

style for the road. I always thought I'd like it myself, but I never could wind up to earning a suit of it.'

'Come, now,' said the naturalist, 'we are ready for a start.'

'You've got to find the captain, Rasmus,' said Rodney, 'and thank him for taking us aboard, and bringing us up here.'

'So we have! You're the right sort, pard, to think of that. We'll see him and the rest of 'em down below. I just had a view of their heads going down-stairs.'

Rodney walked up to the little group of officers, and held out his hand with grace. 'You have been very kind to us,' he said, 'and we thank you for it.'

'That's all right—you're welcome,' said the captain. 'You are as nice a boy as ever I saw in my life. Going to friends in New York, eh?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Going to foot it? That's pretty rough for you. We could make up the amount of your tickets in a few minutes.'

'No, no,' said Rodney, averse to charity.

'We prefers walking; it's safer and pleasanter,' said Rasmus.

The captain eyed him for a minute or two, then took Rodney aside.

'That's a nice, jolly, honest fellow; but he looks over-well used to the roads. Now, my lad, for people that like land, and don't mind walking, a trip across country may be a fairly good thing; but to get in love with rambling, to take to idling from place to place, sleeping where you can, and picking up your meals where any one will give them to you, is the worst kind of life one can lead, unless it is joining a thieves' band, and it often leads to that. Tramps are a curse of our country. They are like an army of locusts brown from East to West and back, and no good to any one. I've heard of people so falling in love with gypsy ways that they left civilized business and took to roaming round with the vans; but it is ruin and nothing better. Go to New York, if you are going, but don't get bamboozled into drifting along the roads.'

'Why, of course not, sir. I'm going to go to college as fast as I can, and the journey won't take so long, and I shall pay for whatever I have. I've got five dollars.'

'Is Mr. Llewellyn going with you?'

'Who, sir? The little man in corduroy? Yes, sir.'

'Then you're all right. I've known him this good while. He'll make the time profitable to you, and see you don't get led off. You stick to Llewellyn.'

Rodney shook hands with the captain and rejoined his comrades. Instinctively he placed himself beside Mr. Llewellyn. It had not before occurred to him that Rasmus was a tramp. He had heard tramps only spoken of with aversion and condemnation, as idle, dirty, profane, thievish, and drunken. Rasmus had seemed moral, if ignorant, and brave, if poor. Also he had a reserve of humane and tender feeling, and of nature-loving, which had attracted Rodney. But now the captain suggested that Rasmus belonged to the genus tramp, and would lead him astray; would stamp his status while he was with him. Rodney could not accommodate himself to these ideas, and he preferred for the present to cleave to the naturalist. Rasmus on his part was so glad to find his feet on dry ground, and his locomotion under his own control that he did not notice Rodney's sudden coolness. He was in the habit of walking alone, and if he had companions in sight that was enough for him. His step rang along the pavement, and his whistle high and clear caused the passers-by to turn their heads as in envy of one who seemed so happy.

'Brother,' he cried to Rodney, 'you remember our advertize.'

'Yes,' said Rodney, checking himself, and asked Mr. Llewellyn if he knew where was the office of the largest paper. 'Rasmus has lost his little brother, and wants to find him.'

(To be continued.)

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From a Poet and a Preacher.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
If envy chance to creep in;
An envious man if you succeed,
May prove a dangerous foe, indeed,
But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines of good possessed,
So jealousy looks forth distressed,
On good that seems approaching;
And, if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
And hates him for encroaching.

—Cowper.

A Cup of Cold Water.

(Jessie Donisthorpe, in the 'Irish Temperance League Journal'.)

'Mother, mother,' wailed a childish voice out of the semi-darkness of a court-yard attic, in one of the poorest districts of the large manufacturing town of Leicester.

In an instant a small figure rose quickly from a broken chair near the one tiny window the room contained, and crossed over to the corner from whence the voice came.

'Mother won't be long now, Chris,' the child said, bending over the wooden box which did duty as bedstead, and smothering back the soft curls from the flushed little face upon the clean but ragged pillow.

'I does want mother, and it's so dark,' said the small invalid wearily.

'Well, dear, I'll sit by you and hold your hand till mother comes, for I don't want to light up yet, as we've only got half a 'dip' left, and I'm not sure whether mother will bring any more with her, and perhaps she'll want to help me with the washing to-night.'

'Never mind, Nell, it's not so dark if you're near me; but I does want a tale; will you tell me one?'

'Yes, darling,' said the small maiden, as she sat down on the floor close by the bed, and took the wee, white hand in her brown one.

The story told, to which Christ listened so attentively, was one of the fascinating Old Testament stories she had recently heard in the neighboring Sunday-school, at which she was a regular attendant. So interested did the children become in each other that neither heard a gentle knock, and it was not until the door was partly opened that their attention was attracted; then they saw a kindly-looking young woman standing on the threshold, dressed in clothes which Nell recognized as a nurse's. Instantly she sprang to her feet, with a startled look upon her face, and stood waiting for the unexpected visitor to speak.

