

LAURA SECORD.

We greatly deprecate anything that would foster a wicked war spirit in the minds of the young. Even a just war is a great evil, and an unjust war is the greatest of crimes.

But every instinct of patriotism and duty warrants us in defending our rights and liberties and native land, when unjustly assailed. The heroic adventure of Laura Secord is one of the most thrilling in the annals of Canadian patriotism. It is told at length in our "Story of the War of 1812," and we have pleasure in reprinting from the columns of the *Orillia Packet*, one of the best of our Canadian exchanges, the accompanying spirit-stirring ballad on this subject by Dr. C. E. Jakeway, of Stayner, Ont. —Ed.

On the sacred scroll of glory  
Let us blazon forth the story  
Of a brave Canadian woman with the fervid  
pen of fame;  
So that all the world may read it,  
And that every heart may heed it,  
And rehearse it through the ages to the  
honour of her name.

In the far-off days of battle,  
When the musketeer's rapid rattle  
Far re-echoed through the forest, Laura  
Secord sped along;  
Deep into the woodland mazy,  
Over pathway wild and hezy,  
With a firm and fearless footstep and a  
courage staunch and strong.

She had heard the host preparing,  
And at once with dauntless daring  
Hurried off to give the warning of the fast  
advancing foe;  
And she fitted like a shadow  
Far away o'er fen and meadow,  
Where the wolf was in the wild wood, and  
the lynx was lying low.

From within the wild recesses  
Of the tangled wildernesses  
Fearful sounds came floating as she fastly  
fled ahead;  
And she heard the gutt'ral growling  
Of the bears, the snarl her prowling,  
Crushed their way throughout the thickets  
for the food on which they fed.

Far and near the hideous whooping  
Of the painted Indians, trooping  
For the foray, peeled upon her with a weird,  
unearthly sound;  
While great arakes were gliding past her,  
As she sped on fast and faster,  
And disaster on disaster seemed to threaten  
all around.

Thus for twenty miles she travelled  
Over pathways rough and ravalled,  
Braving danger for her country like the fabled  
ones of yore;  
Till she reached her destination,  
And forwarned the threatened station  
Of the wave that was advancing to engulf it  
deep in gore.

Just in time the welcome warning  
Came unto the men, that, scorned  
To retire before the foemen, rallied ready for  
the fray;  
And they gave such gallant greeting,  
That the foe was soon retreating  
Back in wild dismay and terror on that  
glorious battle day.

Few returned to tell the story  
Of the conflict sharp and goary,  
That was won with brilliant glory by that  
brave Canadian band.  
For the host of prisoners captured  
Far outnumbered the enraptured  
Little group of gallant soldiers fighting for  
their native land.

Braver deeds are not recorded  
In historic treasures hoarded,  
Than the march of Laura Secord through the  
forest long ago;  
And no nobler deed of daring  
Than the cool and crafty snaring  
By that band at Beaver Dam of all that well-  
appointed foe.

But we know if war should ever  
Boom again o'er field or river,

And the herds of the invader should appear  
within our land,  
Far and wide the trumpets pealing,  
Would awake the same old feeling,  
And again would deeds of daring sparkle out  
on every hand.

CHRIST INTERCEDES FOR US.

To intercede is to ask a favour for some one else. Suppose some little girl wants a new doll. She asks papa to buy her one, but he does not promise. Then the little girl goes to her mamma and asks her to please tell papa to get her a doll. Mamma has a tender heart and so she says to papa, "Bessie wants a doll, and I wish you would buy her one." Do you know what mamma is doing? She is interceding for Bessie.

The Lord Jesus intercedes to our heavenly Father for us. He asks God for his sake to give us what is for our good.

We are sinners. God is angry with us because of our sins. But we have a good friend. That good friend is the Lord Jesus, who is God's only Son. He asks God not to be angry at us but to forgive us. And for the sake of his only Son God does forgive us. When we want God to do anything for us we must always say, "for Christ's sake."

There was once a man who had three friends. He knew them well and lived near them. This man got into trouble. His king heard that he had done something bad, and ordered that he should be put to death. This made the man feel very sad. He went to one of his three friends, the one he liked the best, and asked him to go and beg the king to spare his life. But this friend would not go.

He went to his second friend and asked him to go with him and intercede for him to the king. This second friend went along. But when they got to the king's gate the friend would go no further.

Then the man went to his third friend, the one he loved least of all. This friend knew the king, and the king knew him. He gladly went with the man. The king heard what he had to say and for his sake forgave the one who had been condemned to death.

Children, we sinners have three friends. The one whom we love the best is the world, that is, money, houses, farms, and the like. But when we have to die, and most of all need a friend, our money and farms can do no good. Worldly things can not give us a happy death.

The second friend is our loved ones who care about us. They can go with us through our sickness. They can comfort and cheer us as we lie on our bed of pain. But when we get to the King's gate, which is death, our dear ones leave us like the second friend in the story. Earthly friends can do us good in life, but not in death.

