

however, that even a prominent Montreal paper has been led into the acceptance of a fiction that the Methodist body and the Church of England could be represented as giving numerical preponderance to the former. C.

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

### HARVEST HYMN.

*St. Matthew 6 : 25 34.*

O Christ, in notes of gladness  
Our harvest hymn we raise;  
Thou givest songs for sadness,  
Thou turnest prayer to praise:  
Redeemer, we adore Thee,  
Thy constant love we sing;  
We cast our sheaves before Thee,  
And hail Thee, Israel's King!

The fowls sow not, nor gather  
With anxious care their food,  
Whilst Thou, Eternal Father,  
Dost feed their hungry brood:  
The lilies stand more splendid  
Than Solomon arrayed,  
By Thy blest care defended;  
Why then are we dismayed?

If God so clothe with beauty  
The grasses of the field,  
Whose bloom the fire, as booty,  
To ashes soon shall yield;  
Will He not clothe and feed thee,  
Preserve thy soul from death,  
And through the desert lead thee,  
O thou of little faith?

The Gentile in his blindness  
Seeks but himself to feed;  
We trust Thy constant kindness,  
Who knowest all our need:  
Not anxious for the morrow,  
We own Thy loving grace;  
Sufficient is brief sorrow—  
We seek our Father's face!

—J. Anketell.

## JEAN'S SUMMER

BY FALLY CAMPBELL.

(Continued.)

'What pretty work you have,' said Jean, drawing a chair close beside her and picking up some of the delicate knit edge which was growing so rapidly under the thin fingers. 'And how beautifully you do it.'

'Practice makes perfect,' said the girl, smiling brightly. 'I have a great deal of it to do. It's the only way I can help support myself at all, and I'm a very expensive luxury. But I'm a luxury,' she added, positively, with a happy, satisfied, little nod.

'I don't doubt it,' said Jean, heartily. 'It's strange I never saw you before; have you lived here long?'

She shook her head. 'We only came a few months ago.' She hesitates, then went on, flushing a little as she spoke. 'We haven't always been as we are now. We used to have plenty of everything, but matters didn't go quite right and we lost it all. Father has always been fond of flowers, and so when the crash came he decided to make a profession of them. It seems very queer; I feel as if we were somebody else all the time.'

'I'm glad you aren't,' said Jean, 'it's so lovely to think of somebody new and nice to impose myself upon this summer. I hope you won't mind being friends with me.'

'I'll love it.'

'Then it's a bargain: I am Jean Brooks, and you are—'

'Ellen Howell. And since we are going to be friends, I'll tell you my plan. This means, and she held up her work, 'a second-hand Latin

grammar wherewith to teach myself Latin in the next three months, and then I shall turn professor of it in the Fall. Do you think that is too ambitious?'

It was an anxious question, in spite of its light tone. But she went on before Jean could answer.

'You see, I think the doctor here would send his two little boys for me to teach next year if I only knew some Latin, which I don't. But they will be beginners, and I ought to be able to get far enough ahead in three months to teach them. Don't you think I can?'

'You and I together can,' said Jean, eagerly. 'Why, Latin is my strong point, and it will be lots of fun to have you for a pupil. Providence meant us for each other.'

'It's such a pleasure,' Ellen said, softly, 'to know that Providence means everything that happens to me is just for me.'

'That's what Miss Annie said yesterday,' Jean remembered on the way home, 'and Miss Lucy is always saying it, and living it too. This makes three sermons I have had off the same text in the last two days; I must be in need of them or they wouldn't be sent so plentifully. Then as the drift of her own thought came to her, she added with a smile of recognition, 'Why, I really seem to be learning a little to claim my privileges as one of the family. There's nothing like life-sermons to make things plain to a person.'

I have not time to tell of Miss Lucy's deep gratitude and pleasure over the lovely, blossoming rose, nor how the friendship brightened the old lady's life, and Jean's too for that matter: I will leave you to imagine the long hours which Jean and Ellen spent together and the good they did to both. But before I end, I must give you a few sentences from a letter of Jean's to one of the girls who was in Europe.

'I am having a beautifully busy time this summer,' she wrote: 'I do not envy you all your grandeur one bit. There's no way to enjoy life like having your hands full of work; and there's no way to find the work like beginning. Like that Amazon story, 'Let down your buckets; it's all around you.' Please don't tell me these remarks are not original. Even if you have heard a thing always, when you begin to do it yourself it feels very original.'

