

him. They were on the little "throne" together for the first time.

"Orpha—little woman," he sobbed.

"Lysander, I don't understand. You didn't—you didn't think I'd run away, did you, Lysander?"

She was laughing nervously, but she read her answer in his face. Lysander had thought she had gone away from him.

"I was so dreadful lonesome, and I saw those four-lighted windows out there. I thought I'd start right up and go and see how it felt to set beside one and sew a square o'patchwork. I went to the poor-house, Lysander! but I made believe, you know. It was a beautiful view. I never thought you'd mind. I never thought you would, Lysander."

It was very late when they had supper, and afterwards in the moonlight Lysander rode away again. He asked Orpha to go, and she sat beside him, erect and proud. Her face was almost like a girl's face in its shy wonder and delight.

"I'm goin' to Silas Simmonds's, Orpha, to get him to take the wood-lot back. He's been sorry all along he sold it. And to-morrow mornin' I'm goin' to the Centre, - mebbe we'll like to ride over with me, Orpha. And we'll order the new windows, and the lumber to build the porch out of, and the bay window. You can take your piecin' out-o'-doors, then, and—and there's goin' to be room for two chairs alongside, Orpha."

"Why, - why, Lysander!"

Did He Help?

Oscar was swinging on the gate when the new minister went by. Oscar hoped he would stop, and he did. His name was Mr. Lane.

"How are you, Oscar?" asked Mr. Lane. "You were not at the church this morning?"

Oscar smiled, well pleased that he should have been missed; but Mr. Lane looked rather grave.

"I hoped that you would come," he said. "A great many boys were there and they helped a great deal."

The smiles faded from Oscar's face as he saw the preacher was not quite pleased with him. He liked this young preacher very much.

"You know, Oscar," Mr. Lane went on, his deep voice almost as soft as Oscar's mother's was when she talked to him at night after he went to bed, "you know who it is that we are going to give the new church to on Sabbath, and he will like to remember how the boys helped to get it ready for him. God thinks as much of boys' work as he does of the grown people's."

Oscar hung his head, and wished that he didn't feel so much like crying, so that he could say something.

Mr. Lane gave a pat to one of his little brown hands that were clutching the gate palings, and walked on. This was more than Oscar could stand.

"Mr. Lane!" he cried. "I say, Mr. Lane!"

Mr. Lane turned back.

"You see," explained Oscar, shyly, "I am helping—here at home."

"Are you? How is that?"

"Well, mother said she couldn't go when father asked her," began Oscar, in a great hurry, tumbling his words over one another for fear his courage might give out. "She said she had to take care of the baby, and she guessed the other ladies must get the carpets down without her, only, of course, she'd like to help. Mother is a great hand to help, father says, and she could do lots more than I could, and she must get tired staying at home so much, and so—and so—"

"And so you stayed at home instead?"

"Yes, and took care of the baby." Oscar's head was lifted now, and he was looking straight into tall Mr. Lane's eyes. "I took care of him the best I knew how; I didn't jerk him once or anything like that, and now he's asleep. I should think, when the Lord was remembering what the other boys did, he'd kind of count me in with them, too, shouldn't you?"

"Indeed I should!" said Mr. Lane; and once

more he put his big hand over the little one on the gate, only it stayed longer this time. "Why, Oscar, it seems to me that you have done more for the church to-day than any boy I know about!" Sabbath School Visitor.

Scottish Wit.

It is now almost two full centuries since England and Scotland were united, in 1707, under the name of Great Britain. Yet up to the present time the world continues to employ the familiar terms English queen, English army and so on, with no mention of Scotland. This slight has often been commented upon by Scotchmen, but never more happily than at Trafalgar. Two Scotchmen, mess-mates and bosom cronies, from the same little clanchan, happened to be stationed near each other, when the now celebrated signal was given from the admiral's ship: "England expects every man to do his duty."

"No a word o' pair auld Scotland on this occasion!" dolefully remarked Geordie to Jock. Jock cocked his eye a moment, and turning to his companion, "Man Geordie," said he, "Scotland kens weel enuch that nae bairn o' hers needs to be tell't to do his duty—that's just a hint to the Englishers!"—Es.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

The Dying Year.

BY GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

Ring solemn chimes, ye midnight bells,
As o'er the land your music swells;
Reminding man that his career
Shall end, just like the dying year.

Ring softly, life is but a dream,
Or like an ever rolling stream,
That hurries on its mighty way,
And time is impotent to stay.

Ring as a muffled bell doth peal,
The dying year sad memories seal;
Memories of sorrows, joys and peace,—
And noble deeds, and bad, must cease.

