

dred and fifty and three "Now, boys," said the clergyman, remembering with a fine self approval that in talking to children one should use the Socratic method;

"now, boys, Peter was a —," and he paused for a reply. Naturally enough, one

boy suggested "a fisherman." "No." "A disciple." "No." "A sailor."

"No." Then in a burst of inspiration, "A postle." This was getting no better

fast, so the minister retold his story. "They had caught nothing all night, not

a single fish. They had let down the net now and Peter counts and says—one

hundred and fifty and three." "Well, now boys, Peter was a —?" Again a

pause. Then a boy waves his hand frantically. The clergyman beams—"Well,

my lad. Peter was a —?" "I lear," shouted the urchin triumphantly. The

minister was too much shocked to explain that he meant that Peter was a-ston-

ished. It is not everyone that is master of the difficult art of questioning.

It was a question of another sort that broke the tranquility of a Manitoba

school, desiring to illustrate the difference between "lie" and "lay" began thus

artfully:—

"Now, Harvey, when you say the Lord's prayer, do you begin "Now I lay me" or "now I lie me?"

CHAS. A. HUSTON.

THE WESTERN PIONEER.

I can hear the willows whispering, 'way down the Arctic slope,

Every shivering little leaflet gray with fear;

There's no color in the heavens, and on earth there seems no hope,

And the shadow of the Winter's on the year.

An' it's lonesome, lonesome, lonesome, when the russet gold is shed.

An' the naked world stands waiting for the Doom;

With the northern witch fires dancing in the silence over head,

An' my camp fire just an island in the gloom.

When the very bears are hiding from the Terror that's to come,

An' the unseen wings above me whistle south;

When, except the groaning pine trees and the willows, Nature's dumb.

And the river roadway freezes to its mouth.

But I cannot strike the home trail. I would not if I could,

An' I want no other's smoke across my sky;

When I drop, I'll drop alone, as alone I've allus stood,

On the frontier, where I've led, let me lie.

I wouldn't know men's language, I couldn't think their thought,

I couldn't bear the hurry of mankind;

Where every acre's built on, where all God made is bought.

And they'd almost make a hireling of the wind.

I've been allus in the lead since I grew grass high,