

Like one in a dream Bruce walked across the softly carpeted aisle to a back pew, where he stood for a few moments in entrance silence. Then the music ceased, and at the same time a feeling of utter exhaustion came over him, and he sank, weak and dizzy, to the floor. Then for the first time he realized his real condition—a penniless, homeless, hopeless wretch, who only a few minutes before had been saved as it were by a miraculous deliverance from suicide. His guilty conscience told him that if he should be discovered there he would, in all probability, be suspected of thievish intentions, and handed over to the police; so he sat perfectly still, fearing almost to breathe.

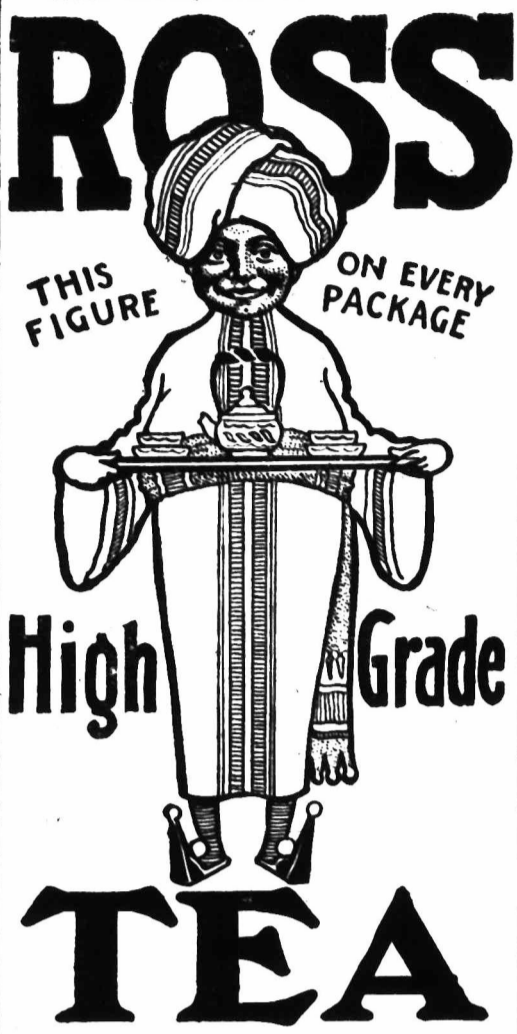
The organist gathed up his music and went out the vestry door; and just as Bruce was thinking of making his escape by the way he had come, a little boy of about ten entered the door, and walked with rapid but reverential step up the aisle to the choir seats. He looked from one to another, evidently in search of something which, however, was not to be found at first. While he was searching another step sounded at the door, and the old caretaker, who had just completed his weekly task of sweeping and straightening the church and the Sunday-school rooms in the basement below, quietly closed the door, grated a key in the lock, and passed on.

Meanwhile the lost had not yet been found. "I am quite sure I left that hymn-book here," said the boy, "what can have happened to it?" After a little more searching, however, the missing property came to light; it had fallen to the floor, and so at first had escaped his notice.

Picking it up, he walked with the same reverential step to the door. Finding it locked he gave a little low whistle. "Locked in, am I?" said he, "I guess Mr. Stewart didn't see me come in. Well never mind," he added cherrfully, "I dare say I can go out at the vestry door."

After trying it he turned back with a somewhat alarmed expression. It also was securely fastened; and there he was, imprisoned with no means of escape. The thought flashed through his mind that, should he be sought for, it was more than probable that no-one would have the

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least idea as to his whereabouts. When passing the church he had seen the door open, and thinking it a good opportunity to recover his hymn-book which he had forgotten the previous Sunday—for Algy was a choir boy, and possessed of a voice of unusual strength and sweetness—he had entered unnoticed, just a few minutes before the caretaker locked the doors and returned home. (To be continued.)

THE BROKEN GOBLET.

"Will you give me a glass of water?" asked little Olive Grey stopping at the door of Mrs. Trim's cottage and peeping in.

She thought Mrs. Trim would be sitting there, but she was not to be seen. Instead of her portly person

Olive saw a thin little girl, who was washing the dishes. However, she smiled, and took a goblet and put it on the table.

"I've just fetched in a fresh pail, miss," she said, filling the glass; "and it's as cool as ice."

Then she handed the glass to Olive, who said:

"Thank you. Have you come to stay with Mrs. Trim?" she asked, after a pause.

"I don't quite know, miss," said the girl. "I'm here a week on trial. I used to live at the poor-house, and I'm just old enough to hire out. If the lady likes me, she'll take me to bring up. I hope she will. It's a real nice home, and such a pretty garden. My name is Sally Twigs, miss."

"Well Sally, I should think Mrs. Trim would be sure to like you," said Olive. And, with a "good morning," she ran away.

She was going to a croquet party, and was in a hurry. When she had gone a little way, however, she met May Bostwick, fanning herself with her hat and looking very pink.

"I am so thirsty, Olive," she said, "that I don't know what to do, I ran hard all up the road, and my tongue is like a chip."

"I'll get you some water," said Olive, "Mrs. Trim's girl gave me some. Come!" And the two ran back together to the door of the little cottage.

It was open wide, and no one was there; but the cedar pail stood on the table, and the glass beside it. Olive filled the glass, and gave May all she wanted, and then took another glass herself.

"Hurry!" said May. "We'll be late!" And Olive reached to put the glass on the table without looking. The consequence was that she set it only half-way on; and before the girls had more than stepped outside the door down it went crash, upon the oil-cloth!

"Oh!" cried Olive. "What have I done?"

"Come along, quick," said May, catching her hand, "and no one will ever know you did it."

And Olive, on the impulse of the moment, yielded to the advice and the pull; and they ran away together. But never, never, never did she feel so ashamed of herself.

"I can't play," she said, presently. "I'm sorry, girls; but I feel dreadful, and I must go home." There was only one person in the world who could tell her what was right to do, and that was her mamma.

"My little girl," said mamma, "you should have found Mrs. Trim, and told her all about it. Now you must take a nice glass of mine, wrap it in paper, and go to Mrs. Trim at

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E. J. DAVIS, Commissioner Crown Lands, Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, June 1, 1901.

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