

### Lord Aberdeen as Governor-General.

Lord Aberdeen, however, had hardly landed upon Canadian shores before it became evident that he was much more than a mere Governor-General. He was a living man with wide and catholic sympathies, who recognized that while it was necessary to abide strictly within the constitutional limits in all political questions, in non-political questions, which after all occupy three-fourths of human interest, he was in a position which placed upon him and his family the obligation of exercising all the influence which any highly placed and cultured citizen is bound to exercise. There is no doubt but that Lord Aberdeen will find ample opportunity of proving himself a servant in deed as well as in name. There is plenty to be done in Canada, and few men are so capable of doing it as Lord Aberdeen. Traditionally and personally a Protestant, he has always cultivated the most friendly terms with Catholics, and one of the first and most significant of his actions in the Dominion of Canada was to overcome by a little kindly diplomacy the obstacles which have hitherto prevented the friendly meeting of the Governor-General and the Cardinal of Quebec. It may pass the wit of man to invent any way by which the French Canadian and the Orange Protestant can be prevailed upon to recognize that each are brothers in Christ as well as subjects of the Queen. If it could be done the Aberdeens are the people to do it.

#### LADY ABERDEEN.

Lady Aberdeen possesses immense activity and energy, together with a capacity to do things and get them done. Her first training in the way of organization was the establishment of the Onward and Upward Society, an association that began on a small scale among the domestics and poor people of their estate in Aberdeenshire, and which has spread until they have about 9,000 members throughout the world. In connection with this Lady Aberdeen edits a monthly review under the title of *Onward and Upward*. Dr. Lyman Abbott, writing upon this association in the *Outlook*, says that it is a combination of the Y. W. C. A., Working Girls' Club and the Chataqua Literary and Scientific Association. Another work with which her name is even more prominently associated is the Irish Industries Association, which was brought more conspicuously before the American public by Lady Aberdeen's Irish Village, with its reproduction of Blarney Castle, which stood at the entrance of the Midway Plaisance in Jackson Park. It is difficult to estimate the stimulating influence of this association in promoting the development of the domestic industries of Ireland, and in calling attention to and advertising the existence of Irish manufactures, which are quite worthy to take equal rank with any other nation in the world. Much of the Irish lace and other displays took a high place among the exhibits at the World's Fair, winning forty-seven medals. Thanks largely to business capacity, untiring industry and constant vigilance of Mrs. White, the Irish Village at Chicago, with over one hundred Irish inmates, was a great success from every point of view, as an object lesson of what the Irish could do. It was a realistic production of the actual conditions of life in the old country, which made a very handsome profit for the extension of the work of the association.—From *Character Sketch of Lord and Lady Aberdeen*, by W. T. Stead, in the *January Review of Reviews*.

For coughs, use Slocum's Emulsion, 35c.

### Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas. Ledard, Supt., Owen Sound, Ont. to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

#### Our Heroes.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage  
To do what he knows to be right;  
When he falls in the way of temptation  
He has a hard battle to fight.  
Who strives against self and his comrades  
Will find a most powerful foe;  
All honor to him if he conquers,  
A cheer for the boy who says  
"No!"

There's many a battle fought daily  
The world knows nothing about;  
There's many a brave little soldier  
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.  
And he who fights single-handed  
Is more of a hero, I say,  
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,  
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,  
To do what you know to be right;  
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,  
And you will overcome in the fight.  
"The right" be your battle-cry ever,  
In waging the warfare of life;  
And God, knowing who are the heroes,  
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—Selected.

DEAR CHILDREN: It was with much pleasure that I received the first reports from any of our bands since the Annual Meeting, in time for the first issue of the *EVANGELIST* of 1894. It was a good beginning, which, I hope, will encourage all the others to do likewise. It is a little discouraging sometimes, and I begin to wonder if all the interest in our work has died out, and then when I had reached that stage, those reports came and I took courage once more. When Miss Rioch wrote to me she sent some specimens of writing done by the six girls in the mission school, and as they are curiosities in themselves, I will send one to each of the bands who have reported, and to the next three who send theirs; so if you would like one you had better report promptly. I gathered up all the cards which had been sent by the bands, added six pretty new ones for the girls who sent the writings, and mailed them in time to reach Japan in time for New Year's, so Miss Rioch will have the pleasure of distributing them among the children. I hope none of you will ever waste a picture card, but save them carefully so that they may be sent where they will do good after you have done with them.

