

than broken legs. The other went to the cottage near Harry's cabin with the little runaway, who never wakened, even when she was undressed and put into her own bed.

The worst part was, indeed, as Harry had said, telling the mother, for Miss Emily was considerate and said that accidents would happen, and that she did not care. But Mrs. McMahon's lost day troubled her boy. He insisted on helping her by ironing the handkerchiefs and towels, a thing she had never let him do before, but she saw that he was anxious to lift her load and did not deny him. Indeed, there is no reason why a boy should not do a woman's work when it is hard, if his doing it can relieve her, and the woman is a person whom he loves; mother, for instance, or sister.

He was neatly folding the last little piece the next afternoon, when Dr. Sinclair rode to the door and fastened his horse before he came in.

'Hello, young man!' he called; 'what are you up to to-day?'

'Doing something for my mother,' answered Harry in a matter-of-course way.

'My boy Hugh wants you to come and sit with him. He's laid by, his leg in splints; it'll be some time before he breaks another wheel, or does any more mischief, but he didn't mean to and we must excuse him, madam,' said the doctor, making a bow. 'Allow me to compensate you for Hugh's overturn of your basket; yes, I insist,' he added, as she drew back. 'It is only just,' and he dropped a gold piece into her hand and turned to go.

'I shall consider it a favor if in any spare time he has you will allow my boy to have the pleasure of Harry's company.'

During the next two months the boys grew very fond of one another, and Dr. Sinclair, who was very observant of his son's companions, discovered that Harry McMahon was a boy of fine mind. One day the doctor made a very radical proposition to Harry's mother. He suggested that she should leave the old home, go to New York, where the Sinclairs lived and find employment there as matron of an orphan asylum. In fact, he knew of a vacant place, and was authorized by the trustees to offer it to her.

Harry could have good school advantages there and the doctor promised to keep an eye upon him.

Even sweeping changes are accepted very naturally by childlike people who trust in the Lord. Mrs. McMahon went to the new place and filled it acceptably. Time passed. Her boy became a tall young man, went to college, working his way, studied medicine, was at last a surgeon with a cool hand, steady nerves and kind heart. The day arrived in her later life that the little mother wore black silk gowns and rode in her carriage and had people to help her over every hard place. For Harry came to fame and fortune, serving God and the present age. And Hugh Sinclair and he are still comrades, though they have boys of their own now.

The superintendent of Public Instruction in San Francisco said before the Legislative Committee of the State that he had carefully kept the records of the effect of cigarette smoking on the boys in the public schools of the country, and that he found that a 'cigarette fiend, not only fell off in department and lesson reports, but he would invariably lie and steal.'

Teddy's Trip.

(By Helen Stirling, 'Westminster.')

Teddy's examinations had been in May, the last of those sweet days, when the soft breeze, bringing the scent of hiding May flowers, of bursting leaves, and fresh upturned soil, stole into the school-room, through the open windows, and played 'Blind Man's Buff' with the scholars, lightly touching the curls of the lassies, boldly buffeting the brown cheeks of the laddies, whispering 'catch me if you can,' as it capered about, then flew out of the window, only to come back in a moment to play again.

Examinations in May Yes, for Teddy's teachers were very wise, and were quite certain that heat had a dissolving effect on everybody's 'thinks,' and that everybody forgot everything they did not have to remember, in the hot days of June and July. So all the glorious month of June lay before Teddy, free from anxious care.

How full of delight these days should be. How full he did not then know.

One night, the waiting time for mother was longer than usual. When she came, she sat down close to Teddy, and laying aside their book said, 'Shall we talk to-night, Teddy? I have much to tell you. I have packages for you, one a tiny one with bad news, the other, larger, with good news, which shall we open first?'

Which would you have chosen? Teddy chose the smaller. 'I am glad. The smaller explains the larger,' said his mother. Then she told him that their good doctor had said his father must have a long rest.

'I am glad,' said Teddy. 'I knew he was tired. He doesn't play with me now, as he used to. Don't you think I could help him, mother?'

