

burnies, ae floor gairden and a snowstorm, wi' the text thirteen times and 'beloved' twal, that was a'; a takin' window, and Netherton's lassies cudna sleep thinkin' o' him.

'There's ither shopmen in Muirtown that fair scunner ye wi' their windows—they're that ill set out—and inside there's sic a wale o' stuff that the man canna get what he want; he's clean smooored wi' his ain goods.

'It's a graund shop for the auld fouk that hae plenty o' time and can turn ower the things by the 'oor. Ye 'ill no get a young body inside the door.

'That's Maister Auchtermuchty; he hes mair material than he kens hoo tae handle, and naeboddy, hearin' him, can mak head or tail o' his sermon.

'Ye get a rive at the Covenants ae meenut, and a mouthfu' o' justification the next. Yir nae suner wi' the Patriarchs than yir whuppit aff tae the Apostles.

'It's rich feedin', nae doot, but sair mixed, an' no verra tasty.'

So the old and the young compromised, and chose Carmichael.

Elsbeth was candid enough on occasion, but she was not indiscreet. She could convey her mind delicately if need be, and was mistress of subtle suggestion.

When Netherton's nephew preached the missionary sermon—he was a stout young man with a volcanic voice—Mrs. Macfadyen could not shirk her duty, but she gave her judgment with care.

'He's a fine lad, and 'ill be sure tae get a kirk; he's been weel brocht up, and comes o' decent fouk.

'His doctrine sounds richt, an' he 'ill no gang aft the track. Ye canna call him bashfu', and he's sure tae be heard.'

Her audience still waited, and not in vain.

'But the Lord hes nae plesure in the legs o' a man, and every one felt that the last word had been said on Netherton's nephew.

THE STAMP MANIA.

A recent paper on the stamp-collection mania in this country and in Europe contained some curious facts which will be interesting to American boys who make philately a hobby.

The most valuable collection of stamps in the world is here stated to be that of Her von Ferary, of Paris, which is valued at a half-million of dollars. The collection now in the British museum, which is worth \$300,000, comes next. There are, it appears, a dozen ugly little stamps which if any boy could find on some old letters would bring him \$10,000 in the market. Of these, the one and two pence stamps of Mauritius of the first issue would be worth \$2,000 each. As there are supposed to be only eight of each of these stamps in the world, no boy is likely to find them. An American Stamp, the 5-cent Brattleboro provisional issue, is worth \$1,200; some of the stamps of the Confederate states sell for large sums.

It is said a stamp Market is held on a certain morning of the week in the Champs Elysees in Paris. Tradeswomen, with their aprons full of stamps, *bonnes*, boys carrying little baskets, gather in crowds in the shade of the trees, chatting, gesticulating and laughing, to buy or exchange their flimsy wares. It is one of the most characteristic sights of Paris.

Two of the governments of South American states are known to be in the pay of wealthy stamp-dealers in Europe, and change their issues frequently to give their patrons profitable "corners."

The stamp craze began only forty years ago in Belgium, and is now a vast business, extending over all the civilized world. Every boy probably has made a small investment in it. Whether it is safe to make large ones in stock so intrinsically worthless is matter for question.

The Bishop of London has withdrawn from a London curate his license because he had openly taught, not only the devotion generally known as the "Hall Mary"—certain Biblical sentences with references to the virgin—but prayers for the dead.

Our Young Folks.

PROTECTING LOVE.

At the lakelet's pebbly margin,
Anxious-eyed, yet filled with glee,
Barefoot, toddling little captain
Launched his ship upon the sea.
In his hand the cord that held it
At the pleasure of the child;
Never suffering dire disaster,
Wind or wave however wild.
So, methought, our God doth hold us
With the golden cord of love;
E'en when billows fierce beat round us,
And the clouds roll dark above.
So, mid wildest night of ocean,
Thunder's boom and lightning's glare,
Tossed we may be, but can never
Drift beyond his love and care.

—Rev. J. E. Clark, Russellville, Ky.

