

another little feller when I left. But my? ain't them nurses nice to a chap? Guess I must go now, or I'll be too late to get in. Goodnight, sir!" and the little waif disappeared toward the street-car stables. Sick, crippled, abused by his mates, exposed to all kinds of weather in all kinds of unsuitable clothing, yet making a living and saving money at fifteen! Seems to me there's a lesson to learn from the little humped-backed boot-black merchant.—*Advance.*

An Australian Colonist on the Old Flag.

BY VINCENT PYKE.

ONLY a bit of bunting,
Only a tattered rag;
But we'll fight to the death, as our fathers fought,
For the brave old British flag;
Who dares to lay a hand on it,
Who dares to touch a fold,
Shall learn that Britain's sons to-day
Can fight as they fought of old.

For the brave old British flag, my boys,
The dear old British flag;
Though we dwell apart, we are one in heart,
And we'll fight for the grand old flag.

'Tis not with serfs down-trodden,
Nor yet with craven slaves,
That the foe must account that dares give affront
To the flag that o'er us waves:
But with men, free, bold, and fearless,
United with heart and hand,
To guard the honour and fame
Of the flag of the Fatherland.

For the brave old British flag, my boys,
The dear old British flag;
Though we dwell apart, we are one in heart,
And we'll fight for the grand old flag.

Three crosses in the Union,
Three crosses in the Jack,
And we'll add to it now the Cross of the South,
And stand by it back to back;
Though other skies above us shine,
When danger's tempest lowers
We'll show the world that Britain's cause
And Britain's foes are ours.

And ours the brave old flag, my boys,
The dear old British flag;
Though we dwell apart, we are one in heart,
And we'll fight for the grand old flag.

OUR WILLIE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

SOME time ago, on a specially festive occasion, I was invited to dine at a beautiful home, which I had often visited before. There was a large gathering of friends, for the family had long been famous for its hospitality. I knew that total abstinence had not been smiled upon there, and I was therefore surprised, on sitting down to dinner, to notice the entire absence of wine-glasses. I wondered, for a moment, whether this was done out of compliment to myself, and I therefore asked the lady of the house if they had become abstainers since I last visited there. I saw, by the change in her face, that my question had given her pain; and, bending toward me, she said, in a whisper: "I will explain it after dinner."

As soon as the dinner was ended she took me into the ante-room, and, with great emotion, said: "You asked me about the absence of wine-glasses at the table."

"Yes," I replied. "I noticed their absence, and I was puzzled at the reason."

With a quivering voice she said: "I want to tell you the reason; but it is a sad story for me to tell and for you to hear. You remember my son Willie?"

"Oh, yes," I answered: "I remember him well."

"Wasn't he a bonnie lad?" she asked, with tears in her eyes

"Yes," I said; "Willie was one of the finest lads I have ever seen."

"Yes," she continued, "he was my pride; and, perhaps, I loved him too well. You know that we always used wine freely, and never imagined that any harm would come of it. You are aware, also, that our house is known as the 'Ministers' Home,' and that they are nowhere more welcome than here. On Sundays I have always let the children stay up to supper, so that they might have the benefit of conversation; and as my husband and the ministers took wine, I always gave the children half a glass—on Sunday nights only. By-and-by, Willie went to business, and I was as happy as a mother could be. I thought I had everything to make me so. After a time, however, I began to feel uncomfortable. I noticed, when I gave Willie his good-night kiss, that his breath smelt of drink, and I spoke to him about it. He laughed at my fears, saying he had only had a glass with his friends; and I thought that, perhaps, my strong love for him had made me foolishly suspicious. I tried to dismiss my fears; but it was in vain, for I saw things were getting worse. There was a look in his eyes, and a huskiness in his voice, which told me he was at least in terrible danger. I didn't know what to do about it. I feared to speak to his father. If it should turn out that I was mistaken, I knew he would be vexed with me for suspecting such a thing; and if I was correct in these suspicions, I dreaded he might take some strong measures with Willie, which would end badly. So I waited, and prayed, and hoped. My hopes, however, were vain. He began to come home late at nights, his father became alarmed, and, as I feared would be the case, spoke sharply to him, and threatened severe punishment. Willie, who had a high spirit, answered his father as he should not have done, and they frequently came to high words. One night Willie came home quite drunk. I tried to get him to bed without his father knowing of it, but I failed; his father met him in the passage, and many bitter words passed between them. At last his father ordered him to leave the house. He went, and for months we heard nothing whatever about him. Father ordered us never to mention him, and I and his sisters could do nothing but pray that, in some way, God would restore him to us. At length, one night, after my daughters and the servants had gone to bed, and while father and I were sitting reading, suddenly I heard a faint voice, which I thought sounded like Willie's. I dared not speak; but father looked earnestly at me, and said, 'Did you hear anything?' I said I thought I did. He said, 'Go to the door and see.' I went, and opened the side-door, and there, more like a corpse than a living body, was Willie.

