

turning to his work in the villages, and in a fortnight's time all arrangements were made for the journey. Two days before they were to start some school teachers arrived from the villages. They said that the Santals seemed to have gone mad about fighting. They were determined to rebel and drive all foreigners out of their country. The Missionary's friends amongst them sent him all the books and slates and other things belonging to the school he had established, with the message that they were very sorry for what had happened, but he must not come again that year, as they feared the schools might be burnt down and teachers murdered.

Soon after further news came; the Santals had risen in rebellion. It was said they had a fair child amongst them whom they called their king. It was supposed the poor little boy's father had been a European workman employed in making the railway, and that the rebels had killed the parents. Before these people started off to fight, they would put this little boy on a cart-wheel, and think that from certain words or signs he made, their child-king could tell them whether they would succeed or not.

Oh, how heartily Ernest's father and mother thanked God that they had him safe in their home when they heard this news! No one knows what might have become of him if he had been carried off. D. L. W.

#### The Butterfly Story.

By CORA CORNWELL.

Little Nelly went into the woods very slowly and sadly. Her baby brother was very ill; he might never be well, and the little girl so longed to help him. She sat down by the side of a cool little brook; the clear water plashed over the stones, and the blue-eyed grasses winked at her, and the minnows darted from under the mossy stones at the bottom of the brook—up almost in reach of her hand.

She began to sing, and then she saw, just across the brook, a tiny figure lightly poised on a pure white stone. The figure was clad in a gown of palest yellow starred with gold; from its shoulders fluttered two golden wings, and a wand of ivory glistened in its hand. For a moment Nelly thought it was a butterfly as she watched it dancing lightly to the sound of the water tinkling over the stones. But presently she heard a high, silvery voice saying, "Little girl, to-day is my birthday, and to any one who will sing for me to dance I am able to grant a wish, no matter what. You have sung for me, now choose; what shall it be?"

Nelly did not stop to think, but said at once, "Make my little brother well, dear fairy."

"Very well, my child," said the fairy, "when you go home take to your little brother a leaf-cup filled with this cool water. If he drinks it he will be well."

Nelly started up, rubbed her eyes, and saw that the fairy was gone; but a peal of laughter, like the sound of silver bells, rung in her ears. She looked on the grass, and there lay a large leaf fastened together in the form of a cup. She filled it from the brook, ran quickly home and into the room where her little brother lay.

Benny smiled when Nelly went in, and lisped "I want a drink of water." She gave him her leaf-cup and he laughed aloud. The next day the fever had left him, and Benny was well. The butterfly fairy had kept its promise.

#### Mother's Way.

Oft within our little cottage,  
As the shadows gently fall,  
While the sunlight touches softly  
One sweet face upon the wall,  
Do we gather close together,  
At this closing of the day,  
Begging God for grace and favor,  
As was once our mother's way.

If our home be bright and cheery,  
If it holds a welcome true,  
Open wide its door of greeting  
To the many—not the few;  
If we share our Father's bounty  
With the needy day by day,  
'Tis because we all remember  
"This was ever mother's way."

Sometimes when our hearts grow weary,  
Or our tasks seem very long,  
When our burdens look too heavy,  
And we deem the right all wrong,  
Then we gain a new fresh courage,  
As we rise and gently say,  
"Let us do our duty bravely;  
That was our dear mother's way."

Thus we keep our memory precious,  
While we never cease to pray  
That at last when lengthening shadows  
Mark the evening of life's day,  
They may find us waiting calmly  
"To go home our mother's way."

#### The Rope.

Two beggar-boys, Guy and Klaus, found an old rope on the road, and strove and quarrelled for it, till hill and valley echoed with their noise. Guy held the rope at one end, Klaus pulled at the other, and each sought to draw it by main force out of the other's hands. All of a sudden the rope broke asunder, and both the boys rolled over into the mire.

A man, who happened to come up to them, said, "So it is with the quarrelsome! They make a great noise, and quarrel about some trifling matter; and what do both parties gain at last? Nothing—except to cover themselves with ridicule and disgrace, as you two are now befouled with mud."

"Be peaceable, and strife forego,  
Whose end is always full of woe."

#### The Willow-Twig and the Straw.

A poor widow and her two boys were returning to the village one evening from a neighbouring willow-bed, where they had gathered some twigs; the mother carried a large bundle of willow-twigs on her head, and each of the boys a small one, bound together with a band of straw."

On the way a rich merchant from the town met them, and of him they begged for charity. But the rich man said to the widow, "You need not beg; intrust your two children to me, and I will soon have them taught to make gold out of twigs and straw."

The mother considered this as a banter, but the merchant assured her that he was truly in earnest: so at last she consented, and the merchant had one of the children taught basket-making, and the other straw-plaiting.

After three years they came back to their mother's little cottage, indefatigably manufactured the most beautiful baskets and the finest straw hats, and disposed of their produce to the merchant. After a little while the merchant came one day into their room, paid them for their work which he had received in bright ducats, and, laughing, said to the mother, "Do you not see, now, that I was right, and have kept my word?"

"By honest industry, behold,  
The wood and straw are turned to gold!"

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—We have all seen people who appear to have had all difficulties taken out of their lives. They have always depended on others, and have never been thrown on their own resources. Their paths have been smoothed for them, and they travel at the most leisurely pace. Their own wants have been supplied, and they have not been accustomed to think of the wants of others. Can we look to such people for courage, heroism, self-sacrifice? They have never accepted the teachings of difficulty nor known the value

of her friendship. Napoleon Bonaparte once said, "All the great captains have performed vast achievements by conforming to the rules of art—by adjusting efforts to obstacles." But those who hate and avoid whatever is hard and unpleasant need never hope to attain to greatness, nor even true success in the arts of either peace or war.

—He who can take no interest in what is small will take false interest in what is great.