this neighbor or to that; but they had gone far beyond their own neighborhood in the first blinding moments of their grief.

Presently they found themselves in a wide dark street that was now almost deserted.

A cab dashed by full of gaily-dressed people who had been to the theatre, and were going to their luxurious homes. In the distance there was a solitary policeman. In front of them yawned a wide black arch, blacker than the night and more full of terror.

All the world seemed full of terror at that moment. There was no light in it, no love, no help.

Ralph knew all about the arch. He had been through it by daylight many a time, and had explored some of its most mysterious recesses.

There was a railway, or rather two or three railways, overhead; and the arches below led into one another or crossed one another in a most bewildering manner.

It was in a bewildering manner too that a black, shallow, sluggish river ran in and out among the piers that supported the archways. It did not trickle or gurgle like a summer brook. It moved with a dull unpleasant sound, giving a heavy splash when it struck a stone; and now and then it fell from one level to another with a hoarse roar that resounded to the furthest corner of the masonry.

It was a place to strike horror to the heart of a man if he were not accustomed to it; but many of the people of that part of the town were accustomed to it very well.

Winding in and out amongst the dark arches there was a slender wooden platform that served as a bridge over the dark chasm below.

It was quite narrow, only wide enough for one person to walk across it at a time, and it was raised only a few feet above the sluggish current below.

Terrible as the place was, it occurred to Ralph that they might at least find shelter there from the wild rain and the piercing wind.

So cold the children were, so wretched, that once for a moment the boy had wished that the warm earth would open under their feet and shelter them forever.

Susie shrank in terror when she saw that Ralph was leading her under the dark arch Her quick ear caught the dull splash of the dark water, and unknown horrors presented themselves to her childish imagination.

"Where are you taking me, Ralphy?" she asked in a beseeching tone. "Not there, oh, not there!"

The boy was as wretched as the little one herself was. Perhaps more wretched, since he knew more of the wicked world; but he saw that all depended on himself, humanly speaking.

"Susie, listen to me," he said in his firmest voice. "Have I ever been unkind to you?"

"No, Ralphy, never!"

"Have I ever asked you to do anything that was not good?"

"No, Ralph."

"Then trust me now, little woman."

"But tell me what you are going to do, Ralphy—tell me where we are going?"

"We are going under this arch if you are not a little goose. I have been through it dozens of times. There are a lot of arches, and I know them all. I know one corner that will be ever such a jolly place to sleep in. It is like a little wooden gallery, and it won't rain, and the wind can't get there, and we shall be as safe as, if you'll only come along."

Ralph himself thought that all this must sound very tempting, but the little girl shivered sadly with fear as she followed her brother down the descent that led from the side of the street.

The boy led her very carefully, holding her hand fast in his, and going a little before.

They came quickly to the beginning of the little wooden bridge, the boy holding by the handrail, and telling Susie to mind when they came to a stone or a splintered piece of plank.

The child was half dead with terror, but not the less was she brave and strong, braver and stronger for the very effort it cost her. She could hear the sickening flow of the water close beneath her feet. There seemed a silence about the very sound it made, as if it whispered hoarsely lest it should betray dark deeds.

At last they reached the little wooden gallery that Ralph had spoken of; it sloped a little toward the water. There was the cold stone arch on one side and the light handrail on the other. There was nothing to make the black darkness visible; and the only sound was the sound of the turbid river dropping with that slow oozy sound that was so much more repulsive than the rush of clear water would have been.

Cold and strange as the place was the children fell asleep quickly, locked in each other's arms. Ralph was the last to fall asleep, and even in his sleep he seemed to hear Susie's sobs and her pathetic murmurs of terror. But there was no need for her terror, nor for the boy's inevitable fear. A divine and loving Father watched over them as protectingly as if they had slept on beds of down enwrapt by silken coverlets.

All night they lay there, and nothing disturbed them; and Ralph's first thought on waking was the thought of a text that he had learned when he attended the Sabbath-school: "I laid me down and slept and rose up again, for the Lord sustained me."

The children said their usual prayers before emerging from the arches of the river. The dawnlight was now struggling through the smoky atmosphere of Yarnborough The milk-carts were driving in. The silence was broken by street cries. The shops were being slowly opened and the coffee-stalls at the corners of the streets were thronged with customers. These little ones were hungry and they were penniless, but they were not despairing, as a grown-up person would have been.

Their strongest dread was the dread that their father might find them.

