

"Yes, father," said Alice; "very grand—with two horses."

"Two horses," repeated Nat; "very good. So the lady gets out of the grand carriage, Tom, and Mr. Banner, he walks before her straight up to our house. Alice, the house was clean and tidy, I hope, my dear?"

"Pretty well, father," answered Alice. "Just so," continued Nat. "So she came in, and sat down on Alice's rocking-chair——"

"In a blue silk dress and silk mantle," interrupted Alice; "and a white bonnet, with a blue feather in it."

"Exactly," resumed Nat; "I can see her as plain as in a picture. And, says she, 'I am Mr. Hope's sister.' And who is her husband, dost thou think? Kitty's master! Aye, Kitty's mill is his. And who should she be but the very lady who gave Phil the sixpence! And she sends her footman, Tom—wasn't it her footman, Alice?—to buy these clogs for Joey and Phil. And she promised to pay for Polly's schooling and Joey's."

Nat came to a full pause, and looked steadily into Tom's astonished face, and then burst out into a long and happy laugh, which no one could resist, until all of them laughed together—little Phil the loudest and longest, as he drew the clogs on to his hands, Alice saying that his feet would want washing before he tried on his new possessions.

"But that isn't all," cried Nat, when the laughter had subsided. "Bless you, Tom, that's not half of Phil's fortune. Why thee knows a fine big house on Ardwick Green, side by side with the gentle-folks' houses, where there's a school for boys and girls? They take them in, and feed them and lodge them, and learn them all sorts of things, and put them out into a way of getting their own living when they've done with them. Well, listen, Tom! She is going to get them to take little Phil. There's for thee!"

Nat gave Tom a slight push, and fell back a step or so, ready for another burst of laughter. But, for some reason or other, it did not come. Tom's eyes and mouth were wide open—but more with surprise than delight. If little Phil were separated from him, he would feel very lonely indeed—especially now as there was such a gulf between him and his old comrades. He had been reckoning upon always having him to ride in his donkey-cart, and sit under railway arches to share his dinner. But he could not help seeing what a capital thing it would be for his bright little Phil. As Nat said, there would be no more starving, no more shivering in wintry weather, no fluttering rags and naked feet; but a good, comfortable home, and good teaching secured to him, and no risk about whether the donkey-cart was lucky or not. Yes; it would be a good thing for Phil, doubtless; but Tom's heart felt heavy at the prospect of parting with him, until he remembered how much more money he could earn if the cost of Phil's living was taken off his shoulders. That thought cheered his spirits a little; and although he did not encourage Nat in a hearty laugh as before, his face relaxed into a smile, and he said it was a rare good fortune for little Phil.

(To be continued.)

Two little girls were playing church. One said: "Now we are to have prayer. You kneel down and be a 'real Christian;' I'll just sit down and put my hand up to my face. I'm going to be one of those stylish Christians."

At the supper-table a family were speaking about different fruits, when little Ruth said, "I like all kinds of fruit but hash!"

An Easter Carol.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

ALL hail to the morning!
The clouds flee away,
Our mourning is ended,
Joy cometh to-day;

By the cross and the grave-side our sad watch is done,
For the Saviour is risen, his victory won.

O earth, give him greeting,
And hail him as King!
O friends, in your gladness,
Sweet offerings bring;

The dawn of his Easter all sorrow uplifts,
Then lay on his alter the fairest of gifts.

O Christ of the manger!
O Christ of the Cross!
Whose love bought so dearly
Our gain by thy loss.

Thou hast wrested from Death his proud sceptre and crown,
He has laid at thy feet his brief victory down.

O flowers, bloom in beauty!
And sing, young and old!
Though the joy of the Easter
Can never be told.

But sing and rejoice with your banners unfurled,
For the Christ that was slain is the Life of the world!

STANLEY'S FAITH.

"ONE faith against the whole world's unbelief," sings a poet, and the poet only echoes the doctrines of the great Teacher. Have a right purpose in life, and faith in that purpose. Purpose and faith are destiny.

A leaf from the journal of a great explorer vividly illustrates this truth.

In the heart of Africa, years ago, two white men met. One was old, gray-haired, and ill; the other young and enthusiastic.

The elder man was one whose fame as an African explorer was world-wide, but for years the civilized world had lost sight of him. Scientific associations were asking vainly, "What has become of Dr. Livingstone?"

