

glad. It was very plain to him that he was a gentleman, and the boy sprang up to his feet, and stroked the front curls of his wet hair by way of making him a suitable salutation.

"What are you doing here, my boy?" he asked.

"I wanted to see Tom," said the child, without any feeling of shyness or terror; "he's somewhere in there, and he's going to be taken before the judge, and perhaps he'll be sent to jail, and I'm afraid of never seeing him again."

"What has Tom been doing?" asked the gentleman.

"Please, sir, Tom hasn't done anything," answered the child; "only Will Handforth's father and another man broke into a house one night, and there was a boy with them, and the police say it was Tom; and they've taken him to jail, and he's been there three weeks and more. But it wasn't Tom, I'm sure; and, oh! I wish there was somebody to tell the judge."

"How do you know Tom did not go with Will Handforth's father?" said the gentleman.

"He was along with me all night," answered the boy, eagerly. "We were selling chips up at Long-sight till nigh upon nine o'clock, and Tom came to bed before I was asleep. But in the morning the police came and took Tom away; and Tom, he says to me, 'Phil, it's not true; I shall get out of this.' But he hasn't got out yet, and Will Handforth's mother—that's where we live—says he'll be sent to jail with her husband, whether he's done anything or not."

"Is your name Philip, my boy?" inquired the gentleman.

"It's only Phil," he answered.

"Well, my name is Philip," said the stranger, smiling, "Philip Hope. And what is your other name, my little fellow?"

"I haven't any other," said Phil. "But Tom's other name is Haslam—Tom Haslam, he's called."

"Phil," said Mr. Hope, "follow me, and we will try to see Tom."

(To be continued.)

THE QUEEN AND EMPRESS FREDERICK.

THOSE who see them together say that nothing is more touching than the absolute unselfishness of the devotion of the Queen to the Empress Frederick. The Queen's one thought from morning to night, is to minister to her daughter's comfort and endeavour to diminish her grief. The smallest wish of the Empress is attended to and carried out with the most affectionate assiduity. The Empress is looking very wan and tired, and sleeps badly; but the rest and quiet of Windsor, which she enjoys thoroughly and which she and her daughters never weary of expatiating upon, are already beginning to have a good effect on her health and spirits. There was something very touching in the visit of the Queen and Empress Frederick to Stafford House on Tuesday. Rain was falling in torrents as they alighted from the carriage which brought them from Paddington. The Empress wore a heavy coil of crape, which Prussian etiquette prescribes. Lady Churchill, also a widow, carried a large cross of white flowers which the Queen had prepared with her own hands. Lord Talbot received them at the door. They at once followed him up stairs to the room where the Duchess of Sutherland was lying, and the Queen placed the cross beside the body of her dead friend. The recollection of the last visit she paid to Stafford House in company of her husband caused the Empress to burst into tears. Both she and the Queen remained for some time in the green library, where the Queen spoke many words of womanly sympathy to Lord and Lady Stafford, who were there.

There is no attempt to disguise the object of the economical reforms in the royal household. It has become clear that no parliament will sanction grants to the grandchildren of the Queen, excepting only the children of the Prince of Wales, so Her Majesty considers it her imperative duty to save as much money as possible, in order that all her descendants may be adequately provided for by herself. It is quite certain that the Duke of Connaught and Princess Beatrice will be the Queen's principal heirs. Her Majesty has three other families to look after, namely, those of the late Duke of Albany, of the Princess Christian, and of the late Princess Alice.

A HINDU WIDOW.

No sooner does a Hindu woman, be she fifteen or fifty, lose her husband, than the persecution of custom begins. Her locks are ruthlessly shaved clean off, at the instigation of the butcher-priest. In those matters the feelings of the unfortunate victim are of no account, and her piteous protests are rudely ignored. From this moment she is the incarnation of all that is unlucky or inauspicious. Her presence is shunned; she is a leper of society, doomed to pass her life in seclusion, and not allowed to mix freely with her people.

