

The Boy That Says No.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right
When he falls in the way of temptation,
He has a hard battle to fight
Who strives against self and his comrades,
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honour to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy that says "No."

There's many a battle fought daily,
The world knows nothing about!
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout,
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
And do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colours of manhood,
And you'll overcome in the fight.
The right," be your battle-cry ever,
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—The Evangelical

PROMOTED.

A Story of the Zulu War.

By SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "The Slave Chase," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

AN AWFUL DEATH.

We must now return to Captain Morgan. The words of Harris stuck to him, and again and again he went over them in his mind; and he said to himself, "He spoke with such quiet confidence, and fixed everything—not on his feelings, or on what he did, or on what he was, but on the Word of God, as he said; and for the life of me I cannot get away from the feeling that somehow he is right, and that I have no safety. God knows, I might be one of the first to fall in the coming campaign, and then—and then—ah, what then?"

Was he dreaming? Did he hear a voice, or was it his own heart? But to his anxious mind it seemed as if a voice said, quite plainly, "And then—after death the judgment."

He could not shake it off; he was moody and silent all the day; and amid all he did, or wherever he went, these words haunted him—"After death the judgment."

He wished Harris had been here; he felt he could have confided to him his difficulty. Somehow, he shrank from speaking to Captain Elcombe; and he never thought of once going direct to him who was all the time saying, "Come unto me, and rest." While thus busy with his thought, he heard a sudden cry, and ran to the spot where he found every one else running, only to see a sight that for a moment almost unnerved him, and which seemed to strike all the beholders with solemn awe.

A large party of the men had been busy all the day mounting some heavy field-pieces, and packing baggage-wagons, ammunition cases, etc., ready for the march in a few days. By some strange fatality, the tackle had given way. Just as a gun hung ready for lowering into its place in the bed of the carriage, a private named Andrews laid hold of the heel of the piece, to swing it round, when it suddenly broke away, and, knocking him backwards, fell across his chest, where it now lay, while blood poured from the throat and nostrils of the unfortunate man. Quickly as possible, he was got clear from the mass and carried gently to bed, where the doctor speedily made his way to examine him. But at the first glance he knew he had only a few moments to live. He was quite insensible, and remained so till, the heart ceasing to beat, the pulse to throb, and the short breath to come, all told that he was dead.

Silently, one after another, those who had crowded the room withdrew. Captain Morgan was one of the last to leave, and, as he passed out once more into the fresh air, those words came back with mightier force than ever: "After death the judgment." He shivered as if he were chilled, then, glancing round, he noticed a group round the spot where the accident had occurred, and the sergeant of the party evidently explaining how it happened.

Crossing over, he said, as the men respectfully made way for him, "Did you see the accident, Perkins?"

"Yes, sir."
"Did he speak after he was struck?"
"No, sir; and the worst of it is, as I

was saying as you came up, sir, that when the piece fell and struck him down, he was in the act of swearing the awfullest oaths I ever heard come out of the lips of a man. He has been a very bad swearer of late, sir, though, poor fellow, he is dead and gone now, sir, and we must hope for the best."

"After death the judgment," rang again in the officer's ears, and somehow the sergeant's last words got mixed with his own thought, and he found himself repeating, "Hope for the best; after death the 'best' is judgment." Wasn't there a text somewhere in the Bible—he thought he had heard or read it—which said something about, "He that bringeth sin upon himself, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy?" He felt sick at heart, and sick, almost, in body, the sight of the battered, bleeding man had been so sudden. So, turning away, he went into his quarters and lay down on his bed.

After a while, feeling better, but full of thought about his own state, he got up and hunted up a Bible among his belongings; and, in a sort of vague, indefinite way, he opened it. It fell open at the third chapter of Romans. He read on, pausing for a moment to think as he read the 9th verse; then on again, till he came to the 22nd and 23rd verses. Then he was fairly staggered, as the mighty truth laid hold upon his soul that there was "no difference," "all had sinned, and come short of the glory of God"; that if he died then, as he was, he would be no better off, with his decent, moral life, than poor Andrews, who had just been struck down with his mouth full of oaths.

He buried his face in his hands, as he rested his arms across the table and the open Bible, in bitter anguish of spirit.

CHAPTER VII.

CORPORAL HARRIS IS PROMOTED.