## WHICH WAS THE BRAVE BOY?

'Come along, fellows, and leave Miss Josephine to her own company,' said Hylton Pearse, with a look of disdain directed at Joe Clayton, whose pale face was flushed, either with anger or pain, as he listened to the words of a school-mate. But he said nothing. Not even when Rule Dean seconded Hylton by the observation, expressed with great energy, 'Yes, come on; do, I despise the coward.'

Presently the boys were all gone, and Joe, with the sting of that contemptuous epithet, 'Miss Josephine,' rankling in his heart, was left quite alone in the playground. How bitterly he felt his position nobody expected a boy has been 'sent to Coventry' in the same manner can possibly comprehend.

In two distinct affairs Joe Clayton had that day given offense to Hylton Pearse, who was the leader of the school.

The new Latin teacher had turned out to be very strict, and some of the boys rebelled in a quiet way against his authority. Joe Clayton, who had great skill in drawing, and whose profiles and sketches were quite remarkable, had been asked by the malequents to make a caricature of 'Old Specs,' as the boys dubbed their teacher, and to leave it on the black-board, so that it might meet the view of every one when the school should assemble in the morning. As he often remained at school much later than the others, in order to ride home with the stake which carried the mail to the

village five miles distant where he lived, Joe's opportunity for this bit of disrespect was an excellent one.

Then, too, he stood so high in the tutor's regard that he was sure to be unsuspected. Hylton, whose report was very disgraceful, longed to see Joe descend to his low plane.

In vain he tempted him. When Joe Clayton said 'no' he meant it, and neither coaxing nor bullying affected him in the least.

It was vexations to be dubbed 'Miss Josephine,' but it could be borne.

The second offence was different, and one which the boys saw no reason for. A catcher was needed to take part in a base ball match, and Joe, who was a renowned catcher, was asked to take the place in a certain nine who were chosen from the high school to play against the down-town boys.

He declined, though he was urged, and gave as the cause of his act the excuse that his mother was very uneasy whenever he was playing a match. On her account he had resolved to give up base ball forever.

The boys were indignant. They called Joe mean; and meanness is the last degradation to a school boy.—They went off at last, leaving him to his own reflections.

By and by the mail cart rumbled past, and, as usual, Joe sprang into it for a ride home. His companion was Hylton Pearse, who was going to spend the night at his Uncle Ned's, next door to Joe's. Usually the two boys would have had a great deal to say to each other, but now they were so silent that even Bill Tresham, the driver of the mail, banteringly inquired if they were tongue-tied, or what had happened that they were sitting like mutes.

A charming ride it was from L——to Valley Nook. The road wound along beside a shining river, which did not flow straight on, but bent and twisted itself into loops, and made little excursions through pretty ravines and dimpling dells. The little hills, the green ferny hollows, the bits of woodland, the old church with the quiet graves around it, were all helps to making the journey picturesque.

In perfect silence the two lads sat side by side till they arrived at Valley Nook store, where the stage stopped. There they jumped out and ran to their homes.

Between midnight and two in the morning there was a loud rapping at Mrs. Clayton's door. It was made by a messenger from Mr. Ned Pearse's.

'Oh, Mrs. Clayton, please, please come to our house quick. Mrs. Pearse and Hylton are dying. Little Ben's sick, too.'

'Dying!' exclaimed Mrs. Clayton, hurrying on her clothing; 'that cannot be.'

'And Mr. Pearse is in New York, and there's nobody to do a thing but me.'

Mrs. Clayton and Joe were not long in going over, there being only a garden between the two houses.—They found Mrs. Pearse and Hylton, and little Emma also, violently ill with what seemed to be cholera morbus. They had probably eaten something which had poisoned them.

Mrs. Clayton and Bertha, who was very much alarmed, did all they could, but the sufferers were not relieved, and Joe's mother was not willing to defer sending for the doctor till daylight.

The nearest physician was in L——, 'make haste and saddle Victor and gallop into town. Bring Mr. Bates here as soon as possible. I will keep on doing what I can, but Hylton is in great danger. His life depends on your making haste.'

Joe needed no second telling.

But did his mother remember how lonely the road was at night? Did she know that it skirted a graveyard and passed a barn that was the resort of a gang of tramps? Did she know that Joe was, after all, only just past thirteen years old? She thought of none of these things.