

Jamie took the powders in his hand, and worked himself down off the chair. "I haven't any money to pay you for this now," he said, "for me and Annetta spent all our money for a rabbit, but I will have a quarter Christmas, and I will bring you that. Annetta will have a quarter, too, and I expect I could get that for you too."

"I usually do a cash business," said the old gentleman, stroking his chin, "but under the circumstances we will let it go. It's always a good thing to have money coming in at Christmas time." "Wait," he called as the little boy started out the door, "I'm going to drive home, and if you will show me where you live, I will put you out there."

Jamie could hardly believe that he heard aright, and it was not until he and his cat had been lifted into the doctor's rubber-tired road cart that he gave himself up to the pleasure of the situation. He leaned far back in the cushioned seat, with his little feet straight out in front of him. And all the way he kept his hand on Tom's nose, lest the excitement should recall the trouble of the morning. And what a ride that was. How skilfully the old man guided his high stepping horse through the crowded streets, going just close enough to other vehicles to make things exciting, but not close enough to cause any accidents.

Jamie hoped that the owner of the rabbit might be in a position to see his triumph, and the effect produced upon this young man came up to his highest expectations. It was getting dark now, the lights were beginning to wink in all the shop windows; and, as they turned into the little street where Jamie lived, he saw his mother walking anxiously up and down the sidewalk. And at last Jamie was helped out, still grasping the precious medicine in his little sweaty fist.

"And now," said the doctor briskly, "where does the little girl live?" and before Jamie had time to answer, he had caught sight of the yellow flag, and was taking himself, his high hat and his little brass-bound medicine case straight up the path, and was knocking at Annetta's door.

When Annetta's mother opened the door, he went in and closed it very softly behind him. If the neighbors in that little street were surprised to see the great doctor's turnout before Annetta's house, they had better be getting over it, for it appeared there again and again, and at last the hateful flag was taken down, and there came the joyful news that Annetta was very much better, and would soon be able to resume her work up in the mud-pie bakery, which she meant to enlarge and carry on upon a more improved scale than ever.

Then, one happy day, Jamie's mother told him if he would be very good, he might go over in the morning and see Annetta. He and Tom were up very early that morning. The little boy smoothed the cat's rough fur and fastened a bow of green tissue paper around his neck, so that he might look very smart and well cared for.

Then he polished up a piece of blue glass he had found in the alley and wrapped it in a little piece of newspaper. This gem he meant to present to Annetta to look at the sun through, and when all was finished he sat down and folded his little hands in quiet joy until the time would come to go. And when at last it did come, he found Annetta sitting in her rocking chair beside the window. She thanked him for his present, and greeted him very kindly; but in a lofty and dignified manner befitting a little girl who had just recovered from the scarlet fever; and while he was standing before her, feeling a little bit strange and awkward, the kitchen door opened and Annetta's mother came in.

She had been busy washing, for she had her sleeves rolled up, and was wiping her hands on her apron. She didn't say a word but just knelt down and took the little boy and the big cat in her arms, and she kissed Jamie a great many times; yes, and she kissed Tom too, and looked so funny, that for a moment Jamie thought she was going to cry; but upon reflection he decided that this was a mistake, for you know there was nothing to cry about now, her Annetta was cured; and Tom, I have heard, has been perfectly well from that day to this.—The Interior.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

### The Book of Nature.

Written in words of one syllable for little children by  
REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

If a man writes a book, that book shows what is in the man. At least it shows part of what is in the man, for the man has more in his mind than he can put in the book. But all that is in the book must have been first in the man's heart and mind. Now this world we live in is one of God's books. The green earth is a page in this book; the blue sea is a page in this book; the bright sky is a page in this book; and we find in this book what is in God's heart and mind. He writes here in His book things he wants us to know. We can read in this book that God is good, that He is kind, that He is wise, that He is strong. Yet this book does not tell us all that is in God's heart. It does not tell us how much he loves us, and how he gave His son to die for our sins. We learn that in the Book of books. But the book of the earth and sky is a nice book too, and if we read it right it will make us wise and good.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

### Parson Green.

BY W. M. M.

Old Parson Green has a bright bald head,

And a grizzly beard has he;  
And when he waddles along the street,  
Or clambers up to the pulpit seat,  
He is a sight to see.

