

clusion. It was no use asking his father or mother for they would only say he was "naughty" or "silly," and not listen to him. And Mike would not know. The only thing to be done was to wait and ask Doddles, and, "Doddles would be sure to 'xplain beautifully the difficulty about meeting Maria in Heaven."

Boy was restless during the morning service, and he always annoyed his parents by saying the "Gloria" long after the congregation, and quite out loud. When remonstrated with, his unfailing answer was; "Well, I says it to God, and He doesn't mind."

Now he began imitating first one and then another of the occupants in the square Hall pew. At last his father became aware of the fact that, whenever he blew his nose or yawned, his little son did the same opposite. At first he did not appear to take any notice, but when he detected a smile on some of his friends faces he thought it about time to frown at Boy, who immediately frowned back at him. Then he could not help smiling, which smile was echoed on the other side of the pew.

"What was to be done?" Sir Richard said to himself, as he thrust both his hands in his pockets, which Boy instantly proceeded to do as well.

Where this would have ended the father never knew, only luckily for him, at that moment Boy caught Doddles' eyes fixed gravely upon him, and he read in that look that Doddles knew what he was up to and was displeased.

"There now, Doddles thinks I's naughty," said Boy to himself, "and I 'specs Doddles is about right. It was so very inter-resting copying Papa, and I do believe I quite forgot where I was."

So Boy nodded and smiled at Doddles, to convey to the curate that he understood, and, giving himself a little shake, sat as quiet as a mouse, with his hands folded on his knees.

In a few minutes his attention was caught by the words of the text as the Rector began his sermon. The words seemed to fit in somewhere. They surely answered some troubled question in the child's brain? He puzzled, and puzzled, and puzzled, and then suddenly, as they were repeated, the light dawned on him, and he gave a start of joy!

"In my Father's House," went on the Rector, "are many mansions; if it were not so I would not have told you."

"How stupid I was ever to think for one moment God wouldn't settle it all right," Boy said to himself. It's quite clear now. Heaven will be divided off, and Maria and all the disagreeable people will be in one mansion quite out of the way of me and the others: so I can tell her she can go on wishing to get there, for I shall never meet her again."

Boy was quite happy now, he had settled his worry.

Oh! Boy, if we could only, all of us, "settle our worries" as easily. You have yet to learn, if not hear, in the great "Bye and Bye," that the "many mansions" will not solve your difficulty about meeting disagreeable people hereafter. Our Lord's Prayer is yet to be fulfilled, and we are all to be as one as He is with His Father. The "agreement to differ" in separate mansions is not the perfection of God's love. By the time

Heaven comes, love will have worked on those who did not "get on" here. By the time Heaven comes they will have lost what we dislike. Maybe in Paradise we shall be purified and perfected. They need not be a worry to us now, each in his turn will

"Wake, and remember, and understand."

That afternoon after tea Boy suddenly disappeared, no one knew where, and no one gave him more than a passing thought. The children had done their texts, for Miss Roberts always made them search in the Bible for some verse they liked and say it to her before tea. She allowed them to choose for themselves, for she thought it gave them an insight into Scripture. She was just now a little put out, for Gladys had chosen the shortest she could find, Edward one he knew already, and Boy had stood up gravely and repeated very slowly—

"She brought forth butter in a lordly dish."

"Where did you find that text?" said Miss Roberts sternly, at the same time feeling a strong inclination to laugh.

"In the Bible," said Boy.

"But why did you choose that one?" asked the governess.

"Because I knew it would be a nice surprise," Boy answered sweetly.

And he had succeeded. It was a surprise!

Now he was running as hard as he could towards the old willow tree. He feared he was late, and he dreaded not finding Mike there; but when he climbed up into his perch and looked round, he soon saw his friend was waiting for him behind the oak.

"Mike Nothing," called Boy, and Mike shuffled into view and came shyly towards the place where the child sat.

"I am glad," jerked out Mike, for he saw he was expected to speak.

"Glad of what?" asked Boy.

"Glad you came."

"Why, Mike, I said I would."

"Bless my stars! that ain't the same thing," remarked Mike, with a grin.

"Not do what I said I would?" said Boy, in a tone of wonder, mingled with regret. An unfulfilled promise was a thing he could not comprehend.

"Now we'll chat," he went on, "and tell me what you does and all about everything."

"I works when I gets work," began Mike, "and I live most anywheres, and it's 'bout time I was on the move agin, now."

"Why?" asked Boy.

"There's not much doin' now th'ay's up, but I sha'n't," said Mike,

"Why?" again inquired Boy.

"'Cos o' you," said Mike.

Boy was puzzled, but thought it would be rude to ask his friend to 'xplain, and he suddenly remembered what he had promised the day before.

