

was not called 'Agnes Bryant,' nor even a 'Portrait of a young lady.' It was called, 'Waiting and Watching.'—'The Quiver.'

## The Flying Squadron.

### A SEA SONG.

(This was a prize poem at the Abingdon School, Montreal.)

Who thought us unprepared to fight, unfit  
to do or die?  
Unable to withstand attack; in false security?  
We'll show him when our lion rests, 'twere  
best to let him lie!

For British Tars  
Are aye the same,  
In name and fame,  
True sons of Neptune and of Mars,

We see the Flying Squadron bravely riding  
o'er the wave.  
And we think upon the courage and the  
deeds of England's brave  
Who fought and died for England and who  
now are in the grave.

Chorus—For British Tars, etc.

We think of all the noble deeds, the valiant  
and the true,  
Which England's mariners of yore have  
done, and yet will do,  
(For the chronicle of every ship is the  
chronicle of her crew.)

Chorus—For British Tars, etc.

We think of him who singed the beard of  
Spain; immortal Drake,  
Whose 'Pelican' around the world a voyage  
dared to make,  
With boundless seas athwart her bows and  
glory in her wake.

Chorus—For British Tars, etc.

We think of Richard Grenville, how he sailed  
the Western Sea,  
And how with but a single ship he fought  
Spain's fifty-three,  
And left a signal mark behind of British  
bravery.

Chorus—For British Tars, etc.

We think of England who is now proud mistress  
of the seas,  
Whose mariners for centuries have fought  
both foe and breeze,  
And shall our Flying Squadron fail when  
manned by such as these?

Chorus—For British Tars, etc.

We think of these; and while we think, the  
Flying Squadron goes,  
The safety of all England's friends, the  
dread of all her foes,  
To fight in battle and to win; or keep the  
peace; who knows?

Chorus—For British Tars, etc.

Now him who deemed us unprepared for  
th' battle or the fray,  
We hold in scorn, who know right well,  
that ere another day  
We could equip a second fleet, and keep the  
world at bay.

For British Tars  
Are aye the same,  
In name and fame,  
True sons of Neptune and of Mars!

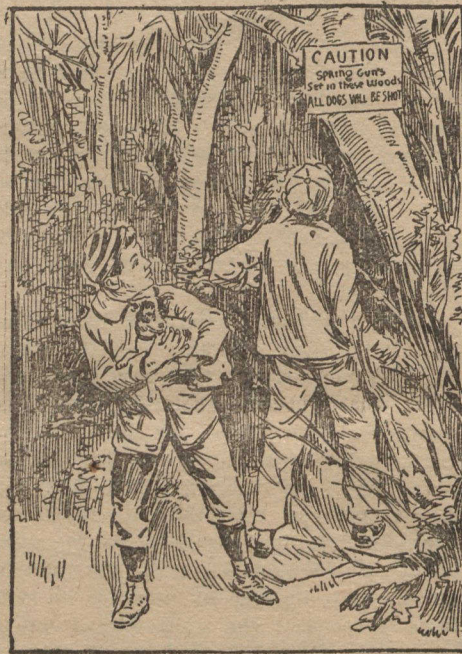
W. F. CHIPMAN.

Montreal

## An Afternoon's Adventure.

Tom Bowles and Fred Travis considered themselves quite men, and although Tom was only sixteen, and Fred two years his junior, they thought that they were no longer boys, for both had obtained situations in the little country town of Sleepiborough, in which they lived. The good advice given them by their schoolmaster on leaving school was still fresh in their minds, how they were to be careful of the trials and traps they would have to encounter during their walk through life.

One fine Saturday afternoon, their work being over, they started for a walk through the woods, so that they might talk over the events of the week, and in order to enjoy the fresh breeze, and the scent of the spring flowers. After walking along, for a time, they came to a wood, and seeing a notice to the effect that spring guns were set, and all dogs would be shot, Fred caught up the dog they had with them in his arms and very hastily decamped. They tried their best to get back home, but found they had lost their way, and to make matters worse a heavy storm came on. Thunder,



lightning, rain, now all increased in violence, the sky became quite overcast, and the boys began to be alarmed, for they knew that it would be dangerous to take shelter under the trees in such a storm. They ran on for some time down strange paths through thick mud, and were beginning to despair of finding shelter, when they saw a light in the distance, which, as they approached nearer, they found to proceed from a rude hut in the thickest part of the wood. On looking through the window, the boys saw a number of rough, unkempt men sitting round a table playing cards, and drinking from large jars which were on the table. 'Any port in a storm,' thought the boys, and immediately they knocked.

In a minute or two the door was unbarred, and a man asked in a gruff voice what they wanted. They asked to be allowed to enter and remain until the storm had abated. Their entry was greeted by a chorus of hoarse laughter. The boys stood amazed, until presently one of the men said:

'Come 'ere, yer pretty birds; what d'yer want?'

Tom thereupon told them the whole story.

'Well, young uns, come and 'ave a drink with us.'

Now it must be explained that Tom and

Fred were both members of the Temperance Society, and such a suggestion was totally opposed to the teaching they had received, and Tom said so.

'Wot! not 'ave a drink, won't yer, then, ye think not, but I'll soon see,' and the speaker strode across with jar in hand to where the two boys were standing.

'Now will yer 'ave it or take the consequence?' They both at once said that they would not touch it. Thereupon the man turned round to his mates and said,

'D' y'ear wot these two kids is saying, shall we make 'em 'ave some?' The boys heard a chorus of assents, and braced themselves to resist their enemies. But a noise as of something heavy falling and a crashing of glass just then attracted the men's attention. Instinctively the boys gripped each other by the arm, and they made a bolt for the door. Once outside the boys saw what had caused the crash. An oak tree had been struck by a flash of lightning, and in falling had smashed the roof of the hut. In the confusion which ensued, the lamp was broken, and taking advantage of the darkness which ensued, the boys made their escape. They fortunately discovered a path which led them home, and on Tom telling his mother, she showed that they had been in almost the same danger as the dog. There were traps for boys and men as well as for dogs, and into which unfortunately human beings were more likely to fall, than even the dumb creatures. When Tom's father came in and heard of the boys' adventures, he thought that probably the men in the hut were a gang for whom the police had been on the lookout for some time past. This proved to be the case, and on information given by the boys, the men were captured. The hut in the wood was really a drinking den, and much illicit drinking and gambling had been going on for some time past.—H. See-jay.

## Looking Out For Mother.

One matter which all young girls should consider, which is perhaps almost hackneyed, and yet never unnecessary, is the question of reverence, all that is implied by the injunction to honor our parents. To honor them is not only to obey them! It goes further and deeper than mere obedience.

You cannot possibly understand the love that your mother bears you; it is a law of nature that you should not understand. It is like no other love; peculiarly interwoven with every fibre of her being, not to be comprehended by any daughter of you all until the day when you perhaps hold your own children in your arms. You must take it on trust. But remember that this love of hers makes her acutely conscious of every touch of hardness and coldness in your voice; she misses the kiss that you are in too great a hurry to bestow; she winces at the argumentative voice with which you labor to get your own way; she dreads unspeakably to lose your affection and respect. Don't grudge the tender word, the long caress, even if you feel a little impatient of it all the while. You will long for it with a heartsick longing when it can never be yours again. And remember that hardness is one of the faults of youth; you should strive against it as much as you strive against your faults of bad temper, or inaccuracy, or sloth. Be hard on yourself if you like; that won't hurt you. But you may regret it all your life that you have been hard on anybody else.—'The Watchman.'