His nose is big, and his eyes are small,  
And his teeth are never seen;  
His face is wrinkled and lean and brown;  
He's the oddest, funniest man in town,  
Is curious Parson Green.

His voice has a squeak like a new pair of shoes,  
And he laughs like a cackling hen;  
And they say that a stranger who saw him smile  
Once fell from his seat and rolled out in the aisle,  
And couldn't get up again.

His coat is shabby, his collar is dark,  
His bosom has many a stain;  
And his curious, circular, broad-brimmed, flat,  
Shallow, episcopal, clerical hat  
Is gray with sun and rain.

But I never once think of the garb he wears,  
And I never consider him odd,  
As he rises up with a chastened look,  
And lays his hand on the Holy Book,  
And says, "Let us worship God."

And a heavenly music fills his voice  
As he lifts our thoughts above  
In fervent prayer to the throne of grace,  
And the glory of heaven lights his face  
As he tells of the Father's love.

If his hat is shallow, his brain is deep,  
And his heart and soul are clean;  
And I half believe that since time began  
God never has made a handsomer man  
Than beautiful Parson Green.

### Sooner or Later.

"Sooner or later the wrong shall be righted,  
Sooner or later the wicked will fail;  
Sooner or later the dark will be lighted,  
Sooner or later the good will prevail."

### A Beatitude.

FROM AMIRI'S JOURNAL.

Blessed be childhood, which brings down something of heaven into the midst of our earthliness. These eighty thousand daily births, of which statistics tell us, represent, as it were, an effusion of innocence and freshness, struggling, not only against the death of the race, but against human corruption and the universal gangrene of sin. All the good and wholesome feeling which is intertwined with childhood and the cradle is one of the secrets of the providential government of the world. Suppress

this life giving dew, and human society would be scorched and devastated by selfish passion. Supposing that humanity had been composed of a thousand millions of immortal beings, whose number could neither increase nor diminish, where should we be, and what should we be? A thousand times more learned, no doubt, but a thousand times more evil. There would have been a vast accumulation of science, but all the virtues engendered by suffering and devotion—that is to say, by the family and society—would have no existence. And for this there would be no compensation.

Blessed be childhood for the good that it does, and for the good which it brings about carelessly and unconsciously by simply making us love it and letting itself be loved. What little of Paradise we see still on earth is due to its presence among us. Without fatherhood, without motherhood, I think that love itself would not be enough to prevent men from devouring each other,—men, that is to say, such as human passions have made them. The angels have no need of birth and death as foundations for their life, because their life is heavenly.

### Effect of Storms on Birds.

The effect of approaching storms upon song birds is the subject of an interesting contribution by Mr. C. E. Linney to The United States Monthly Weather Review. It appears that during the night of August 15-16, 1898, severe electrical, wind, and rain storms prevailed over the northern district of Illinois. An observer in Henry County, Mr. W. W. Warner, noticed that for forty-eight hours before the storm not a sound was heard from the numerous song birds in the district. This observation was so full of interest that Mr. Linney wrote for additional information, with the result that he received numerous letters, some confirming it; others stating that birds sing louder and more persistently before a great storm, and nearly all agreeing that they are more restless than usual at such a time. Mr. Linney has found the following weather proverbs referring to song birds and storms: When birds cease to sing, rain and thunder will probably occur. If birds in general pick their feathers, wash themselves, and fly to their nests, expect rain. Parrots and canaries dress their feathers and are wakeful the evening before a storm. If the peacock cries when he goes to roost, and, indeed, much at any time, it is a sign of rain. Long and loud singing of robins in the morning denotes rain. Robins will perch on the topmost branches of trees and whistle when a storm is approaching. The restlessness of domestic animals and barnyard fowls before an approaching storm is well known, and many of their peculiarities have been noted; but the actions of song birds do not appear to have previously received particular attention.

One of the American journals has a good story of "a grave thoughtful man" who met a petite blonde at dinner recently. "Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott?" he exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not—?" "It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times." "And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvellous descriptions? One can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages." "It is perfectly grand," she murmured. "And 'Scott's Emulsion'?"—he continued, hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him. "I think," she interrupted, rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

The Living Age, which recently reprinted from the Nineteenth Century a caustic criticism of the Women's Congress, written by a woman, presents the other side in its issue for Nov. 4, in an article written for the Nineteenth Century by Fanny H. Gaden, president of the American Woman's Council.