

fever—with no one to attend to her, and in utter destitution. He found her, just as they had told him, in a miserable room, lying there alone and untended, and in bitter weather.

Yet, over her rags she had a covering, fair and white as her pure soul—beautiful amidst all the squalor of that desolate attic—for the roof over her bed was all broken away, and the snow had come through, entirely covering the few bedclothes beneath which the young girl lay.

The clergyman, very naturally, addressed her in tones of sorrowful pity. But she answered him quite cheerfully: "Oh sir, I want for nothing; I couldn't take food, if I had it. There was only the thirst to torment me, and isn't God good? He has sent me some drink, and now I have only got to put out my hand and take it whenever I want it." As she said this, she lifted a little snow from off the bed in her hand and put it into her mouth. She received her "Last Communion," and soon after her body lay sleeping peacefully its last long sleep, under that pure white pall—white as no fuller on earth could have whitened it—fit token of the white robes which she now wears in Paradise, where she continues the song of thankfulness, begun in lonely sickness and want, and springing naturally from a heart full of faith in God's love.

## Childrens' Department

### FOX AND DRUM.

In the land of the poet Ferdosy, they tell a story of a fox who was cheated by his own greediness.

One fine summer morning he had prowled about a village in search of prey, for he was hungry, and foxes are fond of a good breakfast. By and by he spied a plump little chicken, busy in scratching up seeds for food, in a garden. With whet teeth and eager appetite he was just going to spring upon the chicken, when he was startled by a terrible rolling sound from a tree over his head.

He looked up and saw a great drum, which the children of the house had hung up in the tree; and whenever the wind blew, the branches struck on the parchment of the drum, and made the hollow noise which alarmed him. He was quite astonished at the sight, for he had never met with such a thing in his life before, and knew not what to make of it. But when he observed that it moved, he fancied that it had life. It has a voice, too, thought he; it must be some animal. And judging from its shape that it was all fat flesh, his fear gave way to hunger, and he resolved to attack it.

He sprang up the tree, and crawled carefully along the branch; but when he reached the drum, he was as much puzzled as a witty fox could very well be. What was the creature? Its sides were too hard to eat, and when he tried to bite its face, he was in danger of tumbling over. At last, however, after great trouble, he managed to stick one tooth into the drum-head, and tore it open; but found, to his sorrow, that he had got nothing but empty wood and skin for his pains.

He had let himself be diverted from his simple and substantial breakfast of chicken, to go exploring the uncertain qualities of a drum. But he was not more silly than any person who trusts to mere sound and show, instead of waiting till he learns the meaning of things before relying on them; or who flings away his small and sure enjoyments, to pursue an uncertain good that makes grand promises.

The dog crossing the water that dropped the substance he held in his mouth, to swim after its shadow; or the simple stranger who refused to pick up a silver coin in the street because he had been told that loose gold strewed the walks in this land of plenty, both blundered like the fox with the drum.

When Georgey, who has a good home, desires very much to change it for another, of which he knows nothing, merely because it is new, or because somebody has praised it, though it may be hard and uncomfortable, he is imitating the fox with the drum.

There are grown-up men, who are engaged in a very safe and useful business, but whose fancies have been fired by wild stories of great wealth, to be suddenly acquired, with little labor—though God means us to labor, for our own good and the good of our fellows;—and dazzled by the glitter of riches or hope of ease, they leave their honest toils, and purchase chances in a lottery, or buy property in the belief that it will rise suddenly in value and they shall sell it to great profit; but the fruit of their folly are blanks instead of prizes; they are deceived in their calculations, they lose what they spend, their steady morals are lowered, their peace is embittered—they find that they have played the fox and the drum.

God has placed business before us all, dear readers. It lies upon the peaceful path of religious duty, leads to rest, to joy, and heaven. Do not be persuaded from the blessed pursuit by the noise and glare of a showy world, by its false promises of pleasure, its cheating glories and its worthless gains. If we did not drop them by the grave-side, what are they all, with heaven before us, and the peace of God within us?

### NED DIDN'T THINK.

Opening the door of a friend's house one day, I made my way through the entry to the small back court where Ned, the only son, was crying bitterly.

"Ah, Ned, what is the matter?"

"Mother won't let me go a-fishing. Harry and Tom are going to the harbour, and I want to go." Here Ned kicked his toes angrily against the post, to the great danger of his new boots.

"Whose little dog is this?" I asked as a brown spaniel came bounding up the garden-walk.

"It is mine," cried Ned, in an altered tone. "Didn't you know I had one?"

"No, indeed. What a fine little fellow. Where did you get him, Ned?"

