

## FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

His Royal Highness.  
(By Rev. C. H. Mead.)

Black yer boots, mister. Shine 'em up—only a mickel." Such were the cries that greeted me from half a dozen boot-blacks as I came through the ferry gates with my boots loaded down with New Jersey mud. Never did barnacles stick to the bottom of a vessel more tenaciously, or politician hold on to office with a tighter grip than did that mud cling to my boots. And never did flies scent a barrel of sugar more quickly than that horde of boot-blacks discovered my mud-laden extremities. They swooped down upon me with their piercing cries, until many of my fellow-passengers gazed on my boots with looks that seemed to rebuke me for my temerity in daring to bring such a large amount of soil to add to the already over-stocked supply of the city. My very boots seemed to plead with me to let one of those boys relieve them of the load that weighed them down. But, behold my dilemma—six persistent, lusty, vociferous boys clamoring for one job, while I, as arbiter, must deal out elation to one boy, and dejection to the other five.

"Silence! Fall into line for inspection!" Behold my brigade, standing in line, and no two of them alike in size, feature or dress. All looked eager, and five of them looked at my boots and pointed their index fingers at the same objects. The sixth boy held up his head in a manly way and looked me in the eye. I looked him over and was affected in two ways. His clothes touched my funny bone and made me laugh before I knew it. If those pants had been made for that boy, then since that time there had been a great growth in that boy or a great shrinkage in the pants. But, if the pants were several sizes too small for him too little, the coat was set sizes too large and fit him too loose so that his garments had the appearance of being a small child from his head down, and an old man from his feet up. The laugh that came as sense of humor was touched, instantly ceased as I saw the flush that came to the boy's face. The other boys wanted to get at my boots, but this one got at my heart, and I made up my mind he should get at my boots as well, and straightway made known my decision. This at once brought forth a volley of jibes and jeers, and cutting remarks. "Oh, 'His Royal Highness' gets the job, and he will be prouder and meaner than ever, he does." He thinks he owns the earth, he does."

The flush deepened on the boy's face, and I drove his assailants away ere I let him begin his work.

"Now, my boy, take your time, and you shall have extra pay for your job; pardon me for laughing at you; don't mind those boys, but tell me why they call you 'His Royal Highness'?"

He gazed up in my face a moment with a hungry look, and I said, "you can trust me."

"Well, sir, they think I'm proud and stuck-up, 'cause I won't pitch pennies and play 'craps' with 'em, and they says I'm stingy and trying to own the earth, 'cause I won't chew tobacco and drink beer, or buy the stuff for 'em. They says my father must be a king, for I wears such fashionable clothes, and puts on so many airs, but that I ran away from home 'cause I wanted to boss my father and be king myself. So they call me 'His Royal Highness.'"

There was a tremble in his voice as he paused a moment, and then he continued:

"If I ever had a father, I never seen him, and if I ever had a mother, I wish someone would tell me who she was. How can a fellow be proud and stuck-up who ain't got no father, and no mother, and no name only Joe? They calls me stingy 'cause I'm saving all the money I can, but I ain't saving it for myself—I'm saving it for Jessie."

"Is Jessie your sister?" I asked.

"No, sir; I ain't got no relatives."

"Perhaps, then, she is your sweetheart," I said.

Again he looked up in my face and said very earnestly, "Did you ever know a boot-black without any name to have an angel for a sweetheart?"

His eyes were full of tears, and I made no answer, though I might have told him I had found a boot-black who had a big, warm heart even if he had no sweetheart. Very abruptly he said:

"You came over in the boat; what kind of a land is it over across the river?"

"It is very pleasant in the country," I replied.

"Is it a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign?"

Having just come from New Jersey where the infamous race track, and the more infamous rum-traffic, legalized by law, would sink the whole State in the Atlantic Ocean, if it were not that he had a life preserver in Ocean Grove, I was hardly prepared to vouch for it being that kind of a land.

"Why do you ask that?" I said.

"Because I hear Jessie sing about it so much, and when I asked her about it, she said it's a land where there's green fields, and flowers that don't wither, and rivers of delight, and where she sun always shines, and she wants to go there so much. I hasn't told anybody about it before, but I cats as little as I can and gets along with these clothes what made you laugh at me, and I'm saving up my money to take

Jessie to that land of pure delight just as soon as I gets enough. Does yer know where that land is?"

