

when it came to me I took the paper and wrote my name, promising to give that amount. I was very much excited, and began at once to plan how I should earn the money. I saved pocket-money, ran errands, found eggs, and, as it seemed to me, long before the time I had my dollar ready, and wished either that the collector would hurry up or that I had subscribed more. I got so much pleasure and profit out of that subscription that I have been giving ever since, and at last I gave myself. 'Missionary Review of the World.'

The Farmer.

In a lovely garden long ago,
Under the tropic sun,
Old Father Adam toiled away,
Till his weary work was done,
And the teeming harvests crowned it all,
At the closing of the year;
Then all his life seemed filled with
As the harvest-home drew near.

And still his children work away
With strong and sturdy will,
To the soft low note of the waving corn,
As it grows on vale and hill;
While the throngs that line the busy streets
May flourish or may fall,
And evermore the farmer's hand
Must feed and keep them all.
—Exchange.

The School for Emperors.

(Howard Angus Kennedy, in the 'Sunday at Home.')

He was such a very little Emperor, you know; he was only ten years old, so what could you expect of him?

If he had been an ordinary little boy, the child of one of his own subjects, it would not have mattered so much, but he was an Emperor, and he knew it. Whenever he went out to play, a pair of dignified governesses watched him carefully to see that no common little boys should tempt him to play common little games. He had no brothers or sisters, so the Empress used to invite all the little dukes and duchesses in the kingdom, a week at a time, to come and play with him; and their mammas, when they said good-bye to them at the palace door, used to hold up their fingers and say, 'Never forget that you are going to play with the Emperor.' Sometimes, alas, they did forget, and once an angry little duchess actually pinched his ear, because she had thought he was cheating; but he did not forget who he was, and he ordered the little duchess into the house with the air of an Emperor. If he went out of the park into the street he rode on a beautiful pony, with a troop of soldiers and big horses clattering behind him; and the sentinels presented arms, and the common people in the streets took off their hats. Sometimes he liked being a Emperor a little too much, and sometimes he did not like it at all. When he got very much bored by having soldiers and governesses following him all the time, he would stamp his imperial little heel and say he wished they would let him alone to play like other boys and do what he liked. Then his mother would be very much astonished, and would say, 'Remember, my dear Maximus, that you are the Emperor.' Another time he would get so conceited, and tilt his imperial little nose up so very high, that his mother was quite anxious about him, and was afraid that he would be spoiled. Poor woman, she had never had an emperor to bring up before, so it was no wonder that she did not know how to do it.

One afternoon his Majesty was playing leap-frog with a little grand duke on the lawn be-

hind the palace. They had been playing for about a quarter of an hour, and the grand duke was rather tired of it, because the Emperor insisted on doing all the jumping, and would not tuck down his own imperial head so that the grand duke could take a turn. At last the grand duke got quite dizzy with holding his head tucked between his knees so long, and he jerked himself up just as the Emperor was taking a flying leap over his back, so that his Majesty and his Grace rolled over on the grass together. The Emperor was very angry, and kicked the grand duke on the shin. The grand duke forgot everything except his sore leg, and kicked the Emperor back; and next moment, would you believe it, their imperial and ducal highnesses were rolling over and over on the grass, clutching and hitting at each other and shouting just like the commonest little common boys in the commonest streets of the city. Two horrified governesses threw down their embroidery and rushed to save his Majesty from the sacrilegious grand duke, who was pounced upon by a couple of lords-in-waiting and packed off home by the next train.

The Empress-mother burst into tears when his Majesty was brought into her parlor, his hair all rumpled, his face scratched and bleeding, his collar hanging by a single button. 'I am afraid I ought to put you to bed, my dear,' she said—but she didn't. She often said she ought to do things, without doing them. The imperial little scamp had his hair brushed and his face mended and his eyes bathed with rose-water and a clean collar put on, and went out to play in the garden again with a nice gentle duchess, who might be thoroughly trusted not to pinch him or pull his ears.

