

pretended to amuse little Angus, but her eyes took furtive glances at the foreign-looking man. Presently Daisy, who was not a fishy, came up.

"You never thanked me for picking you up from the ground," said the stranger to the little girl.

"Four-year old Daisy turned up her eyes to his face.

"I was so busy," she apologized. "Thank you now."

The light on her face, her very expression, caused this rough-looking man's heart to beat strangely. He held out his hand. Daisy put her soft little palm into his.

"Come and sit on my knee," he said.

Daisy accepted the invitation with alacrity. She dearly liked attention, and it was not often, with baby by, that she came in for the lion's share.

"What a funny red bead you have!" she said, putting up a small finger to touch it delicately.

This action, however, scandalized Anne, who, awaking to a sudden sense of her responsibilities, rose to depart.

"Come along, Miss Daisy," she exclaimed; "this time we was a-moving home, and you mustn't trouble the gentleman no further, missy."

"I shan't go home, and I will stay," responded Daisy, her face growing very red as she clung to her new friend. The man put his arm round her in delight.

"Sit down, my girl," he said, addressing Anne, "the little miss is not troubling me. Quite the contrary, she reminds me of a little lassie I used to know once, and she had the same name too, Daisy. Daisy Wilson was her name. Now this little kid is so like her that I shouldn't a bit wonder if she was a relation—perhaps her daughter. Shall I tell you what your two names are, little one?"

Daisy nodded her head and looked up expectantly. Anne, hoping no harm was done, and devoured with curiosity, resumed her seat.

"Your mamma's name was Daisy Wilson. You are her dear little daughter, and your name is Daisy Harman. Well, I'm right, ain't I?" The man's face was now crimson, and he only waited for Daisy's reply to clasp her to his breast. But Daisy, in high delight at his mistake, clapped her pretty hands.

"No, no," she said, "you're quite wrong. Guess again, guess again."

Instantly his interest and excitement died out. He pushed the child a trifle away, and said—

"I made a mistake. I can't guess." "I'm Daisy Home," replied Daisy, "and my mamma was never no Daisy Wilson. Her name is Sarlotte Home."

The stranger put Daisy gently from his lap, and the discovery which was to affect so many people might never have been made but for Anne. But Anne, who read the Family Herald, was burning with anxiety and wonder. Many kinds of visions were flashing before her romantic young eyes. This man might be very rich—very, very rich. He must have something to say to them all. She has long ago identified herself with the Home family. This man was coming to give them gold in abundance. He was not so beautiful to look at, but he might be just as valuable as the pretty lady of Harold's dreams. That pretty lady had not come back, though Anne had almost prayed for her return. Yes, she was sure this man was a relation. It was highly probable. Such things were always happening in the Family Herald. Raising her shrill, high-pitched voice, she exclaimed—

"Miss Daisy, you're too young to know, or may be you forgets. But I think the gentleman is near right. Yer mamma's name was Harman afore she married yer papa, missy, and I ha' been fur sure and certain in some old books at the house the name o' Daisy Wilson writ down as plain as could be, so may-be he was yer grandma's name afore she married too."

At these words the stranger caught Daisy up and kissed her.

"I thought that little face could only belong to one related to Daisy Wilson," he said. "Little one, put yer arms round me. I'm your great-uncle—your great uncle! I never thought that Daisy Wilson could have a daughter married, and that that daughter could have little ones of her own. Well, well, well, how time does fly! I'm your grandmother's brother—Sandy Wilson, home from Australia, my little pet; and when shall I see you all? It does my old

heart good to see my sister over again in a little thing like you."

"My great uncle!" repeated Daisy. She was an affectionate little thing, and the man's agitation and delight so far touched her baby heart as to induce her to give him one very slight, dainty kiss. Then she sidled down to the ground.

"Ef you please, sir," said Anne again, who felt absolutely certain that she had now made the fortune of her family, and who thought that that fact ought to be recognized—"ef you please, sir, 'tis but right as you should know as my missis's mother have long bin dead. My missis as is her living model is away, and won't be back afore Thursday. She's down by the seaside wid Master Harold wot 'ad the scarlet fever, and wor like to die; and the family address, please sir, is 10, Tremens Road, Kentish Town."

At the news of his sister's death so curtly announced by Anne, the man's rough, weather-beaten face grew white. He did not touch Daisy again, or even look at little Angus; but, going up to Anne, he slipped a sovereign into her hand.

"Take those children safely home now," he said; "the day is turning chilly, and—and—thank you for what you told me of my good lass. I'll come and see your missis on Thursday night."

Then, without another word, he hurried away.

