

Junior Song.

BY EDITH VIRGINIA BHADT.

ONWARD, Juniors! falter never;
Forward march in brave endeavour;
High the royal banner flinging,
Hearts atune, and voices singing,
"Children of the King are we."

CHORUS:

Children of the heavenly King,
Forward marching, let us sing,
"Children of the King are we."

Children of a King victorious,
Children of a King all-glorious,
With his banner floating o'er us,
Shout we st. ll the mighty chorus,
"Children of the King are we."

Zionward our steps are tending,
For the right our prayers ascending;
While with courage failing never,
March we onward, singing ever,
"Children of the King are we."

Casting down our crowns before him,
Evermore to praise, adore him,
Still our youthful voices singing,
High the heavenly anthem ringing,
"Children of the King are we."



DOWN AT THE BOOM.

The task before him was one from which many a grown man might have shrunk in dismay. For five long lonely miles the road ran through the forest that darkened it with heavy shadows, and not a living soul could he hope to meet until he reached the shanty.

It was now past eight o'clock, and to do his best, it would take him a whole hour to reach his goal. The snow lay deep upon the road, and was but little beaten down by the few sleighs that had passed over it. The air was keen and crisp with frost, the temperature being many degrees below zero. And finally, the most fear-inspiring of all, there was the possibility of wolves; for the dreaded timber wolf had been both heard and seen in close proximity to the camp of late, an unusual scarcity of small game having made him daring in his search for food.

But Frank possessed a double source of strength. He was valiant by nature, and he had implicit faith in God's overruling providence. He felt specially under the divine care now, and, resolutely putting away all thoughts of personal danger, addressed himself, mind and body, to the one thing—the relief of Johnston from his perilous position.

With arms braced at his sides and head bent forward he set out at a jog-trot, which was better suited for getting through the deep snow than an ordinary walk. Fortunately he was in the very pink of condition. The steady hard work of the preceding months, combined with the coarse but abundant food and early hours, had developed and strengthened every muscle in his body and hardened his constitution until few boys of his age could have been found better fitted to endure a long tramp through heavy snow than he. Moreover, running had always been his favorite form of athletic exercise, and the muscles it required were well trained for their work.

"I'll do it all right inside the hour," he said to himself. And then, as a sudden thought struck him, he gave a nervous little laugh, and added, "And perhaps make a good deal better time if I hear anything of the wolves."

Try as he might, he could not get the wolves out of his head. He had not himself seen any signs of them, but several times the choppers working farthest from the camp had mentioned finding their tracks in the snow, and once they had been heard howling in the distance after the men had all come in the shanty for the night.

On he went through the snow and night, now making good progress at his brisk jog-trot, now going more slowly as he dropped into a walk to rest himself and recover breath. Although the moon rode high in the heavens, the trees which stood close to the road allowed few of her beams to light his path.

"If it was only broad daylight I wouldn't mind it a bit," Frank soliloquized; "but this going alone at this time of night is not the sort of a job I care for."

And then the thought of poor Johnston lying helpless but uncomplaining in the snow made him feel ashamed of his words, and to ease his conscience he broke into a trot again. Just as he did so, a sound reached his ear that sent a thrill of terror through his heart. Hoping he might be mistaken he stopped,

and listened with straining senses. For a moment there was absolute silence. Then the sound came again—distinct, but clear and unmistakable. He had heard it only once before, yet he felt as sure of it now as if it had been his mother's voice. It was the howl of the timber wolf sounding through the still night air from somewhere to the north; how far away he could not determine.

For a moment all his strength seemed to leave him. How helpless he was alone in that mighty forest without even so much as a knife wherewith to defend himself! But it would not do to stand irresolute. His own life as well as the foreman's depended upon his reaching the shanty. Were he to climb one of the big trees that stood around, the wolves, of course, could not get at him; but Johnston would be dead before daylight came to release him from his tree citadel, and perhaps he would himself fall a victim to the cold in that exposed situation. There was no other alternative than to run for his life, so, breathing out a fervent prayer for divine help and protection, he summoned all his energies to the struggle. He was more than a mile from the shanty, and his exertion had told severely upon his strength; but the great peril of his situation made him forget his weariness, and he started off as if he were perfectly fresh.

But the howling of the wolves grew more and more distinct as they drew swiftly nearer, and with agony of heart the poor boy felt his breath coming short and his limbs beginning to fail beneath him. Nearer and nearer came his dreaded pursuers, and every moment he expected to see them burst into the road behind him.

Fortunately, he had reached a part of the road which, being near the camp, was much used by the teams drawing logs to the river bank, and was consequently beaten hard and smooth. This welcome change enabled him to quicken his steps, which had dropped into a walk, and although he felt almost blind from exhaustion, he pushed desperately forward, hoping at every turn of the road to catch a glimpse of the shanty showing dark through the trees. The cry of the disciples caught in the sudden storm on Galilee, "Lord, save us, we perish!" kept coming to his lips as he staggered onward. Surely there could not be much further to go! He turned for a moment to look behind him. The wolves were in sight, their dark forms showing distinctly against the snow as in silence now they gained upon their prey. Run as hard as he might, they must be upon him ere another fifty yards were passed. He felt as if it were all over with him, and so utter was his exhaustion that it seemed to benumb his faculties and make him half-willing for the end to come.

But the end was not to be as the wolves desired. Just at the critical moment when further exertion seemed impossible he caught sight of some one approaching him rapidly from the direction of the shanty and shouting aloud while he rushed forward to meet him. With one last supreme effort he plunged toward this timely apparition, and a moment later fell insensible at his feet.

