

THEIR REWARD.

A SEQUEL TO "WHAT TWO LITTLE GIRLS DID."

(Concluded.)

The woman recognised the little girls, and came quickly across the street.

"Why, Mrs. Weaver! I didn't know you at first," said Ellen.

"And no wonder," answered the woman, looking serious for a moment, and then letting a smile break all over her face. "Sometimes I hardly know myself."

"Do you live about here?" asked Katy.

"Yes. We moved out of that miserable old shanty down in your neighborhood long ago, and now rent just the nicest little house. There," and she pointed along the street—"you see the white cottage with green blinds and a rose-bush and honeysuckle climbing up the side. That's where we live. And that's my man sitting in the porch, reading. There's no kinder man in town," added Mrs. Weaver, dropping her voice, "if liquor can be kept away from him. Thank God! he isn't tempted at every corner as he used to be. Poor man! Drink had taken such a hold of him that he couldn't resist when shops were closed; and not only for us, but for more than twenty families I could mention right among my own acquaintances."

"Mr. Weaver didn't work in the quarries a week after liquor-selling was stopped. He's a capable person, and knows how to manage men. Mr. Lyon, who owns the quarries, wasn't long in taking the hammer and drill out of his hands when he found that he could depend on his keeping sober. And now he has charge of all the quarries, and gets fifty dollars a month."

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear it!" said Katy.

"So glad!" repeated Ellen.

"And it's all come of shutting up the bars and dram-shops," said Mrs. Weaver. "They say," she added, "that two little girls wrote a letter for the newspaper and set the whole thing going. We were not subscribers to the *Banner* then, and so I didn't see the letter they talked about. God bless their souls, say I! If I knew their names I'd pray for blessings on their heads night and day."

"You don't want to borrow our coal sieve," said Ellen, archly. She was afraid her blushes would betray her, and so quickly turned the thought of Mrs. Weaver into quite a new channel.

"Bless your dear heart, no!" And the woman laughed. "We've

got tons of coal. Enough to take us clear through the next winter." Then, with a changing manner, she added,

"You and your mother were very kind to us, Ellen, and I can never forget it as long as I live. The days were very dark then; so dark that I lost hope in the morning." And she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Just take a look at my man as you go past the cottage," she said, a moment after, rallying herself as she turned to leave Ellen and Katy, "and see how contented he looks, reading. I'm so happy about it that I go almost beside

"For the two little girls who wrote that letter in the *Banner*."

Dropping their eyes, and turning their faces aside, Katy and Ellen took the flowers and went hastily onward.

"Did I guess right?" said Mr. Weaver to himself, as he looked after them. "Dear children! May God's choicest blessing rest on them, for they were His ministers, and the work given into their hands was indeed well done!"—Selected.

EVERY to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or of faith.

been absent from her for years, seeking their fortunes in the distant land of Australia. The passage had been a good one, free from alarms and misadventures. A female passenger had died on board, but she who had been taken away was so little known that the event caused but a slight sensation.

Yet to two young beings in that ship she had been everything, for she was their loving, tender mother.

Captain Jelf was a general favorite with his passengers. He was considerate and attentive, and had done his best to secure their comfort.

"Three more days and we shall be in England, papa!" exclaimed a happy little girl who had just heard the glad news from the stewardess, and was dancing about the deck in great glee at the thought of seeing the land of which her parents so often spoke with affection.

"Do you hear that! Three more days and we shall get to England!" echoed a group of young ones who were busily employed stitching together some bright bits of colored stuffs to form a flag, intended to be hoisted in the highest spot their own small hands could reach when England came in view. "We will soon be wanted."

"Good news, my dear Mary," said a gentleman to a pale lady who had never quite got over her tendency to sea-sickness. "You will have but three more days of sea, and then old England!"

"And home, sweet home," replied she, with a glad smile, "Oh, how I long to see it again!"

And so the glad tidings spread from one to another, and everybody began to speak of their arrangements and their plans on first landing. Letters were begun that were intended to be posted immediately the vessel came to shore. Hearts beat high with anticipation, for most of those on board had been separated for years from beloved friends and relatives who were as eagerly in their turn watching the

papers for the first intimation of the arrival of the "*Hesperus*."

"Did you hear what those children said, Phil?" asked a sweet-looking little girl of about seven years old. "They say we shall be in England in three days!"

"Yes, I heard, Susie. I wish we could make the ship go slower; I don't want to get to England, because you and I have nowhere to go, no one to care for us."

The boy who spoke was a fine sturdy lad of eleven or thereabouts. Young as he was, there



OUTLINE DRAWING LESSON.—VISIT TO THE SICK.

myself sometimes."

Mr. Weaver looked over the top of his newspaper at the girls as they passed, and said:

"Good afternoon, young ladies."

"Good afternoon, sir," they returned.

"Why, it's Miss Ellen and Katy!" He had recognised them. "Oh, you must have a bunch of flowers."

And laying down his newspaper, Mr. Weaver cut two small bouquets of half-opened buds from a climbing rose-bush. Presenting them, he said, with a slight tremor in his voice,

CARED FOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK THE CONQUEROR," "DICK AND HIS DONKEY," &c.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

"Trust where you cannot see,
My Father loveth me."

The good ship "*Hesperus*" was bearing bravely onward over the waves of the Atlantic Ocean. Very soon the welcome shores of Old England would greet the longing eyes of those who had