Quickly this big, rough man, who had nearly knocked down Jasper Harman the night before, hurried through the park. The exultation had died out of his face; his heart had ceased to beat wildly. Little Daisy's pretty figure was still before his eyes; but, weather-beaten and life-beaten man that he was, he found himself looking at it through a mist of tears. "Tis a bit of a shock," he said to himself. "I'll take it quietly, of course. Sandy Wilson learned long ago to take everything quietly; but it's a rare bit of a shock. I never guessed my little Daisy would die. Five-and-twenty years since we met, and all that time I've never once clasped the hand of a blood-relation—never had one belonging to me. I thought I was coming back to Daisy, and Daisy has died. She was very young to be—quite five years younger than me. A pretty, pretty lass; the little 'un is her name. How odd I should have knocked up against Daisy's grandchild, and should find her out by the likeness. Well, well, I'll call at 10, Tremens Road. I'll call, of course; not that I care much now, as my little sister Daisy Wilson is dead."

He pressed his hand before his eyes; they felt weak and dim. The rough man had got a considerable shock; he did not care to look at London sights again to-day; and he returned to the Commercial Hotel in the Strand, where for the present he was staying.

(To be Continued.)

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRICULUM LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

ILLUSTRATIVE.

October 7.—Samuel 4; 10-18.

1. "The great issues hanging upon little things. Eli's indulgence of his sons." A push of the foot would have sent Moses' ark from the bulrushes into the stream; and the leader of a nation been lost. Forbes says that the Prince Napoleon was killed by the shoddy casualty of the Woolwich saddlers, rather than the assagai of the Zulus. Failing to mount at the first alarm, he ran by the side of his horse till the saddle bands (of paper) gave way in his grip, and he fell behind. The arm of a brakeman saved the life of the second Napoleon, while an exile in America, as he stumbled one dark night and would have fallen between the cars. There is a spot on the isthmus of Darien where one can stand and hear the roar of the Atlantic or the swell of the Pacific. A grain of sand may turn a water-drop either way.—Merrill.

II. "The training of children." The wonderful clock at Strasburg is so complicated a piece of machinery, that only one man is allowed to repair it. A child is a more delicate piece of mechanism than a clock. Hence the responsibility of teachers. "The 1st stage of development of each man and woman is to be reached only through the proper discharge of the parental duties.—Herbert Spencer on Education.

III. "No sin is small." It is a sin against an infinite God, and may have consequences immeasurable. No grain of sand is small in the mechanism of a watch. Retribution may be slow, but it is unflinching. "A Jewish proverb says, Michael flies with but one wing, Gabriel with two. God is quick in sending angels of peace and they fly apace; but the messengers of wrath come slowly. He is more hasty to glorify his servants than to condemn the wicked.—F. Taylor.

"Never by lapse of time, The soul defaced by crime Into its former self returns again: For every guilty deed Holds in itself the seed Of retribution and aching pain." Longfellow ("Masque of Pandora.")

PRACTICAL.

- 1. The sins, even of good men, have their direful consequences.
2. A worthy example before children will not suffice without family government and restraint.
3. Humility and submission may take the forms of Oriental apathy and fatalism (1 Sam. 3: 18).
4. To humility and submission should be added repentance and reformation.
5. Punishment seemingly disproportionate may be justified in the light of infinite knowledge.
6. If God is so strict in punishing the good, what will be the end of the bad (1 Pet. 4: 18)?
7. Delay in punishment may only add to its severity.
8. The ark of no avail when the divine presence is gone.
9. When men sin without distinction, God punishes without distinction, regarding no person, dignity or age.
10. The honor and true service of God must lie more in our hearts than children or parents.
11. We are affected by example, yet each must bear the consequences of his own sin.
12. It is an honorable and glorious death to die from concern for the honor of God.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

A Sin and its consequences, as illustrated in the experience of an old man, two ill-disciplined boys, and a fickle nation. (1) The Israelites. (a) Their sin; debauched by their priests, they abhorred the offerings of the Lord, held in contempt the sacred services, put formality in the place of piety, and held in superstitious reverence the ark, when the Divine presence was wanting; (b) their punishment; first battle of Eben-ezer (1 Sam. 4: 2), second battle (ver. 10), loss of ark, captivity prolonged 20 years, called "the captivity" (Ps. 68: 18). (2) Hophni and Phinehas. (a) Their sin; debauchery (1 Sam. 2: 22), sacrilegious greed (chap. 2: 13, 14), superstition (chap. 4: 4); (b) Their punishment (ver. 11). (3) Eli. (a) His sin (Golden Text); he did not govern his family, he was weak in faith and decision, he suffered the ark to go from Shiloh; (b) His chastisement (vers. 12-18): gray hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave—even the sins of good men bring chastisement.

