

summit. Eagerly she gazed around, north, south, east and west; yet nothing but leagues and leagues of unbroken forest met her eyes. Nothing looked familiar; there was not a solitary landmark to point the homeward way. The last hope died within her heart, and she sank, faint and exhausted upon the grass.

Then again came that sweet whisper, singing in her thoughts: "Fear not, for I am with thee." "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Again the sense of that strong, protective Presence soothed her fears, and overcome with fatigue, she fell asleep.

When June awoke the afternoon was waning. Somewhat refreshed from her slumber, she arose and gathered handfuls of strawberries that were sprinkled plentifully through the grass, and these partially satisfied the cravings of hunger and thirst. Feeling incapable of any further effort she then lay down again under the friendly shade of an oak tree, hoping, trusting, waiting.

As the evening shadows lengthened, the woods became filled with the sweet, echoing melodies of bird songs. A few voices she knew, but many were as yet unfamiliar. A little company of warblers, variously marked with yellow and black and white and orange, passed through the low bushes near her, lisping their little call notes, or trilling their simple melodies. A scarlet tanager flashed, flame-like, in and out amid the deep green foliage, while a bluebird perched just above her head and sang his cheery song. There was a flash of black and white in a rosy beam, and a rose-breasted grosbeak, the beautiful bird that had sung in her dreams that long-ago morning on the Island, alighted in a poplar tree only a few feet away, and poured forth his rich, sweet madrigal. Then up from the tree-tops in the valley floated the wistfully tender, sweetly varied strain of the hermit thrush, the liquid, melting measures of the wood thrush, and the "wood-notes of the veery." There was a rustling sweep of wings close to her face; and a whip-poor-will, that bird of shadows and of mystery, settled in the grass only a few inches from her hand and uttered its plaint of woe. Over the valley a night hawk circled and swooped, and a white owl flew across the setting sun. Did the birds know that one who loved them was lonely? And were they telling her in their own sweet language to hope and trust and pray?

As she listened, June felt impelled to join her own voice in this evensong of love, and raising herself she sang her evening hymn. The birds drew closer around their little human friend and thrilled the air with a wild ecstasy of joy.

Hark! What was that? Scarcely drawing a breath in the intensity of her eagerness, June listened. It came again on the wind—a long, far-away call. Some one must be hunting for her. Could it be that they would find her and bring her home to-night—to Brownie and Robin and Aunt Hilda, and her own little white bed? With all her strength she answered the call, but her voice was faint and weak. How could she expect to be heard? Once, twice again there came that far-away "Halloo!" and then it was heard no more.

The stars came out one by one, and with little flutterings, and sleepy songs the birds quieted down and

went to sleep. June, too, pillowed her head upon the dewy grass, and in dreams visited the dear little home on Rose Island. After a time she awoke, and, sitting with her hands clasped around her knees, she thought of many things.

How strange and solemn it seemed there alone on the hill-top in that silent midnight hour! The moonlight fell in silver splendour over the wide, still world, and the great blue dome of the sky was spangled with a million million stars. The air was soft and warm, and not a breath of wind whispered among the myriads of forest leaves. From far away echoed the eerie cry of a loon, and a wood thrush fluted one silver strain, then hushed again to rest.

June wondered at the deep calm that had fallen over her heart, and why she felt no fear. Her spirit was steeped in the mystic beauty of the night; and awed with its grandeur and immensity, but she was not afraid. As she sank again to sleep it seemed doubtful if she would ever wake again; but waking or sleeping, she felt that all would be well.

The next morning, after a breakfast of strawberries and wood-sorrel blossoms, she set out falteringly in the direction of that call. Home must be over there. It seemed very, very far away, and her strength was ebbing fast, but she must at least make the attempt. Besides, she was very thirsty, and there was no water on the hill. Into the forest-clad valley then she ventured, but made little headway, for she had to rest so often. Flowers she had never seen before and birds of strange and beautiful plumage cheered the painful, lonely way, but home seemed never any nearer. At last she gave up the quest, and sinking in utter exhaustion upon the moss, fell asleep.

