



(Address all letters to Cousin Dorothy, Box 92, Newcastle, Ont.)

DEAR CHILDREN,—

The names of new recruits to the Lookout Regiment are still coming in. The latest arrivals are: Charles Fisher, Jimmie Matchet, J. R. Kennedy, Lillie Sinclair, Colin Campbell, Frank Dawson, Annie Brown, Emily Brown, Will Thompson. One of our N.-W. T. boys writes:

DEAR GENERAL,—

I would like to enlist as a regular in the Lookout Regiment. I am thirteen, and would like to be a soldier. I have seen active service in the cavalry, and had my wrist hurt by a fall from a horse. I am sending the two one-cent stamps for the ribbon badge. I am fond of the Advocate, and always read it. I hope Private Ben will soon be able to join the fighting ranks again. Hoping to write again soon, I remain—

CORPORAL JIMMIE.

I hope you are out of hospital by this time, Jimmie, and able to mount your war-horse again. I feel sure you were an honor to the regiment in the way of cheerful obedience to orders and plucky endurance of pain. Our Lookout Regiment seems to be in a flourishing condition. If you are honestly trying to keep the two rules of looking out for opportunities of showing kindness and looking out for good qualities in others, it will certainly be a good thing both for yourselves and the people around you. But I don't want you to enlist without considering what you are doing and making up your mind to do it thoroughly.

"Whatsoever you find to do,  
Do it, boys, with all your might;  
Never be a little true,  
Or a little in the right.  
Trifles even lead to Heaven;  
Trifles form the life of man;  
So in all things, great and small things,  
Be as thorough as you can.

"Spotless truth and honor bright—  
Let no spot tinge their surface dim.  
I'd not give a fig for him  
Who says *any* lie is white!  
He who falters, twists and alters  
Little items when we speak,  
May deceive me, but believe me,  
In himself he is a sneak."

A great many people are trying to show kindness to others; like our Lord Jesus Christ, they go about doing good.

I am sure you will be interested in hearing of the kindness shown to many poor little children in the great city of New York. You know it is dreadfully hot there, and the little children get weak and miserable, because they are shut up in hot, close rooms, sometimes five or six families live in one room. They can scarcely breathe, it is so hot and stuffy, and many of them have not nearly enough to eat. They have no grass to roll about on, no water that they can paddle in, nothing but hot rooms and hotter pavements.

Twenty-five years ago a kind gentleman took a lot of these boys and girls from the slums for a sail on the bay. You can just imagine how thoroughly they enjoyed it. Then different Fresh-Air Societies were started; and now, every summer, a large number of these children know what a real outing means. There are two floating hospitals, which carry as many sick children as possible right away from the hot city. The poor, tired mothers go too, and come back, after breathing the cool sea breeze for hours, feeling ever so much happier and stronger. Last summer more than sixty thousand patients were carried on these floating hospitals. About five thousand were very ill, but not one died while they were out. Another society gave outings of one day each to more than fifteen thousand women and children. You, who live in the country all the time, can hardly imagine what such an outing means. The children treasure the memory of that happy day for years, and live it over and over again in dreams.

Then there is a large farm where boys are taught to work. They are taken from miserable homes, where they have been kicked and beaten and hardly used. They are given good food and decent clothes. When they have been trained a little while, they are placed in good homes and given a chance to work their way up respectfully and happily. If they had been allowed to grow up in the slums, they would have been taught nothing but wickedness, but when given this chance many of them turn out to be very fine fellows.

Another society provides poor miserable children not only with food and clothes and teachers, but

also with swimming-pools, games and amusements of all kinds. They march to their meals like soldiers to the sound of music or the beat of a drum. The teachers are very kind to them, and the children soon learn to love them dearly.

Now, are you not glad that you too are trying to do kindnesses, helping in this good work of making the world better and happier? Some children like to think of all the kind things they would do if only they were rich. They would go to poor families and take them plenty of nice food and comfortable clothes. They would give dolls and other toys to the sick children. But, as they are not rich, they don't give anything. To give what we don't want ourselves is not the best kind of giving after all. It is more blessed to give than to receive, but those who give something they really care for themselves understand best the real happiness of giving. And, remember, the little kindnesses may count up very quickly if you are really on the lookout for them.

Greta was only six years old, and very small for her age. "I'm so little," she sighed, "and there isn't anything I can do."

"Tut!" said grandfather, who had overheard her. "Who opens my paper, and finds my spectacles, and brings my stick to me?"

"And who puts the ribbons in my cap, and gives



"AN EVENING SONG."

puss his saucer of milk, and buttons my boots for me?" added grandmother.

