

Katie's Treasures.

In the soft October sunshine,
Neath the forest's golden eaves,
Roamed a merry band of maidens,
In a crimson rain of leaves,
And mid ringing bursts of laughter,
Fluttering through the misty air,
On their young hearts' cherished treasures
Each with other did compare.

"I dwell in a lordly mansion,"
Cried a pair of scarlet lips;
"In the carpet's tufted roses,
Deep my lightest footfall dips.
Oh! the curtains and the pictures!
But more beautiful than all,
You should see the western sunlight
Creep along the painted wall."

"Listen," quickly cried another,
"Listen now, I pray, to me,—
Years ago there was a necklace
Borne across the deep, blue sea;
In its velvet cushioned casket,
Stars could not so brightly shine,
But this chain of prisoned rainbows
By-and-bye will all be mine."

"I have not such wondrous jewels,"
Proudly spoke another voice;
"But I'd rather have my father,
If I had to take my choice.
He has grown so very famous,—
People almost kiss his hand;
And, in time, I'm very certain,
He'll be ruler of the land."

Thus ran on their eager voices,
As they gaily had begun;
Till some tale of wondrous treasure
Every child had told save one;
"She will not have much to tell us,"
Whispered they, "poor little thing;"
But with smiles, said blue-eyed Katie,
"I'm the daughter of a King."

Then they laughed, "Oh, princess, tell us
Where the King, your Father dwells?
Do your mighty palace portals
Swing at touch of golden bells?"
Meekly answered gentle Katie,
Pushing back a floating curl:
"All the shining wall is golden,
Every gate a single pearl."

"And more glorious than the sunrise
Through the purple morning mist,
Brightly glow the brave foundations,
Jasper, sapphire, amethyst;
And within—such wondrous treasures!
Oh, what happiness to see!
But when home my Father calls me,
He will give them all to me."

Then the little maids grew thoughtful,
And they looked with tender eyes
On the sweet-faced little Katie,
Gazing upward to the skies.
And they said,—"Oh, happy princess!
Listening for the great King's call;
You have found the greatest treasure,
You are richest of us all."

—The Silver Cross.

The Worst Boy in the Town.

A CANADIAN STORY,

BY
Florence Yarwood.

CHAPTER III.

IN TROUBLE AT SCHOOL.

"In life's battle there is no neutral ground;
you are helping the side of either right or
wrong."—Banner of Gold.

THE next morning Jack started to school
with his heart lighter than usual. He had
almost made up his mind that no matter what
happened he would try and be good. Miss
Grey said she thought it was just as easy for
us to do right as it is to do wrong, if we only
put our will over on the side of right and
make up our mind to keep right on trying.
Perhaps he would find it so.

It was such a perfect spring morning; birds
were filling the air with their rich melody of
song; the sun shone brightly; the leaves and
tiny blades of grass looked so fresh and green;
and all nature seemed to rejoice in the ap-
proach of spring.

He felt that it was an appropriate time for
him to begin a new life, just now when all
nature seemed to be uplifted in praise to God.
It seems strange to me that all hearts do
not turn to God in the springtime. Every-
thing is then so suggestive of praise, how can
we, his creatures, remain unresponsive?

The tiny stream, wandering through wood-
land and meadow, in its search to find the
great waters of the sea, seems to whisper of
God's love. The birds sing of his goodness
even in mid-winter, when trees are cold and
bare and there is so little to cheer the heart
of the feathered songsters. I have seen them
sit on a leafless tree and pour forth a joyous
song of praise. Everything praises God. Only
we are silent.

Jack went whistling down the street, his
heart overflowing with springtime gladness.
As he turned into the school-yard the first lad
he met was Bob Pierce, the hotel-keeper's son.
"I say, Harding, did your step-mother
drink all that brandy she got from our place,
or do you help her?" She gets that bottle
filled pretty often, lately," said he.

Fortunately for Bob Pierce, at least, the
nine o'clock bell sounded at that moment, so
both were obliged to go in at once.
The good resolutions Jack had half formed
were growing very weak now, while his
uppermost thought was: "If I ever get a
good chance I am going to give that fellow
one of the best thrashings he ever had in his
life!" and with a gloomy countenance he
opened his book and began to study.

The teacher had offered a prize to the
scholar writing the best essay on a certain
historical subject, and the day of which I
write was the day the essays were to be
written. The prize was a handsome volume
of travels, and with his whole heart Jack had
studied and remained at school later than
usual until his money was nearly all gone,
with the hope of gaining this prize.

Bob Pierce knew that Jack was working
for it, and he determined that he should not
get it. He knew that there was no chance of
himself getting it, for he was the poorest
scholar in the class. Besides, in the well-
filled library at home there were many hand-
filled books, bought, alas! with money men
had exchanged for liquor, when wife and chil-
dren were destitute.

