

over young, like myself, but forgive me if I get ahead."

How he walked! Climbing over the rail fences—splashing through the brook at the bottom of the Home Close! Griff running on ahead, as eager as his master; and Ben, slowly, for he was an old man and heavy, following in the rear.

Fortunately Dr. Anderson was in the hall, and met him.

"Ah, Mr. Christie, I'm so glad to see you. Look here."

It was George's cap, which he took off the hat peg.

The old man turned it over, with a curious gaze. Then a thought seemed to strike him:

"Maybe the boy's hung it up there, and gone across the garden to find me." He rushed to the door. "George, George, here I am! Come in lad, for God's sake, come in!"

And upstairs the sound fell upon the sick boy's ear, and he murmured: "Mother, I heard him calling, didn't I?"

Then the doctor took the broken-hearted old man by the hand, and led him upstairs, and held him quiet on the landing, outside the bedroom door.

"Call him again, in a whisper."

"George, George, dear lad, I want you."

"Father?"

It was his voice—weak enough, but it went right to that poor old heart, and brought its owner to his knees by the bedside.

"Father, I have sinned——"

"George, my boy, please don't say that."

He kissed him again and again.

"At last, O God, for 'this my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found!'"

He had laid his grey head on the pillow, saying these words, and was still.

Dr. Anderson stooped down and untied his cravat.

"A glass of water, quick. The Squire has fainted."

(To be continued.)

Cigars and Economy.

"FATHER, do you remember that mother asked you for two dollars this morning?"

"Yes, my child; what of it?"

"Do you remember that mother didn't get the two dollars?"

"Yes. And I remember what little girls don't think about."

"What is that, father?"

"I remember that we are not rich. But you seem in a brown study. What is my daughter thinking about?"

"I was thinking how much one cigar costs."

"Why, it costs ten cents—not two dollars, by a long shot."

"But ten cents, three times a day, is thirty cents."

"That's as true as the multiplication table."

"And there are seven days in the week."

"That's so, by the almanac."

"And seven times thirty cents are two hundred and ten cents."

"Hold on. I'll surrender. Here, take the two dollars to your mother, and tell her that I will do without cigars for a week."

"Thank you, father. But if you would only say for a year, it would save more than a hundred dollars. We would all have shoes and dresses, and mother a nice bonnet, and lots of pretty things."

"Well, to make my little girl happy, I will say a year."

"Oh, that will be so nice! But wouldn't it be about as easy to say always? Then we could have the money every year, and your lips would be so much sweeter when you kiss us."—Selected.

Take Heed How You Read.

EMPHASIZE the word *how*. There are ways and ways of reading. One way may be much better than another. For instance, the other day an intelligent girl was reading to herself. Her father asked her to read aloud. She began where she was already engaged. It happened to be a very entertaining and instructive collection of instances in which useful inventions had been come upon by curious accidents. When the young reader had finished her piece, her father asked her to tell him what she had just read. He was not surprised that she found herself unable to do so. She had read, and, perhaps, had formed the habit of reading simply to amuse herself for the moment. She had not read to remember, much less to report. No doubt what she read would have made some impression on her mind. She would have retained the general idea that happy chances were often the occasion of fruitful discoveries. She would very likely, besides, have derived the practical hint to be on the lookout for such chances in her own future experience. Both these results of the reading would have been useful.

But she might just as well have added another result that, in fact, she missed. She might have read so as to furnish herself with material for interesting conversation on subsequent occasions of her life. It only needed the thought in her mind: Let me notice now this incident, and to take it into my understanding and my memory, that I shall be able to report it to some one when a suggestive opportunity arises. Such a habit of reading may easily be cultivated. The same habit may be extended—and should be—to hearing and to observation. One really gets more himself when one gets to give.

Let parents see to this. Let teachers too. A good plan is to make the table at meal times a place for the mutual reporting of things thus learn-

ed by the various members of the family. The art of conversation is cultivated in this way, as well perhaps, as in any other. At any rate, task yourselves when you read, to read so as to remember and report. You will be delighted to find how easily this habit can be formed, and what a source of profit and pleasure to yourselves and to others it may be made. *S. S. Journal.*

Our Jim.

