

Children of the Queen.

BY LESWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Fair Canada, a virgin land,  
Two thousand leagues along,  
By mountain, plain and ocean strand,  
Rings out in loyal song,  
From Arctic roar to Fundy's tide,  
They martial tribute bring,  
In city way, on prairie wide,  
Her loyal children sing.

Hurrah for Canada! The Right  
Doth here her cause maintain,  
Hurrah for England! Who is might  
And majesty doth reign,  
Hurrah for Greater Britain! None  
Such Empire vast hath seen,  
The boys and girls of Canada  
Are children of the Queen.

Her fertile vales abundance yield,  
Greater than greatest need—  
A mighty Nation's harvest field,  
By Providence decreed;  
Here hills and shoreways, isles and seas,  
Show wondrous wealth imperial'd;  
While forests waving in the breeze  
Are the pine lands of the World.

Kept by our God since Time had birth,  
Hidden and unexplored;  
The boast and glory of the earth—  
A garden of the Lord.  
Within her gates the true and brave  
Rejoice to find and feel  
The broadest freedom heart can crave,  
And highest human weal.

White Morning in continual round,  
With light and life, for aye,  
Forever smileth, sunlight crown'd,  
On Britain's royal sway.  
Amid the regal realms that grace  
Her bold Imperial quest,  
Bright Canada hath won her place—  
The gem of all the rest.  
Toronto, Can.

TIM'S FRIEND.

By Annie M. Barton.

CHAPTER IV.

TIM RUNS AWAY.

All Granny Brown's hesitation and doubt vanished in an instant, and seizing Tim's arm, she demanded roughly: "Where's the silver shilling, with a hole in it and a string, that a little boy gave you this mornin'?" Come, out with it, and look slippy."

Utterly taken aback, and bewildered by this very unexpected question, Tim blurted out, "Who told you?" then perceiving what a dangerous admission he had made, changed it into a vigorous shout: "It's a lie! I tell you it's a lie! I've never got no shillin'." I've give you every cent I've earned this day, wisher-may-die if I haven't."

But the old woman was not to be hoodwinked.

"You've got it, and the sooner you turns it out the better," she said, with grim sternness.

"I haven't, I haven't," cried Tim; "you may search me all over and you will find nothing." Making a sudden dart, he tried to slip through the door, but the woman caught him by the collar of his ragged jacket, and dragged him back.

"So that's your little game, is it, to slink off and spend your money on the sly? Not if I know it. I'll find something as 'll make you speak afore you're many minutes older."

"Not the belt! oh, not the belt!" shrieked Tim, as the old woman picked up a thick leather strap with a buckle on one end.

For answer, down came the strap with a dreadful blow, then another and another, while Tim screamed in agony, and fought like a little wild cat, but, alas! could not get away.

"Where is the money, you little imp? Tell me what you've done with it!" shouted the cruel woman, as she continued to beat the child.

"I won't, I won't! You shan't ever have it! Oh, help! help! help! she's killin' me!"

"Ay, and if you don't tell me I will kill you, you wretched little beggar's brat, even if I have to swing for it!"

In her blind rage and fury it seemed as if the old woman would, indeed, fulfil her threat, and kill the boy, so unmercifully did the blows fall upon every part of his shrinking body, while his agonized screams rang through the room and penetrated to the court.

Bob Fletcher, hitherto an unmoved spectator, began to shuffle uneasily, and at last said gruffly: "Drop it, granny, you've done enough; if this row goes on it'll bring the polis, and you'll be put into quod."

What effect this speech might have had will never be known, for at that instant the room door was flung violently open, and a big, coarse, red-faced woman, with virago written unmistakably upon her features, rushed in like a whirlwind.

Before Granny Brown was aware of her purpose, she had dragged Tim from the old woman's clutches, and interposed her own burly form.

"What d'ye mean by ill-treatin' a bit bairn in such a fashio?" she demanded, furiously. "You wretched, good-for-nothing old hag!" And then she used many strong words and expressions too terrible to be repeated here.

For one instant granny stood petrified by the sudden attack, then, with a wild cry of rage, darted forward and tried once again to seize the boy.

"Oh, no, you don't!" said the woman, Bet Waters by name, keeping Tim safely behind her broad back, and with one push of her brawny arm she sent the old woman staggering into a corner of the room. "If ye want a fight, come on, I'm game!"

"Big Bet" was well known in the neighbourhood as an evil-tongued, quarrelsome woman, who liked not better than a row or a fight. Many times she had been brought before the magistrates for assaulting her neighbours; but neither fines nor penalties of any kind prevented her from repeating the offence.

She was not kind-hearted or fond of children, and interfered now upon Tim's behalf more from a desire to "spite" Granny Brown, whom she hated, than from any other motive.

