

A Little Red Light By The Danger,

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Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk!—Faint and far away.

'Tis the morning side of midnight, and the city streets, deserted, echo to each passing sound. At the corners of the squares the pendant arc lights fizz, and sputter, and flash. Sombre shadows cower by the street sides and in the recesses.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Just a little clearer than before.

Opposite the ends of the alley ways, on some of the side streets, here and there, out of the range of the flashing electrics, an occasional dingy gas lamp relieves the utter darkness.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Rising and falling like the Rat! Tat! Tat! of a distant reveille.

Close by the intersection of two streets, half hidden and almost unseen, within the shadows of the overarching chestnuts, rises a mound of earth. A 2 x 4 scantling bridges over the blackness between the top and the adjacent sidewalk. On the end of another scantling, reaching but just across the first one, near the centre, hangs a lantern—a little red lantern with a clear tiny light.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! still rises and falls with mathematical precision.

Around the street corner a block away, where Yonge crosses Elm, a solitary pedestrian steps into the glare of the electric light, overhead, as it suddenly drops into dulness and darkness for a moment, and turning along Elm, pursues, with almost measured tread, his way westward.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! The sounds are clearer and varied a little now. The mystery is explained.

The electric light flashes in as suddenly as it went out, revealing a portly figure in clerical, priestly garb.

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk!

The steps suddenly cease as they reach the shadowy seclusion of the chestnuts and the ray of the little red lantern. The sound of a human voice breaks the stillness. There is a shade or tone of harshness in its ring at first, or seemingly so, but the spirit and quickening impulse of its questioning soon erases that first impression.

"What are you doing there, little red lantern? Are you running opposition to the

arc at the corner? Can you talk? What's that you say?"

"No! I'm not an opposition light."

"What are you then?"

"O, I'm only a little red light by a danger hole. The arc light up yonder has too large a work to do to come down here under these chestnuts and illuminate the shadows. The gas lamps have all they can do in the lanes. All the night I sit here alone by the danger. I can't shine much, but I shine steady. In the morning my good father, the sun, will come and take my place, and tell me: 'Well done!'" Until then I stay and keep watch. Good-night, Mr. Preacher."

"Good-night, little red lantern, with your trusty ray. God bless you! I am very much obliged to you for the very nice little sermon you have given me. I will tell my people about you some time, and I know they will each learn to shine more faithfully by your consistent example. Receive the benediction: 'May the blessing of the Holy Father, and the Divine Son, and the Gracious Spirit be with and abide upon everything, animate and inanimate, that is in harmony with God and does His will—and this little red light by the danger. Amen.'"

Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Tunk! Steadily westward go the footsteps, until the quiet earth of the Park Avenue cushions and kisses the echo.

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The clock in the cathedral, a mile away, strikes one, and as the sonorous sound waves reverberate over the sleeping city, towers and fire halls answer back. The arcs sputter and flare on the shieve ropes, and the little red light by the danger shines on. Silence reigns.

"THE ELMS," TORONTO.

A Word for Jesus.

Perchance it fell like whispers sweet
Of angel voices, on the ear
Of one long lost,—for many a year
A wand'rer from his God.

As living water to a soul
Thirsty and longing for eternal life,
Sin-burdened, beaten in its strife
'Gainst Satan's evil power.

For the Master it was spoken,—
A trembling word, He owned and blest
It on its mission, while the rest
Eternity alone can tell,—*J. H.*