

A Boy.

BY MRS. S. A. LENTRÉ.

He was only a boy, with a pleasant face,
All tanned and freckled, but lit with a
smile,
So bright and winning, it warmed all
hearts—
A face that one meets with but once
in a while.

He was only a boy, with all boyhood's
traits,
A jubilant laugh and untiring feet,
A vivid fancy and keen desires,
A chronic hunger and love for sweets.

He was only a boy, fond of frolic and
fun;
But, oh! he was something more than
all this;
He was studious, truthful, obliging and
kind,
And never ashamed of his mother's
fond kiss.

He was sorry for any one, aged or sick,
And patient with babies and kind to
his pets,
Polite to all people he met with each
day,
And his smile was the sort that one
never forgets.

He was only a boy, with his years half-
score,
But the place that he filled was a
wide, wide space;
His friends were many and true and
warm,
And he held them all with his boyish
grace.

He was only a boy. There are other
kinds,
From whom deliver us always, we say;
But give us more who are nearest alike
The boy whose praises we sing to-day.

NEMO

OR

The Wonderful Door.

THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIE'S OLD
ORGAN."

CHAPTER IX.

WAS IT A GHOST?

"Father Amos," said little Nemo,
about a month after their return, as he
was sitting beside the old man's garret
window one close, sultry evening.—
"Father Amos, what is a ghost?"

"Rubbish and nonsense, child," said
the old man decidedly,—"rubbish and
nonsense; that's the beginning of a ghost,
and that's the end of him. Why, what
dost thou know about ghosts, Nemo?"

"There was a man at Jemmy's, at that
place we stayed in on the moors, and he
said his grandmother's aunt had seen a
ghost, Father Amos."

"He told thee so, did he?" said Amos.
"Then I'll tell thee what, child: he was
a silly man, and his grandmother was
sillier still, and that old aunt was the
silliest of them all. No, no, Nemo,—
no, no, there's no such thing as ghosts;
the Lord would never let them blessed
spirits above go wandering about
this world of ours wrapped in
white sheets. They've got some-
thing better to do up there, than
to be wasting their time like that.
Never thee take no heed to such tales,
Nemo; they're only made up to frighten
poor, foolish, ignorant things as knows
no better. Thee keep close to the Lord,
Nemo boy, and thee need fear nothing,
neither by night nor by day. Even in
the darkness he is there, and the dark-
ness shineth as the day when his pre-
sence is in it."

"But, Father Amos—" said Nemo.
"Well, child, art thou afeared yet?
Canst not believe what I tell thee, that
all ghosts is rubbish and nonsense?"

"But, Father Amos," the child re-
peated in an awestruck voice, "I be-
lieve I've seen one myself."

"Well, this beats all!" said the old
man, laughing. "What was that ghost
like, child? Had he a white sheet on
him, like all them made-up ghosts
have?"

"No, he had no white sheet, Father
Amos; he had a long black cloak. Did
Abel never tell you how he looked in at
our cart in the middle of the night, and
then how he went away quite sudden,
and left his dog and his ring behind?"

"Well," said Amos, "that's the very
first ghost I ever heard tell of that had
a ring and a dog!"

"But that isn't all, Father Amos: I
saw him again, peeping out of the

bushes in the park, and when Abel stop-
ped the cart, and we went to look for
him, he was gone, and we couldn't find
him anywhere; and the other day—"

"What about the other day?" said
the old man quickly, as the child stopped.

"You mustn't tell Abel, Father Amos,"
said the child gravely, "because he's so
terribly frightened of that man; but the
other day I saw him again."

"Saw him where, Nemo?"

"Why, I was looking out of our cham-
ber window, and I spied him on the
other side of the road; he was looking
up at the house, and he saw me, Father
Amos, and he nodded; and then I ran
down as fast as I could to tell him about
his ring, and he was gone."

"When was that, Nemo?" asked the
old man in an anxious voice.

"The day before yesterday," said the
child; "and I've never seen him since.
I've looked for him so often, but he has
never come back."

"Where was the dog when he came?"
asked Amos; "was he downstairs in the
shop?"

"No, he had gone out with Abel and
the cart; there was nobody in but me.
I should have told Abel then if he had
been at home, but he wasn't there, and
then afterwards I did not like to tell
him. He doesn't like to think about
that man,—I know he doesn't,—and I
don't either. Do you think he is a
ghost, Father Amos?"

