

Outward Bound.

By J. F. M.

A ship lies ready for a foreign sea;
A thousand brave Canadians are her
bright,
And strains are heard of martial melody,
And thousands there, with tearful eyes
await
The parting word to father, son or friend,
Alas, who knows their fate?

Is old Quebec unmindful of the days
When cannon thundered from her bat-
tlement?

Is she now careless of the part she plays,
As from her port the first contingents
sent

To Britain's foreign fields of war,
Thus marking an event?

No! Canada throughout her broad do-
main,
In love and homage to the motherland
Proves by her acts—not words alone—her
claim

An honoured member of the State to
stand;

So her brave sons must fight,
And bleed on Africa's gory strand.

Her shores by oceans swept, her inland
seas,
Shall yet behold the empre we shall
build,

Her valleys, hills and prairies, these, all
these,
By victories in peace shall yet be filled,
And by industrious millions of our race
Shall yet be filled.

—Montreal Witness.

TIM'S FRIEND.

By Annie M. Barton.

CHAPTER V.

TIM HEARS OF A WONDERFUL FRIEND.

One cold, wet Sunday afternoon in January, Tim stood shivering in the shelter of a wide doorway, wondering where he could go and what he could do to pass away a few hours.

He had been in Sunderland about a month, and during that time had lived, he himself hardly knew how. The three-pence bestowed upon him by the kind old watchman had been invested in newspapers, and the profits were small and the competition keen.

Many days he had been able to earn only enough to pay for his night's lodging, and sometimes not even that. When he awoke in the morning with hunger, he was almost tempted to spend his precious shilling, which still hung by the red string round his neck. He took it from its hiding-place and looked at it long and earnestly, with stern resolution put to it being saying, "I promised the little chap as I'd never part with it, and I'll keep my word."

He was a great deal at the docks, and often made inquiries as to whether a steamer called the Argus ever came to Sunderland. Upon this point he could get no definite information; some of the sailors laughed and others swore at him, but nobody told him what he wanted to know.

Tim, however, lived in hope that some day he would meet again his kind friend John Wilson.

Upon this particular Sunday afternoon the fog felt very thick and murky.

Until evening he dared not venture to the lodging-house, where he paid two-pence each night for the use of a battered rug and a place on the hard, bare boards of a big room. The landlady had told him plainly that she could not be bothered "with brats idling there during the day," and so the doubtful pleasure of sitting in that big, warm room, filled with dried fish and the landlady's more dreadful talk that went on between the tramps and vagabonds there assembled, was denied to Tim. Well for the lad that it was so, otherwise he might have been utterly ruined.

Faster and faster fell the rain on that Sunday afternoon, and just as a big clock in the neighbourhood struck two, a little girl, under the shelter of a large apple umbrella, hurried past the doorway where Tim stood.

She was a quaint, old-fashioned-looking child, very neat and tidy, though evidently poor, judging from the carefully patched frock and shabby tucks. She glanced at Tim with an earnest, inquiring gaze, whereupon the lad put his tongue into his cheek and winked at her.

This seemed to disconcert the little maiden; she turned her head aside and looked on quickly and averted.

Tim stood idly, gazing after the big umbrella, as it bobbed up and down, and presently saw it come to a dead stop half-

way along the street. The little figure beneath it stood for a moment undecided, then came tripping back again to where he stood.

He did not wink this time, but looked straight into her face as she asked breathlessly, "Little boy, will you come with me to Sunday-school?"

"No, little girl, not if I know it," he answered promptly, mimicking her tone and words.

"I wish you would," said the child, in a very disappointed tone; "teacher promised to give a little book to every one who brought a new scholar to-day, and I thought I might just as soon be in school as out of doors in the wet."

Tim hesitated, feeling strongly the force of this argument.

"What'll they make me learn?" he demanded, and will that the Board of Education be there? 'cause I've dodged him no end of times, and he shant spot me now."

"No, no," cried the little girl eagerly, "he never comes to Sunday-school. You'll just have to stand outside and listen to a man praying, and teacher will tell you a story out of the Bible 'bout Joseph, as had a little coat made of every colour that can think of, or 'bout Abram, as tied his rope up to a post, and was going to kill him with a knife, only an angel come and stopped him. She tells us some splendid stories, teacher does."

"What'll it be?" Dutch to Tim, who knew nothing whatever of Bible stories, or of the Bible itself. But the prospect of a warm, comfortable shelter from the very rain was very inviting, and there was no other else he could go.

The little girl was just about to speak, as she saw signs of yielding, renewed her persuasions.

Consequently, at a quarter past two, she was introduced into the mission school, and first placing her big umbrella in a safe corner, conducted Tim to a pleasant-faced young lady, who was presiding over a very large class of boys and girls.