"I said, 'Willie!'

"'Mother,' he said, 'Will you let me in?'

"'Ah, my boy!' I said, as I folded him to my heart, 'you should never have gone away. Come in, and welcome.'

"He tried to do it, but he was so feeble that I had to help him. He said, 'Don't take me into the drawing-room—take me into the kitchen. I am cold and dying.' I said, 'No, my boy; I'll soon nurse you up, and you'll be yourself again.'

"'Mother,' he said, 'I wish you would make me a basin of bread and milk, as you used to do when I was a little boy. I think I could eat that.'

"I said, 'I'll make you anything you want; but don't look so sad. Come up stairs and go to bed, and I will soon get you right.'

"He tried to walk, but fell back into the chair. I called his father, and he came back. Not an angry word was spoken. They only said, 'Willie, — Father.'

"Seeing his condition, his father took him in his

arms as he would a child, and carried him up into his own bed.

"After a moment's pause, he said, 'Father, I am dying—and the drink has killed me.'

"His father said, 'No, no, my boy. Cheer up! You'll be better soon. Your mother will bring you round.'

"'No, never, father. God be merciful to me, a sinner.'

"His head fell back, and my bonnie boy was gone!

"His father stood gazing at him, with a look of agony, for some minutes, and then turned to me, and said, 'Mother, I see it all now. The drink has killed poor Willie. But it shall do no more harm in our house. There shall never be another drop of drink in this house while I live.'

"All the liquor in the house was destroyed, and we parted with the very wine-glasses; and that's the reason of what you noticed to-day."

AN UNINVITED ROOM-MATE.

If you lived in southern Europe, or perhaps in central America, there would be a curious hesitation in your movements as you performed your toilet or prepared for bed. No quick putting of feet and hands into shoes and feet, no rapid turning of the coverlid and resting into soft pillows pulled into position as you closed your eyes—not at all. The glove and the shoe would be turned over and shaken. The bed would be carefully examined before you trusted yourself in it. Why? Because the claws of a scorpion might thrust themselves into your unsuspecting finger or toe. The wound once made, that cruel hook at the end of the tail would follow, inserting a poison that would be painful—might be fatal.

The scorpion loves darkness. No wonder; for his deeds are evil. He is also fond of warmth and shelter. This is why he avails himself of such obscure retreats as he can find in your bed-room. What becomes of the victim whom he chooses to join, after he has gone to bed, travellers do not tell us. The bite of many scorpions is not more dangerous than that of a wasp. The rock-scorpion of Africa is much dreaded by the natives. A man bitten by this insect—which is six inches long—is tightly bandaged above the wound and made to lie down until the effects of the wound pass off.

Scorpions eat millions of troublesome insects, and for that purpose are useful to us. They are very fierce when roused, throwing their tails over their heads and striking and wounding in every direction. The mother scorpion at first carries her young on her back, and afterward cares for them a whole month.

LOVE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

"It is as different as can be!"

"What is it?"

"Being a Christian. Everything is so different from what I expected it to be."

"What did you expect it to be?"

"When you used to talk with me about being a Christian, I used to say to myself, 'No, I can't now; for I'll have to do so many hard things, and I never can do them.'"

"What hard things?"

"I used to think, 'I shall have to walk just so; shall have to go to church and prayer-meeting; shall have to pray and read the Bible.' It is so different from what I thought."

"What do you mean? You go to church and prayer-meeting; you read the Bible and pray."

"Oh, yes; but then I love to do them. That makes the difference. I love Jesus, and I love to do all he wishes me to do."