

rather it should be he, and I think I'll give him my little flag, too, so every thing will be complete, and people will know the establishment goes for the 'Union.' And oh, sister, I almost forgot,—examination will end Wednesday, and I'm to have the honour of presenting the sled. But do you know, I'm afraid Herbert half suspects, for he is in the greatest spirits, and says he knows something splendid that's going to happen before long. Some of the boys have got hold of it, too, I'm sure, for one of them said to-day, 'There's something going on right under your nose, Pierre, but Dutch people never get their eyes open till 4 o'clock.' I was so happy I didn't mind it a bit, and only laughed to think how much wiser I was than any of them."

The great Wednesday came. Herbert and Pierre passed very fine examinations, and at the close Pierre arose to deliver the speech which had been carefully prepared for the occasion.

"Herbert Bell," began Pierre, but, (how awkward!) there was Herbert coming forward, too, and beginning—

"Pierre Vanderberg—"

"Keep still, Herbert," whispered Pierre, "I am to make a speech, and present you with a sled."

"Just exactly what I am going to do for you," whispered back Herbert, with a merry laugh.

Poor bewildered Pierre looked imploringly at Mr. Simmons, who rising said—

"I believe I shall have to decide this matter, and say that the sled belongs to Pierre Vanderberg, who has ten more good marks than Herbert."

"O Mr. Simmons," cried poor Pierre, but entirely broke down, while Herbert shook his head as if it were a pump-handle. Lois wiped her eyes in a corner, and the boys who were all in the secret, made the old school-room shake with a perfect tempest of applause.

M. L. P.

THE RECONCILIATION.

"I once picked up a man in a market-place. It was said to me, 'He is a brute—let him alone.' I took him home with me, and kept him fourteen days and nights through his delirium; and he nearly frightened Mary out of her wits, one night, chasing her all round the house with a boot in

his hand. But she recovered her wits, and he recovered his. He said to me, 'You wouldn't think I had a wife and child?'—'Well, I shouldn't.' 'Yes, I have—and God bless her dear little heart. My Mary is as pretty a little wife as ever stepped,' said he. I asked him where they lived. 'They live two miles away from here.'—'When did you see them last?' About two years ago.' Then he told me his sad story. I said, 'You must go back again.' 'No,' he replied, 'I mustn't go back. I won't—my wife is better without me than with me. I will not go back any more. I have knocked her, and kicked her, and abused her; do you suppose I will go back again?' But at length he consented to accompany me to the house. I knocked at the door and his wife opened it. 'Is this Mrs. Richardson?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, this is Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Richardson, this is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house.' They went in. The wife sat on one side of the room, and the man on the other. I wanted to see who would speak first; and it was the woman. But before she spoke she fidgeted a good deal. She pulled up her apron till she got hold of the hem, and then she pulled it down again. Then she folded it up closely, and jerked it out through her fingers, an inch at a time; and then spread it all down again; and then she looked all about the room, and said, 'Well, William,' and he said, 'Well, Mary.' He had a large handkerchief round his neck, and she said, 'You had better take the handkerchief off, you'll need it when you go out.' He began to fumble about it. The knot was large enough; he could have untied it, if he had liked, but he said, 'Will you untie it Mary?' And she worked away at it; but somehow or other, her fingers were clumsy, and she could not get it off;—their eyes met, and the love light was not all quenched; he opened his arms gently, and she fell into them. If you had seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her bosom, and the child looking in wonder first at one, and then at the other, you would have said, 'It is not a brute, it is a man, with a great warm heart in his breast. Oh, how many hearts and homes might be cheered if Christian men and women would visit poor drunkards, and point them to the cross of Christ.'—J. B. Gough.