

A TRUE STORY.

"WHERE is the baby, grandmamma?"  
The sweet young mother calls  
From her work in the cosy kitchen,  
With its dainty whitewashed walls.  
And grandma leaves her knitting,  
And looks for her all around;  
But not a trace of baby dear  
Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle,  
No gleam of its sunny hair,  
No patter of tiny footsteps,  
No sign of it anywhere.  
All through house and garden,  
Far out into the field,  
They search each nook and corner,  
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid;  
Grandmamma's eyes grew dim;  
The father a gone to the village;  
No use to look for him,  
And the baby's lost! "Where's Rover?"  
The mother chanced to think  
Of the old well in the orchard  
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her!  
Rover!" In vain they call,  
Then hurry away to the orchard;  
And there by the moss-grown wall,  
Close to the well lies Rover,  
Holding to baby's dress,  
Who was leaning over the well's edge  
In perfect fearlessness.

She stretched her little arms down,  
But Rover held her fast,  
And never seemed to mind the kicks  
The tiny bare feet cast  
So spitefully upon him,  
But wagged his tail instead,  
To greet the frightened searchers,  
While naughty baby said:

"Dere's a 'tittle dirl in the ater;  
She's dust as big as me;  
Mamma, I want to help her out,  
And take her home to tea.  
But Rover, he wou't let me,  
And I don't love him. Go  
Away, you naughty Rover!  
Oh! why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying:  
"My darling, understand,  
Good Rover saved your life, my dear—  
And see, he licks your hand!  
Kiss Rover!" Baby struck him.  
But grandma understood;  
She said: "It's hard to thank the friend  
Who thwarts us for our good."

ISAAC AND THE BEAR.

BY REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WHEN the missionaries in the North-West visit their outposts, some of which are more than 100 miles distant, they are accustomed to take a few Indians with them, as it would not be safe to travel alone. Besides there are numerous duties to be performed when the missionary must have assistance.

Some of the companions of the missionary are usually good storytellers. One of those men was called Isaac. On one occasion he had been ordered to shoot a bear. Next morning, before starting on his journey, he was attending to his devotions, when his companions called his attention to a pair of deer which were approaching very near to where they were seated. But said he, when relating the adventure to the Rev. O. German, "I could not allow my mind to be drawn off my prayers by any earthly thing, and so I did not look up at all." Of course when they had finished worship, there were no deer to be seen. "Never mind," said Isaac, "one deer is not all." After two or three days his comrades returned home, and he was thus left alone. "I had loaded one barrel of my gun with a very light charge to shoot a rabbit, if I should see one, the other was primed for the deer I was tracking. Suddenly," said he, "I heard just in front a cracking of brush, and a grinding of teeth, and,

looking up, I saw three raging bears approaching me, the foremost one already standing up to receive me. What to do I hardly know. I was frightened. I could only kill with one barrel. I must give the first one that. I fired. He fell. But now the others come on more fiercely than before. What can I do? No time to run. I cannot kill with this light load. I will blind him. I fired into his eyes. He was dazed. I ran. Reaching a safe distance in a thicket I began to reload. The third bear had fled, but I heard the wounded one coming near, twisting and breaking the saplings in his course, in hope of finding me. But he passed, and I was quite willing he should." Isaac did not forget to thank God for his deliverance.

THE PROOF OF LOVE.

A TRUE STORY.

A poor Chinese woman was afflicted by a painful tumour or swelling, which gave her great pain and caused her life to be in danger. By some means she heard that there was in a certain city of her native land a foreign lady who had come from over the seas to teach and help the people of the country. This lady, it was said, knew how to cure disease, and the poor woman determined to go to her in the hope of finding relief. She had to travel some distance, and was accompanied by a young man, her own grandson.

When the missionary lady, who was in truth a doctor, saw the woman, she said, "I think I can help you, but it will be necessary for me to cut this tumour away."

To this the woman consented, for what will not one bear in order to escape from death? The operation was performed successfully, but when it was nearly over there was wanting a little piece of flesh to lay into the wound.

"Will you let me take it from your arm?" asked the lady of the young man. Somewhat ungraciously he answered, "Yes."

He was scarcely willing to suffer a little pain and inconvenience for the sake of his sick grandmother. When the flesh from his arm had been applied, a little more was still wanting. Then the missionary doctor bared her own arm and took from it so much as was needed in order to make the operation complete.

When the poor Chinese woman saw the white skin of the foreigner laid upon her own olive-coloured body, she exclaimed,

"Now I know what brought you here. It was love for us. I always thought before that you had come to make money, or in some way to get gain from the people of my country—but love, and love only, could make you willing to shed your blood for me."

Then the lady told her patient of Jesus, the blessed Saviour, who came to earth to suffer and die that he might redeem us by his blood. The woman listened and believed. From that time the Lord of the foreign lady was her Lord and Master too.

