

enough to keep your footing where many have fallen. It is folly to think you can go just as far as you please, and stop when you choose. Others have thought so, too, and have wrecked the happiness of themselves and those who loved or followed them—for no one can sin without directly or indirectly injuring others,—we are members one of another, and if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it.

Let us take warning by the danger-signals, and never play with temptation, lest our life too become a blazing ruin, a beacon light to warn others that sin is a terrible slavery.

As the foolish moth returning
To its Moloch and its burning,
Wheeling nigh and ever nigher,
Falls at last into the fire,
Flame in flame;
So the soul that doth begin
Making orbits round a sin,
Ends the same."

But I must change this doleful strain,
or I shall hardly dare to sign myself
"Hope." Though we may of our own
free will deliver ourselves bound and
helpless into a tyrant's power, God is
our Father, the Great Saviour is our
Brother, the Holy Spirit is our Sancti-
fier—Three Persons, yet one in God, bent
on delivering us. The man sick of the
palsy was helpless, and another im-

perfect man had been enslaved for 38
years, yet He who came into the world
to set the captives free gave them
strength to arise and walk. Such
miracles still take place in the spiritual
world. Though men have to suffer for
their sins, they may, by God's help, be
delivered from the power of them. The
penitent thief was fully and instantly
forgiven, yet he died a death of physical
agony and public shame as the direct
consequence of his misdeeds, and, on his
own confession, this punishment was his
just reward. David's repentance was
met instantly by full and free forgive-
ness, yet his punishment was terrible
enough to stand as a warning for all
time to come. First came the death of
his child as the direct consequence of his
sin, then followed a long series of
trouble, rebellion and unnatural crime
among his own children—and David was
passionately fond of his children. The
judgment of God was literally fulfilled:
"The sword shall never depart from
thine house; because thou hast despised
Me, and hast taken the wife of Uriah
the Hittite to be thy wife." In addition to
all these sorrows, he suffered an intense
agony of spirit, as is revealed in the
penitential psalms. He felt that all
God's waves and storms had over-
whelmed him, and that his sins were a
sore burden too heavy for him to bear.
And yet many people think that David's
sin was lightly condoned and passed over.

He suffered terribly, though as a for-
given, not as an unforgiven sinner, and
warm at his heart all the time was the
knowledge of God's love towards him.
Real repentance is always met by full
and instant forgiveness, but that does
not stop by a miracle the natural conse-
quences of sin. A man may commit
murder in a fit of passion and repent in-
stantly, but that repentance will not
bring back life to his victim, give back
to the murderer the honor and respect
of his fellows, nor even save him from
the awful punishment of execution.
Though he may be sure of God's forgive-
ness, life can never be what it was be-
fore, repentance cannot undo the act; so
it is madness to sin wilfully, thinking
that repentance and absolution can be
easily obtained at any moment. God is
indeed very merciful, and His love is
shown as truly in making the way of
transgressors hard and painful as in
meeting the returning prodigal with a
Father's kiss of reconciliation.

Fire proves the iron,
And trial proves the good.
Often we know not what our powers
may be,
But trial shows us what we really are.
Yet must we keep a careful watch to
meet the first approach,
For then an enemy is vanquished with
more ease;

If we will give no entrance at the gate-
way of the mind,
But meet him at his knock beyond the
lintel of the door.
And one has said,—
'Withstand disease's onslaught at the
gate,
The leech's after-thought may be too
late.'
For first upon the mind the simple
thought beats in,
Then comes the stronger picture of the
sin,
Then comes delight in it, and then
We basely meet it, and we yield.
And thus by slow degrees the wicked
foe gets in with all his power,
If at the first he finds no enemy;
And he who lazily puts off the fight be-
comes
Weaker and weaker every day;
Stronger and stronger is his foe."

Strong indeed is the foe, but God is
far stronger—and so are we if we hold
fast to Him. Those who draw nigh to
God will find to their joy that He has
in very truth drawn nigh to them; and
those who, in His strength, resist the
devil, will surely find that he can be
overcome.

"God makes for us chances to fight—
that we may win."
HOPE.

Glengarry School Days.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Thanks, mother. That's the kind
of talk we like," said Hughie, who
had been a little depressed by his
father's rather gloomy views. "I'm
awfully sorry you can't stay."

