

dead among the tangle, or tossed about by the tide! Who cares whether it's all hands lost or all hands saved? Who cares?"

"You are right," said Jock Wilson, who could not stand that question. "No one cares for us more than for the brags."

"No one?" asked Walters. "I say, yes! One does care, One who pres rves both man and beast; One whom sailors seldom think of, and seldom speak of except in oaths. The God that made you, and who preserves you, cares for you, as I have testified to you, cares for you, even for you: cares as no father or mother ever did. Oh, shame! shame! my men. Why don't you care for Him?"

"Why, sir," said Wilson, "you know sailors can't be saints."

"What do you think a saint is?" asked Walters.

"Why, I do not know," said Wilson, "except, perhaps, he is a sort of melancholy chap, with black clothes, who is all day singing of psalms, except when groaning or abusing sailors for taking their liquor."

Walters smiled, and said, "I'm sure I don't look like such a saint as that! and yet I hope I am a saint by God's grace that is offered to all. My lads," he continued, "a saint may be a sailor as well as a parson, wear duck as well as black, and be out on a yard as well as in a pulpit. For I'll tell you what a saint is; he's a man that does God's will with a heart, because he likes Him. And if he won't be a saint, depend upon it he is a devil, or very like one, and no mistake. For what can be worse than a man who hates God, and God's will? I defy the devil himself to do more than that! And as for your taking liquor, one thing is certain, that whatever is good for a man, for his soul or for his body, his Father in heaven will give it to him, but I take it that getting drunk is good for neither, nor is any other wickedness."

"Ye're no far wrang there, minister," said a Scotch voice, "for this has been an awfu' job for us."

"But wind and tide are always against a fellow when he tries to work his way in the right course, my hearty, isn't it?" remarked one of the hands.

"Yes, when he tries without God; but if he seeks God, He will be with him, and then God is stronger than wind or tide, for he can make the weakest craft overcome both."

"How do you know?"

"Because He says it, and because I have tried it myself, and know it. How do I know that I see the light? Because I see it, and thousands on thousands see it as well as I. The God who has delivered poor Tom Walters is fit to save any man! And oh, it's peace, my lads; peace and freedom!"

"But I must go, my time is up," continued Walters; "I have left God's message with you; I'll perhaps never see you till the judgment-day, and you'll know then for weal or woe, I have spoken the truth. Farewell!" he said, rising. "From my heart I wish you well, and that all good and all peace may be yours! But remember there is no good or peace for man unless he takes Jesus Christ to be his Saviour, and becomes acquainted with the God who made us, preserves us, loves us, and will guide us. I will leave you some tracts, and two or three books which you may like to read on

the voyage, and, perhaps, for the sake of old Tom Walters, you will grant me one request—that you will hear read a portion of the Bible every Sunday, when possible, and a prayer from this prayer-book, which I give you?"

"Good-bye, sir!" "Farewell!" "Good luck to you!" "A fair wind to you, my hearty!" "Thank you, old boy!" "God bless you!" came from different voices in the fore-castle, as Mr. Walters ascended the ladder.

Mr. Walters went aft to speak to the captain. Joining him and the mate on the quarter-deck, and again taking off his hat, he saluted them, presenting the captain with a neat pocket Bible. "Please accept this, Captain Salmond," he said, "as an expression of my gratitude to you for allowing me to speak to your men. They have promised to hear the Scriptures read on Sundays, if you have no objection."

"As for the crew," said Salmond, "they may do as they like, if they only do their duty to me. But saunts or no saunts, they maun work the ship!"

"I trust they may work her better than ever," said Walters; "she won't sail the worse if God is in her to help and bless her."

"One word, before parting, to you, captain, and mate, my fellow-men: Unless we repent we shall all perish; unless we are born again we cannot see the kingdom of God."

"That might be an awfu' job," said Salmond.

"But remember what I say is true," said Walters, as he shook hands, and vanished over the ship's side. He was soon seated in his boat, rowing rapidly towards the shore.

CHIVALRY.

BY MRS. V. C. PHEBUS.

MANY a youth, reading accounts of the habits of peasants in European countries, will feel indignant when he learns that it is no unusual sight to see a woman and a dog harnessed to a cart, that the produce of the farm may be hauled to the market, nor to see the same team returning, drawing home the lord and master, who, having disposed of the goods, finds it quite as easy to ride back in the empty vehicle, and far more pleasant. "Such brutes! Such utter lack of chivalry," you exclaim. But stop a moment and see if you are altogether chivalric in your treatment of the weaker sex. I imagine you will think at once of the respectful manner you use when you lift your hat and bow to the ladies of your acquaintance, or how you invariably spring up in crowded cars to offer your seat to a lady who may be obliged to stand.

I am not going to speak of these little acts of attention to the ladies, and of the self-denial on your part. If you admit that true chivalry consists in throwing no needless burden upon the weaker sex, I wish to point to some burdens which may, perhaps, have escaped your mind. A mother is very tired, having been at very fatiguing household employment. Her boy enters the kitchen, asking hurriedly for a tool which he cannot find, though he assures her he put it very carefully away in his tool-chest.

