

is only the steward to the greatest Master of all, and that when his Master calls him from this world, all he can take with him will be just the power to render an account of the wealth spent or left behind. These things have to be learned yet, my lad, and the young can be scholars, and the old teachers in the Sunday Schools, same as they were when I was a child, and both sorts be the better for it."

So Old Roger and young Dick spent their Sundays after the fashion of bygone years in the case of the man, and in accordance with his mother's earliest training, as regarded the boy. They occupied the same seats in church every Sunday the year through, and

many members of that great congregation would have felt that something was wanting had the old man, with the pale face and threadbare garments, or his bright boy-companion, been absent.

No one connected with the church had ever visited the archway chamber in Glinders' Court; but only Roger could have told why. Glinderses was not in the same parish as the church, which had a vast population around it. So, when its Rector had made inquiries, Roger had thanked him gratefully, but said he lived too far off to be visited when there were so many to be looked after. All the same, if he were in trouble, or ill, he'd not forget to let the gentleman know.

(To be continued.)

THE DANCING BEAR.

(See ILLUSTRATION, page 267.)

ONCE went to a country fair,
And what I saw while I was there
I do not now forget;
This was a fine old dancing bear,
With brownish coat of shining hair,
Who was the showman's pet.

His master played his noisy drum
To let the people know he'd come,
Whereon the bear walked out;
He first sat on his two hind legs
(Like Toby when he's good, and begs),
And then he looked about.

Those two hind legs! I think they were
A very strong, uncommon pair;
On them he stood upright!
And when he danced 'twas with an air
That made the little children stare
With wonder and delight.

The bear then gave a little growl,
Which grew into a hideous howl,
And made some children scream;
For when the creature stood upright
He was of such tremendous height
He did a giant seem.

"Now," said the man, "my little dears,
There's no occasion for your fears—
My Bruin will not bite;
I taught him how to make that noise!
Come hither, little girls and boys,
For you may trust him quite."

Again he beat the drum so loud,
It brought fresh people—such a crowd!
But Bruin did not care;
For while they laughed, he danced away,
As if to them he meant to say,
"I am a dancing bear!"

MARIA CORBOULD.

A CURATE'S EPITAPH.

In Derry Cathedral there is a memorial to a young curate who died of a fever contracted in his work among the back lanes of Derry. The tablet contains the following touching lines from the pen of Archbishop Alexander:—

"Down through our crowded lanes and closer air,
Oh, friend, how beautiful thy footsteps were!
When thro' the fever's fire at last they trod,
A form was with thee, like the Son of God.
'Twas but one step for those victorious feet
From their day's walk into the Golden Street,
And we who watched that walk, so bright, and brief,
Have marked this marble with our hope and grief."