Tim saw an opportunity to escape, and creeping, unobserved through the half-open door sped swiftly away. He stopped an instant at the old, tumble-down building where his precious shilling lay hid, and, having recovered his treasure, ran on again in breathless haste.

Poor child! he did not know where he was going; but upon one thing he was resolved, that never, never would he go back to Granny Brown.

At last, from sheer exhaustion, he slackened speed, and then, sore, and aching in every limb, sat down upon a doorstep to rest.

The short winter afternoon was closing in; a thick, damp fog made the air chill and raw, and the homeless, shivering child felt desolate indeed.

Crowds of people passed along the busy thoroughfare, but not one paused to ask what was the matter with poor Tim. His whole body was bruised by the cruel beating he had received, his head was aching, his eyes swollen with crying, yet nobody pitied or tried to help him.

When the evening grew quite dark, and the lamps were lit, and the shops brilliant with gas, Tim, rendered desperate by cold and hunger, left his resting-place on the door-step, and wandered about the streets, begging from the passers-by.

People, however, did not seem charitably disposed, and at nine o'clock Tim's whole gains only amounted to twopence.

He looked at the coppers ruefully, jingling them in his hand.

"I must have some grub, so it leaves nothin' for a bed. Well, I must just try and find a corner where the wind doesn't blow so hard," he said to himself as he entered one of Lockhart's Cocoa Rooms and marched up to the counter.

For the next half-hour the boy was blissfully happy, seated at one of the little marble tables with a halfpenny mug of cocoa and a very large currant bun before him. He ate these delicacies very slowly, they had cost him three-halfpence; he had only one small coin left. This also was presently invested in a three-cornered jam puff, and once again Tim was penniless.

Very reluctantly he left the warm, brightly lighted room and passed into the cold, dark street. He stood thinking a long time outside, his nose pressed against the plate-glass window, his gaze riveted upon the steaming urns and the young ladies presiding at the counters. How dreadful it was to be homeless and destitute! He thought of little Johnnie and of Johnnie's kind, loving mother, but he dare not go to her to ask for help; he knew Bob Fletcher would be sent by Granny Brown to watch the house, and poor Tim felt he would rather die of starvation than fall into her clutches again.

Suddenly a plan occurred to him he would go to Sunderland, it was only about ten miles, there he would try to pick up a living, and perhaps some day he might come across his kind friend John Wilson, steward on board the Argus.

Leaving the town, Tim trudged briskly along the high road leading to Sunderland, and though his bare feet tingled with cold, and the raw, damp fog penetrated every fold of his ragged jacket, his heart was light, for he was free.

As the night grew later the boy's footsteps flagged; he felt he could not go much farther without a rest; yet there

seemed no place where he could find shelter.

Suddenly a bend in the road revealed a long, deep hole, a pile of loose stones and gravel, a bright fire, and a watchman's little hut, in which was seated an old man smoking a short clay pipe.

Noislessly the boy crept near and cowered down beside the welcome blaze. How warm the fire was! how delightful after the long, cold walk! If only he might stay beside it and go to sleep, but that he knew was impossible. In a very short time he expected to be ordered away, and thought, with dread, of the long, cold stretch of road that lay between himself and Sunderland.

But the old man took no notice, he went on smoking his pipe, and Tim was feeling very happy and comfortable, when he was suddenly startled by the words:

"Now, then, youngster, be off. You've had a good warm, and the sooner you make tracks the better."

Slowly the boy raised himself from the ground, and came to the other side of the fire facing the speaker.

"And where would you advise me to go?" he asked, in a very grave voice, though his eyes twinkled with fun.

"Why, home, of course, where all kids such as you ought to have been hours since."

"Sorry I can't oblige you, but seeing as I have no home, it's impossible. I'm on the tramp to Sunderland, looking for work. I say, mister, you might let a feller rest a bit by your fire, honest truth, I'm about dead beat."

The old man surveyed the ragged, dirty, little creature with no unkindly eyes.

"Where's your father and mother?" "Hain't got any," was the prompt reply; "I'm on my own hook; fact is, I've runned away."

"Where from?"

"Over there," said Tim, indicating by a backward shake of his head the town he had left a few hours before. "The old woman I lived with beat me terrible to-day, so I cut my stick, and I'll never, never go back to her agen. What d'ye think of that, and that, and that?" added the boy, pulling aside his ragged clothing, and showing dreadful marks on arms, legs, and back.

"Poor little chap!" said the man. "Now, I'll tell you what, if you can manage to curl yourself up on the floor of this little box, you can sleep till daylight, and then move on."

"D'ye mean it?" cried Tim. "My word! you are a real decent chap, and no mistake."

