

Our Young Folks.

—For Truth.

The Land of Bye-and-Bye.

BY SELAIE WOODS.

I met a little pilgrim, no sandal-stone had she,
No cockle-shell, nor pilgrim's staff nor air of sanctity.
But a wistful look on her upturned face, and the words
she said to me,
Showed me that she was a pilgrim as true as any
old could be.

I'm looking for a country, a far-off distant land,
Where lessons all are easy, and all can be understood,
Where nothing's any trouble, and there's no such word
as try.

The name of this bright country is the "Land of Bye-and-Bye."

If only I can get there, all then will simple be,
The reasons then for everything I shall quite plainly
see.

My duties, too, will all be hummed; my lessons dull
and dry
Will all be known and understood, in the Land of Bye-and-Bye.

There, too, in that bright country I'll grow so good
and kind,
So gentle and so loving, and what I'm told will mild,
And over any failures will never need to cry,
For all will be so happy in the Land of Bye-and-Bye.

Dear child, I said, that country is but a desert drear,
It easy seems to reach it, and lovely looks from here;
Its people but with phantoms, and nothing good or
bright
Can live in its shadowy darkness and strange delusive
light.
Now hear this good old proverb, and think of it for-
ever:
"Tis in the Land of Bye-and-Bye we find the house of
never."

The Rectory, New Westminster, B.C.

CANOE AND RIFLE ON THE ORINOCO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. III.—
(Continued.)

A PUMA.

They paddled leisurely down the river, which at that point was about a mile wide, keeping close along the shore. As they rounded a point and opened up a stretch of water which, up to that time, had been hidden from view, they espied a small rounded object moving in the water far below them, in the middle of the strait which separates the lower end of *Isla de Tortola* from *Isla de Portuguesas*. The channel between the two islands was about one-third of a mile wide.

"What do you call that, Ben?" said David.

"Maybe it's an otter," said Ben, as he quickly reached for the field-glass and clapped it to his eyes.

"Davie! It's a big puma, as sure as you're born! He sees us, and he's doing his very best to get to shore!" exclaimed Ben, excitedly, as he quickly laid down the glass and seized his paddle.

"Go for him!" cried David. "Don't let him get to land!"

Their broad paddles made the water boil, and sent it back in a double line of swiftly swirling eddies far in their wake, while the little canoe darted swiftly forward over the glassy surface of the river. One great advantage of a canoe as a hunting-boat is, that the paddlers always look straight ahead.

The puma saw the canoe making for him in a bee-line, and knew his danger in a moment.

It was surprising to see how fast he swam. It was high tide, and there was now no current either to hinder his progress shoreward, or to aid his pursuers.

"Go for him, Davie! He's our meal!" cried Ben, doubling himself over his paddle.

The canoe sped forward like a shuttle, and the puma was overhauled fully a hundred yards from shore. When the canoe was within fifty yards of him, he raised himself in the water and took a good look at it and its occupants. As it glided near, silently clearing the water, he gave one long, wistful look ashore, at the edge of the dense green jungle which fringed the bank, and beckoned him to a secure hiding-place

in its leafy depths; and then, brave beast that he was, he faced about boldly and swam straight toward it.

"Look out now, or he'll be aboard of us!" cried Ben, as he reached for the hatchet, which lay in the bottom of the boat. David was overhauling the cartridges in his bag, in a desperate search for one loaded with double B's—the proper size for monkeys! What would they not have given for their rifles now!

Meantime, the puma swam straight for the boat. Every line of his long, lithe body and limbs was plainly visible, as he seemed to walk through the clear water, with his long tail floating straight out behind him.

When he was within a few yards of the boat, David stood up, nearly upsetting the canoe in doing so, aimed at the animal's head, and fired.

The charge of monkey shot seemed to do no more than irritate the big brute and make him fighting mad. He rushed for the canoe as fast as he could swim, with his mouth wide open, showing a magnificent set of teeth, ears laid back, snarling and growling as only an enraged puma can! In a moment David fired another charge of shot directly into his open mouth, when, with a terrific howl, the creature sprang up almost out of the water, turned a back somersault and went under out of sight. But in a few seconds he rose to the surface, snorting and growling with rage and pain, the blood running from his mouth, and again headed for the canoe, as if determined to board it, or die in the attempt.

