

in sight of the river, the church spire, and the roof of their own home.

Susie was just saying, "Look, Nellie, what a lot of smoke is coming out of our chimney! Mother must be cooking something," when they heard a cry of pain, and looking round, saw Carlo seated on the stump of an old tree nursing one of his feet, and rocking himself backwards and forwards.

Back ran the sisters, down on the ground went both bundle and basket.

"What is the matter? Oh, what is it, Carlo dear?"

"A thorn! a thorn! oh, what a miserable boy I am!"

"Keep still," said Nellie, going down on one knee, "and I will soon get it out. Oh, Carlo, I can't, if you draw your foot away like that."

"It's all very well, but so would you draw it away if it hurt you as it does me. Oh! oh!! oh!!!"

"There, there," said little Susie quietly, as she wiped a large tear off Carlo's face with the corner of her apron.

He thought himself the most wretched of boys, drew down the corners of his mouth, cast up his eyes, and clenched his fingers as Nellie skilfully and gently searched for the thorn. "Ah! ah, Nellie!"

"It's out! Here, look Carlo! Susie! what a big one!"

Susie took it gingerly between her fingers and threw it as far away as she could.

"How am I to get home? it still hurts," whimpered Carlo.

"Wait here till I have run down the hill with the firewood, and then I will come back and help you down, dear;" said Nellie, and with a kiss the kind sister was off, leaving Susie standing by her brother.

The little girl crept closer to him, and putting her arm round his neck whispered,—

"Poor Carlo, poor boy! Susie so sorry."

The kind words and actions of the two girls melted Carlo's heart; he shook himself free of Satan, and his good angel once more spread its beautiful white wings above him.

He kissed Susie and said she was a "dear little thing," and when Nellie came back he welcomed her with such a smile that she felt fully repaid for all the troubles she had taken. Carlo still suffered from the prick, and limped down the hill holding tightly on to Nellie.

Their mother was standing at the cottage door waiting for them. She bound a wet rag round his foot, and told him he had better lie down, and she would make him some tea.

How pleasant it was lying there and watching through the open door his mother and sisters bustling about! yes, and Susie was toasting buns all for him. Oh it was nice.

"Mother," he whispered, when she came in to see how he was—"mother, I'm quite glad that thorn got into my foot, though it hurt; for I was grumbling, so cross, thinking myself very badly off, and since I hurt myself I've done nothing but think how happy I am with such dear sisters, and you, mother, and being quite strong and well, instead of always sick and in pain, as I've heard some people are."

His mother kissed him and said—

"I am very glad to hear you speak so, my boy. God sent that thorn to prick you back into the right path, and prevent you from sinning longer, and you will find out as you grow older that He often works in this manner, sending us big thorns—that is, grief, trouble, and care—to prevent us from being too worldly or neglectful of Him; such is His love for us. E. F. F.

"OH, MOTHER!"

"Oh mother!" shouted Mary Cope, As rushing in she came, "There's Bessie broke my skipping rope: I think it is a shame.

"I'll never play with her again, A nasty, hateful thing; We both were playing in the lane, And Bessie wished to swing.

"I laid my rope down by my side,  
That I might tie my shoe,  
And Bessie picked it up, and tried  
To keep possession too.

"She dragged me by it to a tree,  
Where she her own had hung,  
And would have made a swing for me,  
But to the rope I clung.

"I pulled and pulled with all might,  
Till at last it broke in two;  
And 'twould serve Miss Bessie only right  
If hers were broken too.

"I'll tell the teacher—that I know—  
When I go back to school,  
And then she'll be kept in to sew,  
Or learn a horrid rule."

"But, Mary dear, just answer me,  
Her mother softly spoke,  
"If both were pulling, could it be  
One only broke the rope?"

"Remember, love, it two must take  
A quarrel to maintain,  
And angry feelings sooner wake  
Than sink to rest again.

"Christ bids his little ones to love,  
And gentle be and mild,  
And from His throne in heaven above  
He sees each little child.

"I hope dear Mary will not fail,  
When unkind feelings rise,  
To strive till better thoughts prevail,  
And then she will be wise."

SARAH LOUISA MOORE.

#### ONLY ONE CHILD.

One time, when the army of Italy was crossing the Alps, threescore and more years ago, on that famous expedition with which all adventurous history rings, a nameless drummer boy was swept from the ranks by the sudden dash of an avalanche, hurrying him down into a deep hollow, lined with never-dissolving snow, such as frequently lies along among these desolate mountains. Singularly enough, he was not seriously injured by the plunge; he had slipped and slid over the crust of ice, and his light body had met with very few bruises and no blows that were fatal.