'I think you could, Teddy, more than you do, in many ways. But just now he must take a long trip; I must go with him. That's the first package, now for the second. We have decided to cross the great Atlantic, and visit his old home in Scotland, and you are to come with us.'

For some moments Teddy held not only his peace, but his breath also, and his eyes grew as large as saucers. Breath and speech came back in one word, 'When?'

'In a day or two, Teddy.'

You can imagine what followed; searching of time-tables, packing of trunks, and all kinds of excitement till the great day came, and saying good-bye to Tom, and the others of the home left behind, Teddy's trip began.

He lived many hundreds of miles from the sea, and was several days and nights rushing through our great Canada on one of our swiftest trains.

How he laughed as he crept up to his berth at night, behind the great curtains which the colored porter had so deftly arranged, and pulling up his blind, lay looking out into the great country through which the train sped, like some huge one-eyed, glittering, writhing monster.

In the distance gleamed many lights. The train snorted, swayed and shook and was darting through them, staying not an instant. On, on, with rattle and roar, until his eyes grew heavy, the noise reached him in his dreams, and the shaking was all unfeelt.

Next morning he half expected to find the engine less lively, after its long, hard race, and he went to his favorite stand, the front of the first car. There it was,

hard at it, puffing and blowing and tugging impatiently at the long train as if it had slept all night, and just begun work. It must have known that just a little ahead was another engine, fresh after a long rest, waiting all ready fired, to take its place, and give it its well won rest.

It would take too long to tell you how Teddy enjoyed the run by the great lake, the waves of which sparkled and foamed, in the sunshine, and he wondered if that were like the ocean; how they followed the river as it ran gladly down to the sea, now running close to its banks, out in the open, now darting into the woods, playing 'hide and go seek' with it, till just as the bells rang six, they rushed into Montreal station, and Teddy knew the first stage of their journey was over.

In the few hours that remained of the summer day Teddy saw Montreal Mountain the 'Mont Royal' of his history, rising from the banks of the grand old river, just as it did so many years ago, when Cartier landed. Then, in and out among the rude houses gathered among the trees, roamed plumed and painted warriors, while at the doors sat the squaws busy making nets, fashioning their rude garments and nursing noisy papooses. Teddy saw no warriors, squaws or papooses. Electric cars flashed past, the streets were gay with brightly dressed men and women, and immense buildings of stone, higher than he had ever dreamed of, rose up on every side.

High above the noises he caught the cry of the swarthy French carter, shouting to his horse, 'Marche-toi,' 'Arrete, donc,' 'Va-t-on,' as suited his humor, and Teddy looked curiously at those highly educated horses, which understood French.

But as the darkness fell, and the Mountain rose black behind the city, and as the lights came twinkling out on house and street far up the mountain side, like so many fire-flies among the trees, the weary travellers turned to the wharves. Soon they found their steamer and their state-room. How Teddy laughed at the little room with the small, round port-holes for windows, and their berths! How comical they were! But he was tired, and glad enough to scramble to one, cuddle down in it, and fall fast asleep.

When he awoke Montreal was far behind, and the steamer well down the river. He hurried on deck and made many wonderful discoveries before breakfast. All day long the vessel stole along the river, winding about in a fashion which quite bewildered Teddy, until his father explained it all to him, showing him the mark of the shore by which the helmsman steered.

Just as the sun sank down behind the hills, throwing back to the clouds a good-night kiss of golden glory, the fort of Quebec stole into view, black against the gold. Slowly they throbbed past the little bay, and Teddy looked long and lovingly at 'Wolfe's Cove.' One of his best loved heroes had been the little English general. His heart had twined round him, as he read of his long, weary watch before that great old city, bristling with French cannon, weak from illness, still brave and undaunted. He saw quite clearly as they sailed slowly past, the little English flotilla drifting quietly down with the tide, then lying so still while the dark figures scrambled up that steep, steep bank. 'How could they do it, mother?' he whispered to his friend, who was never far away from him or his father.