

## Going to School.

School will begin to-morrow,  
And oh, what fun there will be,  
For I'm going to sit this summer  
With my cousin, Clarabel Lee.

We have got our books all covered,  
And our pencils sharpened nice,  
And velvet over our slate-frames  
So we can be quiet as mice.

We shall sit in that pleasant corner,  
Where the window opens wide  
Right into the elm-tree branches,  
Pressed close to the school-house side.

And then in the long, nice noon-time,  
We shall go to the woods for flowers,  
And to where the wild-grape tangles  
Make two of the prettiest bowers.

And there we shall play housekeeping,  
With lots of the loveliest things,  
And Clarabel says her brother  
Will make us some grape-vine swings.

Oh, I'm so happy for thinking,  
I don't like to wait at all,  
I wish to-night was to-morrow,  
And I heard the school-bell call.

We mean to have splendid lessons,  
The perfectest ever were heard,  
And we hope we may say at the end of the  
term,  
That we never have missed a word.

## The King's Messenger;

OR.

## Lawrence Temple's Probation.

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

## CHAPTER IX.

## "THE WORM OF NILUS STINGS NOT SO."

At the last it biteth like a serpent and  
stingeth like an adder.—PROVERBS.

This is an asp's trail.—SHAKESPEARE.  
*Ant. and Cleop.*

Death's harbingers lie latent in the draught,  
And in the flowers that wreath the spark-  
ling bowl  
Fell adders his and poisonous serpents roll.  
—PRIOR.

LAWRENCE pitied from the bottom of his heart this solitary, cynical, broken-spirited man, who had made shipwreck of such fair prospects, and wasted such golden opportunities, and had sown such a crop of bitter memories, whose melancholy harvest he must now reap. He therefore took an opportunity of quietly conversing with him and endeavouring to inspire hope in his hopeless heart. He referred especially to the good Providence, by which he had been rescued from imminent peril, as a reason why he should endeavour to live a nobler life, and devote his gifts and attainments to the service of God.

"It is very kind of you to care for a poor forlorn wretch whom nobody else cares for; but it's no use, I tell you," said Evans. "I know all you would say, and I know it's all true; but it's too late—too late," and he gave a heavy sigh. "I've had to make shipwreck of all that a man should hold dear to be what I am. There was a noble woman loved me once and I hoped to call her wife, but

even her holy influence had not power to keep me from the wine-cup." And his features twitched convulsively, and his eyes, though tearless, wore a look of hopeless agony.

"Do you see that log?" he asked, pointing to a bruised battered trunk drifting helplessly down the rapids. "Well, I am that log, battered and bruised with knocking about in the world, drifting without hope on the stream of chance. Nothing on earth can stop me or help me. It's too late, I tell you," he repeated, with an impatient and almost angry gesture.

"It is never too late, my brother," said Lawrence, laying his hand affectionately on his arm. "It is never too late, if you will but put your trust in God and look to him for help."

"It is, for me," said Evans, dejectedly. "Young man, you don't know the overmastering appetite that drives me to drink, as the devil drove the swine into the sea. Here I can't get it, so I keep pretty straight, though an unsatiable craving gnaws at my vitals all the time. But when I go down to Quebec with the raft we are building, I can no more withstand the temptations of the scores of taverns in Champlain Street and *Rue des Matelots* than that log can help going over those falls, and as he pointed it disappeared with a plunge in the foam.

"Why, the very smell of the liquor coming out of those low shebeens," he went on, "burns up all my resolutions, as flax is shrivelled in the flames, and I go to my fate like an ox to the slaughter. Even while I think of it the thirst kindles like a tiger's that has tasted blood. You see those boiling rapids? Well, if there was liquor on the other side, I'd go through them to get it."

"Oh! don't talk so dreadfully," exclaimed Lawrence, with a shudder. "It is wicked. Try to give it up. Ask God to help you."

"Do you suppose I haven't tried, and vowed, and prayed?" asked Evans, bitterly. "God only knows how I've tried. But

The limed soul that struggles to get free  
Is but the more engaged,

as the immortal Shakespeare has it; and liquor is the devil's bird-lime, by which he catches more souls than by anything else. Young man!" he said, solemnly, grasping Lawrence by the hand, "I'm on my way to hell, and I can't stop; but for God's sake, for your friends' sake, for your soul's sake, I adjure you, never touch the first glass. Would to God I never had," and he buried his face in his hands.

"I never have, I never will," said Lawrence. "My father taught me when a boy to vow eternal hatred to it, as Hannibal did against the enemies of his country."

