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READER.

GOING HOME TO CLOUD-HEAVEN. Dear, dear, but it was cold on Christmas morning. The air was keenly bit-

everything was miserably winter and chill. Turie Quilty drew her thin legs up into her chair, and sat on her feet with a pathetic idea of warming them. flew as fast.

"A penny for bread, and where are we? Nowhere! Nothin' for milk nor sugar, nor coal, nor jelly! A egg vesterday for Tim, and nothin' else! Yes, taking just one bite. Tim, coming !"

The half-muttered monologue resolved itself into this cheery, sweettoned, "Yes, Tim coming." The small feet were placed stiffly down on the floor and Turie was in motion. Assuredly "in motion," for such comical ed walking. One hand was flung above her head, one foot tried to elevate itself to the same height, and the other twisted itself along, and through the open door of her bare garret room, into one the best. A whirl of a second on one toe, and breathless the girl looked down on a white face lying so tired and weak white face spoke proudly.

"That was a stunner." "Yes, I didn't fall, nor tumble, nor ed eyes. scrabble a bit, did I? Corinne says that if I can only get a little fatter, I can soon earn a shilling a week. Think of that Tim! What do you want?"

Tim looked down nervously, before he answered with a patient yet childishly wistful tone:

"I thought maybe it was most dinner time, and I didn't smell no fire, and I thought you was gone out—that was

It was well for his tender heart that he could not see her face as she stooped to move the one bit of carpet so that its brightest colors should lie where he cheerily:

"You great baby! It was not the dinner you wanted, but me! Don't them close her last frail house, and you go for to say you're hungry! I bear Turie to the field of everlasting must go out, but I'll give you a crack. quiet. No more of dancing, no more

she produced one from a stone jar, carefully concealing that it was the last and only one. Not daring to look at him again, she danced out and shut the door. All the life died out of her whirling figure, and she sank down in the farthest corner of the bleak garret the angels that Turie had taught him in outspoken grief.

"Oh, Tim; oh, poor Tim! He's hungry, and I've nothin' to give him;" and sobbing in a subdued tone, she strove to think calmly.

They were orphans. Tim crippled and ill from birth. Two years before their father had fallen from a scaffold, and been brought home to them dead. Turie picked up a scanty living by selling the laces and crochet tidies, in the day, that her fingers wove so deftly at night. Some three years before, the father, then a carpenter in a minor theatre, had befriended a ballad girl; and Brady) shad commenced teaching Turie and dropped silently one by one. It to dance. Through all their poverty the child nature conquired as the stillcouldn't er wouldn't grow fat; and ed: "Turie, Turie." No answer, and held with Lim on the subject. Turie that he was stunned. entertained the shrewd idea that more not yet stumbled on it. Unfortunateor happy one. Tim's rapidly failing little as he knew it. dwindled to one.

With a resolute look dawning through her tears, she started up and wrapped her ragged shawl about her. A straw have been. The large white cloud, bonnet without trimming of any kind, and so large, that it slipped down and ing an old veil over it. From under rent - Binna Stjierne Barleen. ()

this ludicrous headgear beamed the same resolute face, as she ran down the stairs, through the narrow street, and out into a broad thoroughfare. Watchter, the snow was crusted with ice, and ing her chance, she crossed the crowded street, went into a baker's, and hold. ing out her penny said: "a penn'orth of buttered cakes," and stood with wistful eyes as the man buttered the steam-As she sat, her fingers, though numb ing edibles, slapped them together, and and cold, knitted busily, and her thoughts | bade her " eat em while they smoked." She was only a child, and her heart swelled as the delicious smell rose to her pinched nostrils; and it took all her love for Tim to restrain her from