ONLY STIMULATES; CANNOT STRENGTHEN.

—When the body is tired rest and food are required to repair the waste. Alcohol has no power to mend the waste of the body; it robs the blood of oxygen, which is absolutely necessary to the proper action of the nervous and muscular systems. Alcohol may give the drinker a spurt, and thus enable him to accomplish something beyond his natural strength, but it leaves him weak and exhausted afterward. It is like the whip to a horse, making the animal use his strength too rapidly. Benjamin Franklin demonstrated the fact that there is no more strength in a gallon of ale than in a penny loaf; Dr. Livingstone travelled many thousand miles in Africa, and Sir Henry Havelock bore the fatigues of a war campaign in India, without the aid of alcohol. While alcohol cannot give strength, it does serious injury to that vital organ the heart.

OATMEAL SNAPS.—One cup of butter,

two of raw oatmeal, three of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, a heaping tea-spoonful of baking-powder, milk enough to make dough. Roll out very thin and cut in round or square cakes. Bake brown in a quick oven.

PUZZLES.

TRANSFORMATION.

- Susie come with me over the sea, And seek a curious shell; A priceless gift it is sometimes called, But wonders within it dwell.
1. An English noble you first discern,
2. Then a monkey full of tricks,
3. A fruit that is best in autumn time,
4. And where we a ring may fix;
5. A place where baby loves to be,
6. And the baby's loving father.
7. The sign of true equality,
8. And the place where daisies gather,
9. What we do to apples before they are stewed,
10. And a famous English drink;
11. Another treasure in another shell—I've told you enough, I think.

ANAGRAM BLANKS.

- 1. The horse—down the—road.
2. He—the parcel near the—
3. Do not twist the—about you—
4. He—that he had—the food before,
5. I—found a vey fine—
6. The—caused a gre—it—before they left.
7. Does he intend to—his—?
8. Will you—the wis of a—?
9. He went to—as he was—
10. The fruit was not the—
11. Let us leave the—in the—
12. The poor man seemed—in—sorrow.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- Transpose a portion and make a snare.
Transpose vapor and make viands.
Transpose part of the body and make sharp.
Transpose a portion and make a weed.
Transpose a fruit and make to gather.
Transpose a piece of poetry and make to minister to.

BEHEADINGS.

- 1. Behead a crime and leave commonplace.
2. Behead an inhabitant of the sea and leave an interjection; behead me again and see where all the world once resided.
3. Behead disease and leave a lady.

ENIGMA.

My first is in moon but not in sun; My second is in walk but not in run; My third is in night but not in day; My fourth is in want but not in way; My fifth is in worm but not in bait; My sixth is in love but not in hate; My seventh is in isle but not in sea; My eighth is in law but not in fee; My whole is the name of a beautiful tree. —Lilian A. Greene.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

- WORD PUZZLE.—Strain, train, rain, ain, id, n.
ANAGRAM BLANKS.—Chris, china; persist, stripes; remiss; misers; spirit, praise.
DROP-WORD PUZZLE.—See what a lovely shell, Small and pure as a pearl, Lying close to my foot, Fruit, but a work divine; Made so fairly well With delicate spine and whorl, How exquisitely minute, A miracle of design.
CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Naughty.
BEHEADINGS.—Broom-room, glass-lan, chair, hair-air, box-ox, cat-cat, gown-own, water-ster.

MACARONI WITH CHEESE.—Macaroni prepared with cheese is a favorite dish with many people.

Put the macaroni in boiling water after breaking it in pieces about two inches long; put plenty of salt in the water; let it boil for fifteen minutes, then drain off the water and pour in milk enough to cover the macaroni; let it boil in the milk till it is done; of course you must watch it carefully. When it is tender, put it in a puddling dish, or in some dish in which it can be sent to the table. Put a layer of macaroni in the bottom, with little lumps of butter on it, then a layer of grated cheese, and so on alternately until the dish is full. Cover the top with bread or cracker crumbs, with little lumps of butter on the top; set it in the oven till the top is brown, and it is all thoroughly heated.

FISH CAKES.—Take any codfish that has been cooked, remove all skin, bone and fat, and make fine.

Mix with it mashed potatoes rubbed to a cream with a little butter. One-third as much potatoes, one and one-half, or even the same quantity as you have of fish, can be used. Make it out into little cakes with the hands, and fry in a little butter or fresh suet.