

The Boyless Town.

A cross old woman of long ago
Declared that she hated noise;
The town would be so pleasant, you
know,
If there only were no boys."
She scolded and fretted about it till
Her eyes grew heavy as lead,
And then, of a sudden, the town grew
still,
For all the boys had fled.
And all through the long and dusty
street,
There wasn't a boy in view;
The baseball lot, where they used to meet,
Was a sight to make one blue;
The grass was growing on every base,
And the paths that the runners made,
For there wasn't a soul in all the place
Who knew how the game was played.
The dogs were sleeping the livelong day,
Why should they bark or leap?
There wasn't a whistle or call to play,
And so they could only sleep.
The pony neighed from his lonely stall,
And longed for saddle and rein;
And even the birds on the garden wall
Chirped only a dull refrain.
There was little, I ween, of frolic and
noise,
There was less of cheer and mirth;
The sad old town, since it lacked its boys,
Was the dreariest place on earth.
The poor old woman began to weep;
Then woke with a sudden scream;
"Dear me!" she cried, "I have been
asleep;
And, oh! what a horrid dream!"
—Anon.

The Dog That Found a Fortune.

By Florence Yarwood Witty.

CHAPTER II.
HIS SISTER ROSE.

"Our little life were small indeed,
If but for self we live;
If other lives take naught from us,
And naught to us can give."
Ernest Brown walked down the street
that morning with Dick White's sneering
remarks still ringing in his ears, and, on
reaching home, he entered the room
where his sister was, and angrily ex-
claimed:
"I'm afraid I'll pound that Dick White
yet until there is nothing left of him!"
"Oh, I wouldn't do that!" replied
Rose, gently. "Remember that he that
ruleth his own spirit is stronger than he
that taketh a city." What has he been
saying to annoy you now?"
Ernest repeated his taunting remarks,
then Rose consolingly replied: "Never
mind, dear; I know you are going to be a
great man some day, no matter what
Dick White thinks about you."
"Not much prospect of it just now,"
replied Ernest, gloomily. "But I must
be off to my work, or Farmer Smith will
be giving me the bounce for being late.
It is a quarter to seven now. I am sorry
to leave you alone all day, Rose."
"Oh, never mind," said Rose, cheer-
fully. "I have my good, faithful dog
to stay with me, so I shall not be lonely."
And she lovingly stroked a handsome dog
that sat up on a chair by her side. He
was a wise, intelligent-looking creature,
covered with a mass of brown curls.
Farmer Smith had given him to Ernest
when he was a very small puppy, and
Rose and he had been fast friends ever
since.
Ernest hurried down the road, and Rose
and her dog were left alone.
I would like you to look closely at his
sister Rose. She is a young girl, about
fourteen years of age, with tender blue
eyes and light hair. Her face is sweet
and fair to look at, but her figure is sadly
shrunk and deformed, and by her
couch stands a crutch, which tells its own
story. She was a cripple; and so much
worse had she become of late, that she
was obliged to spend almost all her time
on her couch, and could only walk by the
aid of her crutch with great difficulty.
After Ernest had gone, she took her
crutch, and, summoning up all her
strength, dragged herself out in the yard
to look after her flower-bed. A very
pretty one it was, too, abounding in beau-
tiful petunias, geraniums, and lovely Juno
roses. It was the only bright spot about
the place, for the miserable old house and
tumble-down fence presented a sorry-
looking picture.
Ernest had helped her plant her flowers
in the spring, and for a while she had
been well enough to take care of them
herself, but lately she had experienced
so much difficulty in walking that there

