

"It looks very nice, but I don't believe I can eat a bit of supper, I had so much cake and lemonade this afternoon," said Delia.

The twins had just come home from the picnic. Father came up through the garden with his rake over his shoulder. He stood it up beside the kitchen door, then washed his hands and came in to supper. The two oldest boys soon followed him into the house. The rest of the family were all at the table when Jim, who was usually the last, came slowly around the corner of the house, holding something in his hand which threw out a shower of drops as he shook it over the door-step.

"What have you got there Jim?" asked Sue.

"Christy's hat," said Jim, giving it another shake, "I should like to know how it came into the river."

Mother Brown, who was just dipping out a spoonful of toast, dropped the spoon and looked around quickly.

"Christy's hat! Why, where is Christy?" she asked, with a sharp ring in her voice.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Jim, "I saw his hat floating by in the river and fished it out. I haven't seen Christy himself since dinner-time."

"Hasn't he been with you this afternoon in the meadow, Henry?" asked Mother Brown, turning to her husband.

"Why, no, I haven't seen him for several hours," he replied, laying down his knife and fork and looking from one to another of the children.

"Girls, don't you know where he is?" he asked, appealing to the twins.

"No, sir," answered Delia and Julia together.

"Where did you see him last?" inquired the mother.

"Why, just as we were going to the picnic," replied Delia, "he started to follow us."

"And we sent him back," added Julia.

At the look of startled reproach which the mother gave them, a great fear came into the hearts of the twins. Then in a moment the whole family rose from the table, moved by one impulse, and followed the mother, who had rushed from the house and was hunting and calling for Christy.

Little brother, little brother, where are you hiding? Not under the apple trees where the lonely little child had so often sat watching the drifting clouds and the soaring birds; not in the garden where his chubby feet had daily pattered; not in barn or loft or meadow or orchard or in any of the familiar places could be seen the little brown head, the round, innocent face, above the blue-checked apron. Hunting, calling in vain through all the familiar places, father, mother, brothers and sisters hurried in distressed alarm, and then, impelled by a dread fear, turned toward the river—the sunny, laughing, dreadful river.

Hand in hand the twins followed, the tears streaming down their cheeks and great sobs choking them as they ran.

"O, Delia, if we'd only let him go with us," cried Julia. "Poor little Christy!"

"It was all my fault," sobbed Delia. "You would have taken him, only for me. If we only find him alive, I'll be so good to him next time, I'll never send him back again!"

The river lapped softly over the white pebbles, the trees stretched longer and longer shadows toward the hills and from tree-top to tree-top the birds were twittering in their nests. Little brother, little brother, where are you? Did you feel neglected and unloved, too small to be cared for or missed? What value now is farm, or pleasure, or money, weighed in the balance with the pet lamb of the flock, the little lad who for so short a time had played among these sunny meadows?

The searching party pressed forward to the wood, the father's face set and anxious, the sisters weeping, and

ever in advance Christy's mother, her white lips forming over and over the words, "O, my little boy! My baby, my baby!"

In the dim wood the river no longer ripples and smiles, but creeps through stilly places, forming here and there dark pools where no light glimmers. Tremblingly, fearfully, the father draws his rake through these dim pools, bringing it out with nothing but weeds and dead leaves clinging. "Not there, thank God, not there!" and again they hurry on.

They have reached the deepest hollows of the wood, crept through the underbrush, explored the open glades and the densest thickets. It was growing darker and darker.

"We must go home and get some lanterns and call the neighbours" said Father Brown at last, with a look on his face that his children had never seen there before.

Hark! What was that joyful cry just behind them? It was Jim's voice. Jim, who was always a few paces behind the others, who looked longest and last and was surest of finding what he sought.

It was a little hollow set around with small pines—a hollow so tiny it seemed as if a lamb could scarcely nestle there. Soft moss lined it, great trees shaded it; and there in the bosky shadow, sleeping as sweetly as if in his crib at home, nestled the little lost Christy, his round bud of a mouth framed in a smile and the white dove on his breast.

YOUNG CANADIAN HISTORICAL CALENDAR.

AUGUST.

16. Port Royal taken by Sedgwick	1654
5. Massacre at Lachine	1659
11. De Varennes defeated Schuyler at La Prairie	1691
4. Treaty with the Indians at Montreal	1701
— Louisbourg founded by the French	1713
11. Oswego taken by Montcalm	1756
9. Fort William Henry taken by Montcalm	1757
8. Rogers' scouts victorious at Fort Anne	1758
27. Fort Frontenac taken by Bradstreet	1758
25. Fort Levis taken by Amherst	1760
5-6. Battle with the Indians at Bushy Run	1763
15. Nova Scotia "Gazette" founded	1766
16. British defeated at Bennington	1777
12. American vessels captured at Fort Erie	1811
5. Tecumseh defeated the Americans at Brownstown	1812
9. British defeated at Maguaga	1812
16. Detroit captured by Brock	1812
14. Americans defeated at Fort Mackinaw	1814
7. St. John, N.B., Suspension Bridge fell	1837
19. Steamer "Ontario" descended Lachine Rapids	1840
3. Telegraph between Montreal and Toronto	1847
2. Victoria, B.C., incorporated	1862
15. Quebec Ship Labourers' Riot	1879
11. Railway from Montreal to Toronto, by Smiths' Falls	1884
5. First Bag sent to England by Parcel Post	1886

Prize for the best description of any one of the above important events in the Calendar for August will be—"THE STARLIGHT RANCH AND OTHER STORIES," full of adventure and interest. For instructions to beginners, see YOUNG CANADIAN for June 3rd, No. 19.

She (with delight)— "He talks like a book!"
 He (growlingly)— "What a pity he doesn't shut up so easily."