It was Baptiste, good-hearted, affectionate Baptiste, who, having awaited the travellers' return and grown convinced at

their long delay, had gone out to look along the road to see if they were anywhere in view. Catching sight of Frank's lonely figure, he had made all haste to meet him, and reached him just in time to ward off the wolves that in a minute more would have been upon him.

When the wolves saw Baptiste, who swung a gleaming axe about his head as he shouted, "Chiens donc! I'll split your heads off I get at you!" they stopped short, and even retreated a little, drawing themselves together in a sort of group in the middle of the road, snapping their teeth and snarling in a half-frightened, half-furious manner. But Baptiste was not to be daunted. Lifting his axe on high, he shouted at them in his choicest French and charged upon the pack as though they had been simply a flock of marauding sheep. Wolves are arrant cowards, and without pausing to take into consideration the disparity of numbers, for they stood twelve to one, they fled, ignominiously before the plucky Frenchman, not halting until they had put fifty yards between themselves and him. Whereupon Baptiste seized upon the opportunity to pick up the still senseless Frank, throw him over his broad shoulder, and hasten back to the shanty before the wolves should regain their self-possession.

They were all asleep in the shanty when the cook returned with his unconscious burden, but he soon roused the others with his vigorous shouts, and by the time they were fully awake Frank was awake too, the warm air of the room quickly reviving him from his faint. Looking round about with a bewildered expression, he asked anxiously:

"Where is Mr. Johnston? Hasn't he come back too?"

Then he recollected himself, and a picture of his good friend lying prostrate and helpless in the snow, perhaps surrounded by the same wolves that brave Baptiste had rescued him from, flashed into his mind, and, springing to his feet, he cried:

"Hurry—hurry! Mr. Johnston is in Deep Gully, and he can't move. The bridge broke under us and he was almost killed. Oh, hurry, won't you, or the wolves will be after him!"

The men looked at one another in astonishment and horror.

"Deep Gully!" they exclaimed. "That's five miles off. We must go at once."

And immediately all was bustle and excitement as they prepared to go out into the night. As lumbermen always sleep in their clothes they did not take long to dress, and in a wonderfully short space of time the teamsters had a sleigh with a pair of horses at the door, upon which eight of the men, armed with guns and axes, sprang, and off they went along the road as fast as the horses could gallop. Frank wanted to accompany them, but Baptiste would not allow him.

"No, no, *mon cher*. You must stay with me. You tired out. They get him all right and bring him safe home."

And he was fain to lie back so tortured with anxiety for the foreman that he could hardly appreciate the blessing of rest, although his own exertions had been tremendous.

Not sparing the horses, the rescuers sped over the road, every now and then discharging a gun, in order to let Johnston know of their approach and keep his courage up. In less than half an hour they reached the gully, and, peering over the brink, beheld the dark heap in the snow below that was the object of their search. One glance was sufficient to show how timely was their coming, for almost encircling the hapless man were smaller shapes that even at that distance could be readily recognized.

"We're too late!" cried one of the men. "They're wolves." And with a wild shout he flung himself recklessly down the snowy slope, and others followed close behind.

Before their tumultuous onset the wolves fled like leaves before the autumn wind, and poor Johnston, almost dead with pain, cold, and exhaustion, raising himself a little from the snow, called out in a faint but joyful tone:

"Thank God, you've come in time. I thought it was all over with me."

(To be continued.)

The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa.

A Canadian Story.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

IF Frank was undecided, Mr. Johnston's mind was fully made up.

"Our only chance is for you to get to the shanty at once, Frank. It'll be a hard job, my boy, but you'll have to try it," said he.

"But what'll become of you, sir, staying here all alone? The wolves might find you out, and how could you defend yourself then?" asked Frank, in sore bewilderment as to the solution of the dilemma.

"I'll have to take my chances of that, Frank, for if I stay here all night I'll freeze to death, anyway; so just throw the buffaloes over me and put for the shanty as fast as you can," replied the foreman.

Unable to suggest any better plan, Frank covered Johnston carefully with the robes, making him as comfortable as he could, then buttoning up his coat and pulling his cap on tightly he was about to scramble up the steep side of the gully to regain the road, when the foreman said, in a low tone, almost a whisper:

"This is about the time you generally say your prayers, Frank. Couldn't you say them here before you start?"

With quick intuition Frank divined the big bushful man's meaning. It was his roundabout way of asking the boy to commit him to the care of God before leaving him alone in his helplessness.

Feeling half-condemned at not having thought of it himself, Frank came back and, kneeling close beside his friend, lifted up his voice in prayer with a fervour and simplicity that showed how strong and sure was his faith in the love and power of his Father in heaven. When he had finished his petition, the foreman added to it an "Amen" that seemed to come from the very depths of his heart, and then, yielding to an impulse that was irresistible, Frank bent down and implanted a sudden kiss upon the pale face looking at him with such earnest, anxious eyes. This unexpected proof of warm affection completely overcame the foreman, whose feelings had been already deeply stirred by the prayer. Strong, reserved man as he was, he could not keep back the tears.

"God bless you, my boy," he murmured, huskily. "If I get safely out of this I shall be a different man. You have taught me a lesson I won't forget."

"God bless you and take care of you, sir," answered Frank. "I hope nothing will happen to you while I'm away, and I'll be back as soon as I can."

The next moment he was making his way up the gully's side, and soon a triumphant shout announced that he had reached the road and was off for the lumber camp at his best speed.