

tea and sugar, and I tell you the cooks look after the preacher. Choosing a fitting opportunity we sang a hymn and had prayer together, and then, in the middle of the forest, your humble correspondent tried to lead these "hard working sons of toil"—and they do work hard to that Saviour who as the "carpenter's Son" had dignified labour, and who can sympathize with the workman. And let me give here a deserved tribute to the shanty-men; they listened with respectful attention to what was said, and their conduct during the service would put to shame many congregations whose opportunities and privileges are far greater.—*Rev. W. J. Sanders.*

CHILDREN OF BOHEMIA.

BY LAURA LEVARD.

HE Daisies have come to town—
Perhaps here and there a new gown,
But mostly in tatters—O, not that it matters;
Not one of them cares half a crown
If they are.

They'll pitch their small tents on your lawn,
And if you should bid them begone,
Will smile in your face with the sunniest
Grace.
And nod to you gayly next morn
If you scold.

A happy-go-lucky young crew,
As merry as heaven is blue,
These gypsies of flowers will stay a few hours,
And then tell your fortunes for you,
And be off.
—*Harper's Young People.*

TRAPS.

BY JIMMY BROWN.



A BOY ought always to stand up for his sister, and protect her from everybody, and do everything to make her happy, for she can only be his sister once, and he would be so awfully sorry if she died, and then he remembered that his conduct toward her had sometimes been such.

Mr. Withers doesn't come to our house any more. One night Sue saw him coming up the garden walk, and father said, "There's the other one coming, Susan; isn't this Travers's evening?" and then Sue said, "I do wish somebody would protect me from him he is that stupid; don't I wish I need never lay eyes on him again."

I made up my mind that nobody should bother my sister while she had a brother to protect her. So the next time I saw Mr. Withers I spoke to him kindly and firmly—that's the way grown-up people speak when they say something dreadfully unpleasant—and told him what Sue had said about him, and that he ought not to bother her any more. Mr. Withers didn't thank me and say that he knew I was trying to do him good, which was what he ought to have said, but he looked as if he wanted to hurt somebody, and walked off without saying a word to me, and I don't think he was polite about it.

He has never been at our house since. When I told Sue how I had protected her she was so overcome with gratitude she couldn't speak, and just motioned me with a book to go out of her room and leave her to feel thankful about it herself. The book very nearly hit me on the head, but it wouldn't have hurt much if it had.

Mr. Travers was delighted about it,

and told me that I had acted like a man, and that he shouldn't forget it. The next day he brought me a beautiful book all about traps. It told how to make more than a hundred different kinds of traps that would catch everything, and it was one of the best books I ever saw.

Our next-door neighbour, Mr. Schofield, keeps pigs, only he don't keep them enough, for they run all around. They come into our garden and eat up everything, and father said he would give almost anything to get rid of them.

Now one of the traps that my book told about was just the thing to catch pigs with. It was made out of a young tree and a rope. You bend the tree down, and fasten the rope to it so as to make a slippernoose, and when the pig walks into the slippernoose, the tree flies up and jerks him into the air.

I thought that I couldn't please father better than to make some traps and catch some pigs; so I got a rope, and got two Irishmen that were fixing the front walk to bend down two trees for me, and hold them while I made the traps. This was just before supper, and I expected that the pigs would come early the next morning and get caught.

It was bright moonlight that evening, and Mr. Travers and Sue said the house was so dreadfully hot that they would go and take a walk. They hadn't been out of the house but a few minutes when we heard an awful shriek from Sue, and we all rushed out to see what was the matter.

Mr. Travers had walked into a trap, and was swinging by one leg, with his head about six feet from the ground. Nobody knew him at first except me, for when a person is upside down he doesn't look natural; but I knew what was the matter, and told father that it would take two men to bend down the tree, and get Mr. Travers loose. So they told me to run and get Mr. Schofield to come and help, and they got the step-ladder so that Sue could sit on the top of it and hold Mr. Travers's head.

I was so excited that I forgot all about the other trap, and, besides, Sue had said things to me that hurt my feelings, and that prevented me from thinking to tell Mr. Schofield not to get himself caught. He ran ahead of me, because he was so anxious to help, and the first thing I knew there came an awful yell from him, and up he went into the air, and hung there by both legs, which, I suppose, was easier than the way Mr. Travers hung.

Then everybody went at me in the most dreadful way except Sue, who was holding Mr. Travers's head. They said the most unkind things to me, and sent me into the house. I heard afterward that father got Mr. Schofield's boy to climb up and cut Mr. Travers and Mr. Schofield loose, and they fell on the gravel, but it didn't hurt them much, only Mr. Schofield broke some of his teeth, and says he is going to bring a lawsuit against father. Mr. Travers was just as good as he could be. He only laughed the next time he saw me, and he begged them not to punish me, because it was his fault that I ever came to know about that kind of trap.

Mr. Travers is the nicest man that ever lived except father, and when he marries Sue I shall go and live with him, though I haven't told him yet, for I want to keep it as a pleasant surprise for him.—*Harper's Young People.*

THE TELEPHONE.