SOME ONE'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

When mamma scolds her little girl,
Or papa sugar plums has brought her,
She says, with saucy emphasis,
"I'm papa's little daughter."
When papa chides or frowns at her,
For naughty ways we have not taught her,
She says, with sweet, coquettish stress,
"I'm mamma's little daughter."
When papa and mamma too,
Must scold for wrong in which they've caught her,
She sobs, in broken heartedness,
"I ain't—nobody's—daughter."
But when she's sweet and kind and true,
And sees the good that love has brought her,
She says, with loving promptitude,
"I'm bofe you's little daughter."

—Our Little Ones.

"BABY" JIM.

'I dare you to get it, Jim.'
It is just five years ago to-day that I said those words on this very hilltop to Jim, and he answered, as any fellow in school who knew what a coward he was, knew he would answer.

'I can't do it, Dan, I'm afraid.'
Then we both lay flat down by the edge of the hill, and craned our necks over the side, to look more closely at the tree growing horizontally from the rock just below us.

'If I only had those eggs, my collection would be the best in school,' I said, longingly. 'It must be a creeping warbler's nest, it's so well hidden in the leaves, and nobody else has just that kind. If it wasn't for my weak ankle, I'd get it; anyway, I'm not afraid.'

I couldn't resist that last shot at Jim, though I wouldn't have let another fellow in school say it about him to me.

Jim kicked the grass viciously.
'Why am I such a fool, Dan! I'd give anything to be as brave as you are, but somehow I can't. I don't believe you even know what it feels like to be afraid. I lost the game last Saturday because I hadn't any nerve—fumbled the ball, and you know how every fellow in school despises me for it. And Brown kicked me off the team right afterwards, though you've said yourself, Dan, that I ought to be the best quarter back in the school. I'm just built for one, it's because I'm a miserable coward, and lose my nerve; I can't do anything, and I hate it, hate the whole thing; and myself worse than all.'

And Jim's sensitive lip trembled, and he swallowed the hard lump rising in his throat.

'Don't be silly, Jim.' I remember saying, though I meant it kindly, 'you know perfectly well what the Doctor told the fellows last Sunday—how far and away out of sight moral courage is to physical; and I thought of you right off. Don't you remember how you were the only fellow in the dormitory who didn't sneak out of that row we had there the beginning of last term? Why, even the fellows stopped calling you "baby," and called you "Jim," after that.'

'What's that now,' Jim broke in, embarrassed by praise, 'when not a fellow in school exceptin' you has stood by me since

last Saturday? I wish I could show you sometime how much obliged I am, Dan. I believe you're the only fellow in the world that cares for me, now.'

Hot tears were gathering in Jim's eyes, and I who hated tears as only a boy can, said hastily:

'If you go, I go,' Jim said, steadily, setting his lips firmly. 'I can climb out on that limb over the nest, so if your ankle gives out, maybe I can help.' Then persuasively he added: 'Don't go, Dan. It's certain death if a fellow falls on those rocks down there.'

'Better go down and sit there, so you can be a cushion when I do fall on'em,' I said as I dropped myself over the hill, and made my way slowly towards the tree.

I remember turning my head once to look back, and seeing Jim, with a pale face, preparing to follow me.

'Better not do it, Jim,' I called back over my shoulder. 'There's not the least use in your coming.'

Then I didn't think of him again.
It was awfully exciting. The long, supple limb swayed as I climed steadily on. Then I stretched myself out flat on it, and began breaking away the small twigs and branches between me and the nest. I could almost touch it, and then—I never could tell how it happened—there was a crash over my head, and Jim fell through, clutching wildly at me. In another moment both of us were swinging out over the cliff. I was holding on to the limb with my arms, and Jim had hold of my feet.

'Hold on tight, Jim! I shouted 'we're all right. Throw your legs up around me. Hold on! Don't wriggle so! Whew! that's my lame ankle; I can't hold on this way much longer, my grip's slipping, and I feel as if my arms were paralyzed.'

'Dan, if I wasn't hanging from you, and could maybe swing out to that lower limb, could you hold on, and pull yourself up?'

'Yes, but you can't swing yourself that far, Jim.'

'No. Good by, old fellow.'
The weight was suddenly loosed from my feet, and I realized that Jim had fallen below on the rocks!

Terror stricken, I threw my legs over the limb, and clung to it, trembling and sick at heart.

'Jim! I screamed, 'Jim! Answer me!'
'What are you yelling so for, youngster, hanging on to that tree like a scared kitten? Baby Jim couldn't save you.'

