

Children's Department.

Cathie's "Be's."

Somebody has said that it is always the unexpected that happens. Surely nothing could have seemed less likely to Cathie Holmes, tripping lightly down the door steps that bright morning, than that a great danger lay in wait for her on the way to school. Yet she had scarcely gone half way, when, strong and sure-footed though she had always been, she slipped upon a little round stone, and fell heavily across a jagged boulder which lay beside the path. There was a moment of sharp agony, followed by merciful unconsciousness, out of which she slowly and painfully awakened to find herself lying on a couch in her own room, with the anxious faces of her father and mother, and a sympathetic neighbor or two, bending over her.

The door opened gently and the doctor came in. All the children in Brookville loved Dr. Gray. Cathie thought he had never looked so strong and kind and wise as at that very minute, when she reached out to him a little, weak hand and felt him take it in a warm, firm clasp.

After the doctor had examined her very gently, he took a bottle out of his instrument-case.

"My little girl will breathe this and go comfortably to sleep," he said, "and then we will see what can be done for her."

When Cathie awoke, she could not quite remember what had happened, but after thinking a little, all came back to her.

"Am I hurt very badly, doctor?" she asked.

"Very badly indeed, Cathie. Your right leg is broken."

"Oh doctor, can I never walk any more?"

"Oh, yes, my child! Please God, we shall have it well as ever again,"

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but for quite a while you must lie perfectly still."

"Can't I even sit up in bed?"

"No, dear. The bone is so crushed that it must not be moved even a little."

"For how long?"

"I cannot tell exactly;—six weeks—two months—perhaps longer."

Dr. Gray's voice was gentle, but very firm. Cathie felt that he must be obeyed perfectly. But her heart sank. She had been such an active little girl—helping her mamma about the house of mornings, rushing away to school, dancing about the play-ground, bounding home again across the fields, light-footed as the chipmunks that ran races along the fences. A sob rose in her throat, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, doctor!" she said brokenly, "what shall I do?"

"My dear child," said the doctor in a low voice, "you cannot *do* anything at all. you can only *be*!"

Then he laid his hand tenderly on her forehead and went away.

Cathie lay a long time thinking. "You can only *be*," the doctor had said.

Be what? Why, patient, of course—that is what people always say when one is ill or in pain. It is so much easier to say it when one is quite well one's self, thought poor Cathie. Then she fell to wondering just what patience meant. First she remembered her definitions, "suffering with meekness and submission, without complaint." And then, like a flash, one of the late Golden Texts came into her mind—"Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect, and entire, wanting nothing." How much more that seemed to mean than the spelling-book had told! If one could be perfectly patient, then there would be *nothing wanting*!

Was that what the doctor meant? Why, it would be worth even a broken leg to learn that!

She floated off to sleep with the thought in her mind. When she awoke she heard her mother speaking to her brother Tom in the next room.

"Did you leave the basket at old Mr. Saunders', Tom?"

"Yes, mother, and I wish I might never go there again. I can't bear the sight of him!"

"Why, Tom!"

"I can't help it, mother. He doesn't say anything, to be sure, but he looks so—as if he hadn't a friend in the world."

"Poor old Mr. Saunders!" thought Cathie. "His patience can't be the perfect kind—it wants something. Oh! now I know! It isn't enough not to complain—one must look pleasant, and one can't look it without being it. So there's another 'be'—be cheerful! I wonder if there are any more."

The next Monday she found out another. It was washing day, and her mamma was so busy, and had so little time to attend to him, the very spirit of mischief entered into Teddy, the three-years-old baby. Once he dragged some of the nicely-rinsed clothes from the basket along the dusty floor. Next he nearly caught his little fingers in the heavy wringer, and a few minutes later he came near scalding himself with a bucket of hot water.

"Oh, dear!" said Cathie to herself nervously, "if I could only help mamma! Was there ever such a naughty baby!"

Oddly enough, something in her heart seemed to answer as soon as she had spoken. "Here is another 'be' for you, Cathie! *Be kind*! You don't have to use a broken leg to tell stories!"

Cathie blushed, lying all alone by herself. She did not like to tell stories very well. Teddy always wanted the same ones over and over, and she was apt to grow tired. But Teddy loved her stories better even than to "play was'in" with mamma. She knew that, so she called through the open door:

"Teddy, come here! Sister'll tell you about Little Red Riding-Hood."

Teddy came running as fast as his little fat legs would carry him. He pulled a chair beside the bed and clambered into it.

"Teddy car'ful—Teddy not s'ake Cathie's foot," he said. His round face was bright with smiles. Cathie wondered that she could ever have thought him troublesome.

By the time she had told him "Red Riding-Hood," "Henny Penny," "The Little Red Hen," and a half-dozen others, her mamma had the kitchen-floor washed and everything made tidy.

"You can't think how much you've helped me, Cathie!" said her mamma. Cathie smiled. In her heart she was thinking: "Dr. Gray was a little bit mistaken after all—there are some kinds of being that have to be mixed up with doing."

Her brother Tom was a high-spirited boy, so fond of fun and merriment, and so easily influenced by his companionships, that his father and mother had many anxious thoughts about him, especially now that he was growing older.

One evening, two or three weeks after Cathie was hurt, as she was busy with her own little supper-tray, and the rest of the family were sitting at



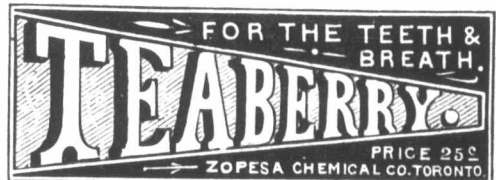
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SESSION 1893-4.

The Calendar for the Session 1893-4 contains information respecting conditions of entrance, course of study, degrees, etc., in the several Faculties and Departments of the University, as follows:

- FACULTY OF LAW. (Opening September 4th.)
- FACULTY OF MEDICINE. (October 2nd.)
- FACULTY OF ARTS, OR ACADEMICAL FACULTY. Including the Donalda Special Course for Women. (September 14th.)
- FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE. Including Departments of Civil Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Electrical Engineering and Practical Chemistry. (September 16th.)
- FACULTY OF COMPARATIVE MEDICINE AND VETERINARY SCIENCE. (October 1st.)
- McGILL NORMAL SCHOOL. (September 1st.)

Copies of the Calendar may be obtained on application to the undersigned.

J. W. BRAKENRIDGE, B.O.L.,

Acting Secretary.

Address—McGill College.