

DIED.

ROSELAY.—At her residence, Chestnut Ridge, Bette, Sunday, August twenty-third, Margaret, relict of the late Cranmer Roselay.

Children's Department.

THE ADOPTION OF DONALD.

The clock on the great stone church at the corner showed that it was only half-past six, but the short November afternoon had long since deepened into darkness. The lights on the avenue shone with a flickering gleam through the fast falling snow.

Suddenly around the corner came a figure, and as it paused under an electric light, the rays fell on a slender little lad in shabby garments, with a violin clasped tightly in his arms.

The boy's face was thin and pale and the great brown eyes seemed full of unshed tears. Warily he leaned against the post. No one had cared to listen to him to-day, and he would have no supper. Neither breakfast nor dinner had he had, for that matter.

Oh, it was so cold, and he was so hungry.

Perhaps he might lie down here in the snow and an angel might see him and take him up to Paradise. What was that verse? Ah, yes! "And they shall neither hunger nor thirst."

What a beautiful place that must be! He wondered if little Patrick, the boot-black, was there now. Patrick, who had died in the early fall.

How many nights they had shared a bun or a bit of fruit together, and planned a dazzling future, when he was a great musician, and Patrick a banker.

Well, Patrick had found a better home than the palatial mansion he had pictured; but he was just a tired, hungry little street waif.

As he stood there in a sort of stupor, a little light flashed from a window across the way. The curtain was up and he could see into a luxurious dining room, where preparations for the evening meal were going on. The sight of that tempting table filled him with fresh strength, and, crossing the street, he drew his bow across the violin and began to play.

Now, in that great mansion lived a woman past the first bloom of youth, but with its traces still upon her. A stately, haughty woman, possessed of many talents, she dwelt in the luxurious home alone. All her kindred had crossed the dark river, and she was left the last of a noble family. Society admired, but stood in awe of her. She gave her money with lavish hand to charities, herself she never gave.

While possessing much that makes life desirable, Elinor Wentworth had missed the best in life. To-night she sat before the open fire, a bored, listless look on her handsome face. She would have to go abroad this winter, she was thinking. Home was too unbearably dull.

Suddenly she raised her head in wonder. Through the still night air came the sound of a violin. Louder and louder rose the plaintive notes, and so full of sadness were they that tears unbidden came to the listener's eyes.


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Hastily ringing the bell, she ordered her servant to learn who was playing outside in the bitter night.

He came back in a moment: "Twas nothing but a beggar lad, and he would send him away."

She cried out imperatively to bring him in.

"Bring him right here!" she said, to the astonished man.

The boy entered, his weary face full of dread. Probably she would send him to the police station.

"What is your name?" she commanded.

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TORONTO, - - - ONTARIO.

"Donald Shepard, ma'am," he replied, slowly.

"Play for me. Anything," and Miss Elinor reseated herself, and watched him closely.

He played a simple little melody, but as she looked, something stirred her thoughts. Once, long ago, she had had a little brother with just such beautiful dark eyes. She had worshipped him, and had cried out fiercely when he had been taken away.

What if Stephen had been left to the mercy of a cold, hard world. The old tender impulses, so long restrained, leaped forth.

"Stop!" she cried, and calling him to her, held his cold little hands in her own warm ones while she said, gently:

"Donald, you have a wonderful talent. Now, I want you to tell me all about yourself."

He told her quietly. Told her of his father's struggle with poverty; how he had been a music teacher, and in the spring had followed the mother, dead long ago, and had left his boy nothing in the world but his treasured violin, and the legacy of an honest name.

Miss Elinor had listened silently, her thoughts busy; but now she said:

"Donald, I once had a little brother, who was dearer than all the world to me. He is gone, and I am all alone. So are you, and I want you to come and take his place;" and then she drew him into her lap and kissed him.

People said that winter that Elinor Wentworth seemed to grow younger and brighter; that she had been alone so long, a companion was what she needed.

She thought so herself, when the long-silent rooms rang with the sound of a child's merry voice; or when at night she and Donald sat before the fire, making plans for the years to come, or talking of these who were waiting for them in a far country.

One evening when they had been speaking of these loved ones, Donald told her of little Patrick, and of the neglected grave in the cemetery.

I wish I could put a stone on it, Aunt Elinor!" he said, and she bent and kissed him for an answer.

So it came about that a week later they stood by a little mound and at the head was a marble stone with a beautiful marble angel on top, and below was written:

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"He giveth His beloved sleep."
Marcia L. Webber, in "Young Churchman."

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THE "BIG BROWN DOG."

In the wilds of Canada, where the log houses are many miles apart, and where the ground is still covered with thick forests, lived the little boy of whom this story is told.

He had started out one afternoon in the autumn to pick berries. He had not meant to go far from the house, but he walked on, picking and eating, until it began to grow dark. Then he thought it was time to be at home, and so he turned to go there. But where was home? Was it down yonder past the pines, or straight ahead beyond the briers?

Alas! there were so many briers, and the pines grew so close together and looked so much alike! The poor child ran first this way, and then that; but home came no nearer. He was indeed lost.

In the meantime the boy's parents became alarmed at his absence, and started in search of him. All that night they sought far and wide, but could find no trace of their son. The next day the neighbours joined in the search, and day after day they kept it up, until six days had passed, and the boy was not found.

On the morning of the seventh day the weary band would have given up the search, feeling sure that the boy was dead; but the father and mother still went on looking with

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...serves to hold them in
...and pepper and dredge
...ave some hot butter or
...ret drippings in frying-
...ry slowly. When brown
...other, and when tender,
...that they cannot be lifted
...lowly with a turner and
...Stir into the fat remain-
...two tablespoonfuls of
...add slowly a pint of rich,
...tly until it boils, season
...and pour over the to-
...is to dip the slices in
...and serve with brown

...wo cups of sugar, one-
...half cup of molasses, one-
...ix all together and boil
...ne-half cup of chocolate
...s longer. Then add two
...two tablespoonfuls of
...English walnuts and one

...ether one square Cowan's
...of butter the size of a
...cups granulated sugar and
...til it forms little balls in
...oil nearly hard. Put on

...an exquisite collection of
...or them in the following
...they are hung over a line
...right side with a wicker
...e threads will in course of
...e then swept with a clean
...on of the warp. Twice a
...after being lightly beaten
...d by turning on the garden
...in the sun. Small rugs are
...water, right side up, and
...brush and sand soap,
...dried in the sun. They
...a cleaner's.—Good House-

Weather

WISE people
are begin-
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