

The rain had ceased, but a bitterly cold wind blew over the veldt, making the men shiver in their soaked uniforms.

'If help does not come soon I think the cold will kill me,' Arthur said faintly. And Ralph felt that his hands were like ice. 'What are you doing? I won't have it, I tell you. Put on your coat, Ralph, you will take your death of cold.'

'No, I shan't, sir, please let it be. Remember if you take cold in your wound you will die, and what will your parents do without you?'

Arthur said no more; the intense cold robbed him of his powers of resistance, and he was fast drifting into unconsciousness.

He was dimly aware that Ralph had lain down beside him and was holding him in his arms as if trying to impart the warmth of his own body to him. Somewhere far away a voice was softly singing:—

Jesus, my heart's dear refuge  
Jesus has died for me;  
Firm on the Rock of Ages  
Ever my trust shall be.  
Here let me wait with patience,  
Wait till the night is o'er,  
Wait till I see the morning  
Break on the golden shore.

At daybreak the Red Cross search party found them. The unconscious head of Arthur Carrington rested upon Ralph Telford's breast, and an unmistakable smile parted the lips of the ex-poacher.

'He is living, and, thanks to this brave fellow, not in a serious condition,' the doctor said, as he hastily examined the young officer. 'But the private is dead; cold and exposure taking a fatal effect upon a weak heart. He must have known to what he was exposing himself by taking his coat and shirt off. He has given his life for his captain.'

And that was his revenge.

## The Sea of Galilee.

(By the Editor, in 'Onward'.)

Clear silver water in a cup of gold  
Under the sunlit steep of Gadara,  
It shines—His lake—the Sea of Chinner-  
eth—

The waves He loved, the waves that kissed  
His feet,

So many blessed days. Oh, happy waves!  
Oh, little, silver, happy sea, far-famed,  
Under the sunlit steep of Gadara!

Fair is the scene still, tho' the grace is  
gone,

Of those great times, when nine white cities  
dipped

Their walls into its brink, and steel-shod  
keels

Of Roman galleys ground its sparkling  
sands;

And Herod's painted pinnacles ablaze  
With lamps and brazen shields and spangled  
slaves

Came and went lordly at Tiberias.

Now all is changed—all save the changeless  
things—

The mountains, and the waters, and the  
sky—

These, He saw them, have their glory yet  
At sunrise, and at sunset; and when noon  
Burns the blue vault into a cope of gold!  
And oft-times, in the Syrian spring, steals  
back

Well-nigh the ancient beauty to those  
coasts

Where Christ's feet trod.

## A Brief Record.

(By A. D.)

Come on, you fellows, you are wasting the whole afternoon. It's past three already, and you know how soon it gets dark now.'

Will Blunt took off his flannel blazer as he spoke and flung it impatiently into the bottom of the boat rocking gently on the river beneath him.

'We're waiting for Dennis,' called back one of the two loungers by the boat house, leisurely lighting a cigarette.

'Dennis? who asked him to come?'

'I did,' said Graham, 'at least that is to say, he asked himself.'

'We didn't want him,' said Blunt, quietly, but with emphasis.

'Oh, I say, let bygones be bygones,' rejoined Graham, 'he's a very good fellow, take him all round. Anyhow, here he comes, so keep your hair on, old chap.'

Dennis came swinging around the corner of the quay in no great hurry, apparently. He was a tall, rather heavily-made lad, with a good-humored but obstinate face, and an air of taking life easily. Blunt was already seated in the boat, swaying her gently from side to side, with his straw hat pulled down over his eyes.

'Phew! how jolly hot it is!' cried Dennis, plumping heavily into the stern seat and lifting the tiller ropes. 'Now then, pull her round and off we go; steady, there, Leigh, you pull like a horse, we don't want to go down stream if you do.'

'It will be cooler up the river,' said Graham, who was pulling stroke, 'this part is always the very blazes.'

The September sun shone hotly down from a cloudless sky, and scarcely a breath of wind ruffled the current flowing slowly up stream with the incoming tide. The noisy clamor of shipyard and wharf was hushed to a Saturday afternoon stillness; the workshops and quays were almost deserted, and stretched on either side, silent in the sunshine. The little river steamers plied their busy way, their decks crowded with holiday-makers; a long snake-like string of barges drifted slowly under the towering beam of a newly-launched battleship, from whose high deck echoed a sailor's tuneful whistle, as the little pleasure-boat plashed lightly past.

