

ed; "but I'll not tell you where he is. Never! If thee beat me to death. Leave little Phil!" He's being cured for. Oh, father, father, and alone, for God's sake!"

"Well, well," said Haslam, "there's no hurry. Leave him alone for a day or two; but I must see my boys—both of them. Come, Tom, let's be off—thou and me. This is a sorry welcome to thy father, after eight years. I mean to do by thee. I'm a changed man, Tom—so the man says, and he ought to know; it's his business to know. I'm all right now, my lad; and going to be decent folks now, I reckon—thou and me."

There was a smile on Haslam's face which was pleasant to see—but neither Tom nor Alice noticed it. They only heard his words, and a feeble sprang up in their hearts that there might be truth in them. He said very soon afterwards he must go and seek out a lodging, and if he found any that would do he would return to fetch for he was not going to be parted from his gain; and by-and-by they would have little to do at home with them. So saying, he took his purse, carrying away Tom's money with him.

Not daring to speak a word, Tom and Alice followed him stride down Pilgrim Street, with his head well up, as if he was as honest a man as any they could meet in the crowded city. Tom went back into his chair again, and bent his face to his hands.

"Hush!" he cried, "I wish I might never see his gain. I wish one of us was dead!"

"Hush, hush!" said Alice, in a soothing voice, "thy father, Tom; and maybe he is changed, says. The Lord Jesus didn't cast out the devil and thou and me mustn't, Tom—must we not remember, thou hast another Father, Tom."

But he had another Father; but in the sharp and suddenness of the trouble, he felt himself called upon God by the same name which he used to call upon Haslam.

"Father" had two sounds for Tom: one so full of conscious comfort, and of peace passing all understanding, that an hour ago he could not refrain from whispering it to himself over and over again. The other sound was one of shame, and misery, and grief, and his lips trembled when he had to utter it aloud. Only an hour since his heart had been full of music and singing, as he looked up at the narrow strip of sky lying above the streets, and he had said, "Father!" But now the word that had been like a tone out of an angel's song had become a dull and jarring sound.

He sat still until he was rested a little, and then he strolled out again, in a fever of disquietude and dismay, into the bustling streets, where no quiet corner could be found in which he could sit alone and think. He longed for some peaceful place; but there was not any for a boy like him. The police would not let him sit upon a doorstep; and when he presented himself at the cathedral door, the verger bade him go for a ragamuffin.

At last he crept under the scaffolding reared round the tower of the cathedral, which was being repaired, and sat down on one of the great stones which was to be placed in the massive masonry. It was noon-time, and the masons were gone to dinner; and though a constant stream of people were passing to and fro before his eyes, yet he was alone in the cathedral enclosure. The sun shone down upon him with a mild warmth, and the air overhead, where it was not clouded by mist or rain, there was a patch of pale blue wintry sky. He scarcely knew why the sight quieted him; but he grew calmer and calmer in spirit, and at

length—not joyously and buoyantly as before, but with a deeper and stronger feeling that it was true—he said in his heart, "I have another Father, my Father in heaven!"

(To be continued.)

**The Union Jack.**

YONDER waves Old England's banner  
Still recalling bygone years,  
As it waved at famous Crey  
And the battle of Poitiers.  
Since the days of Royal Alfred  
It hath humbled haughty foes;  
Faced a thousand threatening dangers,  
Dealt a thousand mortal blows.  
Still the ship that has it hoisted  
Can through any ocean tack.  
Give a shout for British freedom,  
Raise aloft the Union Jack!

Mark its course upon the ocean,  
Trace its path from land to land,  
Ever guided in its mission  
By a Providential hand;  
Over stormy oceans waded,  
Where huge icebergs rock and roll,  
And the briny waves, in fury,  
Dash around each dreary pole;  
And away in tropic climates  
Where our heroes bivouac,  
Whilst above them floats sublimely  
England's ancient Union Jack.

Raise aloft the royal standard,  
Let it greet the passing breeze,  
Still it braves the ocean's billow,  
Stands secure on stormy seas,  
As it waved above our Nelson,  
England's gallant, matchless tar,  
At the Nile's terrific combat  
And immortal Trafalgar;  
To the mast he nailed his colours,  
Signalled them for close attack;  
'Midst a peal of "British thunder"  
He displayed the Union Jack.