"Please, teacher, I've brought a new scholar, so can I have one of the books you said?"

"Certainly, my dear," answered the lady, "but first let me speak to my little new scholar. What is your name? and where do you live?"

She took Tim's dirty pavy in her soft, white hand, and looked into his face, with a kindly, motherly smile, and nodded and grinned and pointed their fingers at him, taking care, however, that their teacher did not see.

The temptation to show them that he was not so green as they imagined was too much for him. After an explosive wink, directed to the class generally, he answered in a sing-song voice:

"Timberly Blake it is me name,
England it is me nashun—"

But here he was stopped by a look of reproach in the lady's eyes, and a very emphatic "No, no, no dear; but you say to answer me first." But you shall tell me all 'bout yourself after school, there is not time now."

"Tim, feeling rather ashamed of himself, was promptly pulled into a seat by the little girl who had introduced him to the school.

"You're a real bad boy, and I wish I'd never brought you," she said, in an angry tone; but nevertheless she opened a hymn-book, found the place, and shared it with him.

A gentleman from the reading desk gave out the words, and the children sang their right good words, and Tim, who did not read very well, but his small neighbour could, and as she sang in a shrill staccato voice almost into his ear, he heard every word of the hymn.

The hymn ended; the whole school knelt down, and the solemn school prayer; unfortunately he did not understand the art of talking to children and used a great many long words, and I am afraid very few of the boys and girls could hear him.

Tim did not; although he knelt perfectly still and played no tricks, he did not hear one sentence of the prayer. His whole mind was occupied by the words of the hymn, and the words of the children—a rest for little children—a home for little children."

He needed those three things very badly; could it be possible they were offered to a ragged, dirty boy like himself?

No, there must be some mistake, because it said, "Above the bright blue sky," and Tim knew that the longest day was not yet over.

A friend, and a rest, and a home, so far, far away, in a place so impossible to reach, would be a use at all. He wanted them here, and now, in Sunder-

land.

He was quick, he said to himself, "he was sick of that there rubbish as meant nothing at all," and if it had not been such a wet, miserable day out of doors would have made his escape at once.

But when the lady, his teacher, said, "Now, boys and girls, I want to talk to you this afternoon about Jesus, the Friend of children, who loves you all so dearly," Tim's face brightened, and he listened with unflagging attention.

In the simplest of simple words the lady told the old, old story of the Saviour's wondrous love, of his life upon earth, of his sufferings and death, and of the beautiful home in heaven where he has gone to prepare for all who truly love him. She told them how dearly he loves all little children, and how he watches over and cares for them, and is their Father, their mother and more loving than even the kindest father or mother could possibly be. And then she pointed out to them, that if they would be his children they must love him and keep his commandments, and if they would be or steal, or do anything they would be ashamed he should see. And if they wanted help or guidance they must pray for it, and praying meant simply that they must love him more, and then they would ask a kind mother or father to give them some useful thing.

Tim did not quite understand all that the lady said, and he would not ask her to teach him, but he understood enough to know, that far away in heaven, above the bright blue sky—and yet at the same time very near by—was a wonderful Friend called Jesus, who would love him more than even his Father. Dods loved Johnnie, a Friend who was not too proud to call a ragged, dirty, miserable little boy his child.

It was a wonderful news to Tim, and during the singing of his loving hymn and the prayer that followed he was very quiet and thoughtful, pondering what he had heard.

His mission school was dismissed, Tim seized his tattered cap and hurried away, eager to escape the noisy crowd.

His teacher was disappointed to find he had gone. She was greatly interested in this ragged little boy, and wanted to know something of his history.

"Praps he'll come agen next Sunday," observed the small, quaint child who had brought him. "Don't you worry about it, teacher, I'll keep good look out, and I'm 'most sure to find him somewhere."

That night, when Tim lay down on his wretched bed in the crowded lodging-house, his last waking thought was of the wonderful Friend who loved and cared for him.

(To be continued.)

HIS FIRST MONEY.

By CHARLES H. DORRIS.

Billy Barlow went home with "a bee in his bonnet" this time, which he was saying to him, "Billy, boy, you ought to start out gathering honey after such a sermon as you heard this morning."

Dr. Gordon's words had fallen into the last one who had spoken to him, and he thought into one honest little heart; for the very next day, after school, Billy rang the bell of their nearest neighbour's house.

The lady of the house, who had seen Billy coming up the steps, opened the door herself.

"Why, how do you do, Billy?" she said.

"I'm a pretty well, thank you," answered Billy. "Mind, Mrs. Jones, Jeffers," he continued eagerly, "have you any work for me to do?"