PROGRESS OF THE INDISPENSABLE INSTRUMENT IN TORONTO AND ELSEWHERE.

DURING the past half dozen years the progress made by the telephone is absolutely astonishing, though it has so quietly dropped into the rank of every day business institutions that few, if any, ever pause to wonder at it. According to the latest statistics on this subject New York has no less than 4,060 subscribers, Chicago 2,726, Cincinnati 1,880, Boston 1,325, and San Francisco 1,300. In all there are now more than 100,000 subscribers to the telephone in the United States, while in proportion to her population Canada is little, if any, behind the neighbouring Republic.

In the older countries the progress of telephony has been slower than on this side of the Atlantic. Paris has 2,422, London, 1,600; Amsterdam, 700; Stockholm, 672; Vienna, 600; Berlin, 581; Brussels, 458; Turin, 410; Copenhagen, 400; St. Petersburg, 145; Alexandria, 118.

THE SERVICE IN TORONTO.

In Canada, Toronto is the best served city so far as telephonic communication is concerned. There are here over 600 subscribers, but this represents more than 1,300 instruments of all sorts in use in the city. The saving in time and labour represented by the employment of the telephone in Toronto is almost incalculable. The police department alone have no less than eleven lines centering in the central station, besides a line connecting that station with the general telephone system of the city. Outside the city Toronto has direct telephonic communication with Guelph, Galt, Hamilton, Hespeler, Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Newcastle, Port Hope, Cobourg, and numerous intermediate points of lesser note. Conversation over these lines is perfectly easy, provided the parties talking are occupying rooms into which other noises are not admitted. The other day a conversation was carried on without difficulty

BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, but it is a mistake to suppose that such connections are likely to come into common use. The wire used on that occasion was a composite one as large as a common lead pencil. It consisted of a fine core of steel, upon which a heavy coating of copper had been electroplated, the cost of the wire alone probably falling not far short of half a million dollars. It was not put up for telephonic purposes, but for telegraphy, the attaching of the telephones being merely done for a transient experiment. The end this heavy and costly wire is destined to serve is that of sending six or eight messages simultaneously by having instruments at each end working in different keys or pitches. In this way, by serving the purposes of perhaps eight ordinary wires, it will, of course, furnish the same service at a reduced cost.

So far as the carriage of telephone messages overland there appears to be no limit to the possibilities, as it simply means the stretching of a wire of sufficient conducting power, though as the science now stands, conversations at great distances must necessarily be costly. At present, however, an insurmountable obstacle appears to stand in the way of telephonic communication across the Atlantic. It appears that in

attempting to converse through submarine cables the human voice becomes "smothered" at a distance of about one hundred miles, and as yet no means have been found of overcoming this difficulty. That this difficulty should in time be overcome is of course quite within the range of possibility, and, indeed, when one contemplates the marvellous strides that have been made in the utilization of telegraphy and telephony he feels slow to set a limit to the possibilities of the future.

THE ALBATROSS.

HE spreads his wings like banners to the breeze,
He cleaves the air, aloft on pinions wide;
Leagues upon leagues, across the lonely seas,
He sweeps above the vast, uneasy tide.

For days together through the trackless skies,
Steadfast, without a quiver of his plumes,
Without a moment's pause for rest, he flies
Through dazzling sunshine and through
cloudy glooms.

Down the green gulfs he glides, or skims the foam,
Searching for booty with an eager eye,
Hovering aloft where the long breakers comb
O'er wrecks forlorn, that topple helplessly.

He loves the tempest; he is glad to see
The roaring gale to heaven the billows toss,
For strong to battle with the storm is he,
The mystic bird, the wandering albatross!
—*St. Nicholas.*

DYING WITH HIS CHARGE.

A GENTLEMAN just returned from Canada tells the following story: "A day or so ago the engineer of a train near Montreal saw a large dog on the track, barking furiously. The engineer whistled, but the dog paid no attention to the noise, and refused to stir. The dog was run over and killed. The engineer observed that the animal crouched close to the ground as he was struck by the cow-catcher. A minute later the engineer saw a bit of white muslin fluttering on the locomotive, and he stopped the engine. On going back where to the dog was killed, it was discovered that not only the dog, but a little child had been killed. It was then seen that the dog had been standing guard over the child, and had barked to attract the attention of the engineer. The faithful animal had sacrificed his life rather than desert his charge. The child had wandered away from a neighbouring house followed by the dog, and it is supposed that the child lay down and went to sleep on the track."—*New York Sun.*

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

LAST week three young gentlemen were descending from the fifth story of one of Cincinnati's largest buildings in an elevator controlled by an elderly coloured man. They were discussing the question of what the result would be if the elevator should fall, and one of them said: "I don't care for myself, but I am anxious for my old friend here," alluding to the coloured man, and turning to him, said: "Uncle, where do you think you would alight?" The old man replied promptly: "I would light in the arms of Jesus! Where would you light?" The young men were silenced, and left the elevator without another word.

It is estimated that 43,000 deaths had been caused by intemperance in the Province of Quebec within the last decade.