

What the Wood Fire Said to the Little Boy.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

What said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little arm
chair,
When the blaze was burning bright ?

The wood said : " See
What they've done to me !
I stood in the forest, a beautiful tree !
And waved my branches from east to
west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green
That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisies' breast.

" From the blossom dells
Where the violet dwells
The cattle came with their tinkling
bells
And rested under my shadows sweet,
And the winds that went over the clover
and wheat
Told me all that they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful meadows that dreamed
at my feet.

" And the wild wind's caresses
Oft rumbled my tresses,
But, sometimes, as soft as a mother's
lip presses
On the brow of the child of her bosom,
it laid
Its lips on my leaves, and I was not
afraid ;
And I listened and heard
The small heart of each bird
As it beat in the nests that their mothers
had made.

" And in springtime sweet faces
Of myriad graces
Came beaming and gleaming from
flowery places,
And under my grateful and joy-giving
shade,
With cheeks like primroses, the little ones
played,
And the sunshine in showers
Through all the bright hours
Bound their flowery ringlets with silvery
braids.

" And the lightning
Came brightening
From storm skies and frightening
The wandering birds that were tossed
by
the breeze
And tilted like ships on black, billowy
seas ;
But they flew to my breast
And I rocked them to rest
While the trembling vines clustered and
clung to my knees.

" But how soon," said the wood,
" Fades the memory of good !
For the forester came with his axe
gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant, all shorn of his
might,
Yet still there must be
Some sweet mission for me ;
For have I not warmed you and cheered
you to-night ?"

So said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy with the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little arm-
chair,
When the blaze was burning bright.

On Schedule Time

BY JAMES OTIS.

Author of "Toby Tyler," "Mr. Stubbs'
Brother," "Raising the Pearl," etc.

CHAPTER V.

TRAVELLING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Promptly at four o'clock Dick aroused
Phil, and made a brief statement of the
condition of affairs.

"I've walked around the tents every
fifteen minutes without having seen any-
thing wrong. The horses are all right,
and have just been fed. Jackson has had
his medicine regularly, but insists that
he will take no more. His leg is not
swollen, but he begins to look sick."

"So would any man after being dosed
as I've been," the alleged cripple growled.
"I believe that old woman counted on
poisoning me."

"Better keep any such idea as that to
yourself," Phil said sternly. "She is
trying to do you good, and I won't allow
a word spoken against her!"

"But, look here, Ainsworth, I'm limp

as a rag this morning, and it must be
the medicine."

"What about your leg? A severe
sprain might pull you down a good bit.
"I don't think it is even a sprain now.
It doesn't ache as much as it did, and
the swelling has gone down."

There has been no swelling whatever
since I saw it, Dick interrupted.

"I agree it didn't look bad," Jackson
replied with a whine, but it ached
powerful for a spell."

"All of which proves you have been
benefited by the medicine, and I shall
not allow you to stop taking it unless
you confess that you are well enough to
be left behind."

"I can't say what ain't true, my boy,
an' you must know yourself that I'm in
no fit condition to be turned loose,
specially after I've taken so much of
your aunt's dosin'."

"We won't argue the matter," Phil
replied, striving not to allow the mirth
in his heart show itself on his face. "If
we are forced to take care of you, Aunt
Lois' instructions must be carried out to
the letter. Now, Dick, if you're ready
we'll begin packing."

It was not yet daylight when Phil
summoned the girls and Aunt Lois to a
breakfast of cold meat, bread and butter,
and there were only the faintest signs
of the coming day in the eastern sky
when the little party set out once more.

Phil had decided that Gladys should act
as driver of the surrey, and Alice sat
beside her.

In his character of invalid, Jackson was
given a place by the side of Aunt Lois,
where, as the boys felt confident, there
would be no question as to his taking the
prescribed doses with the utmost regu-
larity.

Both Phil and Dick were to walk dur-
ing this day's journey, in order to lighten
Jack's load, and the order of march was
reversed, that the baggage-waggon might
go in advance.

"The question is, whether we shall
meet with any of Jackson's friends to-
day," Dick said in a whisper as he and
his cousin trudged along by the side of
Jack, forced to walk with bodies bent in
order to distinguish the faint outline of
a road in the gloom.

"I'm inclined to think they won't
molest us while he is in our company.
They'll depend upon him to make certain
we don't get through on time, and he is
the one we must watch during this day's
work. It's safe to say he'll do mischief
at the first opportunity."