was but little she could do. But she al-
ways enjoyed going down in the yard
every fine day to look at her beauties, al-
though the walk there always caused her
intense pain.
She called them her missionary flowers,
for she frequently sold dainty bouquets
and placed the money in her missionary
box.
You are surprised, I know, to think
that any one so poor as Rose could think
of giving anything to the mission work,
but you would be still more surprised how
much she did give every year.
Day after day, as she lay on her couch,
her thin, white hands worked busily away
at dainty pieces of embroidery, Ernest
providing the money out of his scant
earnings to buy the materials; those were
sold, and besides buying many necessary
articles of clothing for herself, she placed
a goodly sum in her mission-box.
If the world only had a few more such
missionary workers, the Gospel would be
sent much faster to the unsaved millions.
When she returned to the house she
was obliged to lie down on her couch
again.
Presently, a shaft flitted by her win-
dow, and the next moment Mrs. Long's
cheery voice greeted her. She was the
Methodist minister's wife, and a bright,
active little woman she was, too, small in
figure, with brown eyes, clear complexion,
and sunny hair. Everybody liked Mrs.
Long—with good reason, too, for a minis-
tering angel she had often proved herself
to be in many a sad hour.
A kind, true friend she had been to
the suffering Rose, and the girl's face
brightened instantly when she saw her.
"I was making some currant jelly,"
said Mrs. Long, in her bright, cheerful
way, "so I brought over a tumbler of it
for your dinner, and a plate of fresh buns
to eat with it."
"Oh, how kind of you, Mrs. Long!"
said Rose, gratefully.
Indeed, there was scarcely a day but
what Mrs. Long brought over a dainty
dish of something to tempt the sick girl's
appetite.
She knew full well that the food her
step-mother cooked would not be likely to
tempt the sick girl very much. And in
truth it would be hard to tell what the
poor girl would have lived on, if Mrs.
Long had not so generously remembered
her, for the food her step-mother cooked
was coarse and not properly prepared.
Ernest had often asked her to prepare
some little delicacy for Rose, but she
roughly retorted that she guessed that
girl could eat what the rest of them did
or go without. Poor Ernest! he had yet
to find out that all women cannot cook.
He really thought, because he had a
vague remembrance of the snowy biscuit
and delicately browned meat that his own
mother always placed on the table, that
all women could do likewise, and he often
wondered why it was that the biscuits his
step-mother made were like lumps of
lead, and the meat hard and chummy.
With deft fingers Mrs. Long soon tidied
Rose's room for her, and arranged her
pillows in a more comfortable position.
And a pleasant, neat little room it was,
too, although the rest of the home was
dreary and empty enough.
The lace curtains at the windows were
knitted by her own hands. The rugs on
the floor were also her own work. The
dressing table and washstand Ernest had
made for her. To be sure, they were
just made out of packing-boxes, but Rose
had curtailed and draped them until they
looked quite dainty and inviting.
"So you are alone to-day, are you,
dear?" asked Mrs. Long.
"Yes," replied Rose. "The folks have
gone to town, and you can't think how I
dread to have them come back, for I am
afraid they will both be drunk."
"You have a hard life of it here," said
Mrs. Long, kindly.
"Why, what has happened to your
plant, dear?" continued she, looking in
surprise at a sickly-looking plant in the
window.
Rose's eyes filled with tears as she an-
swered. "My stepmother said it was in
her way when she went to open the win-
dow, so she pitched it out. Ernest
brought it in again and re-potted it for
me, but the beautiful bud it had on is
broken, and it will not have another for
a whole year."
"Oh, how could she do such a thing!"
said Mrs. Long. "You thought so much
of that plant, too!"
"Yes," replied Rose, sorrowfully, "it
belonged to my mother. When she died
it had a beautiful white flower on, and
we placed it in her dear hands after they
were folded in death. I was only four
years old, but I remember well just how
sweet she looked with that cluster of
pure, white flowers in her hand, and the
plant has always been very dear to me
ever since."
"I have some missionary papers for
you," said Mrs. Long, presently. "I
know you always enjoy reading them."

"Yes, I am very thankful to get them,"
replied Rose, her eyes brightening, as she
saw the large bundle of papers Mrs. Long
handed out to her.
"Do you know," continued she, after a
thoughtful pause, "so many people seem
to think that I am not going to live very
long, but I believe that I am going to live
long, long years yet; for I feel in my in-
most soul that the Lord has a special
work for me to do. And if I ever do get
well and strong I want to go to those
far-away lands where no church bells are
echoing, and tell them the angel's mes-
sage, 'the glad tidings of great joy which
shall be unto all people.'"
"Dear Rose," said Mrs. Long to herself,
as she crossed the street and went back
to the parsonage "If we only had
more people like you, what a blessing it
would be!"
(To be continued.)

BUGLER DUNN.