"Oh, dear, no, child, not a bit of it.
He's flesh and blood, and no mistake,
but he's a queer sort of man; and I
wouldn't stop in the house alone, if I
were thee, Nemo. When Abel's out,
just thee lock up and come over to me;
he won't come up here, and thee'll be
all right till Abel comes back. But
whatever thee does, don't thee ever be-
lieve in such rubbish and nonsense as
all that talk about ghosts and such like.
It's all lies, every word of it. Now, see,
the kettle boils, and we'll have a cup of
coffee before thee goes home."

Thus Amos tried his utmost to turn
the attention of the child from the re-
appearance of the strange man, yet he
himself felt very uneasy about it, for
the more he thought of it, the more
convinced he felt that this man knew
something of the child's history and
parents. He felt it right to tell Abel,
when they were alone, what he had
heard; and the poor little man was so
much frightened by the news that for
days he did not venture to leave the
child, but remained constantly at home,
watching at all times from his window
for the reappearance of the man, al-
though he could not determine what
course he should take if he really saw
him again. Should he run out and de-
tain him, and give him back the ring,
and inquire what he knew of the child?
Or should he simply see that Nemo was
kept out of his sight, and let him depart
again unchallenged and unnoticed?
Abel could not determine which would
be the wiser course to pursue; but still,
in spite of this, he watched on as un-
ceasingly and as perseveringly as before.

But at length the cupboard became
almost empty, Nemo's shoes were worn
out, the cold winds of autumn blew
damp and dull; and the coal-house was
bare of fuel; it was absolutely necessary
that he should once more go out with
his cart, and earn a fresh supply of
money by hawking baskets in the neigh-
bourhood of the town. Still his fears
for Nemo had not passed away, and he
never set out with his donkey and cart
until he had seen him safely landed in
Father Amos' attic, where he left him
with many injunctions not to go into the
street alone, but to keep with the old
man until his return. Abel would have
felt happier if he had had Nemo with
him in the cart; but the child soon took
cold, and the weather was so changeable
at that season of the year that he did
not like to expose him to it.

So the months slipped away, and the
winter came and went, and once more
the skies became blue and bright and
warm; spring sunshine lighted up
Amos' attic, and filled the meadow near
the town with daisies andcelandine
flowers.

Nothing more had been seen of the
strange man, and Abel began to breathe
freely again, and tried to persuade him-
self that he had been unnecessarily anx-
ious before. Nemo had by this time
learnt all that the old man could teach
him, and had been sent to a large
National School in the next street, where
he got on so well with his lessons that
the teachers were high in his praise, and
where he enjoyed not only his lessons,
but the games in the playground, and
the society of other children. When he
first went to school, he had been some-
what teased, and had been called "The
dwarf's little lad," but he was a sweet-
tempered child, and showed so little an-
noyance at the remarks that were made,

that the children soon left off teasing
him, and he became a great favourite
with the scholars as well as the teachers.

The dog, which still refused to an-
swer to any name but Nemo, and which
was called by the school-children
"Nemo's Nemo," was very faithful to its
little master. It walked to school by
his side every day, and came to meet
him on his return, and Abel felt as if it
were a protection to the child when he
was out of his sight. At night it always
slept near him, stretched on a rug at
the foot of his bed; and when he woke
in the morning, as soon as he opened his
eyes, the dog came to his side, to be
stroked and hugged before the child be-
gan to dress.

"What should we do without him?"
sighed Nemo many a time. "If that
man comes back, we will give him his
ring; but we can't spare the dog—can we,
Abel?"

(To be continued.)

"I LOVE JESUS."

My little daughter is now two years
and not quite two months old. I have
taken her to Sunday-school for some
time past, and she has twice received—
under the practice of the school—a re-
ward-card for an attendance of twelve
consecutive Sundays.

She is exceedingly bright, and has an
appreciation of pictures, and an appetite
for simple little stories that is well-nigh
inexhaustible. She has been told stories
of several sorts, and I have tried her
with some Bible stories, but seemed un-
able to interest her much, as she could
understand but little of them. However,
she will tell you that God made her, and
that "he lives up in the skies."

Last night I showed her a picture of
"The Great Teacher and the Twelve;"
and another of "The Raising of Jairus'
Daughter." I told her the story of the
latter, and this led me to tell her much
of Jesus, to all of which she listened
open-eyed.

When I told her of the wicked men
putting our Saviour to death, of the
nails through his hands and feet, she
spread out her little hands, quivered
with excitement, and said: "Poor Jesus!
I sorry for poor Jesus!" When I told
her of his goodness while on earth, she,
unprompted, said: "I love Jesus;" and,
after a little, added: "Papa loves Jesus;
mamma loves Jesus; grandpa loves
Jesus."

