

On the 21st. Anniversary of Lord Shaftesbury's Death.

October 1st, 1906.

(L. Shorey, in 'In His Name.')

We stood in the grand old Abbey,
In the cloisters dim and grey,
By the tomb of our noble leader—
Though long since passed away.

And through the stained window,
Above the Abbey door,
Fell the flecks of blue and crimson
And gold upon the floor,

As if they fain would brighten
The Abbey's cloistered gloom;
And they touched the flowers we laid there,
Upon the good man's tomb.

The blue flecks told of heaven,
The crimson of the blood;
While the gold, the victor's triumph—
In the 'Well done' of his God.

Though heir to a roll of thousands,
To honor and rank and fame,
He sought but the good of others,
And the glory of Christ's great name.

We softly spoke of his labors,
Of his thought for the children's cares;
For the down-trodden and the helpless,
Of his earnest work and prayers.

The factory children knew him
In their lengthened childhood years;
And the little baby toilers
Smiled on him through their tears.

The little ones learned to love him,
They called him 'the Children's Earl';
For his ear was ever open
To the cry of a boy or girl.

And we would tread in his footsteps
That lie on the sands of time,
In our efforts to save the children
From misery, pain, and crime.

Perchance will an angel tell him
That we laid a wreath to-day
On his tomb, in loving memory
Of a good man passed away.

Mary Ellen's Adventure.

A True Story.

(Adelaide Bee Cooper, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

Mary Ellen and Helen Marie had watched the huge chimney going steadily up, day after day, with fascinated wonder—at least that would describe Mary Ellen's emotions. The chimney belonged to the Consolidated Threshing-machine Works; and, in one sense, Mary Ellen and Helen Marie 'belonged,' too; for did not Mary Ellen's father go to the engine-rooms of the Works before daylight every morning nearly the whole year round, and stay often till after dark, to provide what Mary Ellen's mother called their 'bread and butter'? Some of his earnings had gone to buy Helen Marie herself—Helen Marie of the open-and-shut eyes and lovely curls and dainty white garments and royal blue cloak that her beauty-loving little mother doted on.

Yes, the Works were a 'great thing,' as Mary Ellen often heard; and she felt a thrill of personal pride in the crowds that swarmed out from the yawning black doors twice a day. The mammoth new office building, too, she looked upon as in a sense her personal property. Had she not watched its growth from foundation-stone to slated roof, and did she not know its every nook and corner better than the owners themselves? There was a wonderful attic, with such cunning little recesses, each with a tiny leaded window,—enough for twenty little girls to play Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, and each have her own house,—such unexpected 'places' for putting things,—such—but the clerks had moved in, and the carpenters and Mary Ellen, who was the friend and pet of them all, had moved out. It was rather lonely after that.

Then there were the threshing-machines themselves—but it is impossible to tell the pride and sense of ownership that filled Mary Ellen's heart as she saw these brave red-and-

yellow wonders rolled on to the cars under her very eyes, snugly covered with canvas, and then—oh, joy! move up the shining track toward the West, slowly at first, then faster and faster, till they were lost to view. Mary Ellen loved to watch them as they started, and wonder about the great prairie country where many of them were going. Cousin Lily Delight lived there, in a house set in wide wheat-fields, where, in harvest time, as far as you could see, there was just wheat, wheat, wheat. It was the dream of Mary Ellen's lonely little heart to see Cousin Lily Delight, and play with her in the broad fields.

But the chimney, 'the tallest in the state,' as the local papers, said, so of course it must have been true—the chimney was, after Helen Marie, the pride of Mary Ellen's heart. At first she feared for the safety of the men who carried brick and mortar up, up, that dizzy height; but as it grew steadily before her eyes, her heart stopped coming up and choking her as she watched the men at work.

At last it was finished, the iron ladder was fastened securely to its western side, and the great scaffolding was torn away. How high it was! How far one could see if only one were near the top! Mary Ellen's heart came into her throat again at the thought. She had heard of places where there were great mountains, up which one could climb and climb, and at last look off, and see the country spread out like a picture for miles and miles. Perhaps the men who had worked on the chimney could see as far as Cousin Delight's.