As a correspondent of the New York Herald, the younger man had distinguished himself for indomitable perseverance, rapid decision, and sterling common sense, and in 1870 he was chosen by Mr. Bennett, its proprietor, to find Livingstone. His story is well-known. "Draw a thousand pounds now," said Mr. Bennett, "and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and so on, but find Livingstone."

On January 6, 1871, Henry M. Stanley started from Zanzibar for the interior of Africa, and for eleven months he and his party toiled through swamps and jungles, exposed to countless dangers from wild beasts and pestilential atmosphere. Worn by fatigue, surrounded by insubordinate natives, a less resolute man than Stanley would have given up the unequal contest with circumstances, and gone back, but this Stanley never thought of doing.

He had faith in God, in himself, and his purpose. In his journal he wrote, and the words glow with an energy that is sublime, and deserve a place in the memory of every young man:

"No living man shall stop me; only death can prevent me. But death—not even this; I shall not die—I will not die—I cannot die! Something tells me I shall find him, and write it larger, FIND HIM! FIND HIM!"

Full of the intensity of conviction, a faith born of faith in God, Stanley pressed on, heedless of hardships, till one day he, with his party, came in sight of Lake Tanganyika, and a little later he stood in the presence of the great traveller, who for years had lost tidings of his native land, and had almost ceased to look for aid from his countrymen.

But for the faith of Stanley Dr. Livingstone might have died of starvation, and the world remained ignorant of his fate.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE SCOTT ACT IN PORT HOPE.

THE usual large congregation was present at the Methodist church, Port Hope, last Sunday night. The pastor, J. B. Clarkson, took for his text, Ephesians v. 18: "Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." The sermon was a grand effort, and especially appropriate in view of the coming vote on the Scott Act. The rev. gentleman stated that he had gone to the records of the Police Court and had carefully searched the books; he found for the offences of drunk and disorderly in 1885, 109 cases; in 1886, (the Scott Act coming into force in May of that year), 29 cases; in 1887, 28 cases; in 1888, only 14 cases of drunk and disorderly. The Police Magistrate, Mr. R. H. Holland, informed him that there had been a falling off of crime of all kinds since the Scott Act came into force of fully 75 per cent. The Scott Act is not all that can be desired as a temperance measure, still it is positively the best we have and should not be thrown over. In spite of the adverse circumstances under which it is operated, if it does such wonders as the Police Court records show it should be sustained. There is a law against theft, but because it does not stop stealing do you repeal that law? If in after years a father goes wandering about the town at midnight looking for a drunken son, would the son be reproaching the father if he should say: "Father, you might by your vote have removed the temptation of liquor from me." Great interest was manifested throughout the whole discourse and some of the illustrations used were most telling.—*Port Hope Guide.*

Easter Lilies.

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES.

WINTER is past, and the lilies blow,
Beautiful Easter lilies!
White as the flakes of last year's snow,
Beautiful Easter lilies!
White as the wings of a wandering dove,
White as the sailing clouds above,
Pure on your petals the sunbeams glow,
Beautiful Easter lilies!

Oh, were our hearts but purged of sin!
Beautiful Easter lilies!
Grace like yours might our spirits win!
Beautiful Easter lilies!
Christ arisen, from heaven above,
Be the light of thy holy love:
Shed on our souls like sunshine in
Beautiful Easter lilies!

STICK TO IT.

BEFORE God and man, do what is right, and stick to it. Have ever before you the "three nots:" touch not, taste not, handle not; they will keep you from entanglement in the venomous coils of the black knot of intemperance, which has strangled so many in its deadly embrace. Remember this, and stick to it. Abstain from every appearance of evil. Ask God to help you, and do you co-operate with him in maintaining this heavenly appearance, and stick to it. Resolve, with God's help, to be honest, upright, pure in conversation, and conscientious in all dealings with your fellow-man, and stick to it. Remember acts of love and kindness are eternal; all you do for God's glory is your treasure laid up in heaven. Labour for God's glory, and stick to it. God watches each individual soul as a shepherd watches his sheep. Man observes the act; God knows the motive. Judgment is with God. See to it that each motive is honourable in God's sight, and able to bear his searching scrutiny with reverence, and stick to it.