

Mrs. Carey's efforts to find him, Joe had immediately left Southampton, and hurried his family away from the place where Dorothy had left them.

When, however, Mr. Chisholm had received certain news of their whereabouts, he himself went to see them, to be received by Nance with trembling joy, and to hear from her lips a repetition of the story of the rescue by old Rover of the drowning baby, while Joe's eyes glittered with disappointed greed at the thought of his own folly in not seeing that Missie was very "uncommon," while he stored up reproaches to shower on his wife later, when he taunted her with having lost him the best chance he had had in his life; it was a job he might have made hundreds out of!

After much consideration and consultation with Dorothy, Mr. Chisholm had decided he would promise Nance a helping hand every winter rather than give her at once what Joe would waste; he was inclined to be sulky and difficult to deal with at first, and Mr. Chisholm found a covert threat or two of great use in bringing him to reason.

Dorothy had pleaded with tears in her eyes for the ill-used blind child, and she and Sibyl were equally anxious that she should be rescued from her wretchedness. Joe at first refused to part with her without an exorbitant bribe, but at last the fear that Mr. Chisholm would bring him under the notice of the police, made him change his mind, and before many days had passed, poor little Jenny found a haven of rest in a blind asylum.

"How glad Jem would be if he knew," said Dorothy joyfully; "he said there were kind rich folk who did care for the blind children."

Mr. Chisholm found it quite difficult to explain to Nance the change which had been effected in the children during her absence from the camp six years ago, though she was ready to admit that "Lil was mighty queer" after her illness, and talked of a lot of things nobody could understand.

For baby Violet, the most beautiful outfit of clothes had been provided; nor when he saw the magnificent scarlet cloak which Dorothy had chosen herself, did Joe any longer object to his little daughter being christened.

With plenty of warm clothes and every comfort that could be suggested by her foster-child, and the knowledge that the winter months could never be hard again, and that her baby would have friends for life, while the child she had centred so much love on was happy in her own beautiful home, Nance became once more like her true self. The knowledge that she should always have friends to turn to gave her fresh courage, and Joe went down before it, and treated her much better. There was no one now, he felt, on whom he could safely wreak his temper, and the comfort and prosperity in the van was not without its influence even on him, while Nance did her best to keep him out of mischief.

Nor did Dorothy forget her four-footed friends; she pleaded old Turk's cause eloquently; he had a sore back and was not fit for work; he was so good, and Jem had loved him.

So Turk was bought, and stood quietly meditating in the corner of a pleasant field, hour after hour, seemingly too astonished at his sudden change of fortune to make the most of it, though he was always ready to trot up to the gate at the sound of Dorothy's well-known voice.

Then emboldened by Sibyl, who entered into all her feelings with ready intuition, she asked if she might have Prince, he loved her so dearly and she felt sure he could never be really happy without her; so quite a long price was given to Joe for the faithful animal, whose joy at being re-united to his little mistress was very touching.

Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm had decided that it would be better that there should be no meeting between Nance and her foster-children for a time, but they promised Dorothy that before very long her foster-mother with baby Violet should spend a few days at Sunnyside, and content with this promise the happy girl now began a new life in her beautiful home surrounded by loving care and the good things of this world which had been lacking to her so many years.

At first the parents had wondered whether it would not be wiser to send their carefully guarded Sibyl to school for a year while Miss Knox devoted herself to their poor neglected Dorothy, but as the

days passed on and they watched their newly found child and heard the generous loving words which fell from her lips, they felt that their fears were groundless. Great were the pains that one sister took to teach the other, and the eagerness with which Dorothy copied Sibyl was rewarded by her quickly dropping the manner of speech she had been accustomed to, while under the loving and careful tuition of Miss Knox she made extraordinary progress in all she was taught. Before many weeks were over a casual observer would not have noticed any difference between Mr. Chisholm's daughters, while their strange likeness to each other, heightened by their similarity of dress, caused constant amusement to their acquaintance, and each day they seemed to grow more alike in thought and feeling, as Sibyl, now joyously happy, gained higher spirits, and Dorothy, in her anxiety to be like her sister, grew gentle and quiet.

One more request the happy sisters had to make, and it was made together and willingly complied with.

A Cornish granite cross was placed, under the artist's directions, on Jem's grave, and on it below his name was graven these words:

"Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."—S. Matt. x. 31.

FRANCIS ARMSTRONG.

THE END.

Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

BY W. E. BAILEY.

A little boy lies still in death;
Though white and cold his gentle face,
Methinks almost I feel his breath,—
For in his features one may trace
A living loveliness.

The stricken mother bows her head;
She kisses, fondly, brow and cheeks;
And, while she gazes on her dead,
The breaking heart within her speaks
A mother's loneliness.

And there, beside her brother's bier,
Kissing the hand now stilled for aye,
His sister—youngee by a year,—
The sweet companion of his play,
His mate in gentleness.