Without more ado he crept into the watchman's hut and rolled himself into a round ball on the wooden floor, doing his best not to inconvenience his new friend, for whose legs there was now no much room.

The fire outside glowed and sparkled, and the heat from it was as good as a blanket to poor little cold and weary Tim. In less than five minutes he was sound asleep.

When he awoke it was broad daylight, the fire was still burning clear and bright, and the old watchman, smoking his pipe, was pacing up and down the frosty road near the hut.

Tim felt stiff, and cramped, and sore, but he got up, and came slowly out.

"You've been very good to me," he said simply, "and I thank you for it."

"Here, drink this afore you go, it'll put some heart into you," said the man, handing to the lad a tin bottle full of warm, sweet coffee.

Tim drank it eagerly, and then a big slice of bread and cold bacon was put into his hand, together with three pennies. Tim could not speak, but shook the hand of his kind friend, then turned away, and the old man stood watching until the forlorn little figure passed out of sight.

(To be continued)

REAL WORTH.

A farmer boy named Steve went away from home to the city, and in the course of years became a very successful railroad man. One warm summer day he found himself at home on a little vacation. He was seated under the old apple tree, with the half of a red-hearted watermelon on his lap. His father, busy with the other half, paused now and then to ask Steve about his new job and what he paid for his fine clothes. Presently he wanted to know what they called his boy on the road—conductor, brakeman, or what?

"They call me the General Freight Agent, father," said Steve.

"That's a mighty big name, Steve."

"Yes, father, it's rather a big job, too, for me."

"But you don't do it all, Steve. You must have hands to help you load and unload?"

"Oh, yes, I have a lot of help."

"And the company pays them all?"

Yes.  
"How much do they pay you, Steve—\$2 a day?"

Steve almost strangled on a piece of corn, and the old gentleman saw that he had guessed too low.

"\$3?" he ventured.

"More than that, father."

"You don't mean to say that they pay you as much as five?"

"Yes, father, more than twenty-five."

The old gentleman let his watermelon fall between his knees, stared at his boy, and whistled. Then a serious look came in the old man's face, and, leaning forward, he asked earnestly, "Say, Steve, are you worth it?"

Every man ought to ask himself the serious question concerning every success that comes to him in life, whether he is giving value received to the world in service for the success it confers upon him.

Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

IT SAVES THE BOYS.

The best argument I have found in Maine for prohibition was by an editor of a paper in Portland, that was for political reasons mildly opposed to it. I had a conversation with him that ran something like this:

"Where were you born?"

"In a little village about sixty miles from Bangor."

"Do you remember the condition of things in your village prior to prohibition?"

"Distinctly. There was a vast amount of drunkenness and consequent disorder and poverty."

"What was the effect of prohibition?"

"It shut up all the rum-shops, and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe."

"How long did you live in the village after prohibition?"

"Eleven years, or until I was twenty-one years of age."

"Then?"

"Then I went to Bangor."

"Do you drink now?"

"I have never tasted a drop of liquor in my life."

"Why?"

"Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it, and after that I did not care to take on the habit."

That is all there is in it. If the boys of the country are not exposed to the infernalism, the men are very sure not to be. This man and his schoolmates were saved from rum by the fact that they could not get it until they were old enough to know better. Few men are drunkards who know not the poison till after they are twenty-one. It is the youth the whiskey and beer men want. North American Review.

A WATER ENGINE.

The living body is a water engine. It could not carry on the work it does on any other system. It is a much a water engine as a steam engine is, although I cannot deny that other fluids than water will act as motors, for I have seen a spirit engine; but the body is not an engine of this class, and no one can treat it as such. Some try to make it one, live as if it were one, and at last get themselves into so morbid a condition under it they feel as if alcohol were the only natural fluid, even though fatal, so that the smallest accident may snap the machine or break the balance between mind and matter—The late Sir B. W. Richardson.

FAD BEADING.

A little fellow sat reading a book. When he saw his father coming he put the book out of sight, and stood up in great confusion, waiting for his father to pass by. Now, I didn't like that, and I herewith advise that boy, and all other boys, never to read anything they are ashamed of. Open every page you read, full and free, in God's light and presence, as you must, and if it is not fit to be opened so, do not read it at all.

Bad reading is deadly poison, and I, for one, would like to see the poisoners—that is, the men who furnish it—punished like any other murderers, yes, more, it is far worse to kill the soul than to kill the body.

In my opinion, parents are not half watchful enough in this matter, and if I were you, young folks, I wouldn't stand it.

Ma, remarked the small boy, isn't it funny that everybody calls my little brother a bouncing baby?"

Why do you think it is funny, William?" returned his mother.

"Because when I dropped him on the floor this morning he didn't bounce a bit. He cried."