He clambered up to the top of the mass, and waved his hands aloft to show that he was alive. Along the giddy brink, two hundred feet above, the advancing train slowly and wearily filed on. His drum still hung suspended from his neck. It could not be said just what he intended—to keep his blood warm, or to attract the notice of the men—but he began to beat the military calls and changes to which he had been trained. In that clear, frosty air, sound goes to an almost incredible distance. Every stroke of the tattoo, the reveille, the advance, the charge, was heard by every soldier that marched on; they commented admiringly upon the pluck of the brave little musician, who patiently kept his sticks flying.

Of course the path up the mountain side zig-zags, in order to rise over the immense acclivity. Thus it came to pass that for awhile the whole army would be out of sight, and then return again, near in line, but further up the steep. Clear and echoing floated up that rattling drum-beat on their ears. Hardy veterans were there, who wept as the hours passed, and they perceived they were leaving the poor boy behind. No command seemed likely to come now for any effort to save his life. Word had already been sent to the Emperor, but he decided to leave the lad where he was. What was a single drummer-boy to the army of Napoleon Bonaparte! And before long it became evident that so the lad understood it likewise.

He redoubled his activity. Natural fear of freezing stimulated him for a short time to renewed exertion, and he vigorously plied his arms to keep his life-pulses warm. Far along the thin bright ridge above him, he saw the vanishing columns growing fainter. At last he knew that they did not intend to give him rescue. Then

brave in the midst of absolute despair, he suddenly changed the brisk relief-call he had been beating, to a sadder strain, and a deeper meaning. He paused a few moments, then began a funeral march. They all heard those sober strokes of death in the cold air, but could give no heed.

It can well be understood that every father of a son at home, among that vast host, yearned over the lad with suffering of agony that was almost stifling. For as he saw the courageous endurance, and finally, the heroic surrender, when the tired boy at last decently composed his limbs on the snowy banks to die, with the frost for his shroud, and the falling night for his pall, he shuddered to think this lost lad might have been his own.

Since that, for many a year—so the romances of those days tell us—the veterans of the Italian campaign have hushed their voices at the camp-fires as they told the tale of the drummer-boy of the Alps, and thought of the silent solitudes where now his slender body lay frozen beside his drum.

Only a child! Yet children have souls. Souls are more than bodies. Immortal life is more than temporal. Yet the calm world marches on as if empires hung on the balance of the moment, and even the drum-beat of a soul calling for help need not be heeded or heard.

#### ONLY A PIN.

I would like to tell the boys the story of a Frenchman who made his fortune by a pin.

He was born in a country home, and his parents were poor. There were many children, and being the oldest of them, he resolved as soon as he was old enough to leave home, go to Paris and get work there. So with the blessing of his father and mother he departed.

His first application in the city was made to a very rich merchant of whom he had heard.

"Will you give me a place in your business house?" he asked. "I am poor, but strong, and willing to work."

"I have no place for you now," said the merchant. "Perhaps by-and-by I shall be able to receive you," he added kindly, for he saw the lad was disappointed.

Fairly trembling, and almost ready to weep, the poor boy walked out of the office. As he went down the stone steps he saw a pin shining in a dusty corner. He stooped and picked it up and stuck it in his coat. The merchant was looking out of the window, and saw what he did. He opened the window and called the boy in.

"Quick powers of observation, love of order and economy, will make a good business man," said the merchant to himself.

To the boy he said, "You may go into my counting-house; I will give you some business to attend to."

From that hour he never left the merchant. His industry, honesty, punctuality, and good nature won him the confidence of his employer, the love and respect of all in the house. In a few years he became book-keeper, and afterwards cashier; by-and-by partner, and one of the most honoured and useful men in France.

"There's a pin, pick it up," I once heard a mother say to her little boy.

"Oh, it's nothing but a pin; what's the use?" was his answer.

—Of all mistakes, the greatest is to live and think life of no consequence.

—The two most engaging powers of an author are to make new things familiar and familiar things new.—*Thackeray.*

#### DEATHS.

DUNCAN-CLARK.—In Toronto on the 4th May, Isabelle Bruce, aged 6 years; and on the 6th May, Davidson Murray, aged 10 years; and Mary Elizabeth, aged 12 years, children of S. C. Duncan-Clark, Esq.

MURRAY.—In Toronto on the 7th May, Gertrude Louisa Annie; and on the 9th, Hannah Jane Emily Maud, the third and fourth daughters of the late Davidson Monro Murray, Esq., of Toronto, and formerly of the Island of Barbados, West Indies.