

A Vacation Song.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

SEATS and books are put away,
Study is suspended;
School-room doors are closed and locked,
Till summer shall be ended.
To the sea and country hasten
Many a little rover;
"Ha, ha, ha!" the children laugh,
Vacation days are over!
We must not look in a spelling-book,
For lessons now are over."

Climbing up the mountain paths,
Through the meadows straying,
Picking berries, ferns, and flowers,
By the brookside playing;
Listening to the merry birds
Chatting to every corner,
"Ha, ha, ha!" the children laugh,
How we love the summer!
Vacation joys bring girls and boys
A happy, happy summer."

Strolling on the level beach,
Washed by the billows daily,
Showering to the foaming waves,
Plunging in them gaily;
Seeking shells and mosses fine,
The ocean's scattered treasure,
"Ha, ha, ha!" the children laugh,
Vacation gives us pleasure;
While mirthful cries and beaming eyes
Declare vacation's pleasure."

When the autumn days begin,
And summer flowers are drooping,
What a host of little folk
Pack to school come trooping!
The teacher smiles to see
Each sunburnt little rover.
"Ha, ha, ha!" the children laugh,
Vacation days are over!
Dear teacher, how we'll study, now
Vacation days are over!"

corner as I can think of; and I began to be
afraid as Gip's dead!"

It had been hard work for Sandy to say
all this, but when he came to the word
dead his voice was choked, and the sob he
had kept down broke out vehemently.
He felt the strange boy's arm stealing
round his neck; and so astonished was he
that his sobbing ceased, and he held his
breath to listen to what he was saying.
"If little Gip is dead," he whispered,
"she is gone to heaven, to be with the Lord
Jesus, and she can never, never be hungry
or cold, or lost again. There are thousands
and thousands of little children there, all
good, and happy, and safe; and he loves
them so! Nothing can ever hurt them
again, because he is always taking care of
them. If little Gip is dead, she must be
with the Lord Jesus."

"I didn't know that," murmured Sandy.
"I don't know nothin'." I don't know as
my little Gip is dead. I'd rather have
her than let her have her. She was so
fond of me, and I could make her happy.
I could and I'd like her safe. I never see
him as you speak of, or heard tell of him
before now. Gip didn't know him any more
than me, and she'd be a deal happier with
me; and wherever he is, she'll fret for
Sandy, as used to give her peppermint and
candy, and carry her to look at the pretty
shops. If Lord Jesus finds her, he ought
to give her up to me again; for it isn't him
as has nursed her, and took care of her
ever since she was born."

Sandy's shyness had worn off whilst he
spoke out his mind; and now he faced the
lame boy with an expression of indignation,
almost of angry defiance, at the thought
that anybody had a greater claim to Gip,
or could make her happier than he. The
stranger looked somewhat saddened and
perplexed; but he kept his hand on
Sandy's shoulder, to prevent him from
running away from him.

"I wish you would come and talk to
mother about it," he said, after a pause;
"she's had three children that are dead,
and she says they are happier than they
could have been with her. If little Gip is
not dead, mother will know what to do,
and how to set about finding her, for she's
the cleverest woman in all London; and I'll
help you search for her. I'm not strong
enough to work; but when it is a fine day
like this, I can get about on my crutches,
and go farther than you'd think. I call
them my wings. Yes, I'll search for little
Gip, as well as you, if you'll come along
with me and tell mother."

Sandy hesitated a little. Compared with
him the lame boy was so grand that he
scarcely dared go hand with him; but
there was the hope of getting advice and
help in seeking Gip, and he could not lose
any chance. He watched the stranger
getting himself balanced on his crutches
with a new and tender sense of pity, and
the very feeling that he could so easily
run away from him kept him closer at his
side. He would have walked behind him,
but the boy did not seem to understand
that.

"Keep close to me," he said; "I want
to talk to you. My name is John Shafto,
and we live in the place I'm taking you to.
Tell me what your name is, and where you
live, while we are going along. See! I can
get on with my wings as fast as you, unless
you run."

He was keeping up with Sandy quite
easily, his white face turned towards him
full of eager interest and friendliness.
Sandy had never seen a face or heard a
voice like his.

"My name's Sandy Carroll, sir," he
answered, pressing nearer to John Shafto,
for all his reserve had melted away like
frost in the sunshine, "and mother's called
Nance Carroll. She's never anything else
but drunk. If she's sober a bit of a
mornin', it don't last longer than she can
get a few coppers. I was a gettin' afeared
little Gip 'ud take to it, for mother 'ud
give her drops of gin and such like; but
now she's lost I don't know what'll become
of her. Maybe it 'ud be better for her to
die, and go to that place you spoke of,
only I don't see how she's to get in. If
I'd known of it before, I'd tried to get
Tom and little Vic took in, but it's
late now. They're buried and done for a
s'pose."

