

kitchen and a good scullery behind, and a yard and a drying-ground at the back. Upstairs there are three bedrooms—a little one over the scullery, and the other two a fair size. They are not papered and painted yet, but they soon will be. Now, I'm tired of living in lodgings, and always having my eye on the landlady; and what I wish to propose is this: Why shouldn't you and the children come and live with me, in one of my own cottages, and Alice keep house for us all? I should have somebody to care for, and to care for me, and not have everything at home and abroad to keep me a hard man."

Banner's proposal struck Nat with such utter amazement, that he could only stare at him for a few moments; while Banner's face grew red, and his eyebrows were knitted into a heavy frown. But the embarrassing silence was broken by Alice, who clapped her hands together in delight.

"Oh, I should like it!" she cried; "and, Mr. Banner, I would try to be the very best house-keeper in Manchester. Father, the children 'ud grow up strong and hearty, better than here. Only Kitty and father 'ud be too far from the mill."

"I've thought of that, Alice," said Banner, smiling again. "Mrs. Worthington and me were talking it over, and she said if Kitty liked she'd take her into her own service, and have her well brought up to be a house-servant, and the same with Polly and the others as they grew out of hand. It's better for young girls than the mill, Nat. And you can go down outside the 'bus for two-pence of an evening and morning, if you didn't like the walk. And Phil is to be sent to a real grand school, for Mr. Hope says he is clever enough to learn many things they don't teach at Ardwick. So, if you agree to my plan, Nat, I think we shall all be pretty well settled. We shall be near poor Tom's grave—though why I call him poor I don't know—and of evenings the children and me will keep it as neat and pretty as a garden."

Nat looked round him upon the poor cellar where he had lived so long; on the window, with its little, dark panes of discoloured glass; and the scanty furniture, and the many-coloured screen—and the tears sprang to his eyes.

The change would be very good and pleasant for the children; but for Nat himself, his feet would often turn towards Pilgrim Street, when they ought to be taking another road to another home. But he was very thankful; and letting the tears dry without wiping them away, lest they should damp the joy of the children, he stretched out his hand, and shook Banner's heartily.

"I can't thank thee," he said, "but some day or other thee will know how much good thee has done me and the little ones. I've been very happy in Pilgrim Street, and I love the very sound of the name. What's the name of the new houses, Mr. Banner?"

"They haven't any name yet," answered Banner. "We couldn't call it a street, because there are only two houses, but we might, if you all liked, call it Pilgrim Place, to keep the old home in your minds. What do you think of it for a name?"

It was agreed unanimously that Pilgrim Place would be the very best name to give the new home.

They did not, however, take possession of it until the Lady-Day following; and after all the labour and disorder of settling down was over, little Phil, who was staying for the few days of the Easter holidays at Mrs. Worthington's, was invited to come and see them. When he and Banner approached the cottage, they saw all the children looking out for their arrival; and as soon as they

came in sight, they sallied forth with shouts of welcome to meet them.

It was a fine, mild spring day; and before they went into the house, Nat and Alice came out, and, locking the door behind them, they bent their steps to the cemetery where Tom's grave was.

The trees were covered with purple buds, which would, by-and-by, burst into leaf; and there was still a snowdrop or two blossoming amid the turf which covered the grava. They talked together in low but cheerful voices; and Banner, kneeling down beside little Suey—the youngest of them all—guided her tiny fingers along the last line carved upon the headstone, while he spelt, letter by letter, these words:—

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

THE END.

WHAT A LITTLE BOOK DID.

MR. S. A. BLACKWOOD relates that he was travelling on the top of a coach from London to Croydon, and, after discussing the topics of the day with one who sat beside him, he turned the conversation to the things of heaven, to the disgust of another passenger sitting near, who talked of "canting hypocrites," etc., and, when the coach stopped, left his seat. In descending, the pocket of his coat opened, and Mr. Blackwood dropped in a little book, entitled *Eternal Life*.

When the gentleman reached home, and emptied his pockets, he found, among other things, a small book that he knew nothing of, and, reading its title, he at once guessed who put it there, and, in his rage, he tore it to pieces and threw it inside the fender.

