

"What is it, grandfather?" she said, rubbing her eyes.

"Bah, my girl, you'd soon be wide awake if you knew what I've got here!"

In an instant she sat up. Ah! the clairvoyance of love. "It's about Edward!" she cried.

"Yes, it is, and I've been, after all, an old fool! He's a brave fellow, and a good one. There's a long piece about him in this paper, just come from town. He's saved lives and done goodness knows what. And it's said he'll have the Victoria Cross! So I suppose, Susie, if the Queen can notice him, well, I must, too. There, There! don't strangle me, but light the lamp and I'll read it to you. Where are my spectacles?"—London, (Eng.) Presbyterian.

### My Teddie.

BY A HOSPITAL SISTER.

A shock-headed, unkempt, dirty scamp was "my Teddie" when he was brought into the hospital one blustering night, kicking like a little savage and boo-hooing for his "Dadder." There was a colored boy in the ward but he was not half as black as Teddie, who had presumably been coaling—if they do "coal" in caravans. The silence of the fire-lit sleeping ward terrified him into more noise; it was useless to beseech him not to wake all the patients, or to command him to be quiet. He alternately snuffed, "I wasn't never in a place like this before;" and belted, "I want my Dadder." He was certainly not an England's Hero.

Poor Teddie! He was subjected to a wholesale scrubbing and scouring, and a vigorous application of soft soap and turpentine only removed the outer coating of grime. Worse horrors than soap and water awaited him as he was carried forth again into the unknown, this time to the warmed and lighted theatre, and more strange sights and faces, and a yet stranger smell, which soon reduced him to a most unnatural calm.

The next morning he awoke with unaccustomed feeling in a bandaged foot which was toothless, and still unreconciled to the cruel fate which had transferred him from a crowded, dirty gipsy-van to a light and airy ward. He howled when his dressing was done, and eat ravenously everything that was taken to him. We thought him a little savage, but we didn't know my Teddie.

"After all, I believe there's something nice in the boy," I said, when his "dadder" at last arrived, and I watched one of those bedside pictures which are so pretty to see. A gipsy man—great brass buttons on his quaint waistcoat, and a yellow scarf knotted round his neck—sat by the pillow, big hugeness and roughness softened to the tenderest fatherhood; and Teddie, all tears and laughter, was burying his blubbery eyes in his father's sleeve, then raising them radiantly to the fond red face above him. They caressed one another in a way quite foreign to the English peasant; and my Teddie was not a mere child, so it was all the quainter. Presently a woman arrived, with a bare-footed baby slung in her shawl. Teddie nursed and hugged the baby, but still nestled to his father.

After a day or two Teddie began to grow at home, and soon he was the life of the ward. He woke with a laugh at five in the morning, and was merry as a skylark the whole day through. The only cloud was when Dadder was a few minutes late on visiting-day, and then I could never teach the boy to be manly enough to restrain his tears. We have heard of love in a cottage, but this idyll showed the reality of family love in a caravan.

Although he was "my Teddie" in particular, we all loved him—incurable little scamp though he was. You cannot expect a wild animal to behave as a tame one, and Teddie never wore the yoke of ward discipline. "The ward sounds very unruly, nurse," I would sternly say. "Cannot you keep better order?"

"It's only Teddie, Sister," nurse would answer, knowing that to be conclusive. And then I had to

ignominiously withdraw my rebuke. And as I couldn't scold him I would go to the bedside with a musical box, or engage him in conversation to keep him quiet.

"Do you like living in a caravan, Teddie?"

"It's a lovely life Sister, a lovely life!" His eyes glowed, and his dear ugly face was one beam of delight at the memory of nomadic happiness. "The country lanes—an feels summer, time, Sister yer wouldn't berlieve! An' then running the swings to the shows long er Dadder—it's gran', Sister, gran'!"

"Hush, not so loud, Teddie. Will you promise to come to see me every time your show comes to the town?"

"Sure enough an' Dadder'll come too. Us passes through this way once a year. Say, wouldn't yer like a swing free, Sister?"

The time came for my Teddie to leave us. Would they recognize that shining, mahogany scrubbed face at the caravan? But no doubt it would soon again be as begrimed as ever. It was a sad day for us all when the laughter of the ward went out with Teddie. And he has never been back to see the old friends of his imprisonment. I have never had the promised swing.

Patients come and patients go, each with his own characteristics. Ah, I would give much to see once more that shock-headed, unkempt, dirty scamp, my Teddie.—The Girl's Own Paper.