He spoke very regretfully, for he had
been fond of Tom and little Vic, though

they were nothing to Gip, who had lived
to learn the pretty tricks he could teach
her; yet he was grieved to think that per-
haps he could have managed to get those
babies taken into a good place, where
they would never be hungry or cold again,
if he had only known of it.

"If Tom and Vic are dead," answered
John Shafto, "they are gone to heaven.
Every little child goes there when it
dies."

"I know nothin' about it," said Sandy;
"tell me all you know."

"Mother knows more than I do,"
he replied, "let us make haste to her."

It was not long before they reached the
house, which lay at the back of a small
chapel, and in a corner of a little square
grave-yard, where the grass grew rank and
dark over the mounds, in spite of the
smoke and soot falling upon it from the
chimneys around. There was no other
dwelling in the yard, but the blank high
walls of some workshops enclosed it. Nor
was there any symptom of the turf having
been dug up for years, and the headstones
of the graves wore black with smoke. All
was quiet, and dark, and gloomy; the sun
could hardly shine into it at midday, and
now it was evening. But it is very peace-
ful and still, hushed away from the great
turmoil and bustle of the city, though it
lay in the very heart of it. Sandy lowered
his voice when they turned into the grave-
yard, and crossed it by a path paved with
flat stones, which bore the names of
persons long since dead and forgotten.

At the back of this grave-yard, in a
corner where a sharp eye might by chance
see it from the street, stood a little long
old-fashioned house of two storeys, if the
upper floor could be called a storey when
it was not more than seven feet high in the
pitch of the roof, with two dormer windows
in the front. On the ground-floor there
was a large shop window, with a very
dingy hatchment in the centre, and above
it a bunch of funeral plumes, brown with
age. On one side of the hatchment hung
a card, framed in black, with "Funerals
performed!" on it, whilst in the opposite
pane was another card, displaying the
words, "Pinking done here." One of
the three large panes had been broken,
and a stiff placard was pasted over it, to
keep out the wind and rain. The old
house looked as if it were skulking in the
corner of the grave-yard to hide its poverty
and decay; keeping out of sight as much
as it could, yet forced to show itself a little,
that those who dwell in it might have a
chance of earning a scanty living.

John Shafto's crutches seemed to tap
more loudly on these gravestones than on
the common flags in the street; and before
he and Sandy reached the house, the shop
door was opened from within. A rosy,
cheerful, motherly-looking woman, with
blue ribbons in her cap, stood in the door-
way as they drew near to it. So strange
and odd and out of place she seemed
beside the broken window and gloomy
hatchment, that even Sandy felt a strange
sensation of surprise. Her voice, too,
when she said, "Johnny!" was cheerful,
and as she kissed the lame boy fondly,
Sandy stood by, staring at her with wide-
open eyes.

"This is my mother!" said John Shafto.
"And who have you brought home with
you, Johnny?" she asked, holding out her
hand to Sandy, as if she did not see his
poor rags and dirty skin. He did not
know what to make of it; but she took his
hand in hers, and gave it a warm, hearty
clasp.

"He's lost his little sister in the streets
last Tuesday," said John Shafto, "and I've
brought him home to ask you what we
must do, mother. You'll be sure to think
of something. Now then, Sandy, you
come in and sit down, and tell mother all
about it."

He led the way into the house, and Mrs.
Shafto gave Sandy a friendly push to
follow her before her. Inside the shop,
on the counter, lay a little coffin, about the
size that would hold Gip, and Sandy paced
for an instant to look at it as if, perhaps,
he might see Gip's dear face and tiny
limbs lying for ever at rest in it. But it
was empty, and he kept down a sob which
was crying to be let out, he pressed on into a
small kitchen behind the undertaker's
shop.

(To be continued.)

A STORY OF LINCOLN.

In a recent address before the Young
Men's Christian Association of Trenton,
N. J., General James B. Rusk related a
new and interesting anecdote of Abraham
Lincoln.

In the third day's fight at Gettysburg,
Daniel E. Sickles, ex-sheriff of New York,
lost a leg. It was amputated above the
knee, and the wounded man was conveyed
to Washington and placed in a building
opposite the Ebbitt House. General Rus-
king, who knew Sickles well, called to see
him. While there, President Lincoln was
announced, and he was shown into the
room. The three men fell into conversa-
tion about the battle. Sickles asked Lin-
coln whether he had been greatly worried
as to the result of the fight.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Lincoln; "I thought
it would be all right."