The teacher had not mentioned what par-
ticular subject in history they were to write
on, so that the study would be general. Then
the books were all gathered up and placed on
the teacher's desk, and the scholars were ex-
pected to quote from memory only. This was
in the forenoon, and in the afternoon the sub-
ject was given and the essays were written.
Jack's heart beat high with hope, for the
subject proved to be one that he thoroughly
understood and knew he could successfully
handle.

Not so with Bob Pierce; he sat with his
pen poised in the air and found it exceedingly
difficult to write more than half a dozen lines.
When the essays were examined Jack Har-
ding's was pronounced much the finest of
them all, and with many kind words of
praise the teacher handed him the prize.
Jack was flushed and triumphant, but his
enjoyment was short-lived.

"Perhaps some of the rest of us might have
stood some chance if we had had our history
open in the desk before us while writing,"
muttered Bob Pierce.
"What do you mean?" exclaimed Jack,
springing to his feet, forgetting where he was,
and remembering only how much he would
like to thrash that red-eyed hotel-keeper's
son.

"Here, boys, order!" exclaimed the
teacher, somewhat surprised at the sudden
turn of affairs. "What did you say, Pierce?"
"I said that Jack Harding had his book
open in the desk while he wrote that essay."
Jack was about to spring over the seats and
collar him, even if he were in the school-room,
but suddenly his eyes fell to his desk and
there, sure enough, was his history wide
open.

"Jack, what does this mean?" asked
the teacher, gravely, as he, too, saw the book.
Jack first grew very pale and then very red,
while Bob Pierce giggled and thoroughly en-
joyed his discomfiture.

The teacher waited for an answer, so at
last Jack stammered: "I—don't—know;
I did not know it was there until just now."
"But," said the teacher, "I distinctly
remember gathering up your book with the
rest, this morning."

"Yes, I know you did," said Jack, slowly,
"and I haven't the least idea how it got back
here. I only know I didn't put it here."
"I saw him come in the school at noon be-
fore any of the others," said Bob Pierce, "he
must have slipped it in his desk then."
Jack's eyes flashed, while the teacher said:
"Hold your tongue, Pierce! You are al-
together too communicative! How many saw
Jack enter the school alone at noon?"

A number of hands slowly went up; they
were evidently reluctant to condemn one of
their fellow pupils.

"What did you come in for?" asked the
teacher.

"I decline to tell," answered Jack, "but I
honestly say that I did not touch one of the

histories, and did not know that it was in my
desk until after the essays were written."

The truth was, Jack had, on his way back
to school, espied some dainty blue and yellow
violets growing along the edge of the side-
walk on one of the back streets, and gathering
a bunch of them, he had filled an empty ink
bottle with water, and put them in it in his
desk, intending to call at Miss Grey's after
school and give them to her. But he would
not explain all this before that miserable Bob
Pierce, and hear his contemptuous sneer, so
he remained proudly silent.

The teacher sighed and looked much per-
plexed as he said:

"I do not wish to condemn you until I am
positively sure of your guilt, and I regret that
everything looks against you. But I will give
you another chance to win the prize; we will
take another subject and all write over again."

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" said
Jack, hotly; "if you can't believe my word
you can do the other thing!" and in a tower-
ing passion he drew himself up and walked
proudly out of the room, leaving the teacher,
and scholars too much surprised to realize
that he was going until he had gone.

"I am very sorry that this unpleasant
affair has happened," said the teacher, grave-
ly. "I cannot help thinking that Jack has
told the truth, even though everything looks
against him. I can scarcely think it possible
that any of you would do such a thing as to
put the book in his desk on purpose to place
him in a suspicious position. But if I find out
that such is the case the guilty party will be
punished severely," and the teacher's face
wore a frown the rest of that afternoon, while
his voice was firm and commanding.

(To be continued.)

The Camel's Nose.

THE Arabs tell of a miller
Who one morning from repose
Was awakened by hearing a camel
Through the window thrust his nose.

"It's cold out here," said the creature,
"And I wish, sir, if you please,
Just to warm my nose a moment;
It's so chilled, I fear 'twill freeze."

"All right," said the other, kindly;
"You do look pinched and thin."
"Oh, thank you!" replied the camel,
And his head came farther in.

Soon, while the miller slumbered,
Both head and neck were through;
Then presently in at the window
The body entered, too.

Now, the room was close and narrow,
And the startled sleeper woke,
And to his ungainly inmate
At length complaining spoke:

"Really, my friend, while willing
To grant your first request,
My quarters are not sufficient
To hold so large a guest,"

"Very well," said the other coolly,
"If you find it as you say,
Move out—in fact, you'll have to,
For I have come to stay."