"And so am I, but we must go.
But we shall be back in time for sup-
per, and you will ask all the team
to come down to celebrate their victory."

"Good for you, mother, I'll tell
them, and I bet they'll play."

Meantime the team from the Front
had been having something of a jolli-
fication in their quarters. They
were sure of victory, and in spite of
their captain's remonstrances, had
already begun to pass round the
bottle in the way of celebration.

"They're having something strong
in there," said little Mac McGregor.
"Wish they'd pass some this way."

"Let them have it," said Johnnie
Big Duncan, whose whole family ever
since the revival had taken a total-
abstinence pledge, although this was
looked upon as a very extreme posi-
tion, indeed, by almost all the com-
munity. But Big Duncan Campbell
had learned by very bitter experience
that for him, at least, there was no
safety in a moderate use of "God's
good creature," as many of his fellow
church members designated the
"mountain dew," and his sons had
loyally backed him up in this atti-
tude.

"Quite right!" said the master,
emphatically. "And if they had
any sense they would know that with
every drink they are throwing away
a big chance of winning."

"Horo, you fellows!" shouted big
Hee Ross across to them, "aren't
you going to play any more? Have
you got enough of it already?"

"We will not be caring for any
more of yon kind," said Johnnie Big
Duncan, good-naturedly, "and we
were thinking of giving you a
change."

"Come away and be at it, then,"
said Hee, "for we're all getting
cold."

"That's easily cured," said Dan,
as they sallied forth to the ice again.
"For I warrant you will not be suf-
fering from the cold in five minutes."

When the teams took up their posi-
tions, it was discovered that Dan
had fallen back to center, and Hughie
was at a loss to know how to
meet this new disposition of the
enemy's force.

"Let them go on," said the mas-
ter, with whom Hughie was holding
a hurried consultation. "You stick

to him, and we'll play defense till
they develop their plan."

The tactics of the Front became
immediately apparent upon the drop
of the ball, and proved to be what
the master had foretold. No
sooner had the game begun than
the big defense men advanced with
the centers to the attack, and when
Hughie followed up his plan of sticking
closely to Dan Munro and hampering
him, he found Jimmie Ben upon him,
swiping furiously with his club at
his shins, with evident intention of
intimidating him, as well as reliev-
ing Dan from his attentions. But
if Jimmy Ben thought by his noisy
shouting and furious swiping to
strike terror to the heart of the
Twentieth captain, he entirely mis-
judged his man; for, without seek-
ing to give him back what he re-
ceived in kind, Hughie played his
game with such skill and pluck that,
although he was considerably batted
about the shins, he was never-
theless able to prevent Dan from
making any of his dangerous rushes.

Craven, meantime, if he noticed
Hughie's hard case, was so fully oc-
cupied with the defense of the goal
that he could give no thought to
anything else. Shot after shot came
in upon Thomas, and so savage and
reckless was the charge of the Front
that their big defense men, Hee Ross
and Jimmie Ben, abandoning their
own positions, were foremost in the
melee before the Twentieth goal.

For fully fifteen minutes the ball
was kept in the Twentieth territory,
and only the steady coolness of
Craven and Johnnie Big Duncan,
backed by Hughie's persistent check-
ing of the Front captain, and the
magnificent steadiness of Thomas in
goal, saved the game.

At length, as the fury of the charge
began to expend itself a little, Craven
got his chance. The ball had been
passed out to Dan upon the left wing
of the Front forward line. At once
Hughie was upon him, but Jimmie
Ben, following hard, with a cruel
swipe at Hughie's skates, laid him
flat, but not until he had succeeded
in hindering to some degree Dan's
escape with the ball. Before the
Front captain could make use of his
advantage and get clear away, the
master bore down upon him like a
whirlwind, hurled him clear off his
feet, secured the ball, dashed up the
open field, and eluding the two cen-
ters, who had been instructed to
cover the goal, easily shot between
the balsam trees.

For a few moments the Twentieth
men went mad, for they all felt that
a crisis had been passed. The fail-
ure of the Front in what had evi-
dently been a preconcerted and very
general attack, was accepted as an
omen of victory.

The Front men, on the other hand,

were bitterly chagrined. They had
come so near it, and yet had failed.
Jimmie Ben was especially savage.
He came down the ice toward the
center, yelling defiance and threats of
vengeance. "Come on here! Don't
waste time. Let us at them. We'll
knock them clear off the ice."