(To be Continued.)

(For the Weekly Messenger.)

THE WOMAN'S WORLD.

Home made candies are to be preferred, as a rule, to those one buys, and young people are fond of making them. The Christmas candies should be made as soon as possible.

CHOCOLATE DROPS.

We give here a recipe for chocolate drops:—For the inside 2 cups of sugar, 1 of water and 1½ spoonfuls of arrowroot. Let the mixture boil from 5 to 8 minutes, stirring all the time, and after it is taken from the fire, beat until cream is formed. When it is nearly smooth add one teaspoonful of vanilla and make the cream into balls. For the outside coating dissolve 1 lb. of the best chocolate without using more water than is absolutely necessary. Roll the cream balls in the chocolate when it is warm.

WALNUT CANDY.

To a pound of confectionery sugar mix gradually the white of an egg, well beaten. This requires patience and a strong arm, but the task is pleasant at the prospect of having first-class walnut candy. Crack one pound of fresh walnuts so that the kernel can be divided in two. Now, in the palm of your hand, make a small ball of the sugar preparation, and against it press the halves of a walnut. Then smooth the projecting sugar all around so as to hold the nut in and you have a very palatable candy made without the use of fire

HOW TO FATTEN OYSTERS

Many a housewife will be glad to know how to fatten oysters bought at this time to use during Christmas holidays.

The following information we get from a reliable person experienced in cooking oysters. Get your oysters a week or two before you need them. Place a layer of them in the bottom of a pail, over these sprinkle a large handful of oatmeal, or Indian meal, with a handful of salt, over this place another layer of oysters, then a layer of meal, and so on, till your oysters are all packed. Then put in water enough to cover them, place a board over the pail and leave them in a cool place. This amount of meal will suffice for two weeks—if kept longer throw in more meal, salt and water. Some cooks always add sea-weed when it can be procured.

GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS.

On Christmas the little ones must be entertained, but it is still better to teach them how to make fun for their elders and to excite their ingenuity. On Christmas day it is well that children should be heard as well as seen, so we would suggest for them tableaux taken from nursery rhymes.

Take, for instance, the story of Simple Simon, one verse of which runs thus:

Simple Simon went a-fishing for to catch a whale,
All the water he had got was in his mother's pail.

This scene is very amusing and can be easily represented. The boy who acts the part of Simple Simon must put on a very intent look, as if he were really expecting a bite at his hook. The more absurd the tableau is made the better. Simple Simon is represented as sitting on a table or high stool and fishing from a small pail half full of water. His fishing rod is a walking-stick, a broomstick or anything else of the sort that comes handy. A piece of very thick cord, thick enough to scare away any ordinary fish that was not at the starvation point, is used for fishing line, and at the end of this is a bent pin. Every now and again Simple Simon draws up his line, looks intently at his hook, pretends to bait it and then lets the big sinker which must be attached to the line plunge heavily into the water. This is the manner of Simple Simon's fishing Simple Simon himself must be dressed as nearly like a slim scare-crow as possible. His pants ought to be too short and tight. A large girl's apron, a dilapidated hat, and cotton stockings of some bright color complete the outfit. This dress will make a good Simple Simon and will amuse both actors and audience.

The other verses of this rhyme can be acted by dumb characters with good effect. How our hero "met a pieman coming from the fair" and wanted to taste his ware, but found that he lacked the money necessary to pay for it, can be acted so as to make everyone laugh heartily. The air of great surprise which simple Simon assumes when he finds, after literally turning his pockets all inside out, that he has not a copper, is most ludicrous. In this act a pieman stands in the centre of the stage or room, and is dressed in baker's fashion with a white apron and a large baker's cap made of paper. He holds on his arm a basket covered with a white cloth. In one hand he holds out a pie, and the other hand he extends for the penny. The boy who takes the part of Simon must be capable of putting on a perfectly vacant stare. He stands on the left of the pieman, facing the audience and looking at the pie he is longing for. His pockets are turned inside out and his hands are feeling them for his penny.

