

A Little Fellow.

Why Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller,
 An' never sayin' anything to cheer ye,
 An' lookin' 'sif they didn't know how to
 smile;
 An' look an' line a-hangin' in the woodshed,
 An' lots o' 'orms down by the outside
 cellar,
 An' Brown's creek just over by the milldam—
 Why Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller.
 An' Brown's lonesome fur a little feller.
 Why Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller,
 An' on from sun-up when the day com-
 mences;
 For little fellers don't have much to think of
 An' chasin' gophers 'long the cornfield
 fences,
 Or diggin' after moles down in the wood lot,
 Or climbin' after apples what's got meller,
 Or fishin' down in Brown's creek an' mill
 pond;
 Why Sunday's lonesome fur a little feller.
 But Sunday's never lonesome fur a little
 feller,
 When he's stayin' down to Uncle Ora's;
 He took his book onst right out in the
 orchard,
 An' told us little chaps just lots o' stories;
 All truly true, that happened onst fur honest,
 An' one 'bout lions in a sort o' cellar,
 An' how some angels came and shut their
 mouths up,
 An' how they never teched that Dan' feller.
 An' Sunday's pleasant down to Aunt
 Marilda's;
 She lets us take some books that someone
 gin her,
 An' takes us down to Sunday-school 't the
 schoolhouse;
 An' sometimes she has nice shortcake fur
 dinner.
 An' onst she had a puddin' full o' raisins,
 An' onst a frosted cake all white and yeller,
 I think, when I stay down to Aunt Marilda's,
 That Sunday's pleasant fur a little feller.

—Christian Advocate.

The Worst Boy in the Town.
 A CANADIAN STORY,
 BY
 Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER VIII.

ASLEEP IN THE WOODS.

"I heard the distant waters dash,
 I saw the current whirl and flash,
 And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
 The woods were bending with a silent reach."
 —H. W. Longfellow.

"You must stay here with us, Jack, for a
 time," said Mr. Grey. "You need rest and
 quiet, you have had so much to bear lately,"
 and Jack gladly consented.
 So much had happened in so short a time
 that he felt dazed and confused, and longed
 to be alone by himself for a time, so he wan-
 dered down to the shore and lay on the soft
 grass beneath the shade of a tree, watching the
 restless water. The sun was shining, birds
 were singing, and all nature seemed to rejoice,
 for it was one of June's perfect days, but
 Jack felt lonely and desolate.
 Presently he was aware that he was not
 alone, and looking up he was surprised to see
 Bob Pierce leaning against the tree watching
 him.
 "I say, Harding," said he, advancing a
 step or two, "you've had a heap of trouble
 lately, and I'm real sorry for you. Let's
 make up and be friends?"
 The words were friendly enough, but Jack
 caught a look in his eyes which he did not ex-
 actly like, but he felt too low-spirited to take
 much interest in anything, so he let it pass,
 and gravely replied:
 "Very well; I am sure I would rather be
 friends with anyone than not."
 "Take a walk along the beach with me,
 won't you?" said Bob.
 So Jack got up and complied, but he felt
 that he would much rather be alone.
 They walked some distance down the beach,
 meeting a number of fishermen and others,
 who exchanged rather meaning and surprised
 looks at seeing these two together, for it was
 generally known throughout the town that
 they were enemies.
 Presently they came to a small rowboat
 tied to the shore. Bob unfastened it and
 said:
 "Jump in, Jack; I hired this boat on pur-
 pose to have a fine sail with you to-day."
 But Jack firmly refused, and Bob sarcasti-
 cally remarked:

"I suppose you are afraid I might tip the boat over and drown you, either by accident or on purpose."

"I am afraid of nothing of the kind," replied Jack, "but I have had so much to worry me lately that I could not enjoy a boat ride or anything else at present," and he walked away, leaving Bob Pierce to do as he pleased.

The shore was quite deserted now; there was not a person in sight—afterwards Jack had reason to remember this, but at the time he was scarcely conscious of it.

The day was very warm—almost sultry—and the cool, shady woods, not far away, looked so inviting, that Jack sauntered on until he reached them.

Down in a hollow about halfway through them, he knew there was a beautiful, secluded spot—a favourite resort of his. Thither he went that afternoon, and threw himself down on a mossy bank literally covered with flowers.

