

"Did you have any trouble with the old man, Miss Catherine?" asked the doctor presently. He was very grateful to his good helper, who had never failed him.

"Not a bit," she said, quickly; "I knew my man; he is not that sort; he was eager to make way for the one who needed the place more than he did."

"Sir Philip Sidney," murmured the doctor, but the nurse apparently did not know about Sir Philip.

"The man will be walking around to-morrow, and he wants to help me nurse this one; he says he feels a sort of right in him."

But the old man did not have a chance to nurse the little fellow who had taken his place; the surgeon in charge sent the man to "The Soldiers' Home" the next day, where a place had been found for this old veteran, and where there was an infirmary with plenty of room.

He paid one visit to the boy in his old cot, and the two became friends at the first word. Did you ever notice how quickly the old man who has kept the child-heart makes friends with a boy?

"My name's Joynes, sonny. You are in the thick of a fight now, ain't you?"

"I'm pretty bad," said the boy, weakly; "they cut off both my legs."

"Don't you worry about this body, my boy—not about this here thing that wa'n't put up to last no great while; we're goin' to begin over again with a brand-new body pretty soon. You know about that, don't you? Jesus, you know, is going to give us a body fit to stand alongside of Him. Is Jesus your captain, sonny?"

"I don't know," said the boy, wearily. His eyes closed, and he dropped off to sleep.

Old Joynes was in a great anxiety. In a few minutes he would be gone from the hospital, leaving this lad not knowing whether Jesus was his Saviour or not! How could he leave a young soul in a cold mist like that? But there was Miss Catherine. Thank God, doctor, old man, dying boy—thank God, all of you, that there are in this world, moving up and down its sad and suffering places, such refuges for you all as Miss Catherine.

"If you please, marm," said the old soldier, "give him this book from me, and tell him it's all there—Jesus, and the new body, and all that." It was a New Testament in large print, much used and worn. "But hold on," he said, turning back, "may be he ain't long for staying here?"

"Not long, I think," said the nurse, gently.

"Well, then, please, marm, jest p'int him to the Gospel of John. If he can only have part, let it be that part; John will take him right to his blessed Master, by the very shortest road."

And so the old man's Testament lay open on Johnny Grier's cot, and day and night they read him the Gospel of John. Sometimes he could read a bit himself; sometimes—many times—the preacher who visited that ward read and explained its beautiful chapters; even the nurse, busy as she was, took her turn in reading.

The days went by—weary, weak, suffering days for the child. He had almost finished the Gospel of John;

he had almost finished his earthly life, too. One night Miss Catherine found his fever higher, his pulse weaker, and she sat down beside him, turning her other duties over to Miss Rebecca. He wanted to hear the last chapter, and in the chill and quiet hours that come before the dawn Miss Catherine read that sweet and wonderful story of the meeting on the shore of Galilee between Jesus and His disciples and the thrice-repeated question. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?"

Then she laid the open volume at the foot of the bed and put her finger on the fluttering pulse.

"It's all about love," said the boy, with a faint voice; "it says we must love Jesus. Miss Catherine, I don't know how to love Him."

The nurse did not speak for a moment; at least, she did not speak to Johnny Grier. I think she was speaking to Johnny's best friend.

"I'm going to tell you a little story," she said presently. "When I was a wee little girl I lived in the country. One day my father took me to the city, and there I saw a fountain playing. You have seen them all your life, Johnny, but I had never seen one before, and I was wild with enthusiasm about the beautiful water that leaped up of its own accord into the sunshine and fell with rainbow sparkles into the pool below."

"When I got home I told my brother about it, and we set to work to make one. We got an old scrap of iron pipe an inch in diameter and borrowed the garden hose to screw on to it. This we set upright in a pile of stones, and then carried the other end of the hose up to the top of the house. There we had provided a big lard can of water into which we thrust the end of the hose, squeezing out the air until the water started to running down the long tube."