BY SARAH LONGHURST

SHORT, shining curls are clustered
About his thoughtful brow;
The glad blue eyes beneath them
Are beaming on me now;
And he wants to know if Jesus,
Who loves the girls and boys,
Will let him play in heaven,
And shout and make a noise.

Last night I heard him calling
His mother up the stairs:
"You must come at once, dear mamma,
And help me say my prayers.
I've knelt here at the bedside,
But don't remember how;
We must not keep God waiting,
So please to come just now.

He loves to watch the stars come out
In the blue sky at even;
He says a shining angel then
Lights up the lamps of heaven.
To-night a blazing meteor
His bright eyes chanced to catch.
"The angel finished them," he cried;
"He threw away the match."

He says he'll go to heaven
If Rover may go too;
He thinks the angel at the gate
Will let his doggie through,
Because he is so cunning,
And knows so many tricks,
"Twould make the little boys all laugh
To see him carry sticks.

Just now I begged a favour:
"Please run upstairs, dear Jim,
And bring my pen and ink down,
You saw my 'little limb.'
He looked at me quite gravely,
From off his mother's knee;
"This limb can't go just now," he said;
"It's fastened to the tree."

Anniversary of a Bell.

THE busy city of Breslau, in Prussia, found time recently to celebrate the five hundredth birthday of a church-bell. A tragic story of the casting of this bell has kept it famous throughout Germany for a longer period than has elapsed since the discovery of America.

The founder of the bell, on the 17th of July, 1386, when the molten metal was just ready to run into the mould, left the foundry for a few moments in charge of a boy, warning him not to meddle with the apparatus. The boy disobeyed the injunction, and set the metal running. Terrified, he called the founder, who, on seeing the metal running, supposing the bell ruined, struck the boy to the earth, and killed him.

When the metal cooled and the bell was tried, it was found to be of admirable tone and finish—the founder's masterpiece. Stricken with remorse, he gave himself up to the magistrate,

and was condemned to expiate his crime by death. He walked to the place of execution to the tolling of his own bell, calling upon all the people to pray for "the poor sinner." The bell has ever since borne the name of the "Poor Sinner's Bell."

At that early period, Breslau was a country village of little note. It has now grown to be the seat of the linen manufacture of Silesia, and, next to Berlin, the largest city of Prussia. The anniversary of the founding of this bell was not forgotten, however. The bell was rung morning and evening, and the pastor of the church preached in honor of the occasion, in which he told, once more the well-remembered tale.—*Companion.*

Two Ends.

WHEN a small boy, I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of the ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop, and said very quietly, "Look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you to remember, that is, every ladder has two ends." I have never forgotten it, though many years have gone. Do we not carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting "fast" habits, I think he sees only one end of the ladder—the one pointing towards pleasure, and that he does not know the other is wounding his parents' hearts. Ah! yes, every ladder has two ends, and is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.

Have You Insured Your Boys?

THE innocent child, stricken by the lightning of the heavens in his cradle, a parent could bury, with something to mitigate his grief. But what of the boy, the man, the fetid form, the helpless wretch, stricken by "lightning whiskey," his very soul corrupted and destroyed! "Lightning whiskey" not only destroys the body, but it shrivels up and blasts the soul itself—all its sweet affection, its friendship, its taste and love for the beautiful, and pure, and good.

But men are ever ready to insure against the lightning of heaven. They pay for "rods" to protect their houses, their stables, their horses, and cattle.

They pay liberally for "policies of insurance," and when the red bolts flash through the thick darkness of storm and night, there is a comfortable assurance that all possible losses can, in one sense, be made good.

But how about the boys? Have you done all you can to insure them against "lightning whiskey"—that bolt that does not mercifully kill at once, but, striking successively, and through the long, weary years, makes a sickening wreck and ruin, to which the sudden and swift bolt from above would be a merciful deliverer?

Have you insured—or striven to insure—your boys?—*Chicago Signal.*