

# Canadian Churchman

## Illustrated Christmas Number,

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ADDRESS

Canadian Churchman

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TORONTO.

"Boy wanted. Call at the office early to-morrow morning."

At the time named there was a host of boys at the gate. All were admitted, but the foreman was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing one from so many, and said he—

"Now, boys, when I only want one of you, how can I choose from so many?"

After thinking a moment, he called them into the yard, drove a nail into a tree, and taking a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with a stick a little distance from the tree should have the place.

The boys each tried three times, and failed to hit the nail. They were told to come again the next morning.

When the gate was opened there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up the stick, and throwing it at the nail, hit it every time.

"How is this?" said the foreman. "What have you been doing?"

And the boy said: "You see, sir, I have no father, and I thought I would like to get a place, and so help mother all I can; and after going home yesterday, I drove a nail into a post, and have been practising ever since, and I came down this morning to try again."

The boy obtained the situation. Many years have past, and this boy is now a prosperous man. His success has come simply by perseverance.

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### From Tim's Point of View.

The March sunshine had hardly succeeded in melting the last lingering mounds of snow, when the parks and lawns were all alive with springing grass. The winter was really over, and Mrs. Willard, looking from the window of her desolate home, remembered how Charley had always rejoiced at the approach of spring.

It had been three years since he died, and the seasons which had come and gone had brought no relief to the mother's aching heart. Outwardly her life went on much as before her loss. She had laid aside her mourning, she mingled in society again, but the spring sunshine had lost its charm, the flowers their fragrance, and the world its beauty, since Charley could no longer share her joys with her.

It was almost inevitable that her steps that afternoon should turn in the direction of the cemetery. On every hand she saw the indications of returning life. The buds of the maple were swelling above her head, and the birds twittered shrilly in the branches. To her sore heart there seemed something almost cruel in the spring freshness, and abundant life.

She had just passed the massive stone entrance leading to the cemetery, when her eyes fell upon a ragged boy standing irresolute upon the pavement. As she glanced at him the thought flashed through her mind that Charley, if living, would be about the age of this lad. There was an involuntary gentleness in her expression as she made this reflection, and the boy, already versed in reading faces, saw this at once.

"Please, lady," he said coming forward, "is this the place where poor folks is buried?"

"I'm afraid not," Mrs. Willard answered kindly. "Were you looking for the grave of a friend, my boy?"

"Yes'm," he replied soberly. "I wanted to find Sophie's grave, if I could." He was silent for a moment, then looking up with a smile added, "But then it don't matter so much. It ain't as if the real Sophie was in the grave."

He was very ragged. His hair was unkempt and his face not quite clean, nevertheless there was something about him, as he said the last words, which went straight to the heart of the childless mother.

"What is your name?" she asked. "Tim, ma'am."

"Then, Tim, I wish you would sit down here and tell me about yourself and Sophie." And Mrs. Willard seated herself on one of the benches placed along the driveway, while Tim, evidently somewhat embarrassed, took his place beside her.

"There ain't very much to tell," he began. "She an' I were in the hospital together. She was a little thing, an' my! but she was pretty! Both of us had 'most got well, an' were up an' dressed, an' then she took worse an' died."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Willard sighing.

"You don't mean Sophie, do you, ma'am?" asked Tim, looking puzzled. "'Cause she ain't poor any more. She's in heaven now. I don't suppose," said Tim, looking reflectively about over the City of the Dead, which nature and art had done so much to beautify, "I don't s'pose this place is anything 'longside of heaven, nor the park, nuther."

Mrs. Willard did not smile. On the contrary she looked at him almost as if his words had suggested a new thought.

"I uster be afraid at first," said Tim, growing confidential, "that she'd

be lonely up there all among strangers.

An' one day, I told the lady who came to the hospital 'most every day about it, an' she said there wasn't any danger! She said that the Lord Himself wouldn't be above lookin' after a little girl an' seein' she didn't get home-sick. An' what with the angels an' all, she'll have lots of company."

"Do you miss her very much?" said the lady suddenly, and she looked at him as if she was eager for his answer.

"Yes'm, I missher bad," said Tim, sighing. "But I wouldn't be mean enough to wish her back. You see there's a good many things about livin' in this world that ain't very nice. Sometimes you're cold, an' sometimes you're hungry, an' sometimes you're sick. An' I wouldn't want anybody to come back from heaven just to keep me from bein' lonely."

He stopped dismayed, for Mrs. Willard had buried her face in her handkerchief and was sobbing violently.

(To be Continued.)

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(To be Continued.)

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