If the unfortunate creature unwittingly intrudes her odious presence on any occasion of joy or festivity, the company curses her presence, and regards it as an evil omen—sure to be followed by some great calamity. Be it known, the company which curses her very existence is mostly composed of her near and dear relatives. If an orthodox Hindu starts on an enterprise, but, as ill-luck would have it, describes a poor widow on the road, he curses her to the fourth generation, laments his unfortunate lot, and prays his 33,000,000 of gods to avert the certain misfortune which the evil omen—i.e., the widow—portends.

The widow is an object of contempt and scorn to her very relatives, though occasionally these feelings are tempered by pity. Amid whatever luxuries a Hindu woman might have been nurtured, no sooner is she stamped with the stigma of widowhood than she must pay the penalty of her existence. She must put on coarse garments, and eat unsavoury food, and that, too, in many families, once a day. The menial work of the family becomes her lot, as a matter of course.

MARY AND HER LAMB.

THIS is the title of one of the most familiar poems in the English language, though but few people know its history.

Most of our young readers will be surprised to hear that the well-known nursery-song of "Mary had a Little Lamb" is a true story, and that "Mary" is still living. Says an exchange:

About seventy years ago she was a little girl, the daughter of a farmer in Worcester County, Mass. She was very fond of going with her father to the fields to see the sheep, and one day they found a baby-lamb which was thought to be dead.

Kind-hearted little Mary, however, lifted it up in her arms, and as it seemed to breathe she carried it home, made it a warm bed near the stove, and nursed it tenderly. Great was her delight when, after weeks of careful feeding and watching, her little patient began to grow well and strong, and soon after it was able to run about. It knew its young mistress perfectly, always came at her call, and was happy only when at her side.

One day it followed her to the village school, and not knowing what else to do with it, she put it under her desk and covered it with her shawl.

There it stayed until Mary was called up to the

teacher's desk to say her lesson, and then the lamb walked quietly after her, and the other children burst out laughing. So the teacher had to shut the little girl's pet in the woodshed until school was out. Soon after this, a young student named John Rollstone wrote a little poem about Mary and her lamb and presented it to her. The lamb grew to be a sheep, and lived many years; and when at last it died Mary grieved so much for it that her mother took some of its wool, which was "as white as snow," and knit a pair of stockings for her to wear in remembrance of her darling.

Some years after the lamb's death Mrs. Sarah Hall, a celebrated woman who wrote books, composed some verses about Mary's lamb and added them to those written by John Rollstone, making the complete poem as we know it. Mary took such good care of the stockings made of her lamb's fleece, that when she was a grown-up woman she gave one of them to a church-fair in Boston.

As soon as it became known that the stocking was made from the fleece of "Mary's little lamb" every one wanted a piece of it; so the stocking was unravelled out, and the yarn cut into small pieces.

Each piece was tied to a card, on which "Mary" wrote her full name; and these cards sold so well that they brought the large sum of one hundred and forty dollars to the Old South Church.

God's Discipline.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

THY mercies, gracious Lord,
How numberless they be!
How slow to ask from whence they come,
Or render thanks to thee.

For life and health and friends,
How slow to render praise!
Or feel all blessings flow from thee.
Who lengtheneth out our days.

But when thy chastenings come,
How slow to see thy hand;
And what thy will concerning us,
How hard to understand.

How blessings we forget,
In sorrow's chastening hour;
Though thou art then but teaching us
Thy wondrous love and power.

How we impatient cry,
"Can this new cross be borne?"
Though trials yield the ripened fruit,
Our joys too oft the thorn.

How slowly we submit—
How hard to be resigned—
How rarely carry through the day
A thankful, trustful mind.

Could we but see God's plan,
What now looks strange and dim,
Would then to us be wondrous plain,
When seen as seen by him.

Help us, O Lord, to take
Whate'er thou mayest send,
Assured in sorrow as in joy,
Thou art our changeless Friend.

Help us, O Lord, to trust
Thy power and love and grace,
Assured that nought can do us harm
If we but see thy face.

And help us, gracious Lord,
Whate'er our trials be,
In suffering here, in life and death,
Good Lord, to trust in thee.

—Christian Guardian.

A LITTLE girl who believed that Jesus loved her, and who was trying to love him, felt so happy that she said to her mother, "It seems as if there was a sun shining in my heart." So there was—the blessed Sun of Righteousness.