'Can you tell me if I have come to the right place to find Nell and Chris Reynolds?' asked a sweet voice.

'Yes,' replied Nell, clasping her hands in sudden fear; 'have you come to tell us something bad about mother?'

'What should make you think so?' said the stranger, coming into the room and endeavoring with her eyes to penetrate the dark corner where the little girl stood.

'I don't know, only we're expecting mother home, and she hasn't come, and I know your a nurse by your dress, and belongs to the 'Firm,' Nell answered breathlessly.

'Well, little lassie, can you give me a light that I may see your faces, and then I will tell you why I have come instead of mother,' the nurse replied in cheery tones.

Nell reached and lighted the half 'dip' with trembling fingers, and brought the bottle, which served for a candlestick, towards the bed.

The nurse glanced at the bonnie girl-face revealed by the faint light of the poor bit of candle, and the next instant she stifled an exclamation of surprise as her eyes rested on the little invalid. A pair of large, lustrous, hazel eyes in a small flushed face, surrounded with a halo of golden-brown curls, was what she saw, and yielding to her impulse, she gathered the tiny, frail form into her arms, and pressed a kiss upon the boy's white forehead.

'And so you think I have come to tell you something about mother, do you?' she said, drawing the still trembling girl to her side; 'you are quite right, dear, but it is nothing to frighten you; she has met with a tiresome accident, but she is not ill. As she was crossing over Oxford street a rough boy ran into

her with his truck and knocked her down right against the curb-stone, and when she tried to get up again she found she could not; fortunately I was a witness of it all, and when I discovered that her leg was hurt I had her carried into the Infirmary. This was about an hour since, and now she is lying very cosily in St. Martha's Ward; I found out she had two dear children over whom she was feeling very anxious, so, having a short time off duty this evening, I said I would come and tell you all about it, and also that to-morrow morning, any time after ten o'clock, you, Nell, may come and see for yourself how comfortable she is. She will not be able to come home just yet because of her injured leg, but isn't it nice to think she is not dangerously hurt, and will be quite well again by and by? We are going to take great care of her and nurse her up well, so that she may get ever so strong; she told me what a dear, brave sister there was at home to look after her little invalid Chris.'

All this the nurse said quietly, and without pausing, in order to allow time for poor Nell's tears to flow, that she might be relieved thereby.

Wee Chris did not seem to understand what it all meant, as he kept glancing from his sister's tearful face to the sweet one above him, which, to his child-mind, seemed to belong to one of the angels of whom Nell so often told him stories.

By and by the little girl grew calmer, and then the nurse began to make plans with her as to what she and Chris were to do during the next few days. She did not tell the children how terribly pained she was to see how poor they were; the tidy, clean appearance of their mother, and the proud way in which she had spoken of her children at home, had not prepared her for this; she was, however, inwardly meditating on what it would be possible to do to bring comfort to the poverty-stricken family, and above all as to how the lovely little invalid might yet be saved from a premature death.

She thought she saw her way in this direction pretty plainly; a place should be found for him in the beautiful Children's Hospital, which was the embodiment of a noble thought and had recently been opened by Royal hands, where little sufferers were tended with the gentlest care, and, if possible, were nursed back to health and strength with a love almost akin to the tenderest mother's.

Before saying good-night to the two children, the kind-hearted young woman sent Nell off with money to buy food for herself and little Chris, including a pint of new milk, and during her absence she lighted a tiny fire, at sight of which the little girl's eyes danced with pleasure, as, on her return, they encountered the cheerful glow; but the next instant she grew grave again as she said quietly, 'We don't begin with fires until the real winter comes, and we haven't any more coal than those few bits.'

The nurse's eyes grew moist as she replied with a smile, 'Never mind, dearie, you shall have a whole bag full to-morrow, and poor, wee Chris was so cold; besides I wanted to warm some of that nice milk for you both before I go back again.'

Nell's face brightened again as she reached a saucepan for her friend's use.

It rejoiced and yet saddened the kind heart of this, God's ministering angel, to see how the poor mites enjoyed their supper, and, despite its simplicity, discussed its unusual merits. After it was over, and the remainder of the food put away for to-morrow's requirements, the nurse saw Nell tucked up into the floor-bed she usually occupied with her mother, and having put out the remaining spark of fire for safety's sake, she kissed them both and went away, promising to come and see them again the next time she was off duty.

Having still a little longer time at her own disposal before going into the ward, she sought an interview with the House-Surgeon, a kind-hearted man with a somewhat stern exterior, and told him much of what she had gathered from her visit and the innocent prattle of the children, of their sad and needy circumstances, dwelling more particularly upon the sweet boy-invalid, who was evidently dying as much from starvation and lack of fresh air as from any actual complaint. The doctor's face softened as she told her story persuasively, and when she paused for his reply he said with feeling:—