

## A Comrade of the Best

written for our young folk by some of our experienced superannuated ministers. Others appear in this issue. It would be a good exercise for the juniors, and not at all out of keeping with this week's theme, for the Superintendent to have these messages, or some of them, read by as many Juniors, in the meeting. Do not overlook the timely appeal of Dr. Cameron, given on our front page this month. It is splendid. These messages instead of the ordinary topical treatment, interspersed with such hymns as Nos. 261, 276, 279, 293, 51, and 453, should constitute an exceedingly good programme. We advise this course as a change from the regular routine.

If this is not considered a suitable programme, let the Superintendent question the League in open meeting as to the qualities most admirable in boys and girls. Have the boys answer for the girls and the girls for the boys. Make a list of these qualities or virtues on the board, and call for the names of men and women who have clearly exhibited them in their lives. By asking the questions of the boys and girls alternately, the lists will grow together, and the interest will be well maintained throughout. For instance, ask the girls to name a quality every boy should seek if he is to become a true man. You will get different answers, e.g., "Courage," "Self-control," "Bravery," "Industry," etc. Take one at a time, writing it under the general heading "Man." Now ask the boys to name some man who showed this quality in his life. "Courage" will likely bring the answer "David," or "Livingstone," or "Wellington," or "Brook," as the boy's reading has been recently directed. Give the girls their "inings" by asking the boys to name some desirable womanly virtue or grace, and write their answers, one at a time, on the board under the heading "Woman." You will get various answers. Make them think so as to answer intelligently. One may say "Beauty," another "Modesty," another "Diligence," another "Courtesy," and so on. Then ask the girls to name some woman who possessed the virtue or grace named. You will hear the names of Queen Esther, Florence Nightingale, Laura Secord, Queen Victoria, Barbara Heck, Susannah Wesley, Frances Willard, and many others. And it may be that the names of both men and women of more limited and local fame will be given. No matter, so long as the juniors are encouraged to think before they speak, and then to give a reason for what they say.

Or another plan may be followed:—The Superintendent may prepare beforehand a list of names of men and women, and, giving these one by one and in turn, enquire as to the greatest quality these persons showed in their lives. For instance, under the heading "Man," say you write Luther. Ask what quality he showed forth, and you will get several—Courage, Truth, Bravery, Fearlessness—let them name several, then settle on the one you deem most appropriate. Go on in this way, alternating between "Man" and "Woman," until your list is long enough and the lessons numerous enough to cover the ground of the day's programme. By following some such plan of biographical catechism, variety and value may easily be wrought into the session and everybody will vote the meeting a good one.

"That was a great sermon you preached this morning," said the old deacon, "and it was well-timed, too."

"Yes," rejoined the parson, with a deep sigh, "I noticed that."

"Noticed what?" asked the puzzled deacon.

"That several of the congregation looked at their watches frequently," answered the good man, with another deep sigh.—*Chicago Daily News.*

"Donald, take the advice of an old soldier—in whatever situation you find yourself, in garrison or in the field, be a comrade of the best!"

The speaker was a grizzled major, veteran of many campaigns in Egypt and India, who had the right to wear numerous medals and decorations, each one of which had been won in obedience to the principle which he was trying to inculcate in the mind of the subaltern who had just joined the Tenth Surrey, at Aldershot Camp, and which was none other than the counsel which a famous soldier of the cross, centuries before, had given to all moral foemen when he said: "Covet earnestly the best gifts."

Never in all his after career in the British Army did Donald Cameron forget those words of his uncle, the major. And scarcely had the veteran officer left the parade ground, across which he had sauntered to greet his nephew, before the latter had cause to choose between the bad and the good.

"Oh, I say, you are the new Sub? Shake!" exclaimed a hearty voice, and,

ried to prepare for the accompanying inspection.

Cameron hardly knew how he managed to come through that parade—a novice, and poorly started, it seemed, in the graces of the younger officers. But he had accomplished one thing at any rate—he had lined up with all the men in the Tenth Surrey who regarded character, and not mere sociability, as the proper foundation for a military career; he had taken his stand as a comrade of the good; he had associated himself with the ideal. It was not long before orders came for the Tenth Surrey to embark on a transport for South Africa. The Boer War was on, and England expected every man to do his duty as England saw it. On the tedious voyage to South Africa Cameron was given many opportunities to choose the best in place of the bad. He did not show himself a comrade of the vulgar jest, the sparkling champagne cup, the game of cards on a Sunday, or of the gambling games that went on almost all of the time among the fast set. In spite of loud



SEVEN OF THE FIFTY-SEVEN VARIETIES.

"Boys do not take kindly to prayer-meetings," said Mr. C. J. Atkinson, of the Boys' Dominion, in a recent address on "Boysology." "There are about fifty-seven varieties of boys, and every one of them is a pickle. It is natural for a boy

to do things, and when he does these things in a city, he generally runs into trouble. The boy is constantly challenged to do things. A tree is a challenge to a boy. Rules in a Sunday School are a challenge to him."

turning round, Cameron beheld a natty young officer, Lord Lansing, who extended a gentlemanly hand for a conventional greeting.

"I believe I have the honor to be," returned Cameron.

"Well, then, come over to the mess and let's drink it down in champagne," was the rejoinder.

Donald Cameron hesitated; the color mounted to his cheek. He well knew, young as he was, what the social customs of the British army are, and what sort of conviviality in most regiments is demanded in order that new arrivals may qualify as "good sort." But—he knew it was wrong to drink intoxicants. He must take a stand one way or the other at once. So he said, quietly, but firmly:

"Excuse me. I can not; I—"

"Oh, you are a 'temperance crank'?" broke in the other, "or perhaps you are trying to save your pocketbook?"

Cameron's face fairly burned with anger. The taunt of "crank" was bad enough, but to have it insinuated that he was stingy, that cut to the quick. He felt like springing at his mentor and tormentor, but just then the first call sounded for parade, and both men hur-

jeers—or silent ridicule, given by taunting looks of the eye rather than by uttered words—Cameron held off from the dissolute set, and lined up with the soberer subalterns, of whom there were not a few, and—this particularly excited the derisions of the roysterers led by Lord Lansing—even took part in the meeting for song and prayer which the second officer of the ship, a true Christian, held from time to time among the sailors, and the troops who could or would attend.

But long as it was, the voyage finally came to an end; the regiment disembarked, and was sent after a few weeks, to the front. It was then that Cameron found his supreme opportunity to prove himself to be a comrade of the best. In a hard-fought fight, through no fault of his or of his detachment, he found himself taken prisoner, in company with Lord Lansing, and was promptly, with other prisoners, marched off to a Boer stronghold, in the hills, where in an extemporized stockade the two officers were kept strictly guarded. It was then, as Lord Lansing came to know Donald Cameron in the closer intimacy of a shared captivity, that he learned to respect him more highly—and indeed the two became attached friends. But their