"Who is the little girl that carries my slippers and rolls my chair up to the fire?" asked father, his eyes twinkling.

"I know somebody who can feed chickens, hunt eggs, mind baby, and run errands as nicely as anyone," said mother. Then Tom chimed in, "I know a youngster who can find my things when they get lost, and never grumble about it either."

Little Greta's eyes beamed with delight as grandfather patted her head and said: "Every little task that we do willingly and cheerfully makes the Lord Jesus glad in heaven."

I am sure you can find hundreds of such opportunities lying about the house and neighborhood. They get out of the way very quickly, though, if you don't catch them. Don't let many of them fly past you. Your loving friend,

COUSIN DOROTHY.

P. S.—Send in your letters for the prize competition before the end of August.—C. D.

Hicks. There's Grilley. What a pity so fine a looking fellow should be deaf and dumb.

Wicks. The dumb is all right; but if he wasn't deaf, what an agreeable person he would be to converse with! *Boston Transcript.*

### "An Evening Song."

Here is a picture which carries one into foreign climes. There is much grace in the attitude of the fair young musician, and in her face is the look of one absorbed in her art. The earnest listeners, too, are beautifully drawn, the attitude and thoughtful face of the boy with clasped hands being especially good. Those shady trees, too, and the cool-looking fountain, with its little winged cupid at the top—all lend their charm to the scene, and we can almost think we can ourselves hear that sweet evening song!

### Our Library Table.

"CRANFORD." Mrs. Gaskell. — Amongst the rush of books with which the reading public is literally deluged in these rapid days, to come across a book like "Cranford" is like a refreshing rest after a long journey; the journey may have been enjoyable enough, but who does not appreciate the rest? Many, doubtless, have read "Cranford" long ago, but there are perhaps only a few of the younger readers (not meaning children exactly) who know anything of it or its gifted authoress. It deals with English country life of many, many years ago, and, in spite of this, reminds one forcibly of some old-fashioned places which, even now, keep up old customs. It is the chronicle of what we, in these days, would call a somewhat colorless—indeed *humdrum*—life; so quiet, that the advent of a few new residents, the opening of a new shop, the suspicion of an engagement, was sufficient to throw the whole village into a flutter of excitement. Cranford, as the opening chapter announces, was in possession of the Amazons, inasmuch as it was almost entirely composed of maiden ladies (with a few widows) who considered man as rather out of place amongst them. (One can easily fancy he would be.) Cranford was not a rich community, but even the poorest concealed their anxieties under a smiling face, and never spoke of money, considering that was not "aristocratic." To quote: "When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the small serving maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea-tray out from underneath, everyone took this proceeding as the most natural thing in the world." This was also the case when the lady pretended she didn't know what was for tea, in spite of the fact that she had herself made all the cakes, biscuits, etc. The two chief characters in this quaint and charming book are the Misses Jenkyns, daughters of Cranford's late rector; and the description of Miss Deborah, the elder and more masterful sister, with that of the gentle Miss Mattie, shows a fine discrimination. When Captain Brown and his two daughters take up their residence in this hallowed spot, there is a flutter indeed amongst all these good ladies, but at last he is accepted as a friend. The wordy war between Miss Jenkyns and Captain Brown as to the relative merits of the famous Dr. Johnson and Dickens (who in those days wrote under the name of "Boz") is one of the funniest bits in the book. Here is a specimen: "Have you seen any numbers of the Pickwick Papers . . . Capital thing?" Yes, she *had* seen them; indeed she might say she had read them (mark the guarded style of this reply).

"I must say I don't think they are by any means equal to Dr. Johnson; still, perhaps the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become, if he will take the great Doctor as his model." Then the very strong-minded lady, Miss Pole, is capably described, as is also the Hon. Mrs. Jamieson (sister-in-law to an earl), who leads the society of Cranford, and is looked up to as a type. In contrast to all the stateliness and often silliness of this little old-fashioned society of worthy ladies, there is an undercurrent of truest friendship and sympathy beautifully shown. Miss Mattie Jenkyns (her sister now dead years ago) loses all her fortune (if anything so tiny can be called such), whereupon a private meeting is held by all her old friends, who then and there subscribe a certain sum which will, at least, keep her from want. With many, even a small sum meant going without something, but no one grudged this little tribute, and Miss Mattie never knew of it, for a pardonable little fiction was made up, so that she thought something had been saved out of the wreck (me thinks the Recording Angel notes not this kind of fiction). The way in which this is all told is exquisite. Space will not permit of further detail. "Cranford" is but a small book, but so fine is the delineation of each character and there are many that it is truly a *multum in parvo*, and a book to do us good, even though we cannot but smile at

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