"Father brought him for me. He is so knowing, and I teach him many things. See him find my knife;" and Ned wiping away his tears, threw his knife into clover. "There, Wag," he said; "now go and find my knife."

Wag plunged into the grass, and after a great deal of smelling and wagging, he came triumphantly forth, and brought the knife to his young master.

"Give it to him," said Ned, pointing to me; and Wag laid it at my feet.

"This a knife worth having," said I; "four blades."

"Tis a real good one; father gave it to me on my birthday; and he gave me a splendid box of tools, too." Ned looked up brightly, and quite forgot his crying.

"Let me think," said I. "Was it this knife that you hurt your foot so with?"

"Oh, no!" cried Ned; "that was done with an axe; but I've got well, now!"

"I was afraid you would be laid up all the spring."

"Well, it was mother's nursing, the doctor says. Mother and father took very great care of me. It was lonely staying in the house so; but mother used to leave her work and read to me, and father often stayed with me."

"I should think you had very kind parents, Ned." The boy looked down on the floor, and a slight pout puckered his lip. "I suppose there are none who have your interest and happiness so much at heart."

"But I want to go a-fishing," muttered Ned.

"And can't you trust them, Ned, and willingly agree to their wishes? You may not, indeed, know the reason why they object to your going; but, from all you know of their kindness and wisdom, are you not sure that they would not cross your wishes without good reason for doing so? And, surrounded as you are by so many proofs of their love, you will sit there and murmur, and cry, and fill your heart with angry and stubborn thoughts against them, because of this one little denial of your wants? Is not this a poor and ungrateful return for all their kindness? It is little enough that a child can do for a parent, but that little he ought to do cheerfully. I suppose the best return a child

can make to parents is a cheerful obedience. How small that seems! And will you grudge giving that, Ned?"

Ned looked sober. Tears started in his eyes. "Oh, sir," said he humbly, "I didn't think of all this—I didn't think of it."

"Didn't think" is at the bottom of a great deal of our ingratitude and murmuring, against both our earthly parents and our Father Who is in heaven.

### "GO WORK TO DAY."

Go work though sorrow cloud thy way,  
Though suffering pale thy brow,  
Though sickness waste thy fading cheek,  
And drooping nature bow;  
Toil on, for soon the grave will close  
Its gates on all earth's cares and woes.

Ah! little rest from labor here  
Thine earthly Sabbaths bring;  
Thy panting spirit fain would plume  
Its faint and weary wing,  
Would through the clouds and darkness rise,  
To fairer worlds and purer skies.

But no, thy soul would never find  
A sweet, a perfect rest,  
Until thy spirit folds its wings  
Upon a Saviour's breast;  
Till thou shalt join the blood-washed throng  
To hymn the new, the glorious song.

Peace undisturbed, unending bliss,  
To thee shall then be given;  
Thy heart shall ne'er in that bright world  
By pain or grief be riven;  
But God, in His blest home above,  
Shall crown thee with unchanging love.

—Religious Herald.

### WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

AFTER a missionary meeting in the country an old laboring man put a coin into the hands of the clergyman who had addressed the people, saying, "Give that to the missionaries."

To the surprise of the receiver, the coin was golden—a half-sovereign. Of course the old fellow had made a mistake; he could not possibly afford to give away such a sum. To run after him and restore the money was the first thought. But the old man simply said, "It's all right," and made his way out at the door.

The churchwarden of the parish was standing by. "What! old John gave you that?" he said smiling; "yes it's all right, then he meant it. He's a bit of a character, you see. Goes with the steam threshing machine to the farms about. The farmers find him a decent, quiet old fellow, punctual and hard-working, and it's 'Have a glass of beer, John?' from all of them. But John—he has one answer ready; 'Thankye, master, but I'll take twopence instead.' And the twopence goes straight into the waistcoat pocket, and after that into a canvas bag. At the end of the year, he counts up the money, and brings it to the meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—for the missionaries." He isn't a rich man, as you see, but he can give.

"Where there's a will there's a way indeed," said the clergyman, with one more look at the half sovereign.

Oh! that there were a few more old Johns in the world, willing to deny themselves some luxury to spread the news of the Gospel! Well, after reading this, perhaps there may be, for example is better than precept.

COMFORTING NEWS.—What a comfort and how very convenient to be able to have a Closet indoors, it being neither offensive nor unhealthy "Heap's Patent" Dry Earth or Ashes Closets are perfectly inodorous. The commodes with urine separators, can be kept in a bedroom, and are invaluable in any house during the winter season, or in case of sickness; they are a well finished piece of furniture. Factory, Owen Sound Ont.