"Mike," he began, the colour rising in his cheeks and the blue veins showing out still more clearly through the delicate skin. "Mike, does you never say your Prayers?"

"Don't know nothing 'bout such things," said Mike, looking down.

"You knows about God?" asked Boy, reverently.

"Yes, He's up there where mother is," answered Mike.

"But you does right to make him glad, doesn't you, Mike?" anxiously.

"I keeps as straight as I can 'cos I promised mother, but it's hard work, for I is a bad lot, sir. And after all

it doesn't matter, for noone cares for lads of my sort.

Boy felt a little hopeless. This seemed a case beyond him. His thoughts turned to Doddles; he would know better what to do.

"Mike," he began, "I think I will take you to see Doddles."

"Who on earth's Doddles?" asked Mike.

"The Curate," answered Boy, "and a particular friend of mine."

"Catch me!" remarked Mike. "I hate anything in the parson line. Now look'e here, young sir, it's you I'll listen to, and it's you I'll learn of, I can't stand no other," and he looked at the child with a blind look of worship in his eyes.

Boy gave a deep sigh and shut his eyes, and said to himself, "Oh! God, here is a bit of the ground-work of your pattern-work wants fitting in, please show me how to make him understand." And Boy little guessed that he himself was a bit of the very pattern, and that Mike would fit in and show up the beauty of a perfect mind.

"Well, Mike, I'll tell you what I does, and then you might say that would be best for you to do. Every morning I kneels down, and I knows God is quite near listening with all His 'tention, and I thanks him for taking care of me last night, and I asks Him to make me good all day, and I begs Him to bless every one that I love, and at night I kneels down and says almost the same, but I 'member to ask Him to forgive everything naughty I have done all day. But I often speaks to Him at other times, and before I goes to sleep I lie and watch the sky and tells Him lots and lots of things, and I watches Him light the Angel's night-lights, and then I falls asleep, and never wakes up till the sun wakes himself too."

Boy stopped, quite out of breath. And Mike drank in every word, but said nothing.

"You had better begin by learning 'Our Father,'" said Boy; "and I'll write you down the rest" (ignorant of the fact that Mike could not read). "Only writing makes my poor little hands so very, very tired."

So the lesson began, the little child taking sentence by sentence, and the great rough lad patiently repeating it word by word.

He was very quick, for his heart was in his task, and Boy's cheeks grew redder and redder with his anxiety and delight.

"That will quite do for to-day," Boy said at length. "I am just a little tired."

And Mike answered, "Thank 'e kindly, sir; I'll know it straight off the reel by to-morrow."

Boy had no idea what "off the reel" meant, but he put it down to his own ignorance, so made no remark.

Suddenly a bright idea struck him. One of Boy's most valued possessions was an old text-book which he always carried in his pocket. A different text for every day in the month. It was his calendar, his book of reference; he never knew the day of the month or week, but he knew perfectly which day went to each text, and so by a little method of his own he could always find out the date.

"Mike," he said, taking the book from his pocket, "I always learns a text every day, and so when you comes of an evening I will teach it to you too."

"A rippin' plan," answered Mike, knowing it must be all right coming from his young master, but not knowing in the very least what a text was.

So it was settled, and after a little more talk Boy quietly said it was time to go indoors. After emptying his pockets of an apple, a ginger-bread, two bits of sugar, a sticky date, and an old tennis-ball, he bade his friend good-bye and went back to the house. And Mike wended his way down the stream, feeling he was a brighter and a better lad than he had ever felt before.

So true is it, as we wander on through this weary old world, that we realise the beauty of the eternal fact "that a little child shall lead us," onwards and upwards, through the thorns and through the briars, to our Father's Home, "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

To be Continued.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.

Old Year and New Year.

Goodbye, old year! I'm sorry
To have you leave me so;
I have not been quite good to you,
Not good at all, I know.

The dear LORD gave you to me,
All bright and clean and pure;
I did not mean to blacken you,
And spoil you so, I'm sure.

I wish that I could take you
Right back again, and try
To keep you white and good as when
God sent you from on high.

But ah! old year, I cannot;
You've gone away from me;
Not any day or hour of yours
Forever shall I see.

Oh, new year, white and precious,
I am almost afraid
To look at you, because of all
The old mistakes I've made.

Dear Father, who has sent me
This new year, clean and white,
Help me to spend each hour of it
As in Thy holy sight.

Jennie Harrison, in the *Shepherd's Arms*.

WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT IT.—SIRS,—We have used your Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for severe coughs and colds and can recommend it to be just what it is represented to be. We would not be without it. H. SABINE, Cataract, Ont.

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