Among the first batch of recovered
wounded from the war in South Africa
belonging to the Portsmouth garrison,
to arrive at that place was a bugler boy
named Dunn, who, when his right arm
was disabled at Colenso by a shell, trans-
ferred his bugle to his other hand and
refused to quit the firing line. Dunn's
father, who is a sergeant in the Dublin
Fusiliers militia, and left for the front
on Monday, was at the station to welcome
his son. He had received the following
letter from Captain Gordon, commanding
A company, First Royal Dublin Fusiliers:
"I write to tell you how proud we are
—all of us—of the gallant conduct of
your son, No. 6,408, Drummer Dunn. He
insisted on rushing on with the firing
line when we tried to force the passage
of the Tugela, though several tried to
keep him back. He has been wounded
in the arm and received a slight bruise,
I believe, in the chest, but he is doing
well. Unfortunately, I am too much of
a cripple at present to go and see him
myself, but you may rest assured that he
is being very well cared for in this hos-
pital, where we have a good staff of doc-
tors and nurses. You may indeed be
proud of your boy."
Bugler Dunn was commanded to go to
Osborne as the guest of the Queen of
England, who desired to see him.

"JIM."

Jim had a faculty of breaking things.
If anything was ever broken or injured
it was always laid to Jim.
"Who broke my spectacles?" asked
grandpa.
"Jim, I 'spect," said baby, from the
midst of her toys on the floor.
"Yes, Jim knocked them off the desk
when he was scribbling there yesterday,"
the elder sister said, in a matter-of-fact
tone.
"It seems to me Jim breaks a good
many things. Did he break the clock
in my room?" grandpa said, with a seri-
ous look on his good-natured face.
"Yes, sir," said Jim, appearing sud-
denly in the doorway. "I was trying to
get my whistle from behind it, and it
slipped and fell. I'm trying to save up
enough money to have it fixed."
"Bless your heart!" grandpa exclaimed.
"Never mind about it. I'll have it
fixed."
No one could ever be angry with Jim,
he was always so frank and so sorry
about his shortcomings.
"Jim!" called Uncle Harry, from the
front porch. "Jim, come here a second."
There was something very much like a
laugh in his voice, and when Jim came
out to him his eyes had an amused
twinkle in them.
"If you succeed in getting through a
week without breaking anything, I'll give
you a quarter, Jim," he said.
"I'll try," Jim replied eagerly.
It was very amusing to watch Jim that
week as he tried so hard to earn the
quarter.
He scrambled after glasses of water as
they were about to make their fatal
descent to the floor, he almost knocked
the baby's head off as he sprang to save
a vase which he had almost knocked off
the table, and as a final effort almost set
the house on fire by stepping on a box of
matches which had fallen out of the case
as he tried to rescue it after knocking it
off the mantelpiece.
But the last day came, and he had
actually succeeded in passing a week
without breaking a single thing.
"Oh, I am so glad!" he exclaimed, joy-
fully, as he went out into the yard on the
last day.
He picked up his little wheelbarrow
and raced down the walk with it.
"Uncle Harry will be here soon, and
he'll ask if I broke anything. I'm glad I
can say I didn't."
It was after tea, and it was growing
dark. Jim raced up and down for a long
time and pretended he was a locomotive.

He became so excited in this exhilarat-
ing sport that he didn't look to see where
he was running and fell "head over
heels" over a big stone that lay on the
walk.
The wheelbarrow was only a frail little
thing, and Jim coming down on it heavily
and rather unceremoniously, one of the
handles broke off.
He sat up and rubbed his knees, wink-
ing hard so as not to cry.
"Gracious, but that hurt!" he ex-
claimed.
He looked at the wheelbarrow and spied
the broken handle.
"Oh, dear!" he said. There was al-
most a choke in his voice. "That's
mean! The last thing I had to go and
break something. I can't get through a
week like other people, there's no use
trying."
He surveyed the wheelbarrow thought-
fully, and presently picked it up and
seemed to be thinking deeply.
"I'll hide it," he said at last. "No
one will know the difference. The boys
will tease me. I'm not going to tell any-
one that I broke it. They will all say,
'I thought you couldn't get through a
whole week without breaking something.
You'd have to do it at the last minute!'
I'll get the quarter and no one will know
the difference." And he started up the
walk with the wheelbarrow under his
arm.
But suddenly he stopped and threw it
from him.
"I won't do it! I don't care if the
boys do tease me. God won't, and I
don't care much about the others," he
said, his face flushing as he thought of
what he had almost done.
Suddenly a man emerged from behind a
bush. He had been standing there since
Jim fell and had heard all the child said.
It was Uncle Harry, and he walked
quickly up to the boy and said, with pride
which he could not conceal ringing in his
voice: "Bravo, little man! I would
rather you would break everything you
lay your hands on than ever act a lie."
He thrust his hand into his pocket and
pulled out a coin.
"It's half a dollar," Jim said, as he
took it.
"Yes," Uncle Harry said, "you've
earned it, Jim."—Sunday-school Advocate

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