

'Don't understand that,' he mused. 'I can see Tom a-looking now. What made him look so sort of sorrowful?'

If across Bony's leg an ache from a drawn whiplash still lingered, he would have thought remorsefully about Tom. The latter, though, had only given Bony a chance to recall a face astonished and grieved.

'Must say,' thought Bony, 'twas sort of mean in me. When a feller goes to Sunday school 'taint jest right to twit him, and grab him, and pull him down from his mule, like.'

The more Bony thought about it, the more dissatisfied he was with his conduct.

The next day, about the time the two were expected to meet, Bony looked along the line of the hard beaten tow-path. Then he glanced along the length of the placid, sleepy canal.

'D'otator late?' Bony wondered. 'No,' he informed himself in a moment. 'No, she's a-comin!' Yes, something like a big, black fly was crawling down the drowsy canal, and he could see something black in the tow-path.

'Mules!' said Bony.

Soon he said, "Old Broadie!"

Then he exclaimed, "There's Tom!"

There was some delay at the lock, and Bony had jumped down from his mule to reconnoitre the movements of the lock tender. All the time his eyes studiously avoided Tom. Tom, though, did not avoid anybody. He was stepping about socially chatting with the tow-boys and other canal hands. Bony went too near the edge of the lock, and abruptly a heavy splash soon echoed on the air.

"Bony's overboard!" was the ringing cry of a tow-boy.

Tom sprang forward and looked. It was just like human nature when he had this thought, "Let him cool off, it will do him good."

While he had this thought, he had also a view. He saw Bony's pallid terrified face. Somehow he could see the motto on the lavender-shaded wall also, with that thought about the ruler of one's spirit. Had he better not find out again what it was worth? Had he not promised Old Broadie?

Splash-sh! Down into the water went Tom. He could swim like one of the muskrats that love to haunt an old canal bank and bore into it. When he came up out of the water he was holding up Bony with one arm manfully fighting for life with the other. For a few minutes there was great confusion at the lock. Soon the lock tender rushed forward with a rope. Down it went to Tom and Bony, and up they came, drenched and dripping, but saved.

The next Sunday, to the astonishment of Will Dunning, who lived in the midst of those hollyhocks and marigolds near the canal, Tom came forward and said, 'Guess I will go with you to Sunday-school.'

'You will, Tom? Good!'

'Yes, I have found out it can do something for a feller, and—I—I want it—and Bony says he wants

it too. So you have got two of us to tow into school.'

'Ah! O! I am good for it,' said the delighted Will. 'When it comes to to-win' to Sunday-school. I can tow better than your mules even.'

—Sunday School Times.

HOME RELIGION.

Our Lord gave thanks before he distributed (Feeding the five thousand). This was an universal custom among the Jews, and the Lord has approved it by his example. "He who enjoys anything without a blessing robs God," says the Talmud. Yet how many Christian families are there in which Grace before Meat is never heard. It looks a little indeed as if family religion of any sort were to become a thing of the past. The father hastens to his business, and the children to their school, without one word of recognition for the mercoies of the night; without a single petition for help and guidance through the day. The father is, or should be, the priest of his own household, to offer up their spiritual sacrifice; but how many never think of doing so! He should be their instructor in divine things; but how many never open the Bible to their children!

The boys see their father busy till the last stroke of the church bell with his Sunday papers; they see the same papers or a novel taken up on his return. Is it any wonder that they come to think religion a matter of secondary importance? Is it any wonder that they think it only fit for women, since they see its outward observance left wholly to them? Oh, how many thorns are these negligent, indifferent Christian fathers and mothers cultivating for their own pillows! It is true that a boy or girl may turn out badly, however much pains has been taken with his religious training, because in this world all must make the choice between good and evil for themselves; but at last, the careful, conscientious parent has not the added bitter pang of thinking 'my neglect, my selfish indulgence, has made the child what he is'—Selected.

DIOCESE OF HURON.

BRANTFORD.—The Grace Church, St. Jude's and Burford Branches of the W. A. M. A. assembled recently in St. Jude's Schoolhouse, to listen to a Missionary address from Mrs. Boomer, who spoke feelingly, and as 'one who knows,' on the subject of the position and privations of our isolated missionaries in the Northwest, whose lot, owing to the vastness of the territory and the inclemency of our climate, is certainly as hard as the lot of any of the band of missionaries, while devoid of the exciting perils and halo of glory surrounding those devoted men who go to Africa, and other pagan lands afar. We need that that frightful loneliness and those privations be brought home to us—sitting by our own warm hearths, our imaginations are bounded by the narrow hori-

zons of civilizations. At the request of the President of St. Jude's Branch, Mrs. Boomer, after concluding her address, spoke a few words on the education of Missionaries' children, putting before the meeting the same scheme she put before a similar meeting held at Grace Church rectory, nearly a year ago, viz: that it is most desirable that a Home should be established for the reception and education of these children, debarred from those educational advantages the poorest home in Eastern Canada, and that till this can be accomplished, the M. A. M. A. and other friends raise sufficient funds to allow of these children being brought to our large centres, entrusted to the charge of carefully selected Christian persons, and attending the public schools,—thus receiving an education that will fit them to face the world and help themselves. Shall not the Church secure to them this education which the country secures to every child in Ontario? God prosper the work.

INDIAN intelligence brings us just now a piece of news. At a marriage celebrated in Calcutta the other day the bridegroom was aged thirty-five. His bride is an infant nine months old. Chandra Dey may die before his wife has learned to talk. In that case the horrors of perpetual widowhood will begin for her at once.



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