

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Ex-Seventh.

'And so you and Sam Rawles both tried for that place in Firth's office?' said the master of Riverton school to one of his ex-seventh standard boys.

'Yes, sir,' stammered Jim Bennett, and a red flush leapt into his cheeks.

'And Rawles out you out—eh, Bennett?'

'Please, sir,' said Jim, flashing a brief glance into the master's face, and dropping his eyes again, 'it was all because of dad's being in prison that I lost it. And I did so want a place.'

The boy's chest heaved under his shabby waistcoat, and Mr. Warwick looked away for a moment, then turned and grasped him kindly by the shoulder and asked:

'Is it true that Rawles taunted you with

The reading-lessons that week were out of the common. One day it was the story of Androcles and the lion; another, a series of anecdotes recording the kindness which even the despised rat will show to a brother rat who is blind, or lame, or unfortunate. The scripture lessons, too, were chosen with especial care, and the master waited his time.

It was Friday, Sam's last day at school. He had been at the head of the ex-seventh for two years, and all were sorry to lose him.

When at the end of the morning's lessons, he raised his hand and the master asked, 'Well, Rawles?' every ear in the school was attentive.

'Please, sir?' said Sam, 'may I speak to Jim Bennett?'

Jim, who was putting away a box of pen-

character—to you give him a cheer. Now then! for Rawles and Bennett, our two head boys!' And he led them off himself.—'Adviser.'

Lost and Found.

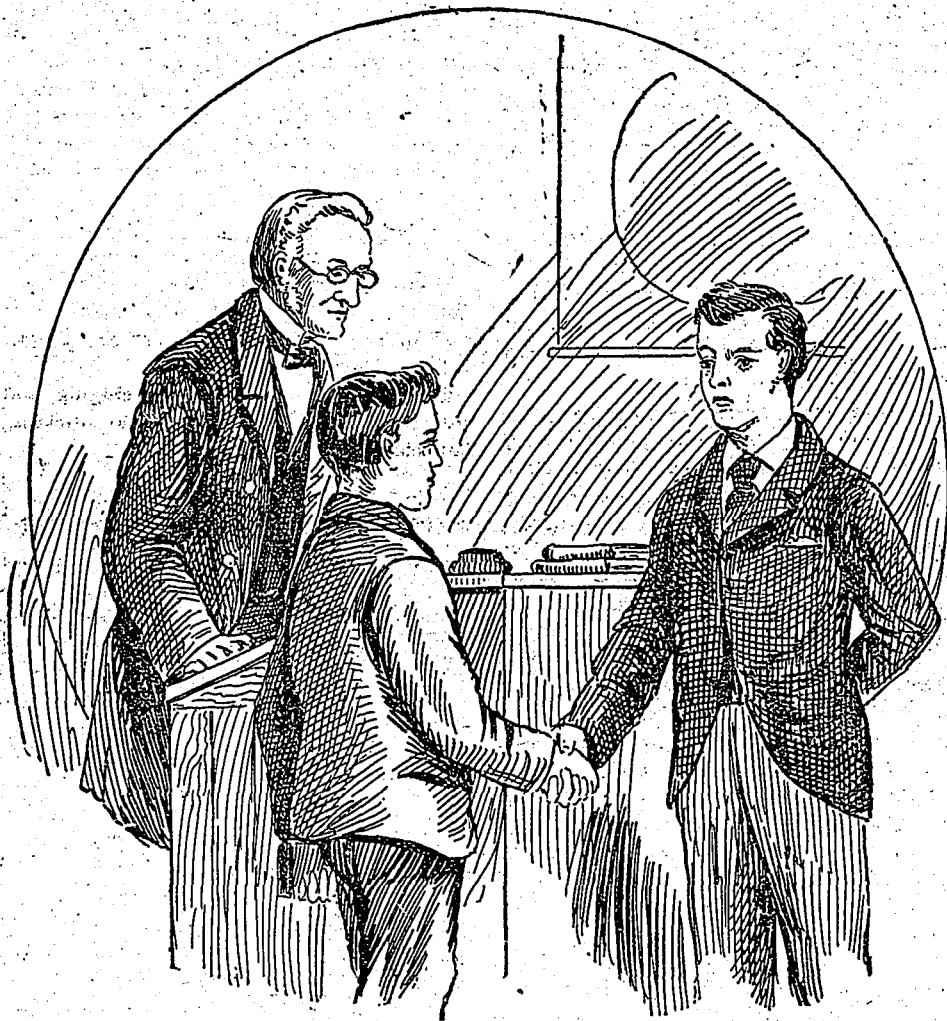
(N. Y. 'Observer,')

That 'truth is stranger than fiction,' is often illustrated before our own eyes. The following story is sad, indeed, awakening our sympathy, but it is so clearly attended with divine consolation, that we are excited by it to wonderment and praise.