I think I must remind you all that our missionary year is passing very quickly and that we have only five months left in which to finish our year's work. Will all the bands make it possible to send me a good report at the end of May—not one missing? I feel almost sure you can if you try hard. I am afraid that we shall not be able to keep our pledge unless we all work for it; and the thought of our missionary toiling away in Japan, doing our work for us, should make us very earnest in helping to make it possible for her to stay there. I know money is very scarce this year, but we must work a little harder and save a little more so that our work need not suffer. Now, children (and leaders), "put your shoulders to the wheel" and do your best, and we shall succeed.

The Owen Sound "Golden Links" held their sale and social on the afternoon and evening of December 8th. It all passed off very pleasantly indeed, and although the financial

results were not all that we desired, we have so many more dollars in our treasury than we should have otherwise, beside all the lessons learned in preparation. Actual work has a value which nothing else has, and the children who are willing to give two hours out of their only leisure day in the week, to quiet, pains-taking work, have learned more than one important lesson along missionary lines which might be studied with advantage, by children of a larger growth. So, far from being discouraged, we are going to try again after a time.

J. E. L.

### Jimmie State, and the Little Bird's Prophecy.

BY AGNES.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Harvest was over, grain threshed, potatoes dug, apples gathered and stored, woodsheds were filled to the doors; all was set in order for the winter. Jimmie had been kept very busy at home and at Mrs. Anderson's all the fall; now school was to begin again. A good many of the boys had gone back some time since, but Jimmie was one of those boys it is hard to get along without.

James Mitchell had been re-admitted at school and was heroically busy with his books, but he always spent Saturday afternoon and part of Sunday at Mrs. Anderson's. He and his father were learning to know each other, and were growing, as James said, "quite chummy." I wonder if all fathers know how highly complimented they are when their half grown sons pronounce them chummy. It means a great deal in boyish parlance.

Ah, these autumn days, with the gentle haze of the morning growing into the glorious afternoon! It is a joy to live, a joy that is made intense by the pair of its fleetingness.

Jimmie generally spent Saturday afternoon in a tree top gathering nuts as busily and actively as any squirrel, while James lay on the ground drinking in the ripe scents of the earth, and lazily watching the effects of cloud and sky through the trees. Sometimes the afternoon was spent in telling stories, that is to say, James told the stories. He was just at the stage of boyish development when Richard Cœur de Lion was his favorite hero; he could see nothing in him but the magnificent strength and careless generosity that made him the well-beloved "our Dickon" of his soldiers. James knew Scott's *Talisman* and *Ivanhoe* almost by heart, and had ransacked all histories for anecdotes of his hero. The one about "Saucy Castle" specially pleased Jimmie.

"You see," said James, "Philip, the king of France, was very anxious to get the French provinces, which Richard held by right of his descent from the Duke of Normandy who had conquered England, away from him. Of course, Richard couldn't stand that, and made up his mind to lick all France rather than give up one acre of his possessions to Philip. So he selected a splendid site and built a very strong fort and called it 'Saucy Castle,' and he loved the castle as if it was his child. Philip knew he would have to fight to get this fort, but he meant to have it, so he sent this message to Richard, 'I will take it were its walls of iron,' and just guess the answer Richard sent back," James stopped to chuckle, "just this, 'I would hold it were the walls of butter.'"

"Whittaker! them was the fellers to fight," said Jimmie in deep admiration; then, after a moment's thought, he asked, "Why wasn't it enough for him to be king of England? I think that ought to be enough for any man."

"I don't know," said James. He had never considered the matter from this point of view before.

"Do you read about him in books?" asked Jimmie.

"Yes."

"Then I'm going to read them books; what books are they? Do they cost much?"

"I don't know how much they cost; I'll lend you mine."

"Will you?" said Jimmie, shyly. "I'll take awful good care of them. I mean to learn lots this winter if it takes the head off me."

In spite of James' explanations—boasts, he called them—some of Jimmie's lessons "went tough," especially spelling, for instance, the word *pain*. Jimmie couldn't see why there need be a *p* and an *i* in it; he said "s-a-m" was good enough for him, but it didn't suit the teacher at all. But before the winter had set in earnest, a great trouble came to Jimmie that made him forget all about Richard the lion hearted, and Philip of France, and remember only that he was Jimmie State, and still a little boy.

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