

Story of the Hindu Girl.

Please tell us a story, auntie,  
 Bugged little Kitty and Lou;  
 Not one of those fairy tales,  
 But one that's every bit true;  
 And, "Tell a 'tory, auntie,"  
 Lipped darling little Belle,  
 As she climbed upon my knee  
 To the place she loved so well.

As I looked at their rosy cheeks,  
 And their faces glad and bright,  
 A story came into my mind,  
 I read in the paper last night,  
 Of a poor little Hindu girl,  
 Who knew nothing of joy or play;  
 Whose life was wearily spent  
 In sorrow and care each day.

And I told it as best I could,  
 To my little nieces three,  
 Who sat with wondering eyes,  
 As quiet as quiet could be.  
 I told how her mother cried,  
 When the little girl was born,  
 For she knew that Hindu girls  
 Have nothing but pain and scorn;

How her father cared for his boys,  
 And taught them to read and write,  
 But hated his baby girl,  
 And kept her out of his sight;  
 How the hideous idol gods,  
 To which they taught her to pray,  
 Were really no gods at all,  
 But were made of wood or clay;

How, when she was seven years old,  
 She was torn from her mother's side,  
 And carried far away,  
 To be a stranger's bride;  
 How she was her husband's slave,  
 And worked from morn till night,  
 With never a loving word  
 Or a smile, to make life bright;

How she knew nothing of God,  
 Or our dear Saviour's love;  
 How she knew nothing at all  
 Of a heavenly home above,  
 Of the need of money and prayers,  
 From children who love the Lord,  
 To send to that heathen child  
 God's blessed, holy word.

As I closed the sad, sad tale,  
 Lou's eyes with tears were filled,  
 And dear little laughing Kitty  
 Was for a minute stilled;  
 And Belle, our darling baby,  
 Was sober as she could be,  
 And said, "I'm very sorry  
 For the little girl over the sea."

"I'll send her my new blue sash,  
 I hope it'll make her glad;  
 I think when she has that,  
 She won't feel half so sad."  
 "And I'll send my bright gold sovereign  
 That grandpa gave to me,"  
 Said Kitty, with brightening face,  
 "I'll send that over the sea."

And sober, thoughtful Lou  
 Said, with determined air,  
 "I'll save up every penny  
 That I possibly can spare,  
 To send some one to tell her  
 Of the bright world above,  
 And I'll pray to our dear Jesus  
 To bless her with his love."

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY  
 Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

PABLES BY NATURE BREATHED.

The day when, after their long contact with misfortunes, Heman and his uncle returned to regular work, seemed to the boy the most glorious of his life. Doubtless Uncle 'Rias remembered the days when he had had two good legs and been master-workman; with him it was as with the building of the second temple; while the young men shouted for joy of it, they who had seen the first house wept. Still Uncle 'Rias was happy; his was not a complaining disposition; he bore the brunts of fate hardily; he whistled and hummed little old-time tunes as he went about with square, line, rule, blue chalk, carefully measuring spaces and marking notches, for Uncle 'Rias had always been esteemed a skillful framer. Heman and a young carpenter just out of his apprenticeship followed up with adze, mallet, and saw, and soon chips were flying like autumn leaves and little flurries of sawdust fell like yellow snow.

Old Deacon Goodspeed came by; the deacon had always quaint observations to make. He paused now, looked at

the work proceeding on the pieces of the "balloon frame," and said, "Cheer up, Urias, cheer up. God puts honour upon you when he permits you to help him house the children of men." Then for a time he contemplated the foundations, good solid hewn-stone work, well laid up in cement. "We might as well, my boys, he said, "tie to our doing high thoughts. They make it nobler than if we yoked it to low thinking. Here's a foundation: 'Other foundation can no man lay than is laid, even Christ.' And here's a corner-stone: 'The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner. Whoso falleth on this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder.'" Then the old deacon crept down the street, leaning on his big cane, the sunlight illuminating his loose hair, until the silvered locks of ago took the golden glory of childhood, and Heman had dim, struggling memories about some words of Scripture, that one must enter the kingdom of heaven as a little child.