Forty years ago Mr. T. and his wife left their home in Yorkshire, England, to settle in the colony of Natal, South Africa. The long voyage, unsettled nature of the country, difficulties in building a house and other hardships, were cheerfully endured by the young colonists. Land was then obtained cheaply, so anxious was the government to settle the country. The young farmer soon purchased a large tract, stocked it with cattle, planted corn and vegetables, and set out fruit and shade trees. A few years of toil and close economy followed. They lived in a tiny shanty, till a more substantial brick house could be built. Their cultivated fields yielded a profitable return, and they felt that their adopted country was indeed a home. Impressed by the beauty of the surrounding country, Mr. T. had placed his house on an eminence, which commanded a magnificent view. From the wide verandah could be seen the blue waters of the Indian Ocean, on which ships sailing to and fro, from Madagascar and other ports, skirted near the coast, or brought merchandise and machinery from Europe to the rising young colony. Northward, fifty miles away, the Alp-like mountains of Zululand loomed up on a clear day. To the south coffee plantations and fields of waving sugar-cane could be distinguished. Attached to the dwelling was a fine garden of tropical and semi-tropical fruits. Bananas, pine-apples, mangoes, oranges, mandarines, lemons, limes, peaches, guavas and loquarts were abundant. Beautiful flowers of many varieties were cultivated. Like other colonial habitations far away from village or hotel, Mr. T.'s house was a frequent resort for travellers, who always met with a cordial welcome and hearty hospitality. Many an English botanist was entertained there, during his expeditions in search of rare plants and flowers.

Both Mr. and Mrs. T. were Wesleyan Methodists, and to use an expression common among those people, were 'soundly converted.' They did not, as is the case with some emigrants, leave their religion behind, when they bid farewell to their native land, but practised it, and recommended it in their daily life. European settlers in Natal were few and widely scattered, but Mr. T. having been a local preacher in England, continued the work in Africa, though it necessitated long rides and great self-sacrifice. He opened his house for religious observance, and improved every opportunity to advance the cause of Christ. Zulu heathen living in their kraals were gathered into classes and systematically taught, and the good man won from them the name of 'Unfundisi wetu o tandekayo' ('our beloved teacher.')

After five busy, happy and useful years in their African home, a little son came to gladden the hearts of these good people. They called him 'Johnnie,' and his sweet, winning ways endeared him to parents and friends alike. Although devotedly attached to this child, both father and mother talked of him as a 'gift from the Lord,' and said



your father the day after he got the place?' Jim nodded and hung his head.

'What made him do it?' It isn't like Sam to be mean.'

'Please, sir,' explained Jim, 'I caught his ball, and lost his side the game, and that made him mad. He jered me, but not much. And a lot of other boys laughed, like as if they didn't want to have me among them.'

'Look up, Bennett,' returned the master, abruptly, 'I want to see your face.'

Jim obeyed instantly. There was no shirking Mr. Warwick's keen eyes.

'Bear your lot bravely, Bennett, and be as good a lad as ever you can, and the very next place that turns up shall be yours, if my influence can secure it for you.'

Jim went home a great deal happier than he had been for a week. The master, at least, believed in him, and that was enough to comfort a boy.

Mr. Warwick was as wise as he was kind. He had no intention of 'pitching into' Rawles, and getting Jim dubbed a tell-tale.

He laid his plans more cunningly.

holders, let them fall to the floor with a great clatter.

'Certainly,' replied Mr. Warwick, courteously. 'Never mind the pens, Bennett, come to my desk and speak to Rawles.'

Sam came forward with great strides. He was well-dressed and handsome, and a head taller than Bennett.

'I beg your pardon, Jim,' he said, in a voice loud enough for all the school to hear. 'You know what for.'

He held out his hand, and poor Jim grasped it, and stammered that it was 'all right.'

'Boys,' said the master, looking round with a gleam of pride, 'I've had many happy times among you, but this beats them all. Go home, and remember to the end of your lives, that if you do what is mean or wrong there is only one manly way out of it. Rawles has shown you what that way is.'

A cheer broke out in the ex-seventh. Mr. Warwick raised his hand.

'One moment, boys. Bennett is leaving school as well as Rawles. He has got a good place in Merriman's stores. I gave him a