

"You make me think of a boy in the Bible," said the minister presently.

"Me? Guess not, mister. I aint no Bible boy, I aint."

"Yes, the Lord wanted to feed a lot of men, and He saw a boy that had a few fish. I guess the boy 'd been fishing, eh? and I guess he was a-whistling, don't you?"

"Huh?" grunted the boy, but he was evidently interested.

"You make me think of him."

"Jiminy, guess y' don't know me; I aint no Bible boy."

"But you may be. God loves you, and you are just the one to tell these men something."

"Sech 's what?"

"Well, He'd like you to sometimes tell them that God loves them, and wants them to believe in Him."

"Say, mister, y' don't know much if y' think them fellers 'd lissen t' me," and the boy laughed merrily and then went on whistling.

"You're a good whistler, my boy," said the minister; "how would you like a mouth organ?"

"Now yer talkin'. I'd give me ears fur one."

"V'ell now, I'll send you one, a prime one, if you'll promise to say every morning until I come again, 'Lord Jesus, make me good and use me.' Will you, can you, remember that?"

"Guess so; 't aint much."

"Will you say it every day?"

"Guess so - a real good mouth organ."

"Yes, the very best I can get. Will you promise me?"

"Guess so. Yes, I will."

"Lord Jesus, make this lad Thy minister," silently prayed the good man, and as "Old Lucy" just then whistled, he took the boy's wet hand into his own for a moment and then was gone.

The boy kept his promise, and so did the minister. If the boy did not understand the short prayer he repeated it, and great was his delight to receive by the next mail an elegant mouth organ, which, greatly to the disgust of the men, he played every available minute of his time, and whistled the rest. The boy was a bit of God's sunshine in the camp, and the men knew it, although they grumbled at his constant attempts at music.

He gave the poor cook but little peace during the next few days, asking questions and commenting on the answers. Little by little he gathered half-forgotten bits of Bible lore from the puzzled cook, and these, added to some faint memories of his younger days, gave him food for many strange thoughts. Yes, sometimes when he was fairly trembling with his violent organ exercise, or whistling on the fiercest notes, he was thinking, thinking his own crude thoughts, and puzzling out strange meanings for his simple prayer or all he could remember of the minister's sermon.

Again it was Sabbath evening. The rain was coming down heavily. In that lonely forest home, the camp, a bright young life was passing into

the shadow of the valley. There had been an accident at the skidway, and a crushed and broken form was carried tenderly back to the camp to die.

Only those who know something of shanty-men can imagine the rough bravery, the woman-like tenderness, and the compassionate devotion which characterize their actions at a time like this. No soldier can die more heroically than can one of these forest children, and no accompaniment of reversed guns, and martial music, and shrouding flag, could enable these men to show more pity, honor, and respect for a fallen comrade.

"What can we do fur y', Tom? This is a bad go, old feller."

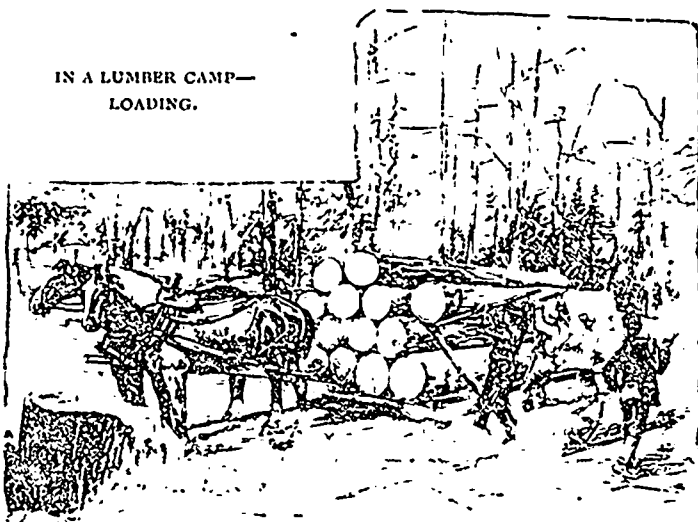
"No, Jim, don't; I can't take yer hash, old boy. I guess I'm a goner, eh?"

"Never, Tom. Take this soup; it's prime."

"Can't; it chokes me; I'm hurt inside."

"Cheer up, Tom, the doctor 'll soon fix y' up, 'nd y'll be singin' 'I'm a shanty boy' to-morry—can we help y', Tom?"

IN A LUMBER CAMP—  
LOADING.



"I'd like to see the priest," whispers the dying man.

"So you shall, Tom; so y' shall."

It is twenty miles to where a priest may be found, but that is nothing to shanty-men, and, regardless of the storm, two men start at once on a dory down the line. They know it is useless, for they are aware he is dying, but it will relieve their feelings to do something for their stricken comrade.

The boy has stopped whistling and has put away his mouth organ for almost the first time since he got it, and is now sitting silently near the bed. His sunny face is clouded, and bears a look of fear and wonder. Tom—gay, happy Tom—is going away, away never to come back again; it is awful. He gently touches the limp hand lying on the grey blanket, and at last he whispers, "Say, Tom!"

"Eh?"

"Don't y'mind what th' parson said—the organ man—las' Sunday 'bout 'Father 'ch art 'n 'even' bein' here in th' camp all th' time?"

"What's that, bub? Father what?"