Wolfe displayed Old England's colours  
On the Plains of Abraham,  
Where in war's impassioned combat  
He encountered brave Montcalm;  
Ere the din of battle ended  
Both the gallant heroes fell—  
Loud above the roar of battle  
Rose the Highland soldiers' yell.  
By a charge of British bayonets  
Then the foe was driven back,  
And the day was one of glory  
To Old England's Union Jack.

Gallant Brock its folds expanded  
On the field of Queenston Heights;  
Well the hero did his duty  
Patting Britain's foes to flight;  
But ere he reached the frowning summit  
Did the gallant hero fall,  
For his bright career was ended  
By a marksman's rifle ball.  
But his comrades, roused to vengeance,  
Like a tempest swept the track,  
And the day was one of glory  
For the ancient Union Jack.

Should the war-cry then be sounded  
O'er Canadian soil again,  
We will guard the hallowed precincts  
Where our Wolfe and Brock were slain,  
Where our Empire's flag's insulted  
Or a British hero leads,  
There Canadians dare to follow  
And will emulate their deeds:  
Dare to fight for British freedom—  
We're no coward, craven pack,  
To disgrace Old England's standard,  
Or desert the Union Jack.

And brave Scotia's sons are ready,  
For their place is in the van,  
To repel the fierce invasion  
As they did at Inkerman.  
And the loyal men of Erin,  
Round the cross of red and blue,

Round the battle flag will rally  
As of yore at Waterloo,  
England, Scotland, and brave Erin  
Have in warfare ne'er been slack;  
And now Canada is with them  
To defend the Union Jack.

Lives there still one British subject  
Who'd refuse his life—his all—  
In defence of British freedom,  
Who'd rejoice at Britain's fall?  
If there be, then curse the traitor,  
Pass him by in dark disdain,  
Let him bear while life is left him  
On his brow the mark of Cain,  
Let him die, a hated coward;  
Bury him by midnight black;  
He deserves no home nor country  
Who'd desert the Union Jack.

**THAT LITTLE FABLE.**

BY MRS. J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

"I SAW a disgusting sight just now," said Mr. Lucas, as he entered the house. "I saw little Terry Smith marching along, cigar in mouth; and young Phil Tomkins, with his cheek stuck out with a quid. Don't let me see one of my boys at such work. Tobacco is ruinous to boys!"

"Oo 'mokes!" quoth little Nell, laying down her dolly.

"Oh!—why—I'm a man, pet. It's different." Mrs. Lucas smiled to herself over her work. Fred was so busy studying, of course he had not heard a word. He looked up presently.

"Father, I'm coming on fine in Latin. I got this fable in ten minutes. Let me read it: *Cancer dicitur a filio*—a crab said to his son: *Mi fili, ne sic*—my son, do not always walk with crooked steps, but walk straight. *Cui illi, My pater respondit*—to whom he replied: My father, right gladly will I follow thy commands—*si te prius idem facientem videro*—if first I shall see you doing the same thing—"

"I know the rest," interrupted Mr. Lucas. "This fable teaches that youth is instructed by nothing so much as by example. Harriet give me that pipe and tobacco-box, and we will have a little bonfire. Henceforth I say to my boys not 'go,' but 'come.' I hope I know my duty as a father—and want to do it."

**THE LEGEND OF THE BEAUTIFUL HAND.**

"TELL me a story, sister, please."  
"A story, dear? Let us see what it shall be. Oh, I will tell you of three young ladies who disputed as to which had the most beautiful hand. One held up fingers tapering, delicate, and white as a lily. The hand of the second was beautiful in form, and tinged with the pink of a shell. The hand of the third seemed to combine all the beauties of the first and second. Just then came an old woman, homely and stooping with age, and held up her wrinkled hand. 'Give me a gift,' she said; 'for I am poor.' The three ladies all declined. A fourth, with hands bearing the marks of homely toil, gave the old woman what she desired. 'This one,' said she, 'has the beautiful hand. It is not the perfection of form, the grace of dimple, or delicate tint, but loving ministry to the wants of the needy that constitutes the truest beauty!' As she spoke these words the staff on which she leaned disappeared, the wrinkles of age were exchanged for dazzling beauty, the bent form arose majestically erect, and there stood in the presence of the ladies an angel from heaven. She had full authority to settle their dispute, and there is none to this day who dares reverse her judgment. Let us both think on this story, dear. We may profit much by its teachings."