

how could she ever have thought they were nothing to her?

'Children are queer creatures!' remarked the physician, with a wonderful lightening of tone after a careful examination of his patient the next morning.

"Here's this young man been knocked up in a way that would have killed a grown person, and there's not a single broken bone discoverable except that one in the leg, and there is no evidence yet of the internal injuries I feared. Give him a little time and I think he will pull through all right."

Time was nothing. The two watchers looked at each other with tears of thankfulness in their eyes. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, the tall girl bent her head and kissed the little woman's cheek.

'I am so glad—mother!' she said.

It needed only that to set the long-repressed tears flowing. The tired head dropped on the girlish shoulder.

'Oh, Ernestine, it's all been so hard! I've been so lonely, and I thought—'

'Yes, I know,' interposed the strong, caressing young voice, 'but we'll never think it any more, either of us.'

Up in her own room again—the room she had left so confidently only yesterday to conquer her place in the world, Ernestine unpacked her trunk, and as she shook out her dresses and hung them away she mentally rearranged her plans.

'I must write to Mr. Lloyd that he need not trouble himself about securing a school for me; I will use my own influence instead and secure one here in Glenvale, where I've more than once been told I could have one,' she decided in her prompt, energetic fashion. 'I meant to make friends and help people anyway, and my opportunity seems to be very much at hand. I think I'll choose my world nearer home, and have a real home and "folks" in it, too.'

So the little invalid had two nurses who petted and spoiled him to their hearts' content, and he throve and recovered as marvelously as only a small boy can. One day, when games and stories had wearied him until he was ready to sleep, there seemed to flash upon him the suggestion that much of this attention must presently cease, and he asked:

'When are you going away, Ernie?'

'I'm not going, dear. Sister means to stay at home with you.'

The brown eyes studied her thoughtfully for a moment. 'Well,' he said, with a long sigh of relief as his head turned on its pillow. 'Then you'll help take care of mommer, and it don't matter so much that those "tatoes didn't get planted after all.'

A Child's Hymn.

Father, I am but a child,
Yet I would adore Thee.
Saviour, tender, meek and mild,
None I love before Thee.
Holy Spirit, from Thy throne
Lead Thou me, Thy little one.

All my joys to Thee I bring,
All my sighs and sighing,
All the little songs I sing,
All the work I'm trying.
Father, Saviour, Spirit, own
Even now Thy little one.

I would give my life to Thee,
With its fond hopes glowing,
All the good Thou givest me,
Love for ever flowing.
Father, Spirit, Lord, look down,
Bless, oh, bless Thy little one.

—'Our Little Dots.'

Man's Dreams.

A TRUE STORY

(Edith Prince Snowden, in 'The People's Paper'.)

Nan stood just outside the servants' entrance to The Place. She was darning one of the laird's socks, and as she darned she dreamed dreams.

Hers had been a peaceful life. Ever since the age of seven, she had lived at The Place, and had been the darling of the housekeeper, her dead mother's sister, and a general pet in the household. The Laird had, in the generosity of his heart, taken charge of the orphan child on the untimely death of her parents, and promised to look after the five hundred pounds, the accumulated savings, left in trust for the child. Nan joined the young ladies in some of their simpler studies, and their kind governess taught her to make small garments for those poorer than herself. This was the seed which took root in the childish heart, growing with her growth, until the time of perfect fruition should arrive.

At the age of eighteen, Nan was appointed sewing and mending maid to the family. It was an easy post, and many an hour she spent reading or studying in the housekeeper's room, or in the small garden adjoining.

'Can you recommend me a trustworthy superior girl as nurse to my boy of three?' wrote Lady Muir.

The laird and his wife recommended Nan. They were simple-minded people, and felt she would be better amid new surroundings, and that perhaps the quiet ease of their home had engendered impossible hopes. But once out in the world, free to follow the dictates of her own wishes, Nan's dreams took a deeper meaning. She decided to save every penny possible to add to the five hundred pounds which had accumulated since her childhood, and later to go out to India as a missionary.

It would not be a life of roses. She was ignorant in many ways, understanding nothing of the difficulties to be surmounted, the trials to be borne; but she would, she resolved, bear anything, everything, death even, if need be.

