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## FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

JOHNNY has been thinking hard thoughts of farmer Thompson because the wall around his orchard is so high that small boys cannot entertain a it and occasionally getting a taste of the ripe fruit that hangs so temptingly thought struck him when he spied that once thought the old sheep would turn heard.

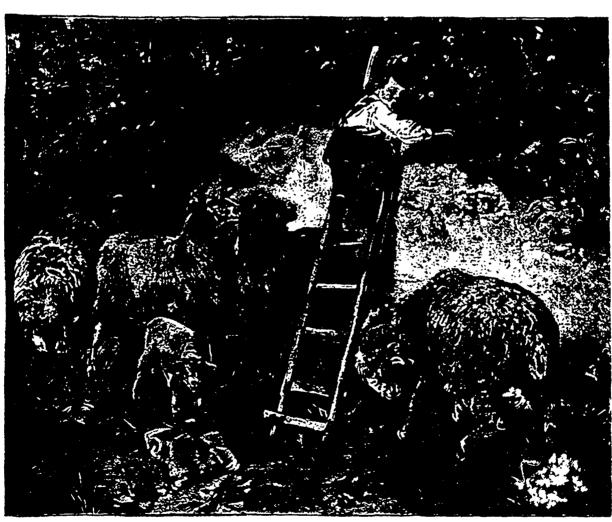
making it tip in a very unpleasant manner. "What will that sheep do next? If this ladder falls where shall I be? Oh, how I wish I had never tried to get those apples!" These hope of possibly climbing to the top of thoughts flash swiftly through poer Johnny's mind while his mouth is fixed for one long loud "Oh!" Poor over. But this morning a bright Johnny, we pity you. You never

## THAT LAST CRY!

IT is said the last cry that was heard on board the ill-fated Schiller when wrecked, was that of a little child in the cabin! While the ship was being dashed upon the relentless rocks, and three hundred and fifty human beings went down to a watery entombment, the pitcous cry of the little one was

adversary! Who will launch the lifeboat, and pulling at the oar right manfully, amid the angry waves, bring him safe to land, and give him to his mother ? Who ?

A child was in the street, helpless, exposed, well-nigh under the wheels of a vehicle. A woman sprang out hurriedly from an adjoining house, and snatched the precious one from the



oll ladder lying near, and it was only regulator and interpose to save farmer and nimbly, though rather fearfully, truth contained in the following sen-ascend it. But terror soon overtakes tence: "The way of the transgressor the little lad and all anticipations of is hard." the sweetness and juiciness of those while the old sheep is at the foot of it | and next the drink takes the man."

the work of a minute to drop his bag Thompson's fruit, did you! 'Twas of school books, place that ladder forbidden fruit, Johnny; had you foragainst the wall, at the very place gotten that? I think your experience Where the rosy apples hang lowest, of to day will help you to realize the

apples are lost in the thought of his The Japanese say: "A man takes a dangerous position on that ladder drink, then the drink takes a drink,

Alas! for our humanity, the bitter jaws of destruction. "Is that your cry of children comes to our ear on son!" was the enquiry of a passer. every hand—children more horribly "No," replied the noble woman, "but exposed than on the Schiller.' Yes it is somebody's son!" Ah' yes; on somebody's child is in peril! It every thoroughfare—on every sen may be that the iron grasp of the "somebody's son" is nigh unto death. rum-vendor is upon him-or the deep. To the rescue Christians, to the laid scheme of the gambler threatens, rescue! him-or the dark-souled libertine pants for his blood. Who, will rescue that child, the son of many prayers, it may by wrong-doing will breed hate in the be? Who will break the snare of the kindliest nature.

THE yoke a man creates for himself