"Give him one behind the ear!" Ben shouted; and again David fired as requested. This shot disabled the beast.

With a few strokes of the paddle, the canoe was now driven close alongside him.

"Dispatch him!" shouted David, seizing hold of the beast's tail with both hands, "but don't you spoil the skin!" The blow fell. Down went the puma under the canoe, kicking and struggling. It rose and sunk again, and at length remained under water, dead, with David holding it by the tail to keep it from sinking to the bottom. They then drew the carcass into the boat.

That night the hunters heard some strange sounds issuing from the forest behind them; a perfect chorus of long-drawn, deep bass growlings and howlings!

HOWLING MONKEYS AND STRANGE BIRDS.

"What's that?" asked Ben, as he paused from loading cartridges.

"Don't know, but it sounds as if half a dozen tigers had met, and were getting ready for a free fight."

"Well, that beats all the serenades I ever heard!" cried Ben.

After a few moments of thoughtful silence, David said, confidently,—

"I'll tell you what it is."

"What?" said Ben.

"Howling monkeys."

"I guess you are right. Shall we go for them to-morrow?"

"No. I think we had better go on down to Sacupana and meet Don Alfredo, and go where we can find plenty of big game. It's not much use hunting at random in such forest as this."

The next day, as they were paddling down stream, they came to three or four canoes tied up to the shore, a clearing in the forest by the river side, a dozen tall coconut trees waving high above half-a-dozen roofs of weather-beaten thatch, which nestled amongst bananas and coffee bushes, at the top of a fine grassy knoll. This was Sacupana, a little settlement of five or six families, a braying donkey, six good hunting dogs, two tame capybaras, pigs, chickens, fruit and flowers.

Don Alfredo was there to welcome them and introduce them to Senor Sanchez, the leading man of the place, and Don Francisco Mochado, his father-in-law, who bade the travellers welcome to the best that Sacupana afforded. Next morning he made the acquaintance of Antonio, a thick-set, smooth-shaved Venezuelan Hercules, thirty-five years old, of amiable disposition, and rare ability as a hunter and fisherman. Instinctively the Americans saw in him their future guide and friend in the jungle; they made friends with him at once. After Antonio, they made the acquaintance of Pedro, a coal-black negro, who had the reputation of being a good cook. It was said that if there was anything eatable in the larder, or in the bush, Pedro could get it up in eatable form.

Near Senor Sanchez's house stood an unused distillery, in which was a large airy

apartment, with a clay floor and without walls. Here the three visitors hung up their hammocks and stowed their belongings. This was to be their headquarters, and the forest which surrounded them was their hunting field.

The next day they all made an excursion to a lagoon back of the hamlet, where they shot three blue and yellow macaws and two more of the blue and red varieties, all magnificent birds. David also killed a fine large curico, a sort of wild turkey, with two long and dangerous spurs on the inside of each wing. This bird the Americans considered a great prize, neither of them having ever seen or heard of it before. Two days were also spent hunting monkeys in the tree-tops.

Senor Sanchez then proposed a grand hunting expedition to a locality known as the *Cano del Toro*, where large animals were plentiful. Accordingly, all hands retired early in anticipation of a start in the small hours of the morning; and at two o'clock Don Francisco came around with the announcement that it was high tide, and time to go.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Evening Talk.

I trust all the little readers of TRUTH say their prayers every evening before going to bed. Thinking that some may not always feel in the mood, I'm going to tell you a story of a little girl I once knew.

Lilly Only was just 3 years old. As her mamma kissed her, on bidding her good night, Lilly said: "Mamma, I don't think I will say my prayers this time." "Why not, dear," said her mother.

"Why, mamma, you always tell me that if I do not feel what I pray my prayers will not go to God, and I have nothing to pray for to-night, so I will not say them until to-morrow."

"Well, dear," said her mother, "let us talk over what you have done to-day. Have you had a good time?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, I had a splendid time. Right after breakfast I went to feed the hens. I found two eggs in one of the nests. Then after I fed the hens, I had a chase after the ugly black one, because she quarrels with the rest, and wants everything herself. Then I strolled into the garden. Though the walks were quite wet the sun shone bright and warm, and it was so pleasant, and the birds sang sweetly. I found some dear little snow drops and something red just coming up which I am sure must be my rose peony. I had a lovely time in the garden, dear mamma."