Just at sunset June awoke, and raising herself upon her elbow, gazed around her. She had not noticed before what a beautiful spot this was—a little open glade among the pines and tamaracks. In the soft, springy moss, checkered with a lacy network of woven sun and shadow, stood a troop of pink ladies' slippers, floating airily and gracefully on their slender stems. Here, too, was a colony of pitcher plants, their queer little green pitchers filled with water, and their tall, peculiarly fragrant, greenish pink and purple flowers a delight even to June's tired eyes. Labrador tea, snowy and spicily sweet, swamp blackberries laden with white blossoms, exquisite blooms of pink laurel, and tufted grasses, like fairy powder puffs, all contributed to the dreamlike loveliness of this wild garden in the woods.

It was a beautiful place to go to sleep in. Summoning all her remaining strength, June obeyed a sudden impulse to sing the words that rose unbidden to her lips:—

"Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
While the quiet shadows round about me creep,
Knowing I shall waken, nevermore to roam,
Anywhere with Jesus will be home,
Sweet home."

Then again she fell asleep and dreamed that Robin came and carried her home to Rose Island.

(To be continued.)

She Refused It

"Here's something as good," said the clerk in the store. Said the lady, "I think I have heard that before; pray keep your advice, pray keep yourself calm; what I want is Campana's Italian Balm." This was a sagacious woman. She wouldn't be put off with an inferior substitute; she insisted on having the best toilet preparation on the market.—E. G. West & Co., Wholesale Druggists, 80 George St., Toronto.

Boys and Girls

Dear Cousins,—There is a great, long icicle just outside my window, and the sun and Jack Frost are having a fight. Jack Frost is trying to keep him and Mr. Sun is trying his very best to melt him away, so every now and then I look up from my table to see how they are getting on. I think Mr. Sun is winning, but the icicle is melting very, very slowly. He has several little brothers and sisters on each side of him, though, and they keep dropping off, one by one, so my poor, old icicle will be very lonely, I fear, if he does stay on the roof.

I am writing to you with my window wide open and looking south, even though it is cold weather. The air is beautiful, and every now and then a cool, little breeze makes the bare branches rattle. There are lots of squirrels up here, and yesterday I got so close to a big black fellow that I could almost count the hairs in his big, bushy tail. One of the boys christened him Mr. Bushytail, and I think that is a beautiful name. I'm not in the country, though you might easily think it. No; I'm still in the city, but not the smoky, noisy part. I am away up on a hill, and when I go out I can see the city stretching away on each side of me for ever so far. There is one good thing about being a Cousin Mike. I don't have to be in the office *always*, though I've got to go back soon—before I write you another letter.

Big Brother Icicle has just dropped off with quite a loud crack, considering his size. Don't you wish you could see them all?

With love and good wishes for this competition,

Your affectionate
Cousin Mike.

January Competition.

Where, in the second book of Kings, do the following texts occur?

1. Thou shalt not come down from that bed on which thou art gone up.
2. There came down fire from heaven.
3. Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to-day?
4. The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha.
5. Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, which made Israel to sin.
6. The hand of the Lord came upon him.
7. And the oil stayed.
8. Take up thy son.
9. There is a prophet in Israel.
10. Wash and be clean.
11. They that be with us are more than they that be with him.
12. Wouldest thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive?
13. Two measures of barley for a shekel.
14. The man of God wept.
15. Is it peace?
16. Is thine heart right as my heart is with thy heart?
17. And they brake down the image of Baal.
18. God save the king.
19. For they dealt faithfully.
20. The arrow of the Lord's deliverance.
21. The high places are not taken away.
22. He was a leper unto the day of his death.
23. The brazen altar shall be for me to enquire by.
24. The King of Assyria took Samaria and carried Israel away into Assyria.
25. Let him teach them the manner of the God of the land.
26. They feared the Lord and served their own gods.
27. The Lord will deliver us.

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28. Save thou us out of his hand.
29. And he forsook the Lord God of his fathers.
30. And he carried away all Jerusalem and all the princes.
Please do not forget to write your age on your answers.
Last date for receiving answers, Friday, February 1st.
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Mr. A. S. Mace, J.P., endorses the above statement, and says: "This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Charles R. Tait, and believe his statement in every way to be true and correct."

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