"I think I do, my boy, but you haven't told me yet who Jessie is."

"Jessie's an angel, but she's sick. She lives up in a room in the tenement, and I lives in the garret near by. She ain't got no father, and her mother don't get much work, for she can't go out to work and take care of Jessie, too. She cries a good deal when Jessie don't see her, 'cause she thinks she is going to lose Jessie, but over in that land of pure delight, Jessie says nobody is sick, and everybody who goes there gets well right away, and, oh, sir, I wants to take Jessie there as soon as I can. I takes her a flower every night, and then I just sits and looks at her face, until my heart gets warmer and warmer, and do yer think I could come out of such a place and swear, and drink, and chew tobacco, and tell lies? I tells Jessie how the boys calls me 'His Royal Highness,' and she tells me I mustn't mind it, and I mustn't get mad, but just attend to my work. And—and, oh, sir, I wanted to tell somebody all this, for I always tries to look bright when I goes in to see Jessie, and not let her know I am fretting about anything; but I does want to take Jessie to the land where flowers always bloom and people are always well. That's so little for me to do after all the good that's come to me from knowing Jessie. But, I beg yer pardon for keeping yer so long, and I thanks yer for letting me tell yer about Jessie."

Ah, the boys named him better than they knew, for here was a prince in truth, and despite his rags "His Royal Highness" was a more befitting name than Joe.

"Where does Jessie live, my boy?"

"Oh, sir, yer isn't going to take Jessie to that land of pure delight, and spoil all my pleasure, I does want to do it myself. Yer won't be so mean as that, after listening to what I've been telling yer, will yer?"

"Not I, my boy, not I, just let me go and see Jessie and her mother, and whatever I can do for them I'll do it through you."

A little persuasion, and then "His Royal Highness" and I made our way to the tenement and began climbing the stairs. We had gone up five flights and were mounting the sixth, when the boy stopped suddenly and mentioned for me to listen. The voice of a woman reached my ear—a voice with deep grief in every tone—saying, "God is our refuge and strength, a very pleasant help in time of trouble." A pause—then a sob—and the voice, waiting rather than singing:

Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
Leave, Oh leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

The boy grasped my hand a moment—gazed up "that's Jessie's mother, something's happened"—and then bounded up the stairs and into the room. I followed him and found, sure enough, something had happened, for Jessie had gone to the land of pure delight, and the mother stood weeping beside her dead. On the face of Jessie lingered a smile, for she was well at last. In her hand was a pure white rosebud, the last flower Joe had carried to the land of pure delight, and for him to be sure and follow her there.

I draw the curtain over the boy's grief. His savings bought the coffin in which Jessie was laid under the green sod. "Where 'His Royal Highness' is must remain a secret between Joe and myself. His face and his feet are turned toward the land of pure delight. His heart is there already. You have his story, and it may help you to remember that some paupers wear fine linen and broadcloth, while here and there a prince is to be found in rags."

Former Elephants.

The great northern elephant perished as a species in the prime of life. It had lived under most prosperous conditions. Its enemies were few and comparatively impotent. Alone among contemporary animals, the sabre-toothed tiger occasionally got the better of an antagonist which must have been less sensitive to the flint-tipped arrows of mere human assailants than Ship Surgeon Gulliver was to the multitudinous pricks of Lilliputian missiles.

Inexhaustible supplies of food, too, were furnished by forests and swamps of the vast European continent to the terrestrial leviathan, which accordingly multiplied and thrived exceedingly. There was the culminating epoch of the proboscidean family. Thick-skinned animals with tusks and trunks attained a larger size, ranged over a wider area of the earth's surface and existed more numerous and in greater variety than ever before or since.

Mammoths wandered into Ireland and Scotland, they tramped by the score through the thickets of the Weald; they roamed in great herds along the flats and valleys of Central Europe, and across the endless oak-clad plains of Russia and the now tundra of Siberia. Italy reared elephants of its own. (Elephas meridionalis), another antique species of large

size (Elephas antiquus) was met with from Yorkshire to the Atlas; even Malta swarmed with pigmy elephants of two if not three separate kinds, while the huge mastodon was the chief representative of the genus in North and South America.—[The Edinburgh Review.]