"I saw you, Lilly, from the parlor window, and I thought you and the birds and the flowers were all happy together."

"I came in when you called me and got ready for school. I said all my lessons well there, but something occurred that I ought to have told you; I did wrong twice."

"Well, tell me now, dear; you know I like to hear you."

"I'm real sorry, mamma, but I whispered to Hattie Allen, and Miss Hill thought Hattie whispered, and made her sit alone all the morning; I wonder why I did not say it was me instead of Hattie?"

"You were weak and ungenerous at that moment, Lilly; you preferred that your friend should bear the blame. Was it not so?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Ah, dear, there is the trouble—to feel rightly at the right time. You should be brave when danger is near; but finish your story, dear."

"Well, at recess, that stupid Annie Blako wanted me to hear her spelling lesson. I wouldn't, because I wanted to play, so I spoke cross and she cried."

"Too much like the old black hen that always wants her own way."

Lilly laughed a little, though she did not feel like it.

"Now, dear, don't you think you have something to pray for? Come; I will pray with you."

The prayer Mrs. Only made was very simple, but she felt that Lilly joined in the petition; and when she kissed her cheek it was wet with tears.

"Thank you, mamma; I will never say I've nothing to pray for again."

An Indian Trick.

"Come, Mol, turn out! It's a splendid morning to take the trout. Jim has breakfast all ready, and I'm ravenously hungry; so let's eat and be off."

Of course there was no more sleep for me, so I "turned out," and was soon ready to help Will wrangle with the boiled trout, warm biscuit and coffee, which were ready for us, and which he was attacking with heroic courage.

It was not long before the empty dishes showed that we had decidedly the best of the battle and we were soon in the canoe, paddling toward the fishing ground, which was opposite the mouth of a small brook about a half-mile from the island on which we were encamped, and some ten rods from the shore.

We had very good luck for an hour or so, and were just doing up our tackle, preparatory to returning to camp, when Will suddenly exclaimed: "See, Jim! what's that swimming for shore over there? It looks like a musk-rat;" and he pointed to an object as large as a small coconut out in the lake about six rods distant.

"Tain't no musk-rat," answered Jim, looking intently at it. "Musk-rats don't come out 'n open water in ther daytime. I swum!" he exclaimed, a moment later, "it's er bear. They allus swim with jist ther snouts out er water. Now, boys, ye jist keep still, an' I'll show ye er little trick thet I learnt from th' Jujuns when I wuz er youngster."

While talking he had taken off his stout homespun frock, and pointing the canoe so as to pass a few feet behind the object, he paddled ahead. As the boat passed, we saw that it was indeed a bear, and a large one, too, with only his nose above the surface. Bears are very heavy swimmers, and are nearly helpless in the water, so it would have been an easy matter for us to have dispatched him; but we wanted to see how Jim would take him.

When the stern of the boat, in which Jim sat, was opposite the bear, Jim suddenly flung his frock directly over the bear's head, and paddled on. Immediately up came his two forepaws to throw it off, but he only succeeded in ducking his head under water. Then followed a series of frantic but vain attempts on the part of the bear to tear the thing away, but he only pulled his nose under more and more as he splashed and floundered about.

"We'll let him alone a few minutes," said Jim; "he'll be quite as er kitten purty soon." As Jim had said, he soon ceased to struggle. We tied a line to him, and towed him ashore. He was not quite dead, but we soon finished him, and took off his hide, which I afterward had tanned and made into a sleigh robe. I have it now, and I never look at it without thinking of the ingenious way in which it was captured.

A Hint for the Young.

"I know of no principle," says Sidney Smith, "which it is of more importance to fix in the habits of young people than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachment of ridicule. Give not up to the world, nor to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion over every trifling question of manner and appearance. Learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule. If you think it right to differ from the times and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as a man who wears a soul of his own in his bosom, and does not wait until it shall be breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean if you know you are just, hypocritical if you know you are firm. Resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; and no after-time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause."