

Baby gave a little sob and swallowed two salt tears. Then Geoff pulled himself together and remembered he was a man. But, oh, the misery of stepping out of bed not knowing whether there was a bear underneath it! His face was hot, and he ran trembling toward the washstand.

Baby rattled her cot rails in eager anticipation; the sound made Geoff think that something was after him. He could not run with a glass of water, and went stumbling through the darkness shivering with fright.

"Ah-h," said the baby, drinking greedily. "Fank you, dear."

But the hero who had faced the shadows was already tightly curled up in bed and breathing hard. The perils of the journey had exhausted him, but the sense of duty done came as he murmured, "I had to do it, 'cos she's only a girl."—Exchange

Amongst the Galician Children

By Miss Christina Reid

Last summer one day, as we were driving along a road out here in the Galician settlement, we saw a miserable looking house,—you would not call it a home, it was so old and ragged looking. Over the window was hung a piece of old canvas, to keep the light from shining in.

The little girl, who was with us in the buggy, got out and went to the well in front of this house to ask for a drink of water. A group of children ran out to see her,—strangers are a sight they do not often see here. One small boy in the group kept his arm up over his eyes to shade them. He has very sore eyes. He was sick when he was very small, and was not looked after properly, and now, although he gets medicine, it cannot help him much, and he cannot be out in the bright sunlight, nor indeed in the house can he stay near the window where the sun shines.

They are poor people, and often do not get enough good food to make them grow strong and well. One day not long ago the mother was in here, and had a small boy about five years old with her. His face was pale and he was blue with the cold. On his feet were boots, but no stockings.

He wore a thin little shirt, a pair of little overalls and a ragged coat. These and an old toque were his outfit. He was proud to be allowed to come to the village. His mother bought a few fancy biscuits for him, which he held tightly grasped in his little hands. By and by, as he got used to the looks of everything, he began to sample his biscuits, picking off a currant or caraway seed, and eating some of the biscuits; but part were put back in the bag, to be carried home. Some nice warm clothing was given for him when the mother got her parcel of clothing for the family. The father and mother are poor, and from all we know of them, the poor children will not have much chance of knowing, or being, any better.

It makes one sad to go into one of these places and see three or four children huddled up on the bed, looking so eagerly at us, to see if we have anything in the satchel for them. And if we have picture cards, candies or anything we can give them, how glad they seem!

When the little Galicians get a chance they are just as bright as any, and enjoy life and all the beautiful things just as much, more perhaps, than those who have always had them.

Let me tell you of one of these children who is getting a chance,—a bright little girl living here, going to school, learning well, reading and speaking as good English as most Canadian children. She takes her part in all that goes on, doing her simple household tasks, and doing them well. She is looking forward to the time when she will be big enough to be a help to her parents by being a teacher or having some work by which she can earn a livelihood. This is her chance. We all wish we might see many others improving as she is. Her father and mother are glad and proud that their little girl is doing so well, and thank all the kind people who help us in this place, that we may help others and make some children happier. I hope that many of you, boys and girls, will want to lend a hand in this work among our little brothers and sisters, for whom Jesus died as much as for any of us.

Sifton, Man.