"If Aunt Lois has the management of
affairs twenty-four hours longer, he won't
be in a condition to do very much. Do
you know, Phil, I really believe the en-
ormous quantity of medicine she is ad-
ministering, in connection with his own
fears, will result in making him seriously
ill."

"In which case she'll be doing us a
grand, good turn without knowing it.
Keep your eyes on Jackson every mo-
ment he is out of the surrey, and I'll do
the same. If we are wide awake, it
should be possible to travel farther to-
day than he anticipates."

Two hours elapsed before the travellers
arrived within sight of the Joe Mary
Lakes, and Phil said mournfully, as he
pointed to the blue waters which were
turned to gold by the rays of the morning
sun :

"There is where we should have
stopped last night, and by this time we'd
be well along with the third day's task!"

"Never mind, Phil," Gladys cried
cheerfully, "don't cry over spilled milk;
and unless Mr. Jackson grows suddenly
worse, we may be able to make up the
lost time before night."

"I hope he won't have a relapse, be-
cause in such a case I should feel obliged
to abandon him. There can be no ques-
tion of turning back to Milo, now we are
so far beyond it."

Jackson bit his lips as he smiled; there
was a threat in the boy's words which
he understood plainly, and he might not
find it as easy to delay this party as he
had fancied.

A mile farther on the road forked to
the right, and Jackson shouted :

"If you're bound for your father's
camps, it'll pay you to take this turn;
it's four or five miles nearer the West
Branch ford."

"I'll keep on the road I'm acquainted
with," Phil replied, and Aunt Lois asked
quickly :

"Why don't you go as Mr. Jackson
suggests, Phillip? Of course he is fami-
liar with the nearest way, and by taking
him as a guide we shall save many miles,
I have no doubt."

"I'm not so certain of that, Aunt Lois.
I know where I am now, which is more
than I might be able to say after we
had ridden in that direction a couple of
hours."

"But I'm acquainted with every inch of
the way, Ainsworth. You can't want to
get to the camp any worse'n I do."

That remains to be seen, and Phil
quickened his pace to prevent any further
conversation on the subject.

"He didn't make much that round,"
Dick whispered gleefully. "I suppose
no counted on your doing whatever he
advised."

I shouldn't have done so, even if he
had proven to be what he professed.
This has always been said to be the most
direct road to the ford, and I'd hesitate a
long time before accepting any man's
word to the contrary."

When a halt was made at noon the
spirits of Phil and Dick had risen very
decidedly.

The road had not been as bad as was
expected, and after six hours of steady
travelling it was safe to assume they had
covered considerably more than half the
distance between the last camp and the
halting-place for the close of the third
day's journey as set down in Mr. Ains-
worth's schedule.

Jackson was moody and silent during
the noonday halt.

In the hope of exciting Aunt Lois' sym-
pathy to such an extent that she would
insist upon a halt on his account, he had
complained during the forenoon that his
injured limb was causing him severe pain,
and she replied by doubling his dose of
drugs, saying, as she literally forced him
to swallow the disagreeable mixture :

"We have proven, Mr. Jackson, that
this is exactly what you need, and if you
are not more comfortable in an hour, we
will still further increase the quantity.
I am surprised at my success in minister-
ing to such an injury as yours!"

Gladys and Alice were forced to look
straight at Bessie's head in order to hide
their mirth. This meeting an evil-doer
with medicine seemed very comical to
them.

Jackson allowed himself to be assisted
from the vehicle when the halt was
finally made, and during the hour and a
half the little party remained at this place
either Dick or Phil kept him under con-
stant surveillance.

The horses had been fed generously,
and were not displaying nearly as much
fatigue as on the previous day.

"Unless something serious happens,
we will ford the West Branch to-night,
even if we do not arrive there until after
sunset," Phil said to his cousin when
they were "on the road" once more.

"Keep the horses moving as long as
possible. Aunt Lois and the girls should
be able to ride as many hours as we can
walk, and it will be a big thing if we
make up the time lost yesterday."

During this afternoon there was but
little conversation indulged in between
the boys. It was as if they were so
careful to husband their strength for the
long tramp, that they could not afford
even the slight exertion of talking.

Phil steadily led the way, allowing Jack
to choose his own pace, believing he
would thus hold out the longer; and
when, late in the afternoon, they were
nearing the ford, he whispered to Dick :

"Fall back and remain by the side of
the surrey, in order to keep your eyes
on Jackson. By this time he must know
we have made up the time lost through
him, and will be ready to do mischief."

"It puts me in a rage to see him riding
there by Aunt Lois' side while we walk."

"So that we get the best of him, it's
all right; and perhaps after this job is
finished we may be able to square matters
with that precious rascal, if Aunt Lois
has not already done so."