The few drops of blood thus shed by the missionary were the proof of her love. Jesus gave himself for us that we might be saved. When he was upon earth, still going about doing good, healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, giving sight to the blind, telling the people of the love of their heavenly Father, and of the home

above to which he would have them go, he said: "I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." And again he said: "I lay down my life for the sheep."—*Word and Work.*

MARK TRAFTON IN MONTREAL.

THE Rev. Mark Trafton, of Boston, tells in *Zion's Herald* how he was treated in Montreal, which he reached with Bishop Foster at 8.50 one Saturday night.

"We seized our baggage and stepped out, when we were once arrested by a man over six feet in height, a perfect specimen of a policeman, who when he laid hold upon the Bishop, whose valise was larger and so more suspicious than mine, thought he had a prize; and I was about to start up, as in duty bound, in defence of our ecclesiastical functionary, when the burly official turned upon me, who, as the tail of a kite, was in the rear, put me under arrest, and calling an assistant gave me into his charge; and did he say it, or was it fancy, 'Look out for him; he's an old offender!' Well, fancy aside, that was the warmest and most hearty reception I had ever received, and will never be forgotten. We speak of the reticence, the coldness of the English people in contrast with Yankee forwardness and gush, but it is all imaginary. It was Dr. Potts, pastor of St. James Church, with Mr. Torrance, a lineal descendant of Philip Embury, who met us at the station, and gave the warm welcome to the Queen's Dominion of which I am writing.

"Now I had no call to Canada, but went to take care of our Bishop, as it were (but it is still an open question who had most need of care, and who received most personal attention), and so I intended to go to a hotel on my arrival in Montreal, but no, 'It is an absurdity; not to be thought of,' and so into a carriage we were put, and away we drove to the residence of Hon. James Ferrier, a senator of the Parliament, where we deposit the Bishop and Mr. Torrance, son-in-law of Mr. F., and then off we go up, up, up, until we stop in front of a large granite structure, and Dr. Potts says, 'This is our Theological College, and you are to be the guest of the president, Doctor Douglas.' The door was opened before we rang, and in we went, and there stood the great-hearted, clear-headed, scholarly Doctor, whom I had met in Boston years ago, and the greeting he gave me was worth a journey to Montreal. But, alas! when last we met he could look me in the face, but now over his brow was a green shade, and his eyes

'roll in vain

To find a piercing ray, and find no dawn.  
He has lost his sight; yet cheerful, happy, resigned, he still works on, and finds a pleasure in his task as president of this young but flourishing college. His wife and his three accomplished daughters are eyes to him, and lighten his task.

"But it is Saturday night, and another communication must tell of that Sabbath."

BEAUTY, bounty and blessedness— all meet in perfection in the Lord Jesus Christ: "He is altogether lovely."

ALL CAN DO SOMETHING.

THERE is work in the world for even the smallest child.

A lady was going to visit a poor woman, when her nephew, five years of age, brought a biscuit to her, and begged her to take it to the sufferer.

"I can do without lunch," said the child; "I have had a good breakfast." And accordingly he did without lunch that the poor woman might have a biscuit.

A young girl fifteen years of age, being obliged to go into a shoemaker's shop to inquire for a poor boy who was in her class in the temperance school, said kindly to the cobbler who had given her the information sought.

"Are you a temperance man?"  
"No; but I ought to be," was the answer. "When I was we were better off than we are to-day."

After further conversation the girl asked,

"Will you come next Sunday evening to our temperance meeting?"

"I will," he promised.

He came, was converted, signed the pledge, and subsequently joined a Methodist church, and is to-day happy and prosperous.

He said to a comrade not long ago:

"That girl is my guardian angel."

You can all do something. Are you trying? Are you thoughtful of the poor? Are you self-denying that you may help some one less favoured than you are? Have you signed the pledge? Have you asked any one else to sign it? Do you speak pleasant, encouraging words to some one each day? Are you courteous and polite to all? Are you constantly watching for opportunities to say a cheerful word or do a kind act? Have you given your heart to Jesus, and are you praying by name for those of your friends who are not Christians? O how much there is for even the smallest child to do for Jesus!

WHAT OUR BOYS MUST LEARN.

To cultivate a cheerful temper.  
To choose their friends among good boys.

To learn to sew on their own buttons.  
Not to tease boys or girls smaller than themselves.

To take pride in being little gentlemen at home.

To be polite and helpful to their own sisters, as they are to other boys' sisters.

To treat their mothers as politely as if she were a strange lady, who did not spend her life in their service.

To feel a noble pride in making their mothers and sisters their best friends.

When their play is over for the day, to wash faces and hands, brush the hair, and spend the evening in the house.

If they do anything wrong, to take their mothers into their confidence, and above all never to lie about anything they have done.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, and put it directly in front of the fire, and to forget to offer it to their mother when she comes in to sit down.

Not to grumble, or refuse, when asked to do some errand that must be done, and which otherwise will take the time of some one who has more to do than themselves.