The years passed by swiftly. Another and another child was born at the castle. Nan's heart expanded amid her loving surroundings, the little clinging hands bound her with a chain stronger even than her desire for India. But by-and-by the links began to break; first one boy, then another, went away to school; the girls were promoted to the schoolroom and a lady's maid—Nan's arms were empty. Then the voices which had grown silent made themselves heard once more. There were other children needing her, women in the Zenana who would gladly welcome her. Her resolution was taken, she started for London, entered Queen Charlotte's Hospital, and left honored and respected by all.

Lady Muir and the laird shortly obtained her a post with a mutual friend of their own, starting for India, and the first part of Nan's dream seemed realized, as she found herself on board the P. and O. steamer, but scarcely had they landed in India when her young mistress took fever and died, and Nan suddenly found herself bereft of her only friend in this strange new world.

Nothing daunted, she made her way unaided to the wife of the Viceroy, noted for her large-mindedness and unfailing interest in all native manners and customs. Presenting her credentials, she was accepted by this good lady as a valuable aid, and, finally,

after many failures and disappointments, gained admission to the Zenana. Here her skill was so appreciated that every moment of her time was speedily employed, and ever as she went about she let fall some word of hope or love, and strove to sow some seed of truth in the ignorant hearts around her.

As time passed new branches of work sprang from the old. Her ideas had expanded, experience had educated her. Single-handed, her best efforts must perforce be limited. She therefore determined to build and endow a small Bible school in each new place she visited, choosing an efficient teacher and thus leaving a memorial to God of her humble efforts in his service.

At last, white-haired and weary, she felt that her life's work was accomplished. It had been blessed beyond her wildest hopes. The little seed sown in the schoolroom of The Place had grown into a gracious tree, spreading its branches over many an Indian village, where once a year there is a special day of thanksgiving in memory of the kindly thought and noble heart that began the work.

It was a fair day in June when Nan reached The Place. The blue sky, the waving trees, the flowers, the singing birds, all Nature indeed seemed in unison to welcome the returned pilgrim.

'My journey is done,' she said a few weeks later to one of her 'boys,' now a man with children of his own. 'All my dreams have been fulfilled. I have striven to remember the words your father taught me as a child in this very room:—

'God and His work here,
God and my rest hereafter.'"

In a corner of God's acre, where the roses blow and trees wave gently in the wind, stands a simple cross with Nan's name and the words: 'She hath done what she could.'

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue Nov. 23, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Mr. Morley—'Saturday Review,' London.
A Winter's Walk in Canada—Part II.—By Arnold Haultain, in 'Nineteenth Century,' London.
The Prairie Lands of England—By a Scottish Farmer, in 'The Pilot,' London.
The Commercial Future of England—By the Right Hon. Leonard Courtney, in 'Manchester Guardian.'
The New Irish Movement—A Conversation—'The Academy,' London.
An Appreciation of Li Hung Chang—By Archibald R. Colquhoun, author of 'The "Overland" to China,' in 'Morning Post,' London.
Discoveries at Pompeii—Rodolfo Lanciani, in 'The Athenaeum.'
Redvers Buller, The Man—'M. A. P.,' London.
A Plain Man's Politics—Part I.—By William Archer, in 'Monthly Review,' London. Slightly abridged.
Two Speakers—'The Academy,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

A Commonwealth of Art—An Art School Competition at Tokio—By George Lynch, in 'The Magazine of Art,' London.
Tintoretto at Venice—London 'Times.'
Death of Kate Greenaway—'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Bayreuth Business—'Musical Standard,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Death of Colonel Benson—By Algernon Charles Swinburne, in 'Saturday Review,' London.
A Song of the Settlement—By H. H. Ashford, in 'The Spectator,' London.
The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson—Reviews from 'The Outlook,' 'The Academy,' 'The Speaker' and 'Punch,' London.
The Old Quest—Reviews from 'The Academy' and 'The Pilot,' London.
'The Gentleness that makes Great'—Extract from sermon by Horace Bushnell.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Temporary Stars—'The Edinburgh Review.'

'WORLD WIDE.'

Remainder of This Year FREE.

75 cents

TO JANUARY 1st, 1903.

If paid before January 31st, 1902, when the price will be advanced, to cover improvements about to be made.

Subscribe Now,

before the price is advanced.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

'WITNESS' BUILDING,
Montreal.