Dick did as he was requested, but re-
fused to be led into a conversation by
Jackson, who appeared most eager to
learn where the boys proposed to camp
that night.

The fellow had ceased to complain
through fear of the little woman, who
was ready to double or quadruple his
portion of drugs at the first intimation of
severe suffering.

It was not yet four o'clock when the
river was seen in the distance, and for
the first time that day Phil urged Jack
to a faster pace.

"Is that the stream we are to cross,
Richard?" Aunt Lois asked.

"Yes, aunt."

"Is it dangerous?"

"If you'd seen the accidents on that bit
of water which I have, you'd think it
was dangerous," Jackson said, before
Dick had time to reply.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I do believe
Phillip is intending to drive right into
the river, without waiting to ascertain
which is the safest point!"

"If he'll listen to me I can tell him
how to put the horses across without
sending them in over their knees," Jack-
son said eagerly, and Aunt Lois bent
forward as if to hail Phil; but Dick said
sharply, before she could speak :

"He doesn't need to be told, and I
hardly think he would listen to advice, so
please don't speak to him. I'll take the
reins un'til we are on the other side," and
he leaped lightly into the vehicle, seating
himself between Gladys and Alice.

By this time Phil, with the baggage
waggon, was in mid-stream, and Dick
watched carefully his every movement,
that Bessie might be forced to follow in
the footsteps of Jack.

As a matter of course Aunt Lois was
terrified when the water came within an
inch of the carriage door, but fortunatel-
her screams could not prevent the pas-
sage, and before she had time to give
full sway to her fears they were on the
opposite side.

(To be continued.)

"IN WHATSO WE SHARE"

BY J. R. MILLER, D.D.

We are all familiar with the story of
the Holy Grail, which so many poet-
have wrought into verse. The Holy Gra-
was the cup from which Jesus drank,
with his disciples at the last supper.
According to the legend, this cup was
lost, and it was the favorite enterprise
of the knights of Arthur's court to go in
quest of it. One of the prettiest of these
stories tells of Sir Launfal's search for
the Holy Grail. Far away over cold
mountains and through fierce storms and
over deserts, rode the brave young knight,
till youth turned to age and his hair was
gray. At last, after a vain search, he
turned homeward, an old man, bent,
worn out and frail, with garments thin
and bare. As he drew on there lay a
leper, lank and wan, cowering before him.
"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an
alms," the leper said. Sir Launfal saw
in the beggar an image of him who died
on the tree.

"He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's
brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink."
Suddenly a light shone about the place

"The leper no longer crouched at his
side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining, and tall, and fair, and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beauti-
ful Gate."

Sweetly now he spoke as the knight
listened :

"In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy
Grail ;
Behold, it is here—this cup which thou
didst fill at the streamlet for me but
now—

This crust is my body broken for thee;
This water his blood that died on the
tree ;

The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatsoever we share with another's
need ;

Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare .
Who gives himself with his alms feeds
three—

Himself, his hungering neighbour, and
me."

The path of glory for a life lies not
away among the cold mountains of
earthly honour, not in any paths of fame
where worldly ambition climbs, but close
beside us, in the lowly ways of Christ-
like ministry. He who stoops to serve
the poor and the suffering, in Christ's
name, will find at length that he has
served Christ himself. "I was a-hun-
gered, and ye gave me meat; I was
thirsty, and ye gave me drink."

A CHILDISH CAPER.

When Mr. Wayne sold out his furs one
spring Mrs. Beeman thought it a good
time to buy. She had two little girls,
Bessie and Mattie, who had wished all
the winter before for fur capes and muffs.
Now was a good chance to provide them.
So they were bought, carefully wrapped
in newspapers, and put in the cedar chest
upstairs, away from the ravages of
moths. If the little girls could have had
their way, they would have worn the furs
every time they went out to church,
irrespective of temperature, at least until
the novelty of having them had passed
away.

One hot day in August they got to
talking about those furs, and determined
to steal a march on mamma and wear
them anyhow. They always went to
prayer-meetings with their mother, and
on this particular evening they begged to
precede her thither, and she consented
that they should. They went upstairs,
arrayed themselves in their furs, stole
down the back stairs and out at the gate
without being discovered, and got safely
to the prayer-meeting room.

When Mrs. Beeman came in, a few
minutes later, the first thing that met
her gaze was her little girls sitting dem-
urely on the front seat with muffs in
their laps and fur collars about their
necks, while the mercury in the ther-
mometer was away up in the nineties.—
N. Y. Advocate.