When Corporal Harris awoke next morning, he speedily secured his horse, and, after breakfasting and making all things secure, he mounted again for his second day's survey. His soul was very full of peace; everything around was helpful to quiet communion, and for the time he revelled in the luxury. Just before noon, after consulting his tracing of the colonel's map, with which he had been provided before starting, and taking compass bearings, he found the suggested route would skirt a dense forest for some miles, where some of the cotton trees reared their heads two hundred feet high; while a thick interlacing of brushwood made an actual passage, in many parts, except on hands and knees, almost impossible. Under one of these "giants of the forest" he halted for a noon-day meal and a rest for his horse; and when, after a good hour's halt, he was preparing to remount, he thought he heard a call in a feeble voice. He listened, and as he did so, he noticed that his horse pricked up his ears; again he heard the voice, this time more distinctly, and, following the sound a little way among the brushwood, he suddenly came upon a tall, powerfully built black, who, almost naked and fearfully emaciated, was lying at the foot of a large tree. Seeing his lips move again as if he would speak, and feeling sure the poor creature must be very ill, he drew round the water-bottle which was slung over his shoulder and poured out a drink, at the same time raising the poor black's head on his arm.

With glistening eyes, filled with grateful tears, the man drank eagerly; then, taking breath, in feeble tones and broken English, he said, "Tank you, massa. Poor Philc soon go die now; him berry near gone for done; but Jesus, him take poor darkey, him got beauty mansion up dere; massa missionary say so, and he tell for truth." Then, seeming quite exhausted, he closed his eyes for a moment or two, while Harris speculated as to what could have brought him there, and on the beauty of his simple faith. Presently the negro opened his eyes again, when Harris tried to ask him a few questions—how he came there; how long he had been there, etc.

The poor fellow made an effort to sit up, which the corporal seeing, he fetched his rug and saddle from the horse, and bolstered him up comfortably; then the poor negro rolled his eyes round with a grateful look as he said, "Tank you, good massa; you berry good to poor brack man, but me no know how long me lost; long time me go down to white man's kraal, plenty much houses there, and me hear 'bout Jesus, how he berry good to die for poor brack man, then by'm-bye me feel so happy here"—laying his hand on his breast—"and me tink it so good; me say one day, good-bye-to good missionary peoples and tell dem, now me go to me own tribe, and

tell dem dey idol no good; Jesus, him good; Jesus, he forgive sin, Jesus, he make happy; dey berry good to poor Philc, dey teach him one beauty text, to tell all him people: 'De blood ob Jesus, him wash from all de sin.' But long while now me lose meself, many days me go round, and round, no hab rice, no eatce, no driakee, and now me die, but me see you first; hab you lub Jesus? am you berry happy?"

"Yes," said Corporal Harris, with tears in his eyes, and was about to continue, but he noticed that the hold of the negro had relaxed, that his gaze upwards was fixed; and, laying him back gently, he knew that he was dead.

Hastily, and as well as he was able, he scooped out a shallow grave for him, and there alone in that forest he buried the noble-hearted black, who had laid down his life in an attempt to tell of Jesus to his own benighted race. Surely "God hath made of one blood all nations."

Once more resuming his lonely desert ride, he thanked God for being allowed to witness that death testimony to the power of the Blood.

When, on the morning of the fourth day from that on which he had left the barracks on his solitary service, he turned into the gate once more from which he had sallied out, both his horse and himself looked fairly done up. Scores of hands were stretched out to grasp his; scores of throats gave him a glad salute as, hurriedly crossing the quadrangle, he made his way to his colonel's quarters. Arrived there, he found him just finishing a late breakfast. He was ushered into his presence at once, was greeted very heartily, and in about twenty minutes he had laid his report and observations before the colonel, who thanked him most heartily; then, telling him to go and get something to eat and a good sleep, he dismissed him, saying, as he passed out, "You will hear again of this service, Harris."

He was not long in following the colonel's advice, and all the clatter of the work or the voices of the men failed to disturb him, and he slept soundly till four o'clock in the afternoon, when he was aroused by a private of his own company, who said, "Beg your pardon, Corporal Harris, but we thought you would like to be roused, as there is to be a funeral of one of our company at five o'clock, and a parade afterwards at which all are to attend."

"A funeral!" said Harris, "why, who can that be? He must have died since I have been away."

"Yes, corporal," replied the man; "it was an accident—an awful accident; they were silnging the guns into the carriages, when the tackle broke away and one of the field-pieces fell and struck Private Andrews to the ground, the piece falling across his chest. He never spoke afterwards, and died in a quarter of an hour, and the worst part was that he was swearing awfully when he was struck down. The funeral is at five."

With a deep sigh, Harris rose from his camp bed, and, looking the man straight in the face, he said with evident emotion, "My dear comrade, this is surely God's voice, saying, 'Be ye also ready,' for in such an hour as ye think not God's call may come to you or me."

