

first little one down to the vans waiting at the door. One by one these little folk were placed, some on soft quilts on the straw at the bottom of the vans, and some sitting up under the care of the nurses, or ladies on duty, or held by the strong arms of the volunteers. Just at starting, "Nurse Nell" slipped and sprained her ankle, so neither she nor Archie ever became inmates of the Lakeside Home.

A strange procession we made, as slowly and carefully we drove along, arriving at York Street wharf, where our mattresses, etc., had preceded us, and were being transferred to the barge kindly loaned by Harry Hodson for the purpose. Many were the sad faces; and many strong men wept as one by one our little ones were once more lifted by the volunteers and placed upon the mattresses on the deck of the *Luella*, which was waiting for us. One little fellow who had on a dress for the first time since January, when he entered, was full of anxiety lest "going through the lake will wet my new dress." This had troubled him all the way down in the van, and now when he was laid on the mattress quite dry and safe his little mind was at rest. The boat having been reserved for us, no other passengers were taken on board; and silently we moved off to the lakeside of the Island, on a smooth sea, with a warm breeze blowing.

When we arrived at Capt. Murray's wharf (which was also placed at our service, and which is about a quarter of a mile from the Lakeside Home) the three stretchers were prepared, and those best able to be moved, were carried up first, some two at a time, others, as Mabel, Tommy, and our poor Janie, separately. They were received at the "Home" by Miss Rogers, the nurses, and a party of Islanders, who had refreshments of bread, milk, and fresh strawberries awaiting them. Dear little Mabel, though fastened in a box made for the purpose, was as merry as a bird, and delighted with the idea of being lifted by the soldiers, but as much disappointed to find them without their uniforms, as she was at His Worship the Mayor appearing without a gold band on his hat, when he visited the Hospital some time previous. Her idea of the Mayor had been received from pictures of Dick Whittington in his official robes, and I fear our worthy Chief Magistrate suffered in her estimation by the comparison.

Now look back and see God's Hand! Not only had a large sum been given us toward our "Home," but the children had been taken from door to door free. A lady had volunteered to act as Matron for the Summer; and faithfully did she fulfil the various duties devolving upon her, doing all as to the Lord; and declining thanks from any one. It was enough for her that she might work for Him.

THE young man who pays sixty dollars for a suit of clothes is always ready to borrow the money from another man who pays twenty dollars a suit. There's a moral to this, boys.

INTIMACY between father and son is difficult. Happy, thrice happy, is the son who has shared it, and wise above men the father who secured it.

LYING is like hiding in a fog. If you move about you are in danger of bumping your head against the truth; as soon as the fog blows up you are gone, anyhow.

A Mother's Yearning.

"If, sitting with this little worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt
heaven and me
I could be reconciled, and happy, too,
And look with glad eyes toward the
jasper sea.

"If, in the morning when the song of birds
Reminds us of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty, broken words,
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I could be almost happy though I heard
No answer, and saw but his vacant seat.

"I could be glad if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heart-aches laid
away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun,
And with a heart full of deep yearning
say,
'To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of a single day.'

"If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in other
lands,
And that the footprints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his, in golden
sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod,
Since he would be in wiser, safer hands.

"If he were dead I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on
my knee.
'Bring back again my little boy to me!'
I would be patient, knowing it is God's
way,
And that they'd lead me to him o'er
death's silent sea.

"But O! to know the feet, once pure and
white,
The haunts of vice have boldly ventured
in,
The hands that should have battled for
the right,
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp
of sin,
And should he knock at heaven's gate to-
night,
I fear my boy could hardly enter in."

A Storm and its Lesson.

AN awful thunderstorm was raging one evening. One flash of lightning followed another so quickly that the bedroom in which two little girls were lying was brilliantly lighted up every few seconds and the roar of the thunder, harmless if they had but known it, had a terrible sound in the ears of the children. They hid their heads beneath the bedclothes trembling and afraid, or peeped out for a moment, only to shrink again below the welcome covering. It was early in the evening, and only the children were in bed. Passing backward and forward on the landing outside their door went a young housemaid, who was arranging the rooms for the night. As she moved briskly from place to place she lifted up her sweet young voice and sang a favourite hymn:

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

"Jane, Jane," cried a little voice from the bedroom, "are you not afraid? How can you go on singing when it lightens so and the thunder makes such a noise?" "Afraid, Miss Annie! Oh, no," said the girl. "How can I be afraid when I know that God is here. He takes care of me, and nothing can hurt me without His will. Besides, He made the lightning, and thunder, and rain, and they all do a great deal of good, each in its way." "Do they?" said the child, venturing her head outside the clothes and taking courage. "But the lightning kills people sometimes," she added, with a shudder. "Yes, dear," said Jane, "but it is

only as God wills. It cannot do anything but just what He sends it to do. Don't be afraid; just try to think that you must be safe in God's keeping. He will take care of both you and me."