Ring for thy tones prophetic are,
Bringing glad tidings from afar;
The year may die amidst grief and pain,
Yet from its womb is born again.

Time was, time is, and time shall be,
Till blended in eternity;
And years shall die and live again
For nothing mortal can remain.

Then ring your softly solemn chimes,
Make men forget their hates and crimes;
And as your music fills the skies,
Let nobler aspirations rise.

London, Ont.

A Boer Commander.

Commandant Cronje, of the Transvaal army, is said to be a fatalist. In the raid combat at Doornkop, when the bullets were whistling rather too loudly around the spot where he was seated, a field cornet suggested his retiring to a more sheltered position. "No," said Cronje, "I am in the hand of God, and if I am to be shot I shall be hit just as soon in one place as in another."

Literary Notes.

The Two Miss Jeffreys by David Lyall, author of The Land o' the Leal. This is a volume of short stories as told by the confidential clerk of a great Scotch lawyer. They are all Scotch stories and most of them lean to the side of pathos. The writer understands well how to portray character so that our sympathy and interest are won. The yellow linen binding is very attractive, and the book is well printed in good, clear type.—Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

A Captain of Irregulars, by Herbert Hayens. This is a story of the war in Chili in 1818 when it threw off the Spanish yoke and gained its independence. The chief characters are three young Englishmen and the story is told by one of them, Jack

Maitland. It is full of thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes which will delight the heart of every boy reader. We cannot help but admire the fine, manly spirit shown by these young men in the cause of right and their devotion to one another is quite touching. The whole story is pure and ennobling.—Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York.

The opening article in "Ev'ry Month" for January is upon that ever fascinating subject to women—diamonds; and it takes us to Kimberley, which is now the centre of attention in more ways than one and tells us the history of the mines and how the diamonds are procured. The account is profusely illustrated with unusual photographs of the unique mining operations. An interesting sketch of the life of the "Private Secretary" follows, giving the details of a professional field which is increasing rapidly and cataloguing the essentials of success. The music is of the usual popular character, consisting of 13 well printed pages: "Savanero," a Caprice for piano by J. F. Gilder, "Your Mother's Wedding Ring," "Happy Little Nigs," March and Two-Step, and "Molly Malone," a waltz song. Ev'ry Month, 126 Broadway, New York.

Beyond the Hills of Dreams by W. Wilfred Campbell. This little volume of poems bound very daintily in brown and gold, will be eagerly welcomed by all who are proud that Mr. Campbell is a Canadian. Some of the poems we know well, others are new to us, but all are written by a poet. The following will give an idea of his power over language:

Love came at dawn when all the world was fair,
When crimson glories, bloom, and song were ripe;
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air.

And murmured, "I am life."

Love came at even when the day was done,
When heart and brain were tired, and slumber pressed;

Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,
And whispered, "I am rest."

—Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

Fisherman's Luck And Some Other Uncertain Things, by Henry Van Dyke. Dr. Van Dyke has been on his public and is always sure of a general welcome for any book that his versatile and facile pen may put forth. Whether a theological treatise, a volume of sermons, a book of verse, or a bit of fiction, it will display the workmanship of a clear thinker and a charming writer and will be widely read and admired. His favorite field, however, appears to be the world of nature in which he spends his vacations and from which he frequently brings a collection of essays that are as redolent of the field and forests and mountains as a handful of wild flowers. He confesses himself a fisherman and revels in its varied and uncertain experiences. Uncertainty, he says, is the charm of the fisherman's life and is just what we need to break up the mechanical uniformity and fixity of our modern civilization. This is the keynote of the essay that opens this volume, and a very delightful essay it is. In a most pleasant style the author leads us through these dozen essays, in which he describes "The Thrilling Moment," and talks about "Talkability," and discourses on "A Wild Strawberry," and answers the question, "Who Owns the Mountains?" and writes on other interesting topics, closing with a delightful little "Slumber Song," "for the fisherman's child." The publishers have clothed the beautiful thoughts of the book in beautiful print and paper and binding, and have illuminated it with thirteen appropriate half-tone illustrations.—Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

What Our Cat Did.

One day our cat brought a lovely grey squirrel to the house. As she dropped it in the doorway it fled for refuge and cuddled down in the basket with the kittens. They were asleep, and when they awoke they seemed to think the squirrel was another kitten. After a time the cat returned and looked strange ly at the squirrel, then sniffed at it for a few moments, and then she cuddled down contentedly and thereafter treated it as one of her own babies.—Ex.