'Can you see a very, very, long ways when you're up on the chimney, Mr. Perkins?' she asked of a neighbor, who had climbed the ladder that morning.

'Hundreds of miles, I should say,' he answered, good-naturedly; though it is safe to say he had never availed himself of the 'view.' 'But you aren't thinking of climbing it yourself, are you?' and then, as he looked at the big-eyed mite beside him, he laughed at the idea. No; Mary Ellen had not thought of climbing the chimney—till that moment; but the idea took root in her fertile little brain, and grew into a plant of strong desire,—the desire to climb the great chimney herself, and see what might be seen 'for hundreds of miles.' And the fruit of the plant was determination.

She knew just the way—into the yawning black doors ('No Admittance' had no meaning for Mary Ellen), up the wide stairs, back through a long, narrow hall, up a second flight, and then through a lifted window out upon the wide, flat, gravelly roof. The first step of the iron ladder was rather higher from the roof than she had expected, but an old box lying near shortened the distance; and with Helen Marie grasped firmly under one arm, Mary Ellen drew herself carefully up.

How very long the steps were! It seemed as if she never could reach the next one,—but she did,—and the next, and the next. It was slow work; the ladder had not been made for seven-year-old girls. And how many rounds there were! As she looked up, they seemed to stretch away up to the very blue itself. 'I won't look to Cousin Delight's till I get clear—

to—the-top,' she panted; 'it'll-be-all—the nicer—then.' And with this encouraging thought, she went bravely on.

At last the distance grew shorter; she could count the rungs to the place where the ladder bowed outward over the ornamental top of the chimney.

'I'll stop there, I guess,' she said to herself; 'I'm—too—tired—to—go—clear—to—the top;' and she reached out her aching little arm for the next rung, grasped it,—and some way her hold on Helen Marie loosened, and the dear dolly slipped swiftly away. It seemed to Mary Ellen that something inside her was falling, falling, falling, too; and oh! how far, how very, very far it was to where the blue cloak and white dress swam round and round on the pebbly roof! And how light and queer her head felt! In frantic fear she clung to the iron rail, with hands that felt like rags. She dared not put out one foot into the awful space that lay below her, to search for the next lower rung; all she could do was to look up, and cling to the cold iron. Sometimes she felt as if she had let go, and was falling down, down, down,—but still her weak little fingers clung to the iron ladder.

She did not see the anxious group in the street below, nor hear the sharp message in the business office that sent Mr. Perkins flying up the dark stairs, and out upon the roof. 'Look up! look up! and hang on!' he called, as he went up hand over hand; but it is safe to say the words had no meaning to the fainting child. She was hanging on, though. A moment more, and not an instant too soon, he had Mary Ellen safe in his arms, as limp and helpless as Helen Marie herself could have been, and was going slowly down.

When at last Mary Ellen opened her eyes, she was lying in mother's own white bed. She had a sense of having been through a vivid, unpleasant dream, of feeling very small and light, and of being safe—so she closed them again, in a sleep that lasted till teatime.

'It ain't natural,' declared a neighbor, who thought Mary Ellen ought to be wakened, 'and she won't sleep a wink to-night.'

'I guess a good, sound, healthy sleep ain't going to hurt her,' said the wise mother, 'and if she wants to stay awake to-night, why, I'm willing.' And two thankful tears just missed the turnover she was taking from the oven.

It was a plump, spicy, juicy little turnover, and Mary Ellen sat close by her father, and made him take a mouthful. Afterwards, when he had her in his arms for the evening talk, she told him how she had hoped to see 'way, 'way off, for miles and miles, to Cousin Delight's, and about the great wheatfields—and

And then, contrary to the neighbor's prediction, she fell sound asleep again.

And that is the end of Mary Ellen's adventure.

No, not the really, truly end, either; for that very night the plans were made to go on a long-talked-of visit to a little western home surrounded on all sides by yellow wheat; and not long afterward Mary Ellen and Helen Marie and Cousin Lily Delight were playing happily together in the broad fields.

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