### The Clouds of God.

BY ROBERT CLARKSON TONGE.

The city is full of labor.

And struggle and strife and care,

The fever-pulse of the city

Is throbbing in all the air;

But calm through the sunlit spaces,

And calm through the starlit sky,

For ever over the city

The clouds of God go by.

The city is full of passion

And shame and anger and sin

Of souls that are dark within;

But white as the robes of angels

And pure through the wind swept sky,

For ever over the city

The clouds of God go by.

The city is full of sorrow,

And tears that are shed in vain;

By day and night there rises

The voice of its grief and pain.

But soft as a benediction

They bend from the vault on high,

And over the sorrowful city

The clouds of God go by.

O eyes that are old with vigil!

O hearts that are dim with tears!

Look up from the path of sorrow

That measures itself in years.

And read in the blue above you

The peace that is ever nigh,

While over the troubled city

The clouds of God go by.

—Friendly Visitor.

### An Infant Prodigy.

Tito Mattel, the distinguished musician, showed very early signs of genius. "My father," he says, "began to teach me the piano when I was about four, but soon cried off and I had to be content with occasional lessons from casual teachers. I must have learnt very quickly, for at five I was a good deal talked about and flattered.

"We were not troubled in those days with the differences of pitch. C was C and B and B all over Italy and the sense of absolute pitch was blurred. I always carried in my head the absolute pitch of each note, and was surprised to find this considered an unusual thing. I remember one day my father took me to see the famous Pablache. This was in 1846, when I was five and Pablache had just come to Naples.

"My father was telling the great basso about his wonderful boy, and was probably boring him, for Pablache suddenly turned to me and said: 'What

note is that, Tito?' And he carelessly boomed out a note from that huge chest of his.

"It is out of tune," I said.

"What do you mean, you impertinent little boy?" he cried. "What do you mean by such rudeness?"

"I had meant no rudeness, and thought I was merely stating an obvious fact. So I said, rather wondering, at his heat, 'Well, it is not A flat, and it is not A natural, so it is out of tune.'

"There was a grand piano in the room, and Lablache walked up to it, opened it, and softly played A flat and then A natural. The note he had sung was between the two. Then he went back, took me on his knees, and kissed me. 'You are my master,' he said."—The Children's Friend.

### Mother-Lore.

Care should be taken that children's boots are not laced or buttoned too tightly over the instep. This may lead to "flat-foot" and loss of all gracefulness in walking, even lameness in after years.

Children's rooms should be furnished with dark blinds or curtains. An expert on hygiene for the young says that the drawing up of blinds in the morning is a better manner of awakening the child than knocking at the door or calling; light gradually recalls the brain to its daily activities.

Especially in the case of children who are at all delicate the process of arousing from sleep should be gradual. Let the child sit up in bed and get fully awake before jumping out.

Mrs. M. E. Sangster, speaking at the recent convention of the Kindergarten Union about the child's Sunday, says: "I am sure I would let the girls have their dolls for part of the day at least, for mothers, you know, don't put away their babies on Sunday, by any means."

One resourceful mother suggest as a Sunday afternoon occupation for older children a scrap-book of pictures, for each of which they shall hunt up a suitable Scripture text or passage. Lambs, doves, sparrows, running water and many other objects will readily suggest such texts and the older boys and girls may be guided to use a concordance as a help.

Another mother succeeds in amusing two little boys for an hour or so on Sundays by means of a blank book, in which they are allowed to write with red or violet ink. Of course it is brought out only on this day of the week. "Is it being gradually filled," she writes "with choice passages of Scripture and selections of religious poetry that will sink into their minds as they write."

### Turner and His Father.

The treatment of his aged father by Turner, the famous landscape painter, was admirable. The old man modestly offered to represent himself as a servant in his son's establishment; but Turner would not dream of this, saying; "No; we fought the world together; and now that it seeks to do me honor, you shall share all the benefits." And the great artist never smiled when the little old man would whisper proudly to some visitor: "Yes, yes; Joseph is the greatest artist in England, and I am his father."—St Nicholas.

### One Man's Method.

In a recent address Mr. D. L. Moody said: "Leech, the celebrated artist and caricaturist, is said to have had an effective method of reprimanding his children. If their faces were distorted with anger, or a rebellious temper, or a sullen mood, he took out his sketch book, transferred their lineaments to paper, and showed them, to their confusion, how ugly naughtiness was."

For the soul that gives is the soul that lives;  
And bearing another's load  
Doth lighten your own and shows the way  
And brightens the homeward road.

—Washington Gladden.