

with its numerous pictures of the North country, will carry many Canadian readers back to their old home. *Lady Brassey's Adventures at the Antipodes* have a pathetic interest as the narrative approaches the end of her life. Other articles make up an excellent number. William Briggs, Toronto. \$2 a year.

For the Young.

TWO DOROTHYS.

A little maid with downcast eyes,
And folded hands and serious face,
Who walks sedately down the street,
Her dainty dress all smooth and neat,
Each curl and ribbon in its place ;

A dove like maid with brow demure,
Beneath her bonnet's shady brim,
Who quiet sits within the pew,
And gravely reads the service through,
And joins in every hymn ;

The sweetest maid that could be found
From Cuba to the Bay of Fundy ;
A flower the loveliest that springs,
A saint, an angel without wings,—
That's Dorothy on Sunday.

A little maid, in breathless haste,
With glowing cheeks and tangled hair,
Who races up and down the streets,
And with her skipping, tripping feet
Is here and there and every where ;

A saucy maid, with cap askew
Upon her rumpled yellow curls,
With twinkling feet and chattering tongue
And breezy skirts about her swung
In swift, ecstatic whirls ;

The merriest maid that ever shocked
The servile slaves of Mrs. Grundy ;
A bird, a spark of dawning light,
A romp, a rogue, a witch, a sprite,—
That's Dorothy on Monday.

—*Margaret Johnson in St. Nicholas for July.*

AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE.

THROUGH my opened window, summer breezes straying,
Bring the shouts of school boys with their marbles play-
ing.

Merry little urchins, full of fun and noise.
Not a care or trouble. Happy little boys !
Watch that little fellow ; hear him gaily jest,
He is very lucky, winning from the rest.

I hear a girl's voice saying : " Tom you must not play
And keep the marbles that you win. What will Mamma
say ? "

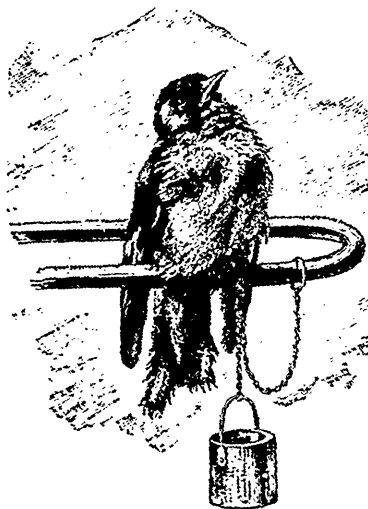
" Oh," replies young Tommy with a happy smile,
As he adds more marbles to his growing pile,
" Nobody's a-cheatin', we're all a-playin' fair,

And I'm almost certain Mamma wouldn't care."
So the game continues. Tommy still is winning,
And he never questions whether he is sinning.

Tommy's luck is changing, and the happy smile
Leaves his face as quickly as the marbles leave his pile.
Now the game is ended, and he counts the cost :
Crockerries, mibs and agates, all, oh, all are lost !
" Give me back my marbles ! " Tommy wily weeps.
" Mamma says it's wicked when you play for keeps ! "

—*Nettie H. Pelham, in St. Nicholas.*

"DON'T YOU LOVE HIM FOR THAT?"



ONE Sab-
bath eve-
ning a father
called his chil-
dren a round
him, and asked
them what
they had learn-
ed at the school
that day. He
was not a
Christian man
himself, but he
had a pious
wife, and the
children al-
ways went re-
gularly to the
Sunday school.

In their own simple way the little ones began to tell what their teacher had been saying of the beautiful home in heaven that Jesus had left because of His love for sinners. Nellie, the youngest, had crept upon her father's knee, and, looking full in his face, she said, " Jesus must have loved us very much to do that ; don't you love Him for it, father ? " Then they went on to describe the Saviour, how he was betrayed by Judas, and led before the high priest and Pilate ; how the Jews called out, " Crucify him," and how the wicked soldiers crowned him with thorns and mocked and scourged and buffeted him, and again the little one looked up, and said, with tears in her eyes, " Don't you love him for that, father ? " At last the children came to tell of the dreadful death of Jesus on the cross, and once more little Nellie looked up in her father's face, and said the third time, " Now, don't you love him, father ? "

The father could not bear any more ; he put his little girl down, and went away to hide his tears, for the words had gone home to his heart. Soon after he became a true Christian, and he said that