

### The Milky Way.

LONG, long ago, in his cloister gray,  
With elbows leaning on casement low,  
A monk gazed afar at that mystic Way,  
Of which men for ages longed to know.

The monk fell asleep, and dreamed two  
dreams:

The first, that into this Way God sent  
His guardian angels; the light that gleams  
Were white, drooping asphodils, used for  
tents!

His second dream was strange enough,  
For it seemed that when the planets were  
made,

And this earth, that all the refuse stuff,  
Bits of fire and water and earth, were laid

In a ponderous heap on the great sky's floor.  
But why it was called the "Milky Way"  
Still puzzled the monks and scholars of yore;  
Of its mystical whiteness naught could they  
say.

Many years after a great man thought  
Of discovering this Way by other than  
dreams,  
And with marvelous skill a telescope wrought,  
With lenses the strongest that ever were  
seen,

When the mighty glass was finished and done,  
He raised it aloft to the night-bound sky,  
And saw in this Milky Way great suns  
That glittered and sparkled and dazzled  
the eye!

Quite learned and true these stories may be,  
But a little girl's dream seems sweetest to me;  
She says that the angels are keeping this Way  
Pure and white till the judgment day,  
When all God's children shall walk in his  
light  
To that beautiful home where there is no  
night.

—Exchange.

### A Bottle for a Leg.

HARK!

Clang! Clang! Clang!

They were laying the rails on the  
Canadian Pacific Railway, that shoots  
over lonely prairies, through rugged  
forests, along wild mountain passes,  
till the murmur of the Pacific winds  
echoes to the tired puff of the loco-  
motive.

"Hurry there, Bob," cried Joe Ste-  
vens, an emigrant from Old England.

"Hurry! A good draught of  
whiskey would put the hurry into  
me," said Bob Sanders, alike from the  
mother country.

"Twill take the hurry out of you,"  
declared Joe.

Clang! Clang! Clang! went the  
hammers of the track-layers, as if  
saying to Joe, in confirmation of his  
sentiment, "Yes, yes, yes!"

"The construction-train want to be  
off!" asked Bob.

"Of course, man!" replied Joe.

Bob looked. He could see on the  
end of the piece of track most recently  
laid, the big boarding-cars, containing  
on the first floor offices, dining-rooms,  
and other conveniences; on the second  
and third, also, were sleeping-quarters  
for the men. These boarding-cars ad-  
vanced as the sections of track were  
laid, and in their rear now halted the  
construction-train, whose load of  
material had, but almost dropped.  
Mules and horses were drawing light  
waggons, loaded with ties and rails, to

the points where they might be need-  
ed. Swift armed, muscular fellows  
were then laying the tracks, stretch-  
ing an iron bracelet across the conti-  
nent. In one day five miles were laid,  
as an experiment, but a less number  
ordinarily.

"Ah," growled Bob, "whiskey  
would make things lively."

"Of course," said Joe, laughing, "it  
would set a lot of fists in motion,  
poking out eyes, breaking noses, and  
smashing things generally. See here,  
Bob, there is to be a temperance lec-  
turer round to-night, wherever we  
stop, so they say, and we must hear  
him."

"One of them spoonies what talk  
for money?"

"No. But if they do, what harm?  
Don't you work for money? I tell  
ye, Bob, temperance is a money-savin'  
operation, and a lecturer might well  
charge a couple of shillings a head."

"Nonsense! I don't want to hear  
your lecturer."

However, Bob, after supper, went  
to hear the man.

It was an interesting sight. The  
wide, lonely Canadian prairie, across  
which the iron rails were pushing, and  
in its centre the knot of boarding-  
cars, the construction-train, that to-  
morrow would lose its load from its  
wooden back, and the sun-browned,  
rugged, muscular men that ringed a  
speaker who occupied the top of a  
dry-goods box.

"How far could I go on a bottle as  
a leg?" he asked. "See here, my  
men." As he spoke, the lecturer lean-  
ed forward and rested his weight on a  
bottle that he grasped in his right  
hand. Whether he intended it or not,  
the bottle broke. The lecturer used  
the incident effectively.

"See here. It has broken. Of  
course it will not support me. It has  
cut my hand, too."

He held up a hand stained with  
blood. This object lesson was heartily  
applauded by the men, some of them  
pounding on the railway ties with  
spikes.

"That's blarney," declared Bob, to  
his crony, Joe.

"No, 'taint, Bob. It's truth, that's  
what it is."

Bob went away, shaking his head  
and disgusted.

The days and weeks went by. Au-  
tumn came, dressing the forests in a  
transient glory ere winter's cold, keen  
winds should sweep across the far  
north land.

"I am going to quit work on the  
railroad," said Joe one day. "You  
know I must build a log-house, and  
so on, and get comfortable before win-  
ter sets in. If you want to come out  
there I can give you a job, I think."

"Thank ye. Winter and I will  
come along together," replied Bob.

"Well, come when you can."