It was Dan's drop. As he was
preparing to face off, the master
skated up and asked the umpire for
time. At once the crowd gathered
round.

"What's the matter?" "What's
up?" "What do you want?" came
on all sides from the Front team,
now thoroughly aroused and thirst-
ing for vengeance.

"Mr. Umpire," said the master, "I
want to call your attention to a bit
of foul play that must not be al-
lowed to go on." And then he de-
scribed Jimmie Ben's furious attack
upon Hughie.

"It was a deliberate trip, as well
as a savage swipe at a man's shins
when the ball was not near."

At once Jimmie Ben gave him the
lie, and throwing down his club,
slammed his cap upon the ice, and
proceeded to execute a war dance
about it.

For a few moments there was a
great uproar, and then the master's
voice was heard again addressing the
umpire.

"I want to know your ruling upon
this, Mr. Umpire," and somehow his
voice commanded perfect stillness.

"Well," said the umpire, hesitat-
ing, "of course—if a man trips it is
foul play, but—I did not see any
tripping. And of course—swiping at
a man's shins is not allowed, al-
though, sometimes—it can't very well
be helped in a scrimmage."

"I merely want to call your atten-
tion to it," said the master. "My
understanding of our arrangements,
Mr. Munro," he said, addressing the
Front captain, "is that we are here
to play shinny. You have come up
here, I believe, to win the game by
playing shinny, and we are here to
prevent you. If you have any other
purpose, or if any of your men have
any other purpose, we would be glad
to know it now, for we entered this
game with the intention of playing
straight, clean shinny."

"That's right!" called out Hee
Ross, "that's what we're here for."
And his answer was echoed on every
side, except by Jimmie Ben, who
continued to bluster and offer fight.

"Oh, shut your gab!" finally said
Farquhar Bhag, impatiently. "If
you want to fight, wait till after the
game is done."

"Here's your cap, Jimmie," piped
a thin little voice. "You'll take
cold in your head." It was little
French Fusie, holding up Jimmie's
cap on the end of his shinny club,
and smiling with the utmost good

nature, but with infinite impudence,
into Jimmie's face.

At once there was a general laugh
at Jimmie Ben's expense, who, with
a growl, seized his cap, and putting
it on his head, skated off to his
place.

"Now," said Hughie, calling his
men together for a moment, "let us
crowd them hard, and let's give the
master every chance we can."

"No," said the master, "they are
waiting for me. Suppose you leave
Dan to me for a while. You go up
and play your forward combination.
They are not paying so much atten-
tion to you. Make the attack from
your wing."

At the drop Dan secured the ball
and, followed by Fusie, flew up the
center with one of the Reds on either
hand. Immediately the master
crossed to meet him, checked him
hard, and gave Fusie a chance, who,
seizing the ball, passed far up to
Hughie on the right.

Immediately the Twentieth forward
line rushed, and by a beautiful bit
of combined play, brought the ball
directly before the Front goal, when
Don, holding it for a moment till
Hughie charged in upon Farquhar
Bhag, shot, and scored.

The result of their combination at
once inspired the Twentieth team
with fresh confidence, and proved
most disconcerting to their oppo-
nents.

"That's the game, boys," said the
master, delightedly. "Keep your
heads and play your positions." And
so well did the forward line respond
that for the next ten minutes the
game was reduced to a series of at-
tacks upon the Front goal, and had
it not been for the dashing play of
their captain, and the heavy check-
ing of the Front defense, the result
would have been most disastrous to
them.

Meantime, the Twentieth support-
ers, lined along either edge, became
more and more vociferous as they be-
gan to see that their men were get-
ting the game well into their own
hands. That steady, cool, systema-
tic play of man to man was some-
thing quite new to those accustomed
to the old style of the game, and
aroused the greatest enthusiasm.

Gradually the Front were forced to
fall back into their territory, and to
play upon the defensive, while the
master and Johnnie Big Duncan,
moving up toward the center, kept
their forward line so strongly sup-
ported, and checked so effectually any
attempts to break through, that
thick and fast the shots fell upon
the enemy's goal.

There remained only fifteen minutes
to play. The hard pace was begin-
ning to tell upon the big men, and
the inevitable reaction following their
unwise "celebrating" began to show