When he returned from town next day, his ire was increased by finding the pieces on his toilet table. He immediately rang the bell, and asked the servant why they had not been destroyed. And when she replied that, in gathering them up, she had seen the word "eternity," and did not like to burn them, she was angrily ordered from his presence.

When the servant had gone, he began to look for the word that had so arrested her attention; and then he sought to connect sentences by strips of paper that one buys around stamps, and managed in this way to fasten the book together, and became converted through reading it.

One day, when Mr. Blackwood was walking in Cheapside, he was startled by the exclamation, "You are the man!" and a ragged book was held up to his astonished gaze. He disclaimed all knowledge of that particular book, and was then informed of the circumstances related above, and of the spiritual change in the heart of the gentleman that had taken place by means of it.

TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC.

Now, these are not very hard "sums." How many of our young friends will work them out and send us the correct answers?

1. 120,000 die a drunkard's death every year. How many a day?
2. There are about 800,000 drunkards in the United States. How many cities of 40,000 inhabitants each would these drunkards form?
3. If a family spends twelve cents a day for beer, how much is expended in twelve months? How many loaves of bread, at six cents a loaf, could be bought for that money?
4. A smoker spends twenty-five cents a day for cigars. How many dollars will he spend in one-half a year? How many books at fifty cents apiece could he buy with this money?

5. At thirty-five cents a gallon, what is a family's beer bill for sixty days, taking two quarts daily? How many pairs of shoes, at \$2 a pair, will this money purchase?

6. A fourteen-year-old boy began to smoke cigarettes, and smoked fifteen cents' worth daily till he reached his twenty-first year. How many books, worth \$1 each, could he buy with the money spent?

7. A poor man, seventy years of age, was sent to the almshouse. Had he saved the money he spent for tobacco since he was twenty years of age, providing he spent an average of \$50 a year, how much would he have had?

8. A teetotaler and a drinker started together on a journey, each with his own horse and waggon. The distance was 700 miles. The horses each travelled at the rate of five miles an hour. The teetotaler made the journey in twenty days. The drinker stopped three times a day at the public houses on the way for his dram, losing on an average fifteen minutes every time. How many days did it take him to make the journey?

Indifference.

If I and mine are safe at home,
It matters not what wolves go by,
Nor that my neighbour's children roam,
Nor that I hear them loudly cry
Help! help! help! help!

If mine are safe and undefiled,
It matters not what woe betide,
Nor who beguiled my neighbour's child,
Nor that by ruthless hand it died
Calling for help.

I've taught my own and made them wise;
I've watched them well and kept them pure;
My care the greed of wolves defies;
My walls are high, my gates secure,
I need no help.

Alas! my child has climbed the wall,
Is out among the wolves so fierce
(I dreamed not harm could him befall),
But now their fangs his flesh will pierce—
Help! help! help! help!

Think not the Lord will spare thy child,
If thou hast seen the wolves go by,
Nor warned thy neighbour's son beguiled
To pitfalls, where he sure must die
For want of help.

Or here, or there, the Lord will meet
To thee the measure of thy deeds;
Works make the prayer of faith complete.
To help thy neighbour in his needs
God doth of thee require.

THEY GOT THEIR SHARE.

DURING the revolutionary times of 1848, two stalwart leaders of the people entered the Rothschilds' bank in Frankfort and thus addressed the baron:

"You have millions on millions and we have nothing. You must divide with us."

"Very well, gentlemen," calmly replied the baron. "What do you suppose, now, the firm of Rothschild is worth?"

"About forty millions of florins."

"Forty millions of florins, you think, eh? Well, there are just forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin apiece. Here are yours. Now, of course, you are satisfied. Good-morning."

The advocates of equality were bowed out.

THE superintendent of a London suburban Sunday-school, addressing his school on New-Year's Sunday, said: "Now, my boys, I wish you all a happy New-Year, and hope you will be better boys this year than you were last." "Same to you, sir!" from different parts of the school.