"You left it lying on the kitchen floor," is her response. "When I was sweeping, this morning, I picked it up and laid it away in the drawer under the dresser."

Without a word of thanks, he goes to the dresser-drawer, takes its contents over hurriedly, finds the tool he is seeking, and leaves without any attempt to put the drawer in the condition in which he found it. The patient hands so accustomed to bring order out of chaos, perform this task for him.

A little later, the same boy has lost his hat. His mother comes to the rescue by telling where she had seen the misplaced article and how she put it in place.

Is this boy typical of you? If so, are you sure you throw no needless burdens upon the weaker sex. Perhaps if these thoughtless acts were counted up for a week it might be found that they have imposed quite as heavy a burden upon the mother and sisters you love so much as the European peasant's weekly homeward trip from market imposes upon the robust woman who acts as his beast of burden.

GETTING LOST ON THE PRAIRIES.

BY THE REV. EZRA A. STAFFORD, M.A., LL.D.

FROM an interesting article in the *Methodist Magazine* we make the following extract: But is there no danger of the traveller missing his way? Yes, at night, and in times of storm, especially in the winter blizzards, the wayfarer sometimes finds himself unhoused, and unable to make his way to his destination. The fact that one may drive at a good speed anywhere makes it possible to miss the trail, and wander about for a considerable time without achieving any object. I met one man in a part of the country with which he was familiar, after he had been aimlessly wandering for half the day. A person that knew the country thoroughly, undertook one Sabbath afternoon, to drive me to an appointment five miles from his home, and we spent the remainder of the day in the sleigh, until the night began to fall, but I have never yet seen the point we set out to reach. When drifted over with snow, and the early darkness of the north has fallen upon the earth, if the trail is lost, the victim has before him the dreary prospect of wandering about the open prairie until the daylight finds him, and then he will probably discover that he has not gone beyond a somewhat narrow circle. One man told me that he had spent the whole night in this way within a mile of his own home. His amiable wife had slept sweetly the night through, and had not taken the trouble to put the lamp in the window, as by agreement she was expected to do, because she thought the storm was too great for it to be seen.

In another case, two men had been drinking freely before starting for home. They were overtaken by night on the way. They lost the trail. Fortunately it was not, for the west, a severe night. After useless wanderings, the more sober of the two left his companion asleep in the straw on the sleigh, and set out on foot to find the trail. He soon came to a house unoccupied for the night, but having stove and wood and other means of comfort. He had sense enough left to start a fire, but not enough to remember his deserted companion. Once comfortable himself, he slept profoundly until late in the morning. When at last he awoke, there came over his confused senses no recollection of his fellow-traveller. He went out in search of him. He was soon found, legs and arms badly frozen,

but, strange to say, not quite dead. Not long before noon of that day a passer-by found these two men in the before-mentioned house, the one in a dying condition, and the other industriously saturating his companion's frozen limbs with kerosene oil. This novel treatment did not avail to save the man's life. It may be truthfully said, in passing, that nearly every case of fatal freezing in the North-west can be traced to the use of intoxicating drinks.

SOUVENIR OF LOVE AND BATTLE
INSCRIBED TO THE SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY.

"The brave die never; being deathless they but change their country's arms for more—Their country's heart."

IT has come—and a parcel of trifles, A housewife and home-knit socks, But a link in the chain of affection That death now forever locks.

Yes, it came with the letters and papers, Messages loving and kind, For a lad in the ranks with his fellows Who the courier seeks to find.

They had marched in the misty dawn, And fought until sunny noon, When the ball and savage red foemen Were daunted—but none too soon;

For they had battled with odds against them, Where hideous Indian yells Through the tangled ravines and ridges Met screams of the shrapnel shells.

They returned as the lengthening shadows Creep out from the Eagle Hills, And the haze of a northern sunset Saskatchewan's valley fills.

But the silence of sadness was on them For the wounded and early dead, For the blood of the sons and the brothers By the savages' bullets shed.

On a slope by the bright Battle River, Where the prairie roses bloom, Where crocuses and white anemones Dispel every thought of gloom;

They buried the fallen heroes, Neath halo of tearful pride, Wreathing flowers on a priceless token That lay by his pierced side.

And they read the requiem volley, That tells how the patriot brave Ever live in the life of their country, Though laid in a far off grave.

INDIAN MEDICINE MEN.

THE Indian tribes of North America generally contain a few "medicine" men, who are the laziest and at the same time sharpest men in the tribe. They profess to be wizards, and to do all sorts of impossible things; but though called "medicine" men, they have, as a rule, nothing to do with healing, the doctors of the tribe being usually some old women. They are, however, expected to cure those diseases which the old woman doctor has given up, and are supposed to be able to cause rain to fall, to make fishes, or beavers, or buffaloes plentiful, and to perform other wonders. Indians being very superstitious people, these men—who are neither more nor less than clever conjurers and rogues—get a good living by imposing upon the simple men and women. They dress in strange attire, sometimes in a cloak of bird's feathers, with a bird's head, legs, and claws, or in a beaver's skin; at other times they will put on horrible masks, or paint their bodies with hideous designs. But when a "medicine" man makes a mistake, or is found out in any of his tricks, he is severely punished, and often killed.