

to the student he had unwittingly hurt, and put his arm around the lad's shoulders and drew him close, and the lad leaned against his breast.

"My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly, yet not so softly but that every word was audible in the hush that had fallen on the class-room—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I was over-rough? I did not know—I did not know!"

He turned to the students, and with a look and tone that came straight from his heart, he said: "And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown that I am teaching a class of gentlemen."

Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and that Blackie learned.—Will Carleton's "Everywhere."

(The student referred to is Rev. A. Logan Ceggie, now pastor of Parkdale Presbyterian Church, Toronto, and one of the ablest ministers in the Canadian Church.—Editor.)

Vancouver, B. C., July 6, 1901.

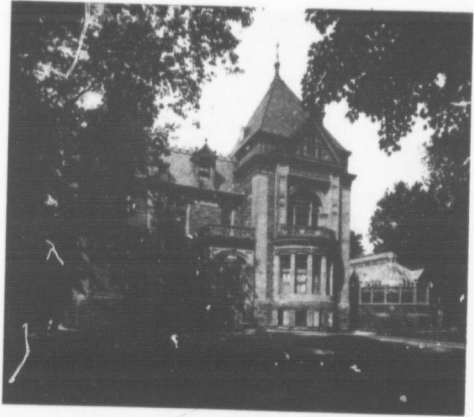
C. S. V. BRANCH, Esq.,
Manager for British Columbia,
Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada,
Vancouver, B. C.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your Company's cheque for \$2000.00 in settlement of claim on the life of William Blackmur. The cheque came to hand by return mail, after we had provided the necessary claim papers and letters of administration.

On behalf of my sister, who is the beneficiary in this case, I will be glad if you would also convey our thanks to your directors in Montreal and your city agent, Mr. J. W. Prescott, who placed the assurance and has shown us every courtesy since Mr. Blackmur joined the Company.

Yours faithfully,

P. M. FERRIS.



Residence of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Montreal.

Punished and Pardoned.

Last night my little son was sent,
Unkissed, to bed, with angry eyes
And lips that pouted wilful-wise;
This was his mother's punishment—
A gentler woman does not live,
But yet she tarried to forgive.

The childish fault, the passionate deed,
They must be checked; so in the gloom
He stumbled to his little room;
He was too proud to weep or plead.
I saw his mother's eyes grow dim,
In tender yearning following him.

But in the silence when he slept
Undried the tears lay on his cheek,
The little face seemed very meek.
How piteously, perchance, he wept
Before he took to slumberland
The grief he could not understand!

Then tenderly his mother smoothed
The fair tossed hair back from his brow,
And kissed the lips so pensive now,
But woke him not, since he was soothed,
And there beside his little bed
She knelt and prayed awhile instead.

Ah! so, dear God, when at the last
We lie with closed and tear-stained eyes,
And lips too dumb for prayers or sighs,
Sorry and punished for the past,
Surely Thou wilt forgive and bless,
Being pitiful for our distress.

—Selected.