

when the days were shortest, and the hours of work with chances of earning money were few. Don had less to do, and more time to rest, but he was always weary, and every doorstep seemed to tempt him to sit down and take breath awhile. It was so long since he had rested himself in a chair, that he could scarcely remember how easy and comfortable were the chairs in that hospital by the sea-side, where his last taste of home-comfort had been. To sit on door-steps and the stone benches of the bridges, or on bits of planks and spare bricks, was all the rest he had had for many a month. He had not given a thought to it before; but when all his limbs ached, and his very bones felt weary as they always did now, the remembrance came back to him vividly of the cushioned rocking-chair by Mrs. Clack's warm fire, where he had been allowed to sit sometimes, nursing little Dot upon his knee. Dot often sat upon his knee still; but how soon he tired of her light weight! Still Don had a good fund of hope and courage within him which kept him from sinking beneath his weariness and hunger. A few months more to struggle through, the summer would be here once more, and all those sunny evenings by the river-side would come again. He had some plans for learning to read during the winter; and he had already put them so far into practice as to prevail upon two or three persons who knew how to read, to teach him a few verses in the little book of texts which had been given to him at the Convalescent Home. Fortunately some of the verses had been marked out by having a black line drawn round them; and the matron had told him those were the texts she most wished him to learn. His first verse was, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." The words were so simple that he could learn them easily. But who was the Son of Man?

Those persons whom he ventured to ask were as ignorant as himself, or if they knew, they either laughed at him or bade him hold his tongue. They did not care to think of him in the midst of the dreary, miserable, vicious lives they were living. Yet the words had a pleasant melody in them to Don, and something like the wonderful music he had heard in St. Paul's Cathedral; and often he repeated them to himself and little Dot: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost."

All through the chilly autumn, and the dark winter, the little

child was thriving and living happily, even among the squalid hardships of the circumstances surrounding her. Whatever Don went without, Dot had enough, as long as he could procure it for her, and, like all little children, having food and clothing she was quite content. A home Don could not provide for her; and now and then, though the weather was not very wintry, yet she suffered something from the rain and cold. Still his love and care for her preserved



THE KING AND THE PAGE.

her from much harm; her face continued rosy and plump, and she was growing fast, so fast that Don willingly believed it was her increasing size and weight which made her so heavy a burden to him that now he could no longer carry her even a few yards. Dot was a chattering, playful, merry little creature, so full of fun that Don would often carry on a game with her when the perspiration stood thick upon his forehead, and his breath came fitfully and painfully through his pale lips.

(To be continued.)

THE BLESSING OF THE LORD it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow to it.

THE KING AND THE PAGE.

A pleasant story is told of the old king Frederick the Great of Prussia. Once when he rang the bell for his page to come and wait on him, there was no answer. So he rang again and still there was no answer. So he went out into the ante-chamber, and there he found his page fast asleep. The step of the king does not waken him, so soundly is he asleep. A letter sticking out of the boy's pocket

Frightened and confused, the poor boy put his hand into his pocket, and what to find but a bag of money. He took it out and, looking up to the king, burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" asked the king.

"Ah, sire," cried the poor fellow, throwing himself on his knees before Frederick, "somebody is trying to ruin me. I know nothing about this money which I have just found in my pocket."

"My young friend," said the king, "God takes different ways of helping us. Send the money to your mother. Salute her from me, and tell her I will take good care of both her and you."

Illustrated Christian Weekly.

LEOPARDS FOR LEARNING.

Mr. Edward S. Morris, of Philadelphia, who owns a large tract of land in Liberia, is seeking to establish a school upon his plantation in order to give an education to some fifty native African youths. The following incident, sent by Mr. Morris to the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, together with the picture on the next page, illustrates how much the young Africans desire an education:

"It was at sunset one beautiful Sabbath day, as I stood for the last time on the beach at Monrovia waiting for my boat to take me out to the anchored vessel in the bay. A little native boy came to me, bowing low. I told him to 'stand up and never bow to man' (believing that to be orthodox to begin with). I said, 'What do you want?' In broken, disjointed English, the best the little fellow could utter, and pointing out to the ship he said, 'You God-man take me to big America, big ship.' 'What for?' I asked. He answered, 'Me learn big English, you.' In consequence of my then enervated condition, resulting

from overwork, I was forced to say 'No' to the little fellow; whereupon he immediately drew forth from the folds of a cloth around him two little leopards, alive, with unopened eyes, and presenting them said, 'Me give him; you take me big America, big ship, learn big English.' Think of it, Mr. Editor, the mother leopard must to his knowledge have been near when he captured her kittens; still that hungry, thirsting child risked his life to earn a passage to America solely to gain an education. Try and believe me when I assert there are thousands of such courageous boys in the Niger Valley alone, and as many more in Soudan thus burning for education."