"But you must have been the only man
who felt so," replied Sickles, "for I under-
stand there was a deep feeling of anxiety
here among the heads of the Government."

"Yes," replied the President, "Stanton,
Wells, and the rest were pretty badly
rattled, and ordered two or three gunboats
up to the city and placed some of the
Government archives aboard, and wanted
me to go on board; but I told them it wasn't
necessary, that it would be all right."

"But what made you feel so confident,
Mr. President?" persisted Sickles.

"Oh, I had my reasons. But I don't care
to make them out for they would, perhaps,
be laughed at," said Lincoln.

Of course the anxiety of both the other
gentlemen was greatly excited, and Gen-
eral Sickles again pressed Mr. Lincoln to
explain the grounds of his confidence.
Finally Lincoln said: "Well, I will tell you
why I felt confident we should win at
Gettysburg. Before the battle I retired
alone to my room in the White House, and
got down on my knees and prayed to Al-
mighty God to give us the victory. I said
to him that this was his war, and that if
he would stand by the nation now, I would
stand by him the rest of my life. He gave
us the victory, and I purpose to keep my
pledge. I rose from my knees with a feel-
ing of deep and serene confidence, and had
no doubt of the result from that hour."

"General Sickles and myself," continued
Rusking, "were both profoundly impressed
by Lincoln's words, and for some minutes
complete silence reigned. Then Sickles,
turning over on his back, said, 'Well,
Mr. President, how do you feel about the
Vicksburg campaign?'"

"Oh, I think it will be all right, too.
Grant is pecking away at the enemy and I
have great confidence in him. Like Grant,
He doesn't let his people give me any
trouble. I prayed to see Vicksburg, too. I
told the Lord all about the Vicksburg cam-
paign, that victory here would end the Con-
federacy in two, and it would be the
decisive one of the war. I have abiding
faith that we shall come out all right at
Vicksburg. If Grant wins here I shall
stick to him through the war."

The conversation took place on the 5th
of July. Vicksburg had been captured
the day before on the 4th, but the news
had not yet reached Washington.

A GOOD THING FOR BOYS.

MANUAL TRAINING is one of the few things
that are good for everybody. It is good
for the rich boy, to teach him respect for
the dignity of beautiful work, it is good
for the poor boy, to increase his facility for
handling tools, it tends, also, to be the
things we must depend on for a living after-
wards, it is good for a bookish boy, to
draw him away from books, but most of
all, it is good for the non-bookish boy, in
showing him something he can do well.

The boy utterly unable, even if he were
studious, to keep up in book knowledge
and percentage with the brighter boys, be-
comes discouraged, dull and moody.

Let him go to the workroom for an hour
and find that he can make a box or plane or
rough piece of board as well as the brightest
scholar may, very likely better than his
brighter neighbour, and you have given
him an impulse of self-respect that is of un-
told benefit to him when he goes back to
his studies. He will be a brighter and
better boy for finding out something that
he can do well.

LOST IN LONDON

By the Author of "The Sun Tree."

CHAPTER V.

A NEW FRIEND.

"We are to be friends, you see," said
the lame boy, cheerfully, as Sandy set him
to lean against the parapet, while he
picked up the crutch; "I thought I should
never catch you, though I have been
following you as fast as ever I could all the
way from the place where Mr. Mason was
preaching. You liked his sermon, didn't
you? I saw you listening as if you'd
never heard anything like that before; and
it's every word true, and more. I thought
I'd like to ask you how you liked it; and
when you turned in here, I caught up with
you. Now would you mind telling me
who it was you were speaking to, if I
aloud?"

The lame boy's voice was frank, and his
face was lighted up with a friendly smile,
such as Sandy had never met before. He
could not shut up his heart against him.
Besides, he had been longing to speak to
someone about little Gip; somebody who
would neither jeer at him nor be angry
with him, as the other fusce-boys were.
Yet he felt shy still, and his brow-
face grew crimson, and his tongue stammered,
as he once more leaned over the parapet,
and gazed down at the eddying of the
water under the arch, with his head turned
away from the stranger.

"I were talkin' to him as that gentle-
man spoke of," he said in a very low tone,
"him as were lost himself when he were a
little child; lost in the streets you know.
The gentleman said now he were growed up
he do always walk up and down the streets
lookin' fur folk as were lost. So I was
askin' him to take care of my little Gip, if
he came across her."

"Who's little Gip?" asked the gentle
cheery voice at his side.

"Oh, she's my little gel!" cried Sandy,
laying his head down on the stone coping,
but doing his best to speak calmly,
"mother's little gel, you know, and
mother got drunk last Tuesday, that night
it rained cats and dogs, and lost Gip some-
where; and I've been lookin' for her
ever since everywhere, pokin' into overy