## The Open Vision.

One summer evening, while stopping in a beautiful suburban home not far from our city, I was told this story by one who had lately been an inmate of the house:

A maiden, some 16 years of age, had all her life been the unconscious victim of a blemish in her eyes that hindered perfect vision. A surgical operation was finally agreed upon and successfully made. The girl was kept in the house until her eyes gathered full strength, and was permitted gradually and sparingly to go out of doors. It so happened that some time elapsed after her recovery before she went into the open air after nightfall. One evening she rushed into the parlor with her face aglow with excitement. The joy of a great discovery illumined every feature.

"Oh, come," she exclaimed, "come out quickly to the lawn, and see what beautiful things have appeared in the sky!"

Her friends hastily followed her out of doors, wondering what might have occurred. They saw nothing unusual. "What do you mean?" they asked her.

"Look," she said, pointing eagerly heavenward; "don't you see those bright things up there—sparkling all over the sky?"

"My dear child," said one who loved her, "those are the stars."

Yes, the stars, which she had not seen before. Friends could hardly take in the fact that, for all the years of her life, the dear child had been moving through God's world with limited vision seeing only what lay close around here, utterly oblivious that there were stars, host of stars, all over the sky, and all so very beautiful. How strange it seemed!

I think of something far more strange—aye, and pitiful. Heaven is full of shining light that God has hung out to charm the pathway to his eternal home, to lure you upwards, to show you how far heaven rises beyond earth in value and glory. Yet, oh, friends! your eyes are still withholden. You do not see, you do not comprehend. Oh, for the hand of him who opened the eyes of the blind when he walked this world, to touch your soul and give you sight to these realities. [Gospel in Nature.]

## Life in India.

India is now a part of the British Empire but many of its people are yet but little accustomed to British laws and usages. The following from the Housekeeper shows how different is the manner of living among the Hindus from our Canadian methods:

The daily routine of housework does not engross all the time and attention of our cousins in Hindustan. Their style of living is simple and everything is done in the most primitive manner. At break of day one is awakened by the sound of the handmill grinding the grain for the day's supply. This work is always performed by the women, it being beneath the dignity of the men. After the wheat is thus ground into coarse, sweet flour, the women of the lower caste will prepare breakfast for their family while those of the higher castes will have it done for them by Mohammedan women, who come each morning and return to their homes each evening.

There is indeed quite a difference in the style of life adopted by the high and low castes. Not that there is always more wealth and luxury among the reverse is the case, but the general make-up of their houses is different, the trend of life and occupation is not the same.

A Mohallah is the name applied to a collection of mud huts occupied by near relatives belonging to the lower caste. They are sometimes built in long rows on either side of a narrow street, although they are more often seen without any regularity or plan whatever. These rooms—a room is a house—are very low, very rough and insecure. They are almost utterly devoid of furniture. A low, rough bed, a mud stove and a box for extra clothing if there be any, comprise the entire list.

The stoves are fashioned of mud, shaped somewhat like an office chair. Pieces of charcoal or bits of dried cow-chips are then placed on the "seat"; then the vessel in which their food is to be cooked is placed upon the fire. Should the weather be pleasant the cooking is usually done outdoors, but during the rainy season the stove must be kept in the house. Then the smoke completely fills the room, but they being accustomed to it do not mind it. The women prepare the food for their husbands and wait upon them during the meal. Whole families live on from \$1 to \$2 a month. Many a man is thankful to receive even this small sum regularly during the entire year.

During the cucumber season many of them subsist on cucumbers alone, because they are cheap, then wonder why they are stricken down with cholera! A weaver can earn about \$2 a month, by working diligently at

his loom from dawn till sunset. With a few pice he can buy a little rice or some coarse flour, a pinch of salt, some curry powder and a few red-pepper pods. The wife will then go into the field and gather mallows, wild mustard, lamb's quarter and other kinds of wild herbs; these, when boiled and seasoned with the salt and curry, will be added to the rice and eaten with the "chappatties" with evident relish.

They eat very daintily with neither knives, forks, spoons nor chopsticks; their "chappatties" being tough unleavened pancakes, a piece of one does duty nicely as a spoon. Sometimes each member of the family is provided with a brass drinking cup and deep plate of the same material, though often one brass "dache" will suffice for the household. After use, it is rinsed carefully and dried in the sun.