The next day Joe was escorting a  
little emigrant party over the prairie.  
His brother Abram had been before  
him, securing and stacking a crop of

hay, in readiness for use during the  
winter. He had been living in a wig-  
wam the Indians had made for him,  
but he was glad to leave it for more  
substantial quarters. On Joe's arri-  
val the two brothers made their axes  
fly about the trunks of an oak patch.

"How long will it take us, Abram,  
to build our house?" asked Joe.

"'Bout a week," asserted Abram.

In eight days the house was erected.  
It consisted of logs, laid upon one an-  
other. The spaces between them were  
filled up with any convenient earth,  
soft and workable. A log hut for the  
live stock was also built. These two  
buildings and the hay-stack rose above  
the plain in a very social cluster. As  
for the hay-stack, it looked like a  
brown door-knob, and suggested that,  
if you turned it, wonderful treasures  
below would be revealed to you.

"I wonder where Bob is?" said  
Abram Stevens, one bitter day, on  
the very rim of winter.

"Oh, he may turn up at any time,"  
replied Joe. "He won't forget the  
job I promised him."

It was this very day that Bob  
started to join his prairie friends.  
The ground was still bare, but a sus-  
picious haziness about the hills, and a  
misty veil let fall over the sun's eye,  
suggested that snow might not be  
far off.

"The doctor says I had better not  
start," soliloquized Bob. "Hurt my  
leg the other day, and I must not get  
cold in it, he says. Guess I can stand  
it. I have a good friend for com-  
panion. Ha, ha!"

Here he pulled a bottle out of his  
pocket and put it to his lips.

"Got some money in my pocket,  
too, and I need not work yet awhile,"  
he reflected. "Bob, Bob Sanders,  
you are going to have an easy time—  
money enough to pay for board two  
long months. Ha, ha! Let's have  
another pull."

He tipped the bottle again.

"That helps me over the road," said  
Bob. "That is as good as a third leg.  
That old temperance lecturer—he  
didn't know what he was talking  
about."

How Bob laughed! He sang and  
shouted; and it seemed as if half-a-  
dozen, and not one, were following—  
across the prairie—the old trail first  
started by Father Bruin and his four-  
footed family.

The evening of this day Joe and  
his brother Abram sat by the fire in  
the snug log-cabin.

"Snowing, brother," remarked Ab-  
ram. "Cold, too—tough."

"Well, we are comfortable inside.  
Got a home, you know. Say, Abram,  
I was estimating to-day what my farm  
has cost me, and I thought of the  
time of our old minister at home—  
you remember him?"

"Of course I do."

"He saw me drinking—it was beer,  
you know. He said, 'Save your beer-  
money, and it will buy you a home  
some day.' Well, I made an estimate

how much I had saved that way, and  
if it didn't amount to the cost of my  
place here!"

"Good!" declared Abram.

Here Joe went to the window, and  
saw the soft fold of snow clinging to  
the window ledges.

"Abram, let's go out and look at  
our live-stock in the barn," suggested  
Joe, lighting a lantern.

Oh, how the wind drove without,  
linging the fine, powdery snow into  
the faces of the brothers! It was the  
dreaded blizzard, raging over the  
lonely northern prairie.

"What's the matter at that hay-  
stack?" asked Abram.

"Don't know. Why—why?"

At the base of the hay-stack, half-  
covered by the snow, senseless, was  
Bob Sanders. They tenderly raised  
him, and bore him into the house.

"Ah!" said Joe, "he's been drinking."  
Yes, drunk, in that rough Western  
storm! He had somehow reached the  
farm, stumbled against the hay stack,  
fallen—and fallen also into a stupor,  
and was freezing.

"We must have the doctor," said Joe.  
The doctor came.

"Ah, this man had some trouble  
with his leg, and has taken cold there,"  
said the doctor; "and I am afraid he  
will have to lose the leg."

Lose it he did; and ever after poor  
Bob—foolish Bob—erring Bob—went  
about limping on a crutch. He had  
found out what it was to have a bottle  
for a leg.—*British Workman.*

### Who is Your Master?

SOME months ago, five little boys  
were busily employed one Saturday  
afternoon, tidying up the garden at the  
back of their house, receiving now and  
then kind words of advice and encour-  
agement from their father, who was  
preparing part of the grounds for seeds.  
All went well for an hour or so, until,  
hearing some dispute, I went out to  
settle it if I could.

"Well, what is the matter, Fred?"  
I asked the eldest boy.

"David wants to drive as well as  
Charley," he replied, placing a basket  
of stones on the make-believe cart.

"Well, Charley, why not let your  
brother be master with you?" I ex-  
pected an answer from the young  
driver; but after glancing at me to  
ascertain whether I spoke in earnest  
or not, little Philip (the horse) pulled  
the bit from his mouth, and said:  
"Well, David, how silly you are! How  
can I have two masters? The one  
would say 'Gee,' and the other 'Whoa,'  
then what a muddle there would be!"

I perceived the wisdom of the child's  
remark, so I arranged some other plan  
whereby little David was happily en-  
gaged, and then left the garden. But  
the boy's words reminded me of the  
words of the Lord Jesus: "No man  
can serve two masters." Dear boys  
and girls, you cannot have both Christ  
and Satan for your master. "Choose  
you this day whom ye will serve."