"Your father was a wise man," said Evans, raising his head, "and my father was a —, but I'll not upbraid his memory. Yet, when I was a child,

he used to have me brought in after dinner, and set me on his knee, and let me sip his wine, and showed me off to his guests, he was so proud of me. He lived to be ashamed enough of me," he added, bitterly.

"And my mother—one of the kindest of mothers, but what mistaken kindness!—when I was studying, used to bring me up wine and cake, and kiss me good-night. I think I see her yet! And, O God! I broke her heart, and brought down my father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." And he shuddered through all his frame with a convulsive groan, as he again buried his face in his hands.

Lawrence wept tears of sympathy for this unhappy man, but in the presence of this bitter sorrow, this appalling past and hopeless future, he was dumb.

## RAFTING.

The brain grows dizzy with the whirl and  
hiss  
Of the fast-crowding billows as they roll,  
Like struggling demons, to the vexed abyss,  
Lashing the tortured crags with wild de-  
moniac bliss.

—SANGSTER.

The glorious summertime had come. The leafy luxuriance of June robbed all the forest in richest verdure. Trilliums and sweet wild violets filled the woods with beauty and fragrance. The river had fallen to its normal height, and most of the logs had been run down to join thousands of others on the mighty flood of the Ottawa. Each bore the brand of its owner, and they floated on together, to be arrested by the huge boom, and there sorted out to their several owners. The long spars and square timber intended for exportation were made up into "drains," as they are called. These consist of a number of "sticks" of pine, oak, elm, or ash, lashed side by side. They are kept together by means of "traverses" or cross pieces, to which the "sticks" are bound by stout withes of ironwood or hickory, made supple by being first soaked in water and then twisted in a machine and wound around an axle, by which means the fibres are crushed and rendered pliable. The "drains" are made just wide enough to run through the timber slides. On the long, smooth reaches of the river they are fastened together so as to make a large raft, which is impelled on its way by the force of the current, assisted by huge oars, and, when the wind is favourable, by sails. In running the rapids, or going through the slides, the raft is again separated into its constituent "drains."

By the end of June all was ready for the final breaking up of the camp. Many of the men had already gone, some to take up land; others to drive the teams through the forest trail. The last meal was prepared, the personal kit of each man was packed and piled on a raised platform on the raft, and the whole covered with a tarpaulin. On the "Cabin Dram" was built the

cook's shanty, with its stores of pork, bread, and biscuit. The raft was loosed from its moorings, and, with a cheer from the men, glided down the stream and out into the Ottawa. It was steered by huge "sweeps" or oars, about twelve yards long. Baptiste and the Indians assumed command of the oars and piloted the raft.

The crew, with but one exception, seemed delighted at the prospect of returning to the precincts of civilization, though to many of them that meant squandering their hard-earned wages in prodigal dissipation and riot. That exception was Matt Evans, who wore the air of a doomed man going to his death.

"I know," he said to Lawrence, "that in a week after we reach Quebec I shall be a drunken vagabond, and not draw a sober breath while my money lasts. I think I'll ship on a two years' whaling voyage. I won't be waylaid by taverns at every turn among the icebergs."

Lawrence was full of eager longing to reach home. He was to leave the raft at Ottawa. Most of the others were to accompany it to Quebec.

The voyage down the river was uneventful but not monotonous. The weather was glorious. The bright sunlight and pure air seemed to exhilarate like wine. The raftsmen danced and capered and sang "En roulant ma boule," and

"Ah! qui l'hiver est long!  
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons!"

Baptiste meanwhile furnishing the music with his violin.

Lawrence enjoyed running the rapids exceedingly, although it was not devoid of a spice of danger. With the increasing swiftness of the current the water assumes a glazed or oily appearance. Objects on the shore fly backward more rapidly. The oars at bow and stern are more heavily manned. Right ahead are seen the white seething "boilers" of the rapids. With a rush the dram springs forward and plunges into the breakers which roars like sea monsters for their prey. The waves break over in snowy foam. The shock knocks half the men off their feet. They catch hold of the traverse to avoid being washed overboard. The dram shudders throughout all its timbers, and the withes groan and creak as if they would burst asunder under the strain. The brown rocks gleam through the waves they flash past. Soon the dram glides out into smooth water. The white-crested billows race behind like horrid monsters of Scylla, gnashing their teeth in rage at the escape of their prey.

The great cauldron of the Chaudière, in which the strongest dram would be broken like matchwood, was passed by means of the government timber slides—long sloping canals, with timber sides and bottoms, down which the drams glide with immense rapidity. Sometimes they jam with a fearful collision. But such accidents are rare.