

less severely upon the tattered child, who ran in eager and panting haste at his heels. Two or three times he loitered at the edge of a crowd, more to give Phil time to recover his breath than to seek for an opportunity to exercise his authority.

In due time they reached Pilgrim Street, a short and narrow street of poor houses, with no thoroughfare through it, and with cellar shops and dwellings on each side of it, into which the daylight—never very bright in the rooms above—scarcely penetrated. A small, spare man, with a rosy and wrinkled face, and grey, wiry hair, was just turning into Pilgrim Street before them, with a bundle of many-coloured papers under his arm, and a paste-pot and paste-brush in his hand. The door of one of the cellar-kitchens was open, and a girl, about the same age as Tom Haslam, stood at it, looking out, with a smile of welcome upon her face. Phil clapped his hands, with a shout of delight, and running on before the policeman, he cried: "That's Nat Pendlebury and Alice!"

(To be continued.)

### OUR BOYS.

BY C. CLARKSON, B.A.

GIVE "Our Boys" a fair chance and they will win their spurs. Provide them with *real* teachers who will faithfully exert themselves under a keen sense of their grave responsibilities; who will pursue rational, psychological methods of instruction; who have been thoroughly trained for their work and provided with the necessary outfit, physical, mental, and moral; who will actually *teach*, and not sit like stupid machines to hear lessons out of books. Place "Our Boys" under the possessors of cultivated teaching-power, of nice tact and administrative ability, "apt to teach," true *masters* and no mere apprentices or journey-men. To do this will cost a large outlay of money. But "Our Boys" are worth ten Pacific railways, and ten big canals, which cost far more. Let us spend money on them freely, with the understanding, if need be, that this is their portion, that they will inherit nothing more. They are Canada, not our lakes and shores; let every one of them, at all cost, be thoroughly educated. Let us produce men, as our best and finest product. When they are turned adrift into the world they will give a good account of themselves in the battles of life. They will be blood worthy of this young nation, and give it a history worthy of its parentage.

Turning, in the last place, to "Our Boys" themselves, we will not weary them with a dry homily. We will quote a little poem from memory which caught our eyes about twenty years ago on the torn leaf of an old magazine. The leaf has perished long ago. But here is the song, and we bequeath it to "Our Boys" as our best legacy to them, with the full persuasion that, even though they receive none of the advantages which we contend they ought to receive, they will not be entirely destitute if they adopt its precepts.

Voyager on life's rough sea,  
To yourself be true,  
And, whate'er your lot may be,  
Paddle your own canoe!

Every wave that beats you on  
To the silent shore,  
From its sunny source is gone,  
To return no more.  
Then let not an hour's delay  
Cheat you of your due,  
But while it is called to-day,  
Paddle your own canoe!

If your birth denied you wealth,  
Lofty state and power;  
Honest fame and hardy health

Are a better dower.  
But if these will not suffice,  
Golden gain pursue,  
And to reach the glittering prize  
Paddle your own canoe!

Would you wrest the wreath of fame  
From the hands of fate?  
Would you write a deathless name  
With the good and great?  
Would you break the tyrant chains  
That bind the many to the few?  
Enfranchise the slavish mind?  
Paddle your own canoe!

Would you bless your fellow-men?  
Heart and soul embue  
With the holy task, and then  
Paddle your own canoe!

Nothing great is lightly won,  
Nothing won is lost,  
Every great deed nobly done  
Will repay the cost.  
Leave to heaven in humble trust  
All you will do,  
But if you succeed you must  
Paddle your own canoe!

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### KEEP YOUR HEART UP.

