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COMRADES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER. IN 'HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.'

Here in our picture, Jocko and I  
 Stood without winking or blinking,  
 Just like two statues under the sky.  
 I don't know of what Jocko was thinking  
 But I must confess that I felt quite fine  
 That we could be taken together;  
 I'm Jocko's comrade, and he is mine,  
 And we face all sorts of weather.  
 Never mind me, fellows; I'm a boy;  
 But look at my dog, and tell me  
 If you don't envy me some of the joy  
 That one day of days befell me,  
 When Jocko came straight to my hand held out,  
 And into it, most sodately:  
 Dropped that great muzzle; no growl or pout.  
 But free as a king, and stately!  
 Talk of your pots! He's more than a pet!  
 He's a comrade, true as a brother!  
 With a big bravo soul, that's too proud to fret,  
 That wouldn't change me for another  
 Jolly? Of course, for the road we  
 take,  
 The rough or the smooth, glad-  
 hearted!  
 See, what a beautiful picture we  
 make,  
 We too who refuse to be parted.

BOB'S TEMPTATION.

GRACE ODEN ROSE.

'Fifteen minutes past eight;  
 isn't breakfast about ready,  
 May?'  
 'Yes, Bob, just ready;  
 you'll pardon my being late  
 this time, I'm sure. The  
 meeting was so good and so  
 long last night Ed and Mark  
 Hendrix were converted, and  
 were so happy. They are  
 friends of yours, aren't they?  
 Guy Miller and Ray Potter  
 and all those boys are so active,  
 it almost makes me jealous!'  
 'Oh, bother, May, I'm not  
 a hypocrite, anyway!  
 'No, you're certainly not a  
 hypocrite.'  
 Bob strove to appear very  
 indifferent as his sister refilled  
 his cup with coffee and placed  
 the smoking cakes close by his  
 plate. If May would only  
 scold, so that he could 'return  
 fire,' what a relief it would be,  
 but she said never a word, and  
 Tom buttered and ate his  
 cakes in silence.  
 A few weeks previous, when  
 May's mother was called to  
 the bedside of a sister in the  
 far west, Bob had been in-  
 trusted to her. Though only  
 a few years her junior, May  
 felt a great responsibility rest-  
 ing upon her. To her loving  
 sister heart, Bob lacked but  
 one thing. Two, three, four  
 weeks, showers of blessings  
 had fallen upon the people of  
 B—, yet amidst it all Bob  
 seemed untouched, almost  
 farther away than ever. Dear,

kind, careless brother, why wouldn't he  
 listen to the 'still small voice?'  
 No wonder they sat silently and seriously  
 about the breakfast table that morning.  
 'A letter for Bob,' and Jane placed it by  
 his plate, blushing and bowing, as she al-  
 ways did when treated to Bob's genial  
 smile and 'Thank you.'  
 'From mother, sure,' but before he could  
 open it, May excused herself and Tom so  
 abruptly that Bob, who was always on the  
 look out for 'traps,' felt certain that May  
 must know what that letter contained, else  
 she would have stayed to hear it. 'Yes,'  
 as he turned the sheet, 'she's had a hand  
 in it, and a heart, too, written mother, and  
 mother written me—quite naturally—and  
 what is a fellow to do?'  
 That evening Bob received his usual in-

itation to the service, and as usual de-  
 clined; annoyed that she urged him no  
 longer, he challenged her to an argument  
 by saying:  
 'I'm a sight better than those boys you  
 hold up as patterns, May. I have self-  
 respect enough not to be a hypocrite!'  
 'I neither ask, nor want you to be a  
 hypocrite, Bob, be a Christian.'  
 'Now, May, only this morning you said  
 you were jealous that your brother was not  
 among those fine fellows who are so active  
 at the meetings. Didn't you say it, May?  
 Miss Pringle's brother is one of them, and  
 Guy Miller, and Ray Potter, and Lyman  
 Murdock; and I say, May, I wouldn't do  
 things they do every summer, and then in  
 the mid-winter revival they are held up as  
 patterns for us. Bah! I have no use for

such Christians. I went with you the  
 other night, resolved to make a start, or  
 at least ask an interest in prayers, but when  
 I thought of those boys my heart just froze  
 up, and I couldn't move a muscle. I would  
 be ashamed to start and run the good race  
 just as long as the meetings run, and no  
 longer, as they do. When I am a Christian  
 I shall be one through and through.  
 'I am with those boys every day, and not  
 one of them has offered me his Saviour, or  
 even owned that he has one. If they be-  
 lieve what they profess, why don't they  
 hustle around and help us fellows? I tell  
 you, May, I won't be a hypocrite!'  
 Hypocrite! Heaven forbid.  
 Deeply grieved by Bob's statement, and  
 forced to admit that much of it might be  
 true, she slowly answered:  
 "Who art thou who  
 judgest another man's servant?  
 To his own master he standeth  
 or falleth. Yea, he shall be  
 holden up, for God is able to  
 make him stand." Does your  
 heart freeze up when that dear  
 Mrs. Fairfield prays? or that  
 young lawyer? or Mayble Guy?  
 There are scores who are loyal  
 and strong. Be fair, Bob.  
 These boys you call hypocrites  
 doubtless have good intentions  
 but try to overcome tempta-  
 tion in their own strength, in-  
 stead of following Christ's  
 command, 'Watch and pray,'  
 so of course they fall before it.  
 Satan is vigilant and strong,  
 stronger than all save One,  
 and He it is who has said,  
 "Be of good cheer, I have  
 overcome the world."  
 'Show the boys how loyal  
 and steadfast a Christian ought  
 to be. They respect you, and  
 you are responsible for your  
 influence over them for good  
 or evil. Even now some may  
 be waiting for you to lead  
 them, and—'  
 'Oh, May, don't, please!  
 come,' and pressing a kiss  
 upon her glowing cheek, Bob  
 with his sister went to the  
 meeting, and came home, not  
 a hypocrite, but a Christian.



COMRADES.