At five o'clock a muffled roll of drums was heard. Silently the men marched, bearing the body of poor Andrews; the burial service was read, but more than one noticed that the chaplain did not read those words, "In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life;" and when, a few moments afterwards, the firing party received the quiet order to "Close up! present! fire!" and the rattles of the volley were heard that was fired, according to custom, over his grave, the thought entered the minds of many, "Is this the last of our comrade?" and to Captain Morgan again came the words, "After death the judgment."

As the men left the grave-side the order for parade was given, and in a few minutes all were drawn up; the captain's inspection followed, and then, having reported all correct, the colonel and other officers came to the front.

Riding to the centre of the paraded ranks, the colonel spoke clearly and distinctly:

"My men, you have been mustered this evening that you may witness the promotion of one of your number, who, during the last few days, has specially proved his worthiness of that promotion." Then, glancing to the right of the second rank, he called, clearly and deliberately, "Corporal James Harris."

"Here, sir," responded our hero, making the salute.

"To the front, three paces, march! Left turn, march." When about the

centre of the ranks, he cried, "Halt! Front! Attention!"

Then, once more addressing the men, he said, "The rank of colour-sergeant has been vacant ever since we buried poor Leslie on the voyage out; and, in consideration of general good conduct and skill, but more especially for the signal service rendered to our regiment, to his country, and the war position here generally, in so successfully carrying out the critical undertaking of the past few days, I feel sure you will be glad to learn that Corporal Harris is to be promoted to colour-sergeant."

Then turning slightly in his saddle, that he might more easily face and address him, he said, "Corporal Harris, I take this opportunity of thanking you publicly for your splendid service during the past four days; and, in the name of our Queen and country, promote you at once to the rank of colour-sergeant, trusting that you will ever hold your position with honour and loyalty to your country, and pride in your regiment." Then, addressing Captain Morgan quietly, that officer rode forward and shouted, "Attention! To the right turn! Dismiss!"

At this moment Donald Fraser, the young Scotchman before mentioned, shouted at the top of his voice, "Three cheers for Colour-Sergeant Harris! Hip, hip, hurrah!" and three times over the place rang with the echo of the shouting; then, running to the spot where Harris stood, and waving his helmet around his head, he cried, "Let's carry him shoulder high, comrades." No sooner said than done; and, as cheer after cheer rang out, again and again, on the still evening air, they bore our hero round and round the quadrangle, while "Jock" (as they called him) played on his "chanter," and Willie Wilson, the drummer-boy, beat good time on his drum.

For a quarter of an hour the scene was one of wildest glee, amid which Harris thought of God's promise: "Them that honour me I will honour."

(To be continued.)

Bible Stories

.. BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG ..

- Old Testament Stories.** The Red Nursery Series. By Rev. Robert Tuck, B.A. With illustrations by W. J. Webb, Horace Petherick, W. S. Stacey and others. Price, 35c.
- New Testament Stories.** The Red Nursery Series. By E. A. Macdonald. With numerous illustrations. Price, 35c.
- Bible Stories in Simple Language.** For little children. With numerous illustrations. Illuminated board covers. Price, 35c.
- The Life of Our Lord in Simple Language.** For little children. Fully illustrated. Illuminated board covers. Price, 35c.
- Bible Stories for Children, and a short history of Christianity after the days of the Apostles.** By Lady Kennett-Barrington. With illustrations. Cloth, price, 50c.
- A Life of Christ for the Young.** By George Ludington Weed, author of "Great Truths Simply Told." Cloth, price, 60c.
- Life of St. Paul for the Young.** By George Ludington Weed. Cloth, price, 60c.
- A Child's Story of the Bible.** With 72 illustrations. Cloth, price, 35c.
- A Child's Life of Christ.** With 49 illustrations. Cloth, price, 35c.
- Bible Stories Without Names.** By the Rev. Harry Smith, M.A. Cloth, price, 50c.
- Bible Boys and Girls.** How they looked, where they lived, and what they did. By Calvin Dill Wilson and James Knapp Reeva. Illustrated by George Foster Barnes. Cloth, price, \$1.25.
- The Story of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation.** Told in simple language. By Charles Foster. Adapted to all ages, but especially to the young. 113 illustrations. Cloth, price, \$1.50.
- Bible Stories.** New Testament. (Modern Reader's Bible). Edited, with an introduction and notes. By Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D. Cloth, price, 50c.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,
Toronto.

C. W. Leake, Montreal. A. F. Knolly, Halifax.