

stared, insisted on following him, he turned and made for the house with a shivery feeling running down his spine, and about half-way to safety the mother appeared upon the scene.

Of course she charged at once, but he fortunately kept his wits about him and ran for the nearest "blow-out," or eddy-pit scooped in the loose sand of the hills by the force of the prairie winds. He gained the perpendicular border of this with only about twenty yards to spare, and leaped over the edge, hoping that the cow would not venture to follow him on account of the nearly precipitous drop of some twenty feet, but would go round and attempt to attack him from the opposing or sloping side of the pit.

By digging his heels vigorously into the bank he succeeded in arresting his descent about five or six feet below the top, and when the infuriated cow had managed to check her wild charge just in time to stop herself from coming over on the top of him, he found himself in a comparatively safe position, as the bank below was much too steep for her to charge up.

Here he remained for half an hour, when, thinking that the cow had forgiven the mistake and gone back to her calf, he cautiously scrambled up the edge again, only, however, to find the indignant lady waiting for him about fifty yards away so that the appearance of his head and shoulders was the signal for another charge, and, as he had not even his revolver with him, he was perfectly helpless. It was only several hours later—when some of his own riders, attracted by his shouts for assistance, rode up and drove away the infuriated animal, who was disposed to resist even this superior force, that he was rescued from his humiliating position.

NEARING THE END.

By Uncle Harry.

It is all too true, the holidays are coming to an end! September brings back the thought of school and its lessons, so we have to put mournfully aside the cricket-ball, pails and wooden shovels, and return to boots and stockings, and proper clothing, and civilized ways. Yes, it is quite true, the holiday month has been all too short, and we turn with a heavy sigh from the leafy woods, and the surging sea, and "the glorious time we have had," to think of other things much less pleasant. It seems as if we ought to have an indulgence because there have been so many rainy days, and run on with the holidays to the end of September; but no, it cannot be, school-terms are not arranged to allow for faults in the weather. The best thing to do, therefore, is just to make the best of it, and begin work with a right good will; and really, this is the only way to thoroughly enjoy a holiday. If holidays were to take the place of

work, where would our independence and power be when we get to be men and women, and have to earn our own living? The fact is that it is nothing but work which conquers difficulties, and holidays are meant for something more than mere enjoyment—they are meant to help us to do our work better. They are to recreate our minds and bodies, so that when they are run down with work they may by rest and change be pulled up again for a new and more vigorous start.

If we have been to the seaside for our holiday or into the country amongst cornfields and woods, we must have seen how busy everything was—the restless sea with its never-ceasing tides, the corn growing in the fields, all and everything working hard to bring out a common good. You cannot but see the lesson in all things. It is not only activity, but activity for a purpose. And so it should be with us all. Play while you play, and work while you work, but don't forget that play is to help you to work harder.

You will I daresay, know the old legend of St. John and his kitten, but let me repeat it. The story runs: St. John had travelled far and wide to teach the heathen people about his Lord and Master. One day, as he was passing through a crowd he saw a number of people amusing themselves by ill-treating a kitten—they had fastened it to a tree and were making it into a target for the arrows they shot from their bows. The apostle went in amongst them and stopped the wicked sport, and as he spoke so sweetly and lovingly to them, they not only ceased shooting, but gathered around him to hear what he had further to say. One man only remained untouched with his words, and scoffingly said, "If I could see thee like a prophet awaken the dead, then I would believe thy works, but I will not until then."

On hearing these words, St. John took the kitten lying dead beneath the tree, pierced with a hundred arrows, and with his touch brought it back to life. The unbeliever then was amazed, and sought to be a Christian.

This kitten thus restored became the constant companion of St. John, and many a spare moment did he spend in playing with and fondling the little creature. One day the new disciple, wondering at this trifling of the apostle spoke out his wonder. He said: "How is it that thou, whom men count as a saint, can spend time in such a childish manner?"

Upon which St. John looked up at him, and seeing a bow in his hand, said, "My son, what is that in thine hand?"

The man answered: "It is my bow wherewith I kill the beasts of the forest and the birds of the air."

"String thy bow," St. John said. The man did so, but on looking around intently he could see nothing to shoot and again slipped off the string.

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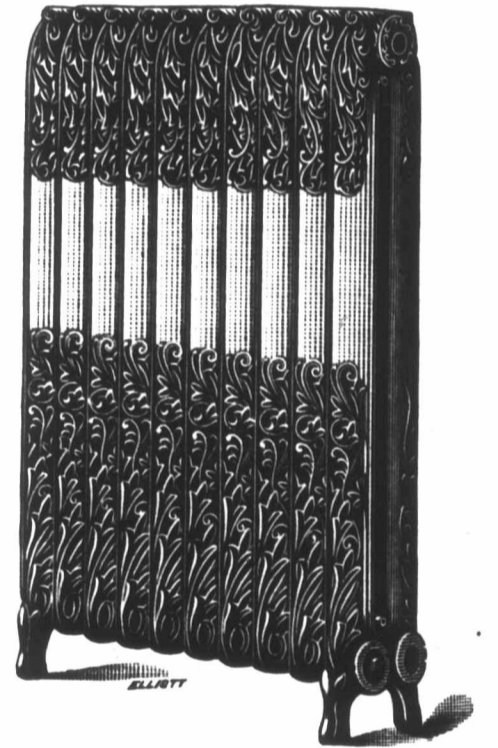
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