Whizz went the saws, pound, pound stormed the mallets, Uncle 'Rias' chalk ran shrilly across the rough fibre of the timber, and here came the minister with his hands full of letters, hurrying to the post-office. He took time to stop by Heman and say, "Here you are at your proper work. Pluck and patience, my lad, these bring the prizes. A good trade, my boy, is better than gold. Good mechanics are the props of society. Thomas Carlyle says of his stone-mason father, that he never gave the world any ill done work, and a bridge that he built in Ayrshire will be a monument of his faithfulness to many generations."

By-and-bye the schoolmaster, George Renfrew, came along. "That's it, Heman," he said. "I see you are putting your heart into it. My uncle was a mechanic, and he told me his rule had been to copy after the best workmen in the shop, and learn the whole of his trade."

Toward noon Simon Fletcher, who was going from one piece of his work to another, ordering, helping, inspecting, came up with a rush. "You're at your old tricks, 'Rias, making things hum! I'll venture these boys won't see any idle moments under you! I never did see a man jump at his work as you always did. I had you for a model, but never could make myself go quite so quick; I'm too fat a build. You do more work with a patent leg than most men can with their natural ones. You always reminded me of the energy of a wasp a-building, the way you fly at things!"

When the town clock pealed twelve the workmen went home to dinner, and Heman thought he never had sat down before anything quite so good as Aunt D'rexy's "boiled victuals," as Uncle 'Rias called them, and apple pie.

"Ain't it a spread and a picter!" said 'Rias, as he took his place. Joy gave him appetite.

Quite as beautiful "a spread" of another kind appeared on that same table at the end of the month, when Urias and Heman brought home their joint wages, and supper being cleared away, they laid the money out before D'rexy and Espey, making as great a show of it as possible. "Don't it look promising!" sighed Urias with deep content.

"We don't owe a penny of it," said D'rexy, eagerly. "Aunt Espey and I lotted on having you have it free; so we managed all we spent out of what we earned, sewing and knitting, selling eggs and milk, and things from the garden."

"My! ain't you a master-hand at managing, D'rexy!" said Urias, and as he gloated over the money his eyes shone. "Say, D'rexy, Abel Ward was talking to me about a new invention a man's selling about here. It's a kind of grip to run the street-cars by, and you take shares in it, and all the cars is bound to have to use it. It beats creation, it does. No, they don't have to use horses to the cars any more, and these shares you can buy now for about twenty dollars a month, and they'll bring you—well, about forty per cent. interest, and the shares will go up so they'll fetch sixty or seventy dollars for what you give twenty for, if so be you want to sell 'em. They're better than gold or Gov'ment bonds. Abel told me all about it."

Aunt D'rexy's countenance fell, Aunt Espey heaved a deep sigh, and Heman, leaning back in his chair, thrust his brown fists into his trousers pockets and made a remark: "In old times Cain was the bad one, and Abel was the good one; and Cain killed Abel. I don't know where Cain is, but I know now it's Abel that's the bad one, and trying to ruin folks; and Abel Ward is his full name. Uncle 'Rias, schoolmaster was talking to us one day about electricity,

and he said pretty soon all the street-cars would run by electricity; it would run everything else out. He told us about horse-cars in the cities, and about cable-cars, and he said electricity would knock spots out of them all, and take the cake and all the baking too."

After which very free version of his schoolmaster's remarks, Heman looked at Uncle 'Rias, and the two aunts looked at Heman admiringly. If Uncle 'Rias was going back to his old foolishness, it was well that Heman, who was doing a man's work, should hold a man's opinions and stand up for them. Uncle 'Rias spoke:

"Well, boy, Abel's a good feller, and 'pears to know, and he's mighty civil spoken."