"Think how much trouble that little boy and girl took, Johnny, to lug all that water to the top of the house and get all those fixtures into working order?"

Johnny was listening intently, a bright smile on his white face. "Did it play—your fountain—did it play?" he whispered. He had not much breath or voice left.


"For a few minutes it spouted up quite freely; not as high as I had hoped, for, you see, there was so little water above, but high enough and long enough for us to be encouraged to try again; so again we carried bucket after bucket of water, up, up, up, to fill our can. But in our hearts we were sadly disappointed."

"Presently my father came home and saw our poor little fountain. 'Oho!' said he, 'I'll show you how to make a fountain.'"

"Now, away out among the hills, miles away from our country village, was a great spring water as big as a lake. It was a glorious spring, pure and bright, and never failing. Pipes from this spring brought the sweet water to our village, and in our back yard stood a hydrant, from which a bold rush of water sprang out at the turning of the cock. My father took our hose from the house-top and fastened it to the hydrant, and turned on the water."

"Oh, Johnny, I wish you had seen our fountain then! How it leaped

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up and laughed and danced and played in the sunshine! We were two happy little children that day."

Johnny was smiling with pleasure, but the pulse was growing weaker.

"Now, let me show you about loving our dear Lord Jesus," said the nurse.

"When we try to make ourselves love Him, it is like the little fountain that Horace and I made by carrying buckets of water to the house-top; but up to the heart of Jesus Himself is a big ocean of love, the love that made Him suffer and die for us. Now, all we have to do, Johnny, is to go to our Heavenly Father, once, twice, a dozen times, or a hundred times, a day, if we choose, and say, 'Father, fill my heart with love.' That is what he is wanting and waiting to do, Johnny."

"Ask Him for me," whispered the child; and when the words of prayer were ended he smiled into Miss Catherine's face. "Will He keep the fountain playing?" he asked.

"Forever and ever," she answered, and Johnny fell asleep.

### WATCHING FOR FAULTS.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "I was often very idle, and used to play during the lessons with other boys as idle as myself. One day we were fairly caught by the master. 'Boys,' he said, 'you must not be idle; you must attend closely to your books. The first one of you who sees another boy idle will please come and tell me.'"

"'Ah,' I thought to myself, 'there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like; I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book, I'll tell the teacher.'"

"It was not long until I saw Joe look off his book, and I went up at once to tell the master."

"'Indeed,' said he, 'how did you know he was idle?'"

"'I saw him,' said I."

"'You did? And were your own eyes on your book when you saw him?'"

"'I was caught, and the other boys laughed, and I never watched for idle boys again.'"

If we watch over our conduct and try to keep it right, and always do

our own duty, we will not have time to watch for faults or idleness in others. This will keep us out of mischief and make us helpful to others.—Our Young Folks.

### KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

"I never can keep anything!" cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. "Somebody always takes my things and loses them." She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.

"There is one thing," remarked mamma, "that I think you might keep if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mamma, "keep your temper; if you will only do that perhaps you will find it easier to keep other things. I dare say if you had employed your time in search for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time, but you have not even looked for them. You have only gotten into a passion—a very bad way of spending time—and you have accused somebody, and unjustly, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear; when you have missed any article, keep your temper and search for it. You would better keep that, although you lose all the little property you possess. So, my dear, I repeat, keep your temper."

Emma subdued her ill-humor, searched for the articles she had lost, and found them in her work-bag.

"Why, mamma, here they are! I might have been sewing all this time if I had kept my temper."

Temper is sometimes hard to keep, but God will help you, if you ask Him.

**Citron Pudding**—Line a dish with puff paste, slice very thinly half an ounce of orange peel, the same of lemon peel and two ounces of citron, the yolks of five eggs and the whites of two, all well beaten, an ounce of white sugar and four ounces of butter, melted and clarified. Stir all well together and pour into dish; bake one hour and serve.