And where the cannon lay,
He helped the few old men and weak
To load the weapon that should speak
For lonely Chester Bay:

While from every street came the sound of
feet
From squads, in scarlet gay,
Of women marching calm and still
Along the shore, and up the hill
That guards blue Chester Bay.

Then the cannon spoke, and the water broke
Before the ship in spray,
As sails half-furled, the long-boat manned—
Swiftly she glided toward the land,
The point in Chester Bay

Oh but could it be that the crew did see
The brilliant red array?
The sails, half-furled, fast fluttered out,
With helm hard down she came about,
One ship in Chester Bay.

Now God be praised, and the Captain
raised
His hands in solemn way,
"The Yankees think the Red-coats here,
Every woman a grenadier,
And saved is Chester Bay."

'Twas just as he said, for with sails outspread
The vessel stood away;
But, ere another-boat went down,
Burnt and sacked was Lunenburg town,
Across and Chester Bay.

Now ended, good folk, is the song of the
cloak,

The cloak of red and gray;
'Twas thus it saved the little town
That nestles where the hills slope down
To deep blue Chester Bay.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER IV.

LOST IN JERUSALEM.

FOUR days after this Sandy was still seeking his lost Gip, but with a forlorn and despairing heart. Never until now had London seemed so big to him; never before had he felt how crowded it was with people, all strangers to him, many of them, as it appeared, enemies to him. He did not know a single friend among them. There were a few fusco boys who were good to him when they were in luck, but they did not altogether approve of Sandy's plan, that he should do nothing but search for Gip, whilst they worked to feed him. There had been some hard words already spoken to him about it; and Sandy could see close at hand that even these old comrades would forsake him.

It was Sunday afternoon; but that did not make much difference to him, except that the streets were clearer again, and there was a better chance of seeing Gip. It was quieter, too, with less rattle of wheels, and she could hear him if he shouted to her. The day was fine, and the low autumn sun was shining behind the smoke and the mist. Sandy had lost his eager, deep and searching look; and though Gip was still all he lived for, he was sauntering along with languid feet and an aching heart. Sunday had had its pleasures, even for him, in former days. He had carried Gip often on to London Bridge, where the fresh air from the river had blown about them, and made her laugh many a time. He was on his way thither now; but by-and-bye he saw a cluster of people gathered in an open space, and he quickened his footsteps, for always in a crowd like this there would be some small figure about the side of Gip, which made him fancy for a moment that he had found her. There was a chair in the centre of the knot set against a wall, and a young man stood upon it, speaking in a very clear and very earnest voice. His face was pleasant, and his bright eyes seemed to single out every face among those around him.

"The child was lost!" he said, just as Sandy came within hearing, and the words drew him at once into the circle of listeners. "The child was lost, only think of that! He was with them when they left the city in the morning; he had walked the streets with them, talking to his mother and father. Then they lost sight of him; but they thought, 'He has gone with some of the neighbours' children;' and they went on their way without feeling any trouble. But when the night came, and they were going to have supper at the inn, Mary would say to her husband, 'Have you seen Jesus?' She would say it quite calmly, never thinking that he was lost. 'Have you seen Jesus?' And most likely he would answer, 'No, but he is sure to be with the other children; I will go and call him.' But he was not with the other children. Then they became frightened, and they went from one to another among the friends and relations, asking, 'Do you know where our son Jesus is? we have lost him!' Everybody answered, 'No; he was with us this morning when we left the city, but it is a long time since we saw him.'

"It was night then, and they could not return to the city before the morning came. Do you think Mary slept that night? Do you suppose she could lie down peacefully, and close her eyes, and forget her great and sudden trouble? Oh, no! She would be wondering where her lost child was, where he was sleeping, and if he were hungry and homeless in the great city they had left, or perhaps, wondering about in the fields and woods outside, with no place to lay his head. She watched for the morn-

ing, and at the very first glimmer of light she was on her feet, ready to run all the way back to the city.

"And all the way back they would ask everyone they met. 'Have you seen our son Jesus of Nazareth?' Those who did not know them would say, 'Tell us what your son is like.' Then Mary did her best to describe him as exactly as she could; for she knew every look upon his face, and every tone of his voice. But very likely the clearest thing she could say, the thing most people would know him best by, would be, 'He wears a little coat which I made myself, and it is all in one piece, without seam, woven from the top through-out. Most folks see clothes plainer than faces. But she did not get any news of Jesus before they reached the city.

"They wandered up and down the streets, seeking everywhere for the child Jesus. They sought him sorrowing, sorrowing. Think what it would be to lose your child, perhaps the only one you had, in this great city of London, never to know where it had wandered, or whose hands it had fallen into, by night not to know whether it is sleeping under any shelter, and by day not to know whether anyone was giving it bread to eat."

"Why, that's like me and Gip!" cried Sandy, pushing through the circle to get closer to the speaker, and listening with all his might lest he should miss a single word.