For charades we suggest the word idol—eye-doll. Eye—two naughty boys at school cannot escape their teacher's eye. Doll can be acted easily by little girls. Then the pet of the family will be the idol. Let each scene be played lengthily. The following words, water-spout, innocent, carpet, frolicsome, and cupboard, are good words to act. Another amusing game is for one person to go out of the room while a proverb is chosen by the company. The words of this proverb are distributed all around the circle of gathered friends, and when the person sent out is called in again, each person, at a given signal, shouts out his word of the proverb. The person who was not in the secret has to guess from the words he catches what the proverb is. If he fails to guess the first time the proverb has to be repeated. Of course everyone has to say his word at precisely the same time or the game is spoiled.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

"Father, what does it mean to be a drunkard? Maggie Gray said you was a drunkard, and her father said so too!"

Had a bombshell exploded at the feet of Mr Weston, he could not have been more surprised. He stood mute, and one might have heard a pin drop, so silent were they all. But Katie, nothing daunted, after waiting what she considered a proper length of time, repeated the question: and it was answered, "a man who drinks liquor and makes a beast of himself."

"Is that what you do, father?"

"It is what I have done, sometimes," he replied, in a choked voice

"It's bad, ain't it?"

"Yes, child, the very worst thing a man can do!"

"And that's what makes mother cry when there don't anything hurt her; and that's why I have to wear such dreadful old shoes?"

Only one word in reply to this—"Yes."

"Then I shouldn't think you'd do so no more;' cause mother's good, and I don't like to wear old shoes a bit! You won't be a drunkard any more, will you?"

"No, darling, I won't;" and raising his right hand he promised never, never to drink another drop of intoxicating liquor.

"God helping me," he added reverently. "Bless you, my darling; you have saved me!"

Then there were tears and sobs and broken ejaculations, all for very joy, while supper was forgotten. It made no difference to Katie whether her shoes were old or new; but when, a few days after, she became the possessor of some long boots with red laces and tassels, she had had a better appreciation of the change which had taken place.

Since then she has often received beautiful gifts; and always she remembers with grateful heart that her father is not a drunkard.—*Standard.*

THE USE OF WALLS.

A missionary in Japan tells the following interesting story of a lady who went into a cake shop to buy some cakes for her children.

"While waiting for the cakes she saw that the walls were papered with leaves from the Bible This was so strange that she asked the old woman about it, and she told the lady that one day, passing by a book shop, she saw a pile of papers thrown away as useless. As her shop needed papering she thought this was just the thing, and took some of it home and pasted it up over her walls. One evening her grandson came in and began reading aloud from the paper on the wall. The old woman was so interested in what she heard, that she listened eagerly and got all who would to read it to her. One day a young man came who asked if she understood it, and whether she was a Christian. She told him how much she enjoyed hearing it, but she did not understand it much, so he promised to take her to church the next day. After this she attended regularly, and became an earnest Christian. She now keeps a stock of tracts by her, and into every bag of little cakes she drops one. Is not this encouraging? All that good came out of leaves of the Bible thrown away, which were considered of no use."

Here was a whole room in a Japanese house covered with Bible texts. What American household has as much. We have heard of people who were studying up a special subject having their whole study room pasted over with pictures and stories bearing on the subject in hand. The mottoes and texts that are to be found in almost every home no doubt exert a quiet but powerful influence over the minds of those who have them constantly before their eyes, and many a young man when far away from friends and the fireside hearth, remembers with pleasure the old familiar framed motto, "There's no place like home," or in times of trouble is comforted by the assurrance "As thy days so shall thy strength be." Geographical maps decorate the walls in some households, and it is not at all a bad plan, for what a child is accustomed to see every day of his life becomes perfectly familiar to him. In this way a knowledge of geography can be obtained that would be hard to impart in school.

WEALTH IN THE SEA.

Seldom or never has the enormous importance of the harvest of the sea been more forcibly represented than it was the other day by Prof. Huxley, in the address which he delivered at the International Fisheries Exhibition. An acre of good fishing ground, he pointed out, will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land in a year. Still more vivid was his picture of the moving "mountain of cod," 120 to 130 feet in height, which for two months in every year moves westward and southward, past the Norwegian coast. Every square mile of this colossal column of fish contains 120 millions of fish, consuming every week, when on short rations, no fewer than 840 millions of herrings. The whole catch of the Norwegian fisheries never exceeds in a year more than half a square mile of this "cod mountain," and with one week's supply of the herrings needed to keep that area of cod from starving, London might be victualled with herrings for a year on a day's consumption of the countless shoals of uncaught cod,

More Truthful Than He Knew.—An honest but rather illiterate old farmer, while addressing a school house audience on temperance, confessed that he had been a drinking man.

"But, my friends," he said, "I never drank to success."