How plainly the story teaches
(As you perceive, no doubt)
Wrong in the heart admitted
Will soon the right drive out.

And how plain it warms us, also,
At the very first to shun
The evil that seems so harmless,
Ere an entrance has been won.

"A VERY GOOD-LOOKING APPLE, BUT—"

IT is harvesting month on the Tapleys'
farm, and the old farmer thoroughly enjoys
it. He eyes with intense satisfaction the
big pumpkin-heap in the barn, so sugges-
tive of Thanksgiving, and then walks into
the sunny orchard. He halts to contem-
plate the piles of Baldwins, Fishers, and
snow-apples. He rubs his hands over
these heaps of colour rivaling the sunset-
clouds. He stoops to examine these brilli-
ant displays.

"A handsome apple, that!" he says,
turning one globe of juicy fruit over and
over.

"Round and red!" he murmurs.
"Round and red! A very good-looking
apple—"

He now abruptly and ominously exclaims,
"But—"

He has found at one side of the stem,
and unseen hitherto, a little—hole!

"Worm in there!" he mutters. Yes,
the apple has a tenant, and it pays no rent.
Just then a young neighbour, Randall
Eaton, looks over the fence. He is well-
dressed, has a handsome face, a bright,
sparkling expression, ready gifts of speech,
energy and tact.

"A very good-looking apple, but—" says
the farmer, glancing at Randall Eaton.

Yes, and the "but" is a worm coiled
up in the recesses of his character. Ran-
dall is not thoroughly honest—exactly,
scrupulously so. Indeed, he jokes about
nice, even fine perceptions of right and
wrong.

"Don't be over strict!" he says. He
borrows money and—forgets to return it.
He had not a cent with which to pay for
those elegant clothes, and he could not see
many cents coming in as he glanced into
the future and thought of pay-day. Still
he ordered the clothing. He picked up a
big bank-bill one day and laughed when
somebody said, "Hunt up the owner!"

"I have found him," he said, pointing
to his pocket.

He is one of the boys to taste all the eat-
ables in a store, to slight a job given to
him, to misstate facts.

A pity! yes, and a ruin for him one day.

Oh, there is such need of precise, exact,
scrupulous conduct in our dealings with
others; that we carry no stain of pilfer on
our hands; that we be haunted in our
thoughts by no memory of deception, fraud,
or trickery.

THE AFRICAN DESERT.

IF the "wilderness" in winter offers
many attractions, it is quite the reverse
with the "atmoor," as the Arabs call the
utterly barren kind of desert. This is
truly the ideal desert, consisting mainly of
hard, gravel plains, diversified by zones of
deep sand, rocky ridges, sometimes of con-
siderable altitude, and rugged defiles. It
is absolutely destitute of all vegetation and
consequently of animal life. Only the
ostrich and hyena cross it swiftly by night,
and the vulture hovers over the caravans
by day. Not a tree, not a bush, not a
blade of grass relieves the glare of the sun-
light upon the yellow earth. No one can
resist the solemn impression of deep silence
and infinite space produced by the desert.
When night has come, and the soldiers
and Bedouins are asleep in their bivouacs,
walk away under the unequalled African
moon beyond the first ridge of sand or
rocks. Around you stretches a boundless
sea-like horizon. The sand gleams almost
as white as snow. Not a sound falls upon
the ear, nor the murmur of a breeze, nor
the rustle of leaf or grass, not the hum of
the smallest insect. Silence—only silence
—as profound as death, unless it is broken
by the howl of a prowling hyena or the
distant roar of the king of beasts. Within
the limits of Egypt and the Sudan these
desolate atmoors extend over three-quar-
ters of a million of square miles, never
trodden by the foot of a man. Only a few
caravan trails cross them in their narrowest
parts, with scanty wells at long intervals;
and the necessities of trade can alone
account for their being penetrated at all.
They are like oceans, where caravans pass
each other in haste like vessels at sea.
The marches are perfectly terrible, and yet
it is worse to halt during the day than to
keep in motion, for the heat makes sleep
or rest impossible, even under canvas.

With the burning sand under your feet
and the vertical sun over your head you
are as between the lids of an oven. In
summer the thermometer rises to 150 and
160 degrees. The air that blows feels as
if it had just passed through a furnace or a
brick-kiln. Over the plains it quivers
visibly in the sun, as if rising from a red-
hot stove, while the mirage mocks your
senses with the most life-like image of
lakes, ponds and rippling water. No more
laughter or merriment along the column
now. Soldiers or camp-followers protect
themselves as best they can with turbans
and blankets, bringing over all the hoods
of their cloth capotes, leaving only a nar-
row aperture just enough to see; while,
strange to say, the Bedouins stride along
on foot, bareheaded and almost naked,
without appearing to suffer any great dis-
comfort.