"KEEP your heart up, my boy," said a kind old man, putting a half-penny into the hand of a snow-sweeper of a pathway. He was not the only one who gave a coin to the lad that day. Most people pitched it down on the snow: but this one put it into his hand. They passed without looking at him; but he smiled and spoke. The boy brushed away awhile in silence, forgetting to ask for a copper. "Keep your heart up, keep your heart up," he kept saying to himself. Poor fellow! he had plenty of need to do so. His father was worse than dead—a drunkard; his mother was ill; his little brother was hungry. "Yes, I will," said he, with an extra scrub with his broom. He moved so quickly, and looked so bright, that more than the usual number of coppers fell to his share. That night he was tempted by a bad boy. "No, no, Jack," he replied; I can't do that. The old man told me to keep my heart up, and I mean to hold my head up too." And he did. A wealthy merchant who had often passed him without giving him a second thought, was one day attracted by the honest face of the boy, and, after making full inquiries, and learning his sad history, took him into his employ. He afterward found that his confidence had not been misplaced. The boy developed into a true Christian man, and is to-day the head of one of the staunchest and most trusted firms in the city of London.

### THE HEBREW-CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

It is now about seven years since the Rev. Jacob Freshman came from Canada to the City of New York, to labour among the Jews. A son of the late Rev. Charles Freshman, D.D., who before his conversion to Christianity was a Jewish rabbi, and himself brought up in the faith of his fathers, Mr. Freshman is peculiarly adapted to the work to which he has consecrated himself.

In Canada he had great success as a Christian minister, and no lack of comfortable support, but he felt it to be his duty to come to this great commercial centre and preach the gospel of Christ to his brethren—his "kinsmen according to the flesh." Without any financial backing, he began his work in a humble, unostentatious manner, having strong faith that God would open the way before him.

His struggles were many, and his disappointments great. It is hard to get a footing in a great city like New York. There was opposition from Jews,

and a want of appreciation from Christians. He and his faithful wife were at times compelled to live on very scanty means, quite in contrast to the comfortable support of former years; but they laboured on, believing that God had a work for them to do, until they at length saw some fruit of their labours.

After meeting for several years in private rooms and in hired halls, they succeeded in purchasing a large dwelling-house in St. Mark's Place, which was so altered as to afford a Sunday-school and reading-room in the basement, and a neatly furnished chapel on the first floor. Three years ago this was dedicated by Bishop Harris to the worship of God, and the first Hebrew-Christian Church in America was started.

### THE BIRD PLAY-HOUSE.

You all know what pretty houses birds build to lay their eggs and rear their young in, but did you ever know of a bird going to quite as much trouble just to make a play-house? The bower bird, of Australia, is not content with the magnificent forests and orange groves he has to sport in, but he must go to work and make a house more to his mind. It does not use it for its nest, nor has its nest ever yet been discovered. One would imagine, from its little ball-room, that the nest itself must be quite a fanciful affair.

The first thing to be done in their little assembly-room is one of the last in ordinary houses. Mrs. Bower puts down her carpet. It resembles a tolerable mat, woven of twigs and coarse grasses. Then other twigs are collected, and arched sides are arranged, making a little alley, large enough to accommodate several friends at a time. Such romping and racing as goes on while Mrs. Bower makes a party! Up and down this curious hall they chase each other, uttering a loud, full cry, which is, no doubt, meant for laughter. It is no sort of protection from the weather; and, as far as any one can see, it is good for nothing but to play in. But as the bird has nothing else in the world to do but to enjoy itself, it is very well to make that the business of life. It is very different with boys and girls, who have precious souls that must live forever, and who have a work to do for God in this world.

These little Bowers think quite as much of amusement as some silly people we have seen in our lives. They gather together just before the front and back door of their homes, a great collection of shining things—nice white pebbles, pretty sea-shells, gay feathers, bits of ribbon (when they can steal any), even bright-coloured rags, broken tobacco pipes, and any shining scraps of metal they may chance to espy in their travels. Gold and brass are all the same to them. If the gold was dull and the brass bright, they would much prefer the latter.

When the natives lose any little articles about their homes, they are pretty sure to rummage over the collections of the nearest Bower birds, and very often succeed in recovering their goods.—*Presbyterian*.

THE cheap, trashy stories, which here are known as "dime novels," have in England the suggestive title of "penny dreadfuls." "Dreadfuls" is a very apt characterization of much of the stuff which appears in the cheap novels and novelette papers. The stories in them are of such a demoralizing character that, as a matter of self-protection, the state legislatures ought to prohibit their publication. It is unwise policy to allow any agency to manufacture criminals.