In the middle of the night the Empress-mother was awakened by a sharp tapping at her door.

'Come in,' she said.

The door opened and a little old woman came in, holding a candle high up above her head: an ugly little woman, with the dowdiest of old clothes.

'How dare you——?' the Empress began.

The little old woman came close up to her bedside and looked straight into her eyes. The Empress shook and shivered, and did not dare to say another word.

'The Emperor must go to school,' said the little old woman in a very firm voice.

'Oh, how can I let him go to school?' said his mother, quite forgetting to tell the little old woman she was impertinent, and it was none of her business. 'How could I allow him to mix up with all sorts of common little boys? I never heard of an Emperor going to school. Even the little dukes only have tutors and governesses at home.'

'So much the worse for them,' said the little old woman; 'and if their mothers are foolish that's no reason why you should be. Besides, they're only dukes, and your boy is an Emperor. How many million people is he going to rule over?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' said the Empress. 'I can't afford to have a census taken. It costs so much to keep up a palace, and the servants want more wages as it is.'

'Well,' said the little old woman, 'I can tell you without a census; it's one hundred million, two hundred and thirty-four thousand, five hundred and sixty-seven. And how many of them do you think the Emperor knows anything about?'

'Let me see,' said the Queen; 'there are seven little dukes and nine little duchesses that he plays with, and eight governesses and six tutors, and the keeper of the imperial kennels, and the groom of the imperial pony—'

'Say five-and-twenty, if you like,' said the old woman. 'So there are one hundred mil-

lion, two hundred and thirty-four thousand, five hundred and forty-two that he knows nothing about—and cares nothing about, either. That is very bad, very bad indeed. I tell you he must go to school to learn how to do it.'

'To learn what?' said the Empress.

'To learn to know his subjects, and to care for them,' said the old woman.

The Empress-mother opened her eyes very wide. 'I never heard of such a school,' she said.

'You are as ignorant as your boy, almost,' said the little old woman.

'If any one else had said that,' said the Empress—

'Yes,' said the old woman, 'if any one else had said it, you'd have ordered them into prison, or at least locked them up in the garret; but it isn't any one else, you see: it's me!' With that, she looked at the Empress so straight that her Majesty blinked. 'And seeing that it is me,' the old woman went on, 'I suppose you would like me to tell you where to find the school to send your son?'

'Yes, please,' said the Empress, meekly.

'But I won't,' said the old woman.

'How can I send him there, then?' said the Queen.

'You won't,' said the old woman. 'I will take him.'

The Empress sat up straight in bed, and said: 'Oh, you mustn't!' But then, as the old woman gave her another look, she lay back on her pillow and said: 'I suppose it can't be helped. I expect you know best—you look as if you knew everything. But what shall I say to the people when he's gone?'

'Tell them,' said the old woman, 'that he has gone on his travels, as an Emperor should, to gain experience before coming into his kingdom.'

The old woman waved her candle in the Empress's eyes, and her Majesty, with a smile, sank back to sleep.

A minute after, the little Emperor awoke and sat bolt upright in bed. Nobody had knocked at his door; but there, standing beside his bed, was a little old woman holding a candle over her head. 'Come with me,' she said, 'come away to school.'

The little Emperor did not know what to say to such an outrageous command, so he said nothing.

'Come at once,' said the little old woman, very firmly. And the Emperor, though he had never in his life been spoken to like that before, slipped out of bed and made haste to dress himself. On the chair where his imperially decorated underwear had been carefully folded for him when he went to bed, he found a coarse suit of thick woollen garments, with the commonest sort of rough cloth coat and trousers, and a pair of boots with soles quite half an inch thick. He looked up with a pout, but as soon as his eyes met the old woman's he started putting on the clothes in a hurry without a word. Then she opened the window and stepped out, and he stepped out after her.

(To be continued.)

We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.—Emerson.

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