"I kiss his hand because," she says,
"It never struck me all my life!"
Dear child, a sinless hand you praise,
But you rebuke a world of strife
And human wretchedness!

For far and wide the curse has spread,
And bruised hearts shed bitter tears,—
Not for the loved ones lying dead,
But for the woe of weary years
Bereft of tenderness.

O, mother, cease to mourn your child,
Who went to God all white as snow!
For whom He takes lives undefiled,
But whom sin binds may never know
That life of blessedness.

Why Children Should Eat Honey.

Thousands and tens of thousands of children are dying all around us, who, because their ever-developing nature demands sweetness, crave and eagerly demolish the adulterated "candies" and "syrups" of modern times. If these could be fed on honey instead, they would develop and grow up into healthy men and women.

Children would rather eat bread and honey than bread and butter; one pound of honey will reach as far as two pounds of butter, and has, beside, the advantage of being far more healthy and pleasant tasted, and always remains good, while butter soon becomes rancid, and often produces cramp in the stomach, eructations, sourness, vomiting and diarrhoea. Pure honey should always be freely used in every family. Honey eaten upon wheat bread is very beneficial to health.

The use of honey instead of sugar for almost every kind of cooking, is as pleasant for the palate as it is healthy for the stomach. In preparing blackberry, raspberry, or strawberry shortcake, it is infinitely superior.

It is a common expression that honey is a luxury, having nothing to do with the life-giving

principles. This is an error—honey is food in one of its most concentrated forms. True, it does not add so much to the growth of muscles as does beef-steak, but it does impart other properties no less necessary to health and vigorous physical and intellectual action. It gives warmth to the system, arouses nervous energy, and gives vigour to all the vital functions. To the laborer it gives strength—to the business man, mental force. Its effects are not like ordinary stimulants, such as spirits, &c., but it produces a healthy action, the results of which are pleasing and permanent—a sweet disposition and a bright intellect.

Cross Bearing.

"If thou bear the Cross, the Cross will also bear thee."—Thomas a Kempis.

Bearing my cross, I am passing along a narrow pathway, sometimes flower-strewn and sun-lighted, sometimes uneven and over-clouded, yet never quite dark, because, away on the mountain which rises in the distance before me, stands my loved Master, round whom shines such a radiant light, and even the shadows of the valley are lightened thereby. But as the way grows rougher, the clouds seem to thicken, and wondering at the dimness of the light, I feel to see that I am carrying my cross in such a manner that the cross-piece is continually just before my eyes, so shutting out the light of my Master's face.

Still I go stumbling on, longing for light and help, and in dismay, behold my cross gaining added height, until I learn that my Master's watchful love has seen my need, and has thus brought me out of the shadow.

So, notwithstanding the increased weight of my burden, I thank Him for the clearer view of Himself who is the "Light of the world," and go hopefully forward. Suddenly I come to a low, marshy place, whose growth of tangled thorns seems to form an impassable barrier; yet the light from the mountain beyond shows clearly that my way leads through the trackless swamp, and I can hear my Master's loving voice calling me to Him.

In despair I cry out—"If it were not for my cross, I might be able to get nearer, but just now when I am weakest and the way most difficult, my cross is heaviest. Why must I bear it?"

For answer only comes—"Bring it to Me." With the strength His dear voice inspires, I lift upright the ever-lengthening cross, and I hear the words, "Lay it at My feet"; when, swaying by its own weight, the heavy end drops, and lies on the mountain side beyond; its length stretching back to my feet, thus bridging the pathless space, and forming a firm, safe pathway above the treacherous mire. And a flash of Heaven's own light reveals to me the cross, whose weight I had thought to be the greatest hindrance to my progress, now made the direct means of bringing me closer to my precious Master.

The Great Dog Barry.

One of the greatest dogs that ever lived was the dog Barry—not one of the biggest, though he was of a good size, too—but one of the wisest and best. High up in the Alps, at a place called the Pass of Saint Bernard, where it was winter for the greater part of the year, and travellers were in much danger from the snow and the cold, there was a breed of dogs called the Saint Bernard breed, belonging to a refuge for travellers called after St. Bernard.

This refuge was founded a thousand years ago, and the monks and their dogs have been the means of saving great numbers of lives. The monks trained the dogs to go out and hunt for travellers lost in the snow, and the dogs were wonderfully clever. When they found a man lying benumbed with cold, they would run barking to the monastery, to fetch out the monks to help him. They carried about their necks, each of them, a flask of brandy or some other warm drink, and very often a blanket. This was in case they should find a traveller who was very much hurt by the cold, and yet able to help himself to a drink, and wrap a blanket around him. These dogs knew all the dangerous places, and would scratch and hunt about wherever an avalanche had fallen, or wherever there was a pit.

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