

## The Greatness of Little Things.

The little moments as they fly  
So swiftly, surely, ever by,  
Are pivots which our lives turn on,  
And countless ages rest upon.

The little drops of rain that fall,  
To moisten this terrestrial ball,  
Make up the ocean's vast expanse,  
The cataract and avalanche.

The grains of sand beneath our feet,  
That rise in clouds the winds to greet,  
Are particles of mountains high,  
Whose lofty summits reach the sky.

And so a little thought or deed,  
Of blessedness may be the seed,  
The fruit of which shall ever bloom,  
When we are passed beyond the tomb.

Then let our thoughts, words, actions be  
Pure, gentle full of charity;  
For gentle words and deeds of love  
Are emblems of the life above.

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

London, Ont., March 10th, '91.

## Life on the Prairies.

(By Thos. Morris Jr.)

I pulled myself up cautiously and tried to walk tenderly, as if on eggs, but down I went plunging in the snow every second step, after a few trials, I really felt like turning back and, yet, that would have necessitated my going clear back to Winnipeg again, and going around by a different route, so I determined to press on through the snow. I went a few yards on my elbows and knees, until that got tiresome; then I lay at full length on the snow, and rolled over and over like a barrel, then, for a change, I turned somersaults, and so on. By ridiculous expedients such as these, I at last covered two or three miles, and I managed to reach Shank's shanty at sunset. It had taken me six hours to travel four miles.

Although it was a cold day, I found this method of travelling very heating and somewhat fatiguing. Fortunately, there were a few loaves of bread in Shank's trunk, (frozen solid of course) and a tea-caddy with some tea in it. There was some wood lying near a sheet iron stove which had seen better days. The top of the stove was burned almost off, and I had to lay a spade and a piece of tin over the holes in order to make it go. I was not long lighting the fire. I put on the crazy old stove a pot full of ice

and snow, and soon had hot water; then I put in a handful of tea, some sugar; and with an axe, I split up some bread in chunks, and put that in also. This made rather good hash for a hungry man. I felt as happy as a king. This was a sumptuous feast, and my courage rose with the eating. I was now equal for anything. I had been puzzling my brain, how to make a pair of snow-shoes. There did not seem to be any suitable material around, so I sawed off the end of a board, three feet long and twelve inches wide, and cut it in two, I had then two pieces six inches by three feet. I got some leather from an old pair of shoes, and, with this, made two clamps for my feet, next I tied my feet to the boards with bits of rope and off I started.

It was getting dark; but the stars were shining brightly, and I had no fear. I was used to travelling at night, and could direct my course as accurately, with the aid of the stars, as if in broad day light; and I could tell within ten minutes, what time it was, by the position of the Little Bear swinging around the pole star, hanging by its tail. I was not used to snow-shoeing, however, and as my make-shifts were rather clumsy, I pitched headlong many times into the snow, and had quite a time extricating myself, but on I went, and sometimes trotting, sometimes walking, I cleared the eight miles in about three hours, and reached the settlement that night, much to the astonishment of the neighbors, who were amazed at my daring tramp. My improvised snow shoes had carried me successfully along, and, but for them, I might have had some serious difficulty in getting through.

(To be continued.)

## For the Master.

"MY WORD SHALL NOT RETURN UNTO ME VOID."

One little word for the Master,  
Can we not speak in His name?  
Knowing "His grace is sufficient"  
This promise we always may claim.

Though spoken in faltering weakness  
We know not how some heart may be  
Strengthened and cheered by the power  
Of that word breathed in love, nor how we

In witnessing thus for the Master  
In whom we rejoice and believe  
While telling His love and His goodness  
Our own hearts a blessing receive.

J. H.