"Work? For you?" questioned the astonished Mrs. Jeffers. "Has your father failed?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Jeffers?"

"Then why do you want to earn money? Do not your people give you all you ought to have?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jeffers. But—but—"

"But what, Billy? Come in and tell me. Fardon me for not inviting you in before."

"Yesterday," faltered Billy, with red cheeks and downcast eyes, "Dr. Gordon talked missionary to us. And—i want to earn some money for that cause. I've got money, but it's none that I earned."

"Oh, I see," replied Mrs. Jeffers. "I see. You'd you are doing just right. Come out in the kitchen, and we will see what Bridget has to offer. Bridget," she asked, when he had entered the good-natured cook's domain, "have you any work for Billy to do?"

"Nothin'," laughed Bridget, who was one of Billy's best friends. "Unless he be atter scroobin' me floor, an' Ol' var' at goin' to do that messin'."

"Would you do that, Billy?" asked Mrs. Jeffers.

"Yes, ma'am, I think so. I played some-times at scrubbing floor for our Nora."

"Well, Billy, I will give you fifty cents

to scrub the kitchen floor, and mind you make a good job of it," laughed Mrs. Jeffers.

"Yes'm," answered Billy, "and I thank you, Mrs. Jeffers."

He then later the telephone in Billy's home rang, and Mrs. Jeffers called over the wire: "O Mrs. Barlow, come over right away. I've got 'somebody in my kitchen doing something, to show you.' And in a little while the astonished Mrs. Barlow was peeping through the door of Mrs. Jeffers' kitchen.

"Now come into the parlour while I tell you about it," whispered Mrs. Jeffers.

"Do you know," she continued, when they were comfortably seated side by side, "that never have I had such a missionary sermon preached to me as the one I just received from dear little Billy. I had thought that we were doing nobly by that cause. But now I feel ashamed of myself."

A half-hour later, while the ladies were still talking, the little floor-scrubber again came.

"Why—why, mamma, how did you get here?"

"Mrs. Barlow, advancing to meet him, received the blushing, faltering lad with open arms. "Great goodness, what a heart and kissing him, she whispered: "My precious little missionary boy! Your first work, and the first money you have ever earned are for the Master. God bless you, Billy!"

HUMBLE ORIGIN OF GREAT MEN.

Jeremy Taylor, the greatest preacher the Anglican Church ever produced, and the author of "Holy Living and Dying," was the son of a barber. He was born in 1613 and died in 1667.

Francis Asbury, the great leader of the pioneer work of American Methodism, was the son of a gardener, and himself served the apprenticeship of a saddler.

Kitto, the great biblical scholar, was the son of a bricklayer. From this humble origin of American Methodism, the foundations of biblical learning and scholarship.

George Fox was the son of a shoemaker. Out from this position he went with his feet shod with the preparation of the good soil to do.

Haydn, who afterward became the great composer, was the son of a carpenter.

John Bunyan, the author of the world's great allegory, was poverty's gift to the church.

Zwingli, the Swiss reformer, came from an Alpine shepherd's home.

Luther was the son of a poor miner, and at one time made his bread by singing in a choir to do.

Claudius Buchanan, whose "Star in the East" led Judson to Burmah, was a poor boy picked up by John Newton and recommended to a rich man as worthy of an education.

Socrates, the Athenian philosopher, was the child of artisans and was himself an artisan during his youth.

Jacob Boehme, the great German philosopher, was the son of poor parents, and was apprenticed to a shoemaker at an early age.

Shakespeare sprang from humble origin his father being a butcher and grazier.

Shakespeare himself was in early life a wool-comber.

Marlowe, the predecessor of Shakespeare, was the son of a Canterbury shoemaker.

Daniel De Foë, the English novelist, and author of "Robinson Crusoe," was the son of a butcher.

Goldsmith entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar.

Richard Burns was a poor ploughboy in early life.

John Keats, the moving principle of whose poetry was the worship of beauty, was the son of a London hostler.

Thomas Carlyle was the son of a third-rate herring-baroness.

Charles Dickens was the son of a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, and from his early struggles and privations he obtained the knowledge upon which he so largely drew in his descriptions of the poor and outcast.

He—"I hear you attend the Handel and Haydn performances. Were you present at the 'Saveratons' (indignantly)?"

"Oh, I suppose you will next want to know if I sailed in Noah's Ark."

Small Johnny had on his best clothes one Sunday, and his mamma told him not to play in the dirt with them.

"Don't they have any dirt in heaven?" he asked.

"No, of course not," replied the mother.

"Then what do little boys do up there?" queried Johnny.

"Oh, they play harps and sing under the beautiful moon and stars."

"But I don't see," said the little fellow, "how they can have trees if there isn't no dirt."