Not a morsel had she tasted all day. and hunger was tempting her sorely. Keeping her head well up, so that no sight of the cakes might make her false Curfew Chimes to Tim, she started for the opposite side of the street. The roadway was crowded with carts, but Turie was not getting over the floor could not be styl- afraid. She had almost gained the opposite side, when an infuriated horse broke from its master's guiding hand, and sprang forward. Turie heard the warning shouts, and even then would have been safe, but her hat fell forward. more comfortable, but poor enough at | blinding her eyes, and in the next instant she was under the tramping hoofs, down in the snow, with the wheels crushing out her life. Around the pale on the pillow. Then the owner of the form a pitying crowd gathered, some only curious-many with the Christmas softness resting in their moisten-

For she was dead. Her fragile bones were broken in many places; and her face, unburt and smiling with the triumph of a vanquished temptation, and one hand grasping the precious food, were all that looked like Turie. Just before a boot-boy had ridiculed her comical hat; now, with his bare cold hand he strove to shape it round the still face. No one seemed to know who she was, or where she lived. A poor man drew his cart to the walk, and laid her on its rough boards. With an ashamed movement, he pulled off his warm coat, covered the broken form should see them. That face was full of with it, then drove away with the podismay; and it was quite a moment liceman, and faced the bitter day, barebefore, with a little twirl and spring, armed. The matron at the hospital she regained her feet, and answered dropped tears of sympathy on the white flowers she laid round the child face. then kissed the peaceful lips, and saw of knitting, no more want, but a rest Stanley's Lectures on the Jewish Church With a great show of bustle and fuss, immortal, a peace eternal, and the rai D: Smith's Old and New Testament Hisment and the glory of the angels for Kurts History of the Christian Church

Tim lay quiet after Turie had left History of the Reformation —by Rev. Geo. him alone, eating his cracker slowly and trying to believe that it satisfied him. When it was gone he watched the clouds passing by, and thoughts of to believe dwelt in them. Surely Turie was staying long! He covered his thin arms more closely, for the scrap of fire she had left was cold and dull. A great and heavy cloud of gray, he thought, must be the home of his father, sturdy and strong of yore, and changed in no way in his son's mind. Another, soft and bright, he thought must hold his young mother, who left him at his birth: and he knew her waiting for him was almost at an end, for his strength fa led very fast, and he could scarcely lift his head unaided. Surely

Turie was a long time coming. It was getting so dark, the shadows were gathering so fast, but he heard no footstep. He felt faint and weak from in return Madomisselle Corinne (Mary want of food. Slowly the tears rose, was ro dark! A frightened sob, and and want the lessons had continued and ness of the room was broken by his Turie had been an apt pupil. A great sobs. He was soon exhausted, and lay grief to Corinne was the fact that Turie terrified and shuddering. Then he callwith a frantic effort he raised himself many were the counical cousultations and slid off the bed, falling so heavily

He woke with the rays of the candle feed would saive the difficulty; but she showing him the face of Corinne, on kept this idea secret, and the others had whose arm his head was pillowed, and kis crooked limbs covered by the folds of her dress. He was too weak to Biographics of the Great and Good-Sigourby, Corinne had been away with her speak; but, following the motion of his troupe in the neith country towns, or lips, Corinne thought he was trying to Turie would have gone to her, sure of pray, and she said aloud the words of kindly help. Poor little woman; the peace that came to her. When her Christmas Day was not a very hopeful his loved ones, and Turic among them. voice was still, Tim bad gone to find

health had kent her more at home of Corinne learned one day of Turie's late, and her stock of pennies had death from a chance witness of the Corinne learned one day of Turie's scene: and through all her life the memory of the tender, self-denying, suffering children kept her heart more fresh and pure than it might otherwise with the golden edges, and a red ligth showing through, lying at sunset in the far western sky-is it not the home of rested on her ears, she fastened by tying an old veil over it. From under

fat western sky—is it not the home of Crumbs Swept up
Timothy Quilty, and his wife and childSports that kill
Abominations of me

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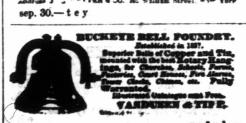
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