"At last," he continued, "Mary said suddenly, 'How foolish we are! When we were here with our boy, we went scarcely anywhere but to the Temple, and that was where Jesus always liked best to go. Let us look for him there.' So they went up to the Temple, where Jesus loved most to go, and there they found him! Try to think how all their sorrow was turned in a moment into great joy, and how, as they were going home to Nazareth with their child, their hearts would dance for very gladness, whenever their eyes fell upon him.

"And now Jesus, who was a lost child then, is seeking us, who are all like lost children, wandering away from the house and home of God, our Father. You know you are a long way off from God; you have lost your way, and do not know how to get home to him again. We are like foolish little children, who follow some show along the streets till they lose sight of the way back, and can only wander on and on, farther and farther away, till in time, if they are not found they will forget all about their old home, or that they ever had one. Have you forgotten your home with God? or do some of you wish and long to get back to him? Well, God has sent Jesus to seek for you, and to show you the way back. He is seeking for you now, as Mary sought for him sorrowing; and if he finds you, all his sorrow will be turned into great joy. He will be satisfied for all the sore pain you have given him.

"You cannot see him, you cannot hear his voice; but he is here amongst us, close beside us. I am speaking for him, because you can hear my voice, and see my face. And I say to every one of you, Jesus Christ is seeking you, is calling to you. Are you willing to be found? That is the question. He cannot force you to go home. Do you wish to have a home with God?"

"Lost, are you? Yes, you are lost. Some of you in drunkenness, perhaps, some of you in thieving, all of you are lost in sin and misery. But I have this message for every one of you, 'Jesus is come to seek and to save those who are lost.' You have only to speak to him, to call to him, as a lost child calls to his mother, and he will save you."

Sandy did not miss a word; though he could not understand them all, simple as they were. There was a hymn sung, and a short prayer uttered, and then the small congregation melted away, and Sandy strolled on to London Bridge. He turned aside then, into one of the abutments, and stood leaning over the parapet, as if he were watching the river beating and whirling against the great pillars below him. The water was flecked with light from the setting sun, but he saw neither the river nor the sky. His mind was full to bewilderment of new ideas. His brain was pondering over the story of a child who had been once lost like Gip, but who was now

seeking those who were lost. A person whom nobody could see, but who went up and down the streets always to take people home to God. Could not this Jesus help him to find little Gip?

"You was lost once yourself," he said, speaking half aloud without knowing it; "and you was found again all right. When you're going about lookin' for folks now, maybe you'll come across little Gip, and please to take care of her for me."

"Who are you speaking to?" asked a voice as quiet as his owl, close beside him. Sandy turned round quickly, and almost angrily, as if afraid of having been overheard. Behind him stood a boy, of his own height, supported upon crutches, with a face as wan and pinched as little Gip's. But there was a pleasant smile in his eyes as he gazed straight into Sandy's face. His clothes were shabby, but warm, and he had a red woollen coat over his round neck, and a pair of gloves on his hands. He seemed almost a gentleman to the ragged and lathered boy, who was a good deal awry, half shy and half angry, when the stranger stepped behind his head, and, as if by magic, he was in the hard stone pavement, if Sandy had not caught him in his arms.

(To be continued.)

"DON'T YOU LOVE HIM FOR THAT?"

ONE Sabbath a father called his children around him, and asked them what they had learned at the school that day. He was not a Christian man himself, but he had a pious wife, and the children went regularly to the Sunday school.

In their own simple way, the little ones began to tell what the teacher had been saying of the beautiful home in heaven that Jesus had set before us for sinners. Nellie, the youngest, had crept upon her father's knee, and, looking full into his face, and said, "Jesus must have loved us very much to do that. Don't you love him for it, father?"

Then they went on to describe the Saviour. How he was betrayed by Judas, and led before the high-priest and the Jews, and how the wicked soldiers crowned him with thorns, and mocked, and scourged, and buffeted him. And again the little one looked up and said, with tears in her eyes, "Don't you love him for that, father?"

At last the children came to tell of the dreadful death of Jesus on the cross, and once more little Nellie looked up into her father's face, and said, the third time, "Now, don't you love him, father?"

The father could not bear any more. He put his little girl down, and went away to hide his tears, for the words had gone home to his heart. Soon after he became a true Christian, and he said that little Nellie's questions had more effect upon him than the most powerful preaching he had ever heard.

PROHIBITION AND PROSPERITY.

LICQUOR DEALERS and anti-prohibitionists who are constantly harping on the blighting effects of prohibition on the prosperity of a city, will not be able to draw much comfort from the experience of Des Moines, Iowa. Des Moines is a city of sixty thousand people, and has but one open saloon within its limits, not within the county in which it is situated, and yet it is just now enjoying an era of the most remarkable prosperity. Such a thing as a house or store room to rent, can scarcely be found at any price, while more than a thousand new residences and more than a million dollars' worth of new business blocks, some of them the finest in the west, are in process of erection. Bank clearances run from twenty-five to fifty per cent. higher than a year ago. Its manufactured products for 1890 exceed those of 1889 by more than \$5,000,000. Every kind of business is extremely prosperous, and the actual statistics of the transfer companies show that the population is increasing by new arrivals alone at the rate of a thousand per month. A good many other cities would like to be killed in the same way that prohibition has killed Des Moines.