A gentle breeze stirred the branches of the trees above him; a tiny brook, wandering through the bottom of the ravine, murmured such a sweet song to his tired ears, that, before he had even thought of such a thing, he was in a sound slumber.

He had been up nearly all night for a number of nights with the sick Charlie, and now that the weary watch was over, and there was nothing more he could do, tired nature exerted her rights, and he slept.

When he awoke the sun had gone down; twilight was creeping in, and in a short time it would be dark.

He rubbed his eyes for a moment, dazed and confused, and could not think where he was. Then springing to his feet, he hurried out of the woods, and made his way to Miss Grey's as fast as possible.

"Jack, we have been so uneasy about you!" were her first words. "We could not imagine where you had gone, or what had happened."

"Where do you think I have been?" asked Jack, smiling for the first time since Charlie's death.

"I am sure I don't know," said Mildred.

"In the woods sound asleep," said Jack.

"The day was so warm, and they looked so cool and shady, that I lay down there to rest, and went sound asleep before I knew it, and slept right through until dark!"

"No wonder!" said Mildred, kindly. "You have not had very much rest lately."

While Jack remained in that peaceful home many were the quiet, Christian talks Mildred and her father had with him. He was filled with an intense desire to be good, but he still hesitated about taking a decided stand for Christ.

"If I thought that I would not have any trouble," said Jack, "I would promise; but when things go wrong I am sure to do something desperate."

"But, Jack," said Mildred, "you will have trouble—everybody does—and it is unreasonable to expect it otherwise. The Bible says, 'All that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution.' But we have the promise, that if we suffer with him we shall also reign with him! Christ will give you the strength when things go wrong to overcome evil with good, if you will only put your trust in him."

"Well, I'll think about it," said Jack, slowly. "I admire the Christian life so much; I feel that it is the only true life, and yet I am afraid to trust myself."

"Do not trust yourself at all—trust Christ," said Mildred, earnestly.

Jack pondered over her words much, and felt more and more deeply impressed that he ought to be a Christian.

Little did he know that he was about to encounter the fiercest trial he had yet passed through.

(To be continued.)

RUSKIN'S MOTHER.

LOVING, devoted, inflexible, and sure she was right, Ruskin's mother paints her own picture against the background of his baby life. He himself gives us memories of that in his *Præterita*.

"My mother's general principles of the first treatment were to guard me with steady watchfulness from all avoidable pain or danger, and for the rest to let me amuse myself; but the law was I should find my own amusement. No toys of any kind were at first allowed; and the pity of my Croydon aunt for my monastic poverty in this respect was boundless. On one of my birthdays, thinking to overcome my mother's resolution by splendour of temptation, she bought the most radiant Punch and Judy she could find in all the Soho Bazaar, as big as a real Punch and Judy, all dressed in scarlet and gold, and that

would dance. . . . My mother was obliged to accept them, but afterward quietly told me it was not right I should have them; and I never saw them again. . . .

"We seldom had company, even on week-days; and I was never allowed to come down to desert until much later in life, when I was able to crack other people's nuts for them, but never to have any myself, nor anything else of a dainty kind. Once at Hunter Street I recollect my mother giving me three raisins in the forenoon out of the store cabinet." Ruskin gives us this picture of the home garden:

"The ground was absolutely beneficent with magical splendour of abundant fruit, fresh green, soft amber, and rough bristled crimson, bending the spinous branches, clustered pearl and pendent ruby, joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like vine. The differences of primal importance which I observed between the nature of this garden and that of Eden, as I imagined it, were that in this one all the fruit was forbidden, and there were no companionable beasts. . . .

"My mother never gave me more to learn than she knew I could easily get learned, if I set myself honestly to work, by twelve o'clock. She never allowed anything to disturb me when my task was set; and in general, even when Latin grammar came to supplement the Psalms, I was my own master for at least half an hour before the half-past-one dinner. . . .

"Truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge, and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, the maternal instillation of my mind in that property of chapters I count very confidently the most precious, and on the whole the one essential, part of my life."

"Peace, Obedience, Faith," were the three great blessings of his early life, and "the habit of fixed attention."

LITTLE MARY VANCE.