It was Brown, our football captain's voice. He appeared over the top of the hill.

'It's Jim,' I shrieked, as I crawled recklessly towards him. 'He's fallen below on the rocks.'

Then all around me became confused and dark.

Some time later I became slowly conscious of the forms of some of the masters looming black and vague against the golden glory of the autumn sunset. I saw that they were kneeling around something, and it dawned upon me, that "something" was "Baby" Jim.

'Let me go,' I cried roughly to Brown, who, pale and scared, was holding me, and breaking from him, I crawled towards Jim. I could feel the scalding tears rushing down my cheeks, but little I cared then, though Brown was beside me.

'He seems to be coming to,' some one said.

The voice sounded far off, as if it came from somewhere beyond, in the sunset.

There was just the least flicker over Jim's eyelids, then he opened his eyes wide, and said:

'Am I dead?'

'No, my boy, you are here with us all,' the doctor answered softly, taking his hand.

'Where's Dan?'

'He's here, too, all safe. You've both had a narrow escape.'

Then I realized that the doctor thought Jim had only fallen, so I pressed forward, and said eagerly:

'We both fell and caught from the limb, sir, and Jim had hold of me, and one of us had to let go to save the other, and Jim did it to save me. It's the bravest thing that's ever been done in school, and I'll fight the fellow that ever dares to call him a coward again.'

I think Jim must have heard what I said for he was looking at me, and I know he smiled, but Brown pushed me back, and said:

'Hush up, can't you keep still? We're afraid he's dying.'

Though the words were spoken in a whisper, Jim heard them, and turned his eyes to the doctor.

'Is what he says true?' he asked, feebly.

I could see the doctor's voice was too choked to answer. Presently Jim spoke again:

'I don't mind dying brave,' he said, 'I should have hated it if I'd been a coward.'

That was five years ago to-day, and every year since then, Jim and I have come back to school for a visit to the doctor. Thank God, Jim has grown strong and well again, though it was a long time before he knew how proud every fellow in school was of him that night.

There is not one in the school to-day who does not feel himself a braver and a better boy, when he has been told the most precious of the school's annals, the story of the hero who was once called "Baby Jim."
—Churchman.

THE CONVERTED PURSE.

"Certainly. I am grateful to you for asking me. Put me down for twenty-five dollars."

A look of pleased surprise passed over the solicitor's face, succeeded by another of perplexity; for it happened that he knew that his friend had precisely the same salary as he, and that twenty-five dollars was a generous fraction of his month's income.

"O! that's more than we expect, Frank—and than you can afford, too, I fear," he added, with the freedom of a comrade.

"O, no! Let me tell you how it is, Jack. You know I turned right-about-face when I became a Christian last winter; and I resolved at the start not to enter into the junior partnership with the world, and a senior partnership with the church.

"You know my habits. I am not an inordinate smoker. Three cigars a day, with a treat to the fellows now and then, cut off, reduced my expenses a hundred dollars a year. Then I had a careless fashion, ruinous to my digestion, of adding a bottle of claret, or some fancy indigestible pudding or cream, at least twice a week to a wholesome lunch. Looked squarely in the face and given its right name, it was an indulgence of unlawful appetite; so I made seventy-five dollars a year by stopping that. Sunday headaches, too, went at the same time.

"One day I was looking over my neckties to find some particular color, and I found I had thirty-seven, with at least ten scarf-pins. That made me run through my accounts next day—they weren't very well kept, but I guessed as nearly as I could—to see what was in my wardrobe that would leave me better dressed from a Christian, and artistic point of view, too, for that matter, if I never wore it again; and I am ashamed to say I found I had a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of drygoods on hand, that was the price, not of good taste, but of mere caprice.

"Now I don't propose to submit to a taxation in behalf of my weaknesses and vices, and be niggardly with the church that I've promised before God and man to support and increase.

"There, you have it all! I spent over three hundred a year, you see, in the service of appetite and fashion, for things that made me less a man. I've transferred that mortgage; yes, I can afford easily that twenty-five dollars, especially when it is to rescue some other fellow deeper in than I was. Come to think of it, make it thirty! The other five is a thank-offering!"