We were alone together, and I said to
her: "Jesus has gone up to heaven, and
he loves my little daughter. Don't you
want us to pray to him?"

She was upon her knees at once, with
her little curly head bowed and her face
in her hands, and her father leaned over
her and prayed God that she might al-
ways love Jesus.

Some have been converted so early in
life that they never knew the time that
they were not Christians. My daily
prayer for months past has been that
my little child might add one more to
the number. When she cried out, "I
love Jesus," it thrilled me through and
through. The incident seemed to me
so notable that I was moved to give an
account of it in one of our Sunday-school
papers. I make a plain statement of
the facts just as they occurred. I leave
others to draw the lesson, simply adding
that my daily prayer shall be continued
and with stronger faith than ever before.

THE INDIANS' SUNDAY.

At various times men have taken into
their own hands the fixing of a day of
rest. Thinking that one day out of
seven was too great a proportion of the
week to be given up to rest, they have
tried resting one day in ten, or one day
in fourteen. But they have always
found that the interval between their
rest days was too long, and have been
obliged to admit that God in his wisdom
knew best what was needed by man and
beast. A practical illustration of what
is gained physically by an observance of
the Sabbath is given by a writer in *The
Missionary Review of the World*, who
has been working among the Indians
of British America. He says:

"The Hudson Bay Company has its
stations all through this country, and
most of the Indians are engaged in its
service. The goods are carried to the
various stations, and from them to the
central station, by Indian brigades who
travel in boats, and who bring out as
the exchange cargo boat-loads of furs,
which are shipped to London. Before
these Indians became Christians they
travelled every day alike, but when Mr.
Evans induced a large number of them
to accept the new faith he said to them,
'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it
holy.' At once there was opposition on
the part of the Hudson Bay Company.

They argued, 'Our summer is short, and
the people have to work in a hurry. To
lose one day in seven will be a great
loss to us. You missionaries will have
to leave the country if you are going to
interfere with us in that way.'

There was downright persecution for
a long time, but there is none now, for
it was found that the brigades of Indians,
who travelled only six days and quietly
rested on the Sabbath, without a single
exception made the journey, of perhaps
fifteen hundred miles, in less time, and
came back in better health, than those
who travelled without observing the Sab-
bath.

Johnny's Opinion of Grandmothers.

Grandmothers are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation,
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.

Grandmothers speak softly to "mas."

To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
T'other way, when a boy wants to
climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row in the collar,
And they're apt (if they know it in
time),
To make chicken pie for a feller.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their speos,
And say, "Ah, those boys will be
boys!"

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low,
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go

And then a boy, stopping to think,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what will come at the last—
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray;
For a boy needs their prayers every
night;
Some boys more than others, I s'pose;
Such as I need a wonderful sight.

GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

A traveller among the Tyrolean pe-
asants tells the following story; why not
follow out the hint in your own home,
if grandmother is still living?

The morning after our arrival we were
awakened by the sound of a violin and
flutes under the window, and hurrying
down found the little house adorned as
for a feast—garlands over the door and
wreathing a high chair which was set in
state.

The table was already covered with
gifts brought by the young people
whose music we had heard. The whole
neighbourhood were kinsfolk, and these
gifts came from uncles and cousins in
every far-off degree. They were very
simple, for the donors are poor—knitted
gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars
of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all
some little message of love was pinned.

"Is there a bride in this house?" I
asked of my landlord.

"Ach, nein!" he said. "We do not
make such a pother about our young
people. It is the grandmother's birth-
day."

The grandmother, in her spectacles,
white apron, and high velvet cap, was a
heroine all day, sitting in state to re-
ceive visits, and dealing out slices from
a sweet loaf to each who came. I could
not but remember certain grandmothers
at home, just as much loved as her,
pr baby, but whose dull, sad lives were
never brightened by any such pleasure
as this; and I thought we could learn
much from these poor mountaineers.

"Who wrote the most, Dickens, War-
ren, or Bulwer?" "Warren wrote
'Now and Then,' Bulwer wrote 'Night
and Morning,' and Dickens wrote 'All
the Year Round.'"

The study of definitions presents many
obstacles and difficulties to childish
minds.

"Spell 'ferment' and give its defini-
tion," requested the school teacher.

"F-e-r-m-e-n-t, ferment; to work," re-
sponded a diminutive maiden.

"Now place it in a sentence, so that
I may be sure that you understand its
meaning," said the teacher.

"In summer I would rather play out-
of-doors than ferment in the school-
house," returned the small scholar with
such doleful frankness and unconscious
humour that the teacher found it hard
to suppress a smile.—*Youth's Companion*.