MR. JONES was a very wicked man. He made and sold the strong drink, which is just like poison to those who take it; and, besides, he drank it himself, and was often seen reeling through the streets. He was very violent in his temper, too, so that almost everybody was afraid of him.

Once, as he was staggering along the village street, he met little Mary Vance. Mary was the minister's little girl, and was going with her father and mother to the Wednesday afternoon prayer-meeting, and had tripped along quite ahead of them. She was a dear, loving girl, and would not hurt anybody if she could help it; so, when she saw the drunken man coming, she crept up as close to the fence as she could, but did not run, lest he might think she was afraid of him. But as he came along, he spoke. "Well, now, my little dear," he said, in his thick, drunken speech, "how are you, and where are you going?"

"I'm going to meeting, up in the meeting-house," she answered. "Won't you go too, Mr. Jones?"

"Well, I don't know but I will, seeing it's you," said the man. "But where shall I sit?"

"Oh, you shall sit in our pew," said Mary, and she led the way; and when she had shown him into the pew she sat down beside him. "Surely he won't hurt me in church," thought the dear child.

The father and mother came in. The father took his place in the desk, but the mother, seeing their pew so strangely occupied, walked into one a little distance behind, where she could watch Mary, and see that no harm came to her.

After prayer and singing, the minister said: "Now, we shall be happy to hear from anyone who has a word to say."

The poor drunkard rose. "I have a few words to say," he said. "I wish you'd pray for me, I'm awful wicked."

The people looked at him, and seeing he was half drunk, were really frightened lest he should do some strange, bad thing; and he began to move away from him—some this way and some that—until he and Mary sat almost alone in the middle of the church. He noticed this. "See how they all hate me," he thought, "because I'm so wicked; and perhaps God will forsake me too! Oh, how dreadful!"

The thought took such hold of him that

he began to cry, and rose again and said: "Won't you pray for me?"

They did pray for him; and the dear Saviour pardoned his sins, and gave him a new heart. He went home a different man, gave up his wicked business, left off drinking, and began to serve God; and he always loved little Mary Vance for leading him—in her sweet, childish way—to the house of prayer that Wednesday afternoon. —S. S. Visitor.

THE DUKE AND THE CHAPLAIN.

IN the Middle Ages, when the great lords and knights were always at war with each other, one of them resolved to revenge himself upon a neighbour who had offended him. It chanced that on the very evening when he had made this resolution, he heard that his enemy was to pass near his castle with only a few men with him. It was a good opportunity to take his revenge, and he determined not to let it pass. He spoke of his plan in the presence of his chaplain, who tried in vain to persuade him to give it up. The good man said a great deal to the duke about the sin of what he was going to do, but in vain. At length, seeing that all his words had no effect, he said, "My lord, since I cannot persuade you to give up this plan of yours, will you at least consent to come with me to the chapel, that we may pray together before you go?" The duke consented, and the chaplain and he knelt together in prayer. Then the merciful loving Christian said to the revengeful warrior, "Will you repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the prayer which our Lord Jesus Christ himself taught to his disciples?"

"I will do it," replied the duke. He did it accordingly. The chaplain said a sentence, and the duke repeated it, till he came to the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." There the duke was silent.

"My lord duke, you are silent," said the chaplain. "Will you be so good as to continue to repeat the words after me, if you dare say so?—'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

"I cannot," replied the duke.

"Well, God cannot forgive you, for he has said so. He himself has given this prayer. Therefore you must either give up your revenge, or give up saying this prayer; for to ask God to pardon you as you pardon others, is to ask him to take vengeance on you for all your sins. Go now, my lord, and meet your victim. God will meet you at the great day of judgment."

The iron will of the duke was broken.

"No," said he, "I will finish my prayer;—My God, my Father, pardon me; forgive me as I desire to forgive him who has offended me; lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil!"

"Amen," said the chaplain.

"Amen," repeated the duke, who now understood the Lord's prayer better than he had ever done before since he learned to apply it to himself.

IN LOVE WITH HIS MOTHER.

OF all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honourable to the highest degree in both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love that makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honour as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. I never yet knew a boy to turn out bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect his worn and weary wife, but the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in her serene autumn as he did in the daisied springtime. —Woman's Signal.