The houses of the higher classes are all built around an open square or "court." The Zenana, which is the general term for the entire house, is built of sun-dried brick or mud, the floors invariably being of the latter material. The building is two or three stories high, according to the number in the family. When a son marries he does not leave the paternal roof, but brings his bride to his father's house. Thus there are often great-grandfathers, grandfathers, fathers, and sons all living under one roof. The building is usually surrounded by a high wall in order to exclude public gaze. All of the rooms have a door opening into the common court; into this the various sisters-in-law, with their numerous progeny, congregate from day to day. One will expect to find their rooms furnished with some degree of comfort and refinement, but is greatly disappointed. They are but little if any better than the rooms of a mohallah. They are more dark, dismal and ill ventilated. The walls are literally covered with soot and cobwebs; nor can these be removed, it being a sin to kill a spider or destroy its work.

A great difference often exists between the apartments of a wealthy native and those of his wife. His will be elegantly furnished in the latest English style, but it would be entirely out of the question to permit her eyes to rest upon this elegance, or her feet to tread upon the soft rugs. The women are so accustomed to this state of affairs they never think of rebelling. Yet their style of life, their want of employment, their close confinement makes them peevish and fretful, unhealthy and unhappy.

Each house—there are no homes—has its household god or goddess, to which they offer oblations especially in times of sickness or distress. During an epidemic of smallpox, they are afraid to take medicine lest the goddess of smallpox would be angry if they spoiled her sport. While cholera is raging, they will offer sacrifices of goats and lambs or even elephants that the demon may be appeased. Idolatry is universal and every month has its special worship. And during each month from all parts of India devotees come to worship the special deity. One remarkable thing about the June "meela" is that in the worship of Juggernaut caste is destroyed for the time being, while in the walls which surround his temple Hindoos of every caste eat together from the same dish. But as soon as they leave the temple this equality disappears.

## About Gas Boring.

Here are some of the depths to which boring for gas has been prosecuted in several localities in this Province. One near Niagara was drilled 3,150 feet and then abandoned. A well at Simcoe was sunk to a depth of 2,700 feet and then abandoned. In St. Thomas a well is now being drilled and a depth of 2,000 feet has been reached, but without much success. It is the intention to go to 3,000 feet unless something satisfactory is found first. A well was sunk to the depth of over 2,000 feet in Hamilton last fall when a small flow was obtained which though not large, was thought to be enough to pay the interest on the investment. The great well near Kingsville, the most successful yet struck in Canada, is about 1,000 feet deep. Those in the vicinity of Port Colborne are, we believe, all less than 1,000 feet, anywhere struck drilling ceases as it is well understood no gas is found in it and no rock lies below it.

## Tact.

Lack of tact is a great hindrance to any good cause. Rev. Guy Mark Pearce, one of England's famous preachers, seems to think tact comes in usefully even in religious work. I e

says: "There are people whom I meet with sometimes who don't do me any good at all; strangers who, abruptly and without any preface, demand in a peremptory voice a statement of my religious conviction. It is a kind of stand and deliver that one resents. There is a sacredness and privacy about religion which the Lord recognizes when he bids us go and pray in our room with the door shut. A man can be a light of the world without being a policeman's bull's-eye flashing out upon the darkness—a glare that does not guide, but only blinds and bewilders. One may be the salt of the earth without giving people a mouthful of unadvised, as if it were medicine. Salt may be a good thing by itself, but it is wonderful how a dish of something nice improves it."

## Just for Fun.

Unlike the photographers, the dark room in courting is mainly used for developing affirmatives.

"Have you heard how the 25 miles swimming race has gone off?"

"Oh, yes; they're all saved!"

An eminent brow-beating barrister once described certain individuals as "living from hand to mouth, like the birds in the air."

It is an odd and sometimes melancholy to see a man trying "to make up his mind" when he has no material on hand to work with.

"All cold snaps," said Uncle Allan Sparks, looking in a contemplative mood at his thermometer, "are alike in kind. They differ only in degree."

Teacher—What happened when the man killed the goose that laid the golden egg?

Dick Hicks—His goose was cooked.

—[Brooklyn Life.]

Mamma (to little Jimmie, who is saying his prayers)—Now, Jimmie, ask God to bring papa home safely.

Jimmie—Please, Dad, bring papa home on a safety.

Miss Flirt (to her young admirer)—Why, Charlie, you don't even know the A, B, C, of love!