Then Jane kissed the young faces, and bid them notice how already the lightning did not come so frequently or the voice of the thunder sound so loudly. Her words left them comfort, and with the sweet thought in their minds, "God will take care of us," while the young housemaid resumed alike her work and her song:

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

It was noticed in after years that when other people showed fear during a storm these children were calm, cheerful, and always ready to cheer others. Their confidence arose from the lesson of trust taught them by the young servant's words and example. They learned to say, "These are God's works. They are only fulfilling His word. Under the shadow of His wings will we rejoice."—*Christian World*.

The Power of Kindness.

"WHAT a dull, dreary day!" How many times these words had been spoken; and how plainly were they expressed on the face of the dozen passengers that afternoon. We were to change cars at this place, but on our arrival found that the train was two hours late, so there was no alternative but to wait.

It was a cold, rainy, November day; the streets were filled with mud; and a chilliness and gloom seemed reigning everywhere, even in the hearts and actions of the waiting passengers. No one seemed inclined to talk; so there we sat with long sober faces, thinking what a dull, dreary day it was.

While we thus sat waiting, an old man entered the room, carrying in one hand a cane to support his feeble body, and in the other a basket filled with sundry articles for sale.

He approached the passengers, one by one, commending the usefulness, durability, and cheapness of his goods, but no sale did he make. One said that he had no use for such things; another said that she was well supplied already; another that he did not care to be bothered with such articles while travelling, and so on until the entire circle was made. And the manner of each one seemed to say to the old man that such an intrusion on his part was very unwelcome.

He had turned away and was leaving the room, when a lady almost unnoticed before, approached him from a remote corner where she had been reading, and desired to look at his goods. She first invited him to a comfortable seat; and then selected one after another of the useful little articles, until five or six had been stored away in the satchel.

In paying for her purchases the exact change could not be made, and several cents were due her, but she told him not to trouble himself to get so small an amount; that the goods were cheap and well worth the money she had paid him. The old man's face had brightened up during this transaction, and he expressed his gratitude by saying:

"I thank you ma'am, with all my heart for this little trade. Business

don't amount to much such a day as this; but I have to keep working all the harder, for you see we get hungry this kind of weather as well as when the sun shines.

"'Twas so wet and muddy that I didn't go home to dinner to-day; and trade was so dull I couldn't 'ford to buy any, but 'twill be all right now, for I'll go home an hour earlier to-night."

He was again about to start off, when the lady asked him if he would not remain seated by the stove for a few minutes until her return. She then repaired to a lunch room connected with the depot, and soon came back with a nice lunch and a steaming cup of coffee, and asked the old man if he would not like a little refreshment before starting out in the cold rain.

What a look of honest surprise and gratitude beamed in his face. He thanked her quietly, for he seemed too deeply touched by her kindness to say much; and ate the luncheon with a hearty relish. When he had finished he approached where the lady was sitting and said:

"You may be sure I won't forget your kindness. It's not often that anybody takes any notice of a poor old man like me; and your kindness has warmed up the feelings of my heart as the coffee did my body. Good-day. And may God bless you all the days of your life."

The little group of passengers had been silent witnesses of the scene; and, as the old man turned to go, a gentleman stopped him, saying he would like one of his picture books for his little boy. But his purchase extended to several articles, and some of the others who had before refused to purchase, now bought quite liberally.

After thanking his customers the old man went on his way, much gratified at their liberality.

What a change had come over that dark room! If a sunbeam had burst through the dark, lowering clouds the effect could not have been greater. The lady, who was plain in her dress and retiring in her manner, resumed her seat in the remote corner.

The gentleman who bought the picture books approached her and said:

"We are strangers, but I want to thank you for the good which the little sermon has done me."

"She looked at him in surprise as she asked:

"My little sermon, did you say, sir?"

"Yes. I am a minister and have preached many years, and should be very glad to know that one of my sermons ever did the good that your act of kindness has done."

The lady modestly replied that she had done no more than obey the Golden Rule.

The mental clouds had disappeared by this time, and a friendly conversation sprang up among the passengers.

The time of waiting that had commenced so gloomily, passed away in the most pleasant and cheerful manner, and we felt that was due to the power of one little act of kindness.—*Christian at Work*.

THE publications of Alphonse Daudet's "Sapho," announced by Funk & Wagnalls, has been abandoned by them, as, upon receiving the advance sheets, its character was found too much at variance with that of their other publications.