"Most too smart spoken, I guess," said Heman. "Don't the Bible say somewhere, 'His words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords.' Uncle 'Rias, you know when you lost the bank money and the farm, how bad you felt, and how you said you wished you'd left it all to Aunt D'rexy, because she never did lose anything? Now we've got another char: don't let's fool it away. Let us ear money, and give it to Aunt D'rexy to take care of. It's her turn now, she feels it as hard as anybody when losses come. We'll use what she deals out to us, and let her have fair innings for a while, any way." Then Heman leaned forward and put his elbows on the table and his sun-burnt, cheery face between the palms of his hands. "Say, I've got a plan, a jolly plan, and you all chip in with me in it. I mean to buy back the farm! Aunt Espey's got to end her days where she begun 'em, I say; and Aunt D'rexy's planted all those fruit-trees, and the grapevines, and the climbing roses; she has to have 'em back. Didn't Mr. Sloane tell me whenever I wanted anything of him to ask it? All I'm going to ask is that he keeps that farm in his hands until I can buy it back. Three thousand will do it, buy it back, and fix it up shipshape, and I'll make it!"

"Three thousand! Hear him talk! Well, Heman, you are full of spirit! I'm with you, boy; we'll do it; but, can't we hasten it, you see, by a little good investing, like Abel—"

"No, we can't!" cried Heman. "We'd lose, and get discouraged. We can make it by steady earning and saving; and Aunt D'rexy, when she gets enough ahead, can find at the bank some loan or something that will give her six per cent. Didn't schoolmaster tell us all about such things last winter in his banking and bookkeeping class? What did I go to school for, if 'twasn't to learn such things?"

Then Uncle 'Rias, relinquishing his golden dreams of a thousand per cent. or so, pushed all the piles of money over to Aunt D'rexy, saying, "Take it, my woman; it is your turn now. Let's see what you and the boy can make of financing."

After that, Heman earned, and D'rexy saved, with better heart; that "bag with holes" did not seem ready to engulf all their gettings.

While Abel Ward, who made his living by talking honest people out of hard earnings, laid thus in wait for Uncle 'Rias, whose fallings were well known, younger tempters of a diverse kind lay in wait for Heman, whose weaknesses were yet to be particularly discovered. Uncle 'Rias had been a far safer moral guide than a financier, and his and D'rexy's care had kept Heman out of temptation. Now that Heman was known to be "regularly working" and earning wages, lads of an evil sort, who had passed him by when he was merely digging Aunt D'rexy's garden and milking her cows, came around to beguile him.

"Have a cigarette, Heman?" said one of these fellows, coming up to him as he sat eating his lunch on a pile of boards at the librarian's house, Uncle 'Rias working that day on the "Christian Association Building."

"No," said Heman. "I'm not such a gump. Anybody who reads the papers knows that cigarettes makes boys crazy, stops their growth, and weakens them all out, like rags."

"That's so," said another boy. There were usually a crowd of idle lads, hands in pockets, lounging about to watch the work on the various buildings. "I don't go for cigarettes. They ain't safe. Now, try a cigar, they're safe. Here's one, Heman."

"No, thanks, I don't smoke. It would make me sick."

"Well, it might—the first one; but after one or two you'd get over that, and like 'em."

"What would become of my afternoon's work, while I was sick over a cigar? And why should I want to like them? They'd cost me some of my

good money, and I've better use for it." "Pooh! you work hard. You might have a little good of wages." "So I mean to, more'n a little real big good," said Heman, his eyes shining with that hope of buying back the Sinner Farm, a hope which was a strong safe guard.

"But cigars are the best thing for in digestion."

Heman roared with laughter. "Indigestion! Never had it. But I would if I began to smoke. Anyway, there's no use taking a cure before you've got a disease, is there? If you fellows worked as hard as I have to, you would have no indigestion, I can tell you."

(To be continued.)

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"What!" she said, "do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got the pardon and peace and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there. Do not try to hinder me, for I must go and tell my people the good news."

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