Charlie (stoutly)—Well, I know the U and I of it, anyway!

Dilly (in a hurried whisper)—Mamma, Willy is an infidel.

Mamma—An infidel?

Dilly—Yes, he said he don't believe there's any Santa Claus.

The editor wants the income tax;

But the idea they've reversed,

For they'll all agreed that they greatly

need

A slice of the income first.

—[Punch.]

Black—He was the greatest man I

know of.

White—What did he do?

Black—He wrote love letters without

making a fool of himself. —[New York Herald.]

She—No, I don't prefer men who

are known to be rich.

He—How can that be?

She—They don't spend their money

as freely as men who want to be known

as rich. —[Truth.]

If every man were but as big

As he assumes to be,

The half world would be crowded off

And drop into the sea.

—[Cleland Plain Dealer.]

Miss Antiqu—That poor Miss

Simple has been a wallflower ever since

I've been in society.

Mr. Blunder—Dear me, how well

she carries her age. No one would

take her for over 60. —[Chicago Inter-

Ocean.]

Nervous old gentleman (in restaurant)—Such negligence is unpardonable,

sir! I ordered raw and you have

brought me a fish!

Waiter (interrupting)—Well, please

don't get in a row over it. —[Boston

Courier.]

Little John—Our new teacher is

just as pretty as can be, and gets

taken out most every night to concerts

and things. Is just lovely!

Mother—You like pretty teachers,

don't you, dear?

Little John—Yes'm; they always

has a good tin, ah! don't feel so much

like givin' bad marks.

Mrs. Doubt—What did you get in

the mail?

Dicky Doubt—Only two invita-

tions.

Mrs. Doubt—From whom?

Dicky Doubt—One is from Jack

Harlemite; he wants me to come up

some time. The other is from my

tailor; he wants me to come down—

right away.

During the wedding ceremony at a

fashionable church in Harlem, Birdie

McGinnis, one of the bridesmaids,

wept bitterly. After the ceremony

Dudley Canesucker, who was present,

said to Birdie:

"What are you crying about, Miss

Birdie? You were not the bride."

"I know it," replied Birdie, with a

lump in her throat. "That's what

broke me all up." —[Texas Siftings.]

Daughter—That man who advertised

all the latest popular songs for \$1 is a

swindler.

Old man—Oh! Didn't he send

anything for your money? I'll report

him to the authorities at once.

"Yes, he sent the latest popular

songs, just as advertised, but they were

only the words. No music at all. I

can read them of course, but I can't

sing them."

"My dear, that man is not a

swindler. He's a philanthropist."

—Let no pleasure tempt thee, no

ambition corrupt thee, no example

sway thee to do anything which thou

knowest to be evil; so shalt thou al-

ways live jolly, for a good conscience

is a continual Christmas. —[Benjamin

Franklin.]

## Dip and Drink.

I wonder if all of you have heard the story of the sailors who were in a ship off the east coast of South America when their water gave out. Nothing more terrible can happen on board ship, except fire.

The men made all sail they could, and steered due west. Their thirst became fiercer every hour. The hot, tropical sun beat down upon the deck until it blistered their bare feet to walk upon it. Their throats became parched, and when the second morning of this dreadful suffering dawned they could barely speak.

Suddenly one of the crew, staggering to the bulwarks, pointed and cried hoarsely, "A sail!"

Oh, how they watched that speck of gleaming white, growing larger and larger. They hoisted their flag "union down," as a signal of distress.

At last the strange ship came near enough to speak to them.

"What's the matter?" called out the captain of the new-comer, when he had thrown his vessel up into the wind to stop its headway.

The poor, thirsty, dying fellows could not answer. They tried in vain with their swollen tongues to call out "water." They could only show by desperate motions of their hands to their lips what they wanted.

And then—how cruel it seemed—the other ship braced her yards and filled away on her course again. But as she passed the stern where the starving, despairing sailors were gathered, the captain called out once more, pointing downward to the sea as he did so:

"Dip and drink!"

It sounded like terrible mockery. Drink the salt sea itself! One of the sailors, with a bitter laugh, let down a bucket, and drawing it up full, placed it recklessly to his lips.

Then what a cry of joy he gave!

The water was as sweet as that which used to come dimpling up from the mossy well on the old home farm. The others crowded around, hauled up gallons of the glorious dancing water and drank again and again, until life and strength and hope