Leigh rested on his oars for a minute to look at the vessel.

'She's a beauty,' he said, 'one of the best ships ever turned out from this yard. Look at her armor plating, there's strength for you! and that ram of hers ready to be up and at it.'

'Wait till she gets her teeth fitted, my boy,' laughed Graham, 'I'll warrant she'll know how to show 'em.'

'Small mercy you'd get from her,' said Will, 'in time of trouble,' his eye travelling from stem to stern of the steel-plated monster as they slipped by.

A mile beyond were the green fields and wooded banks of the country, smiling under a blue heaven. A sudden rectangular bend, and in the broad shining reach across which flashed the westering sun in the leafy hedgerows and distant purpling hills, it was easy to forget toil and traffic.

Will Blunt shipped his oars and lay back in the bow of the boat, his face upturned to the sky. A face that gave one pleasure to look upon; the eyes clear and true, the mouth bent in happy curves, the brow broad and open under thick brown hair. His whole attitude and expression bespoke enjoyment.

Perhaps that was what attracted people so to this lad; that faculty of enjoyment which he displayed under most circumstances. Not the mere careless mirth of youth and perfect health, but something more—the power of extracting all the sweetness out of the flowers of his life as he dipped into them, and even of finding honey in the weeds.

He was known as the cleverest student at the S— College of Medicine—first in all his classes, most attentive at lectures or demonstration; distinguished by more than one mark of honor; for whom the professors and all his friends predicted a brilliant career, the career of a man whose talents and whose desires follow the same straight path to the goal.

Now, as he lay there idly dreaming, there was no room for anything but happiness in his world, and the particular happiness of doing nothing.

'A penny for your thoughts, Will,' cried Leigh, looking over his shoulder.

'Not worth it,' said Will.

'A treatise on the effect of the sun on the optic nerve,' laughed Dennis.

'On the contrary,' retorted Blunt, 'I was miles away from the old bone shop.'

'Leaving us to toil after you at the oars,' said Graham. 'Great Scott, how hot it is, and how dry I am!' He wiped his forehead and pushed back his hat from it.

'No hurry,' said Leigh, 'we've got the whole afternoon and evening, too, for that matter.'

'I wish we had brought something to drink,' said Dennis, 'why didn't you fellows think of it?'

'You might have looked after the refreshments yourself when you kept us waiting so long,' retorted Graham.

'Whiskey and soda wouldn't be bad now; don't I wish I had it!'

'What's that?' asked Blunt, sitting up suddenly.

'Whiskey and soda,' answered Dennis, with a wink at Graham. 'Have some? Oh no, I forgot, I beg your pardon, you don't drink. Wish you'd wear a blue ribbon to keep me in mind of that little fact. Might save me putting my foot in it so often, quite unintentionally, I assure you.'

'Shut up, Den,' said Leigh, 'what's the good of beginning that sort of thing now?'

Blunt seized his sculls and began again to row vigorously, and Leigh and Graham, catching his spirit, sent the boat swiftly and smoothly through the gleaming water.

In due time they reached their destination, a picturesque riverside inn, 'The Jolly Anglers,' from which a little landing stage ran out into the stream—half a dozen planks—no more. Will was the first to spring out and make the painter fast to the mooring post. Then he stretched his cramped limbs with a yawn, and a shout that brought the landlord to the porch.

'Good afternoon, young gentlemen; nice day for the river, sir?'

'Splendid,' said Will.

'Will you please to want anything, sir?'

'We want everything, Mr. Pitcher.'

Mr. Pitcher smiled. 'Yes, sir, and that might be?'

'Oh, just the usual. Cold pie, if you've got it, and watercresses, and tea, and some of Mrs. Pitcher's cake; just what we always have, and plenty of it; we're not strangers, you know.'

'No, sir, I'm proud to say you're not, leastways not all of you,' with a glance at Dennis. 'It shall be ready directly, sir, and