The third friend, the one we love least of all, is the Lord Jesus. He goes with us through the valley and shadow of death. He does not forsake us. He stays by us even as we enter the presence of the great Judge of heaven and earth. He then intercedes for us. And God for Christ's sake will receive us, and will say, "Enter into the joy of thy Lord." How glad we should be to have such a friend!

"Let no man beguile you of your reward."

FRED AND THE MICE.

FRED was a little five-year-old boy. Everybody loved him; for he was a contented and happy child. He thought himself a little hero, and often, armed with a stick, made war on the chickens and the geese. Although Fred thought himself so brave, there was one animal of which he was much afraid. What do you think it was? Well, it was a mouse! Such a little animal could make our young hero trouble and cry.

In the evening when Fred went to bed he was obliged to go through an unused room, where the mice seemed to hold possession. When he saw them running over the floor, or heard them gnawing, he would cry, in a cowardly way, for his mamma to come to him. One evening his mamma was sick and his nurse was away from home. There was no one there but his papa, who was in the sitting room reading the paper. He told Fred it was time for him to go to bed.

"Oh, papa, will you not take me to bed? I do not wish to go through that room alone."

"What do you fear?" asked his father.

"I am afraid of the mice, and I believe there are rats, too."

"If that is all," answered his father, "I can soon help you."

He took pen, ink, and paper, and quickly wrote the following:

"To all the rats and mice in this house: I hereby command you to let my little son go through all the rooms of this house unmolested. Any rat or mouse that does not obey will be dealt with according to law."

She father signed and then read the paper to his son.

Fred took it, thanked him, said "Good-night" very prettily, and went to bed. He was no longer afraid. He had often seen his father give passes to people who wished to make a railroad journey, so he had a high opinion of passes written by his father.

When he came to the door of the room he stopped and said in a loud voice, "Rats and mice, you cannot hurt me, for here is my pass." And so he did every night afterward until he became a large boy, and was no longer afraid of rats and mice.

Can not our little readers have faith in their heavenly Father as this little boy had faith in his father? —From the *German*.

HOW DRUNKARDS ARE MADE.

At one of the meetings in Philadelphia, during the recent week of prayer, one of the speakers related this incident:

A lad was approached by one of those dispensers of that which deprive men of their property and destroys both body and soul, who solicited him to come into his place of destruction and take a glass of lemonade. The boy hesitated, but on being skurred that he would get nothing but a glass of nice, sweet lemonade, he was induced to go in. Sure enough, he was offered and partook of what had been promised him, and nothing more. This was repeated several times, till at length, the trap having been set, it was now time to spring it. Accordingly, the rum-seller began his work by dropping in the glass of lemonade one drop of strong liquor, increasing it so

as thus imperceptibly to form in the lad a taste for it. As the boy never paid for his drinks one of the old customers of the place asked the landlord why he so favoured the boy. He replied by pointing and saying, "Do you see that fine mansion upon the hill yonder? That belongs to the boy's father, and will probably soon belong to him, and then in turn it may belong to me."

Fiendish! Horrible! A long-headed, deep-laid scheme to ruin a family and rob them of their property; for certainly such a scheme, if successful, could be looked upon as nothing less than downright robbery, and as much a penitentiary offence as any other kind of robbery. And if there is any one place of greater punishment in the devil's kingdom than another, is not such a one entitled to share in it?

But are not all rum-sellers alike in this respect? They do not care who is hurt, who comes to grief, who suffers the pangs of hunger and cold, who goes to a home of sorrow and wretchedness, whose children cry for bread or whose wife is abused, or beaten, or murdered, so they but fill their own coffers and live on the fat of the land through their ill-gotten gains. For the most of them take good care not to jeopardize their own property by indulging in excess in the nasty and destructive stuffs that they deal out to others. —Van.

HER GRAMMAR.

It is a pathetic sight to watch the meanderings of the childish mind through the intricacies of English grammar. Little Jane had been repeatedly reproved for doing violence to the moods and tenses of the verb "to be." She would say, "I be," instead of, "I am," and for a time it seemed as if no one could prevent it. Finally Aunt Kate made a rule not to answer any incorrect question, but to wait until it was corrected.

One day the two sat together, Aunt Kate busy with her embroidery and little Jane over her dolls. Presently doll society became tedious, and the child's attention was attracted to the embroidery frame.

"Aunt Kate," said she, "please tell me what that is going to be?"

But Aunt Kate was counting and did not answer. Fatal word be! It was her old enemy, and to it alone could the child ascribe the silence that followed.

"Aunt Kate," she persisted, with an honest attempt to correct her mistake, "please tell me what that is going to am?"

Still auntie sat silently counting, though her lip curled with amusement.

Jane sighed, but made another patient effort.

"Will you please tell me what that is going to are?"

Aunt Kate counted on, perhaps by this time actuated by a wicked desire to know what would come next. The little girl gathered her energies for one last great effort:

"Aunt Kate, what am that going to are?" —*Youth's Companion*.

NONE knows, save he that feels them, how burning hot the fiery darts of Satan are; neither can any know the worth of faith to quench them but he that hath it.