

## A Kangaroo's Instinct.

A gentleman living in the wilds of Australia beguiled the lonely life there by taming various animals. His pets almost filled the place of the missing family.

A kangaroo was a great favorite. But he did not care to keep its twin babies, so when he thought they were old enough to be safely taken from the mother he gave one to a friend 'in the bush,' who lived about eight miles south of his place, and other to a gentleman living twenty miles north.

The mother kangaroo mourned for days hopelessly, then one morning she was missing. A few days later she was found in the morning ensconced in her old haunt, contentedly crooning over the babe supposed to be south. She was kept more confined after this, but one night she managed to escape again, and in a few days returned with the other. No effort afterward was made to kidnap her babes, and she cared for them fondly till at last they died. They had never been strong nor taken kindly to their life of captivity, a fact common to most wild animals. An old animal may do well, but their young very rarely do.

How did she trace out these widely separated young kangaroos?—Keziah Shelton.

### 'I Just Keep Still.'

'How is it, Rob,' asked one boy of another, 'that you never get into scrapes, like the rest of us?'

'Because I don't talk back,' answered Robbie, promptly. 'When a boy says a hard thing to me I just keep still.'

Many a man whose life has had in it a good deal of trouble and opposition would have saved much if he had learned in his childhood the lesson which this little fellow had mastered, that of 'keeping still.' If the hard word hurts, it will not make it easier to make an angry reply. If you do not answer at all, it stops right there; if you tongue cannot be restrained, nobody knows what the result may be. It doesn't so much matter what your playmate says so long as you keep your temper and hold your tongue; it is what you reply to him, nine cases out of ten, that makes the quarrel. Let him say his say and be done with it; then you will find the whole annoyance done with much more readily than if you had 'freed your mind' in return.

'Just keeping still' is one of the things that saves time, trouble and wretchedness in this world. The strong character can be quiet under abuse or misrepresentation and the storm passed by all the sooner. Patience sometimes serves a man better than courage. You will find again and again that the way to 'keep out of scraps' is to keep still.—The Canadian Churchman.

### Conquering Love.

(Edith Eugenia Smith, in 'Christian Work'.)

To be the possessor of a physical defect and a sensitive spirit is a double misfortune. Little Pierre Renault had both, consequently life was a burden to him.

He would often curl up in the great arm-chair in his father's studio and cry quietly to himself—that is, if no one was around. It was a relief to feel the big tears trickling down his cheeks.

He was ten years old, too large to make such a baby of himself, you may think; but perhaps you have not a twisted back.

His nurse had let Pierre fall when he was little, thus injuring his spine. The doctors had straightened it as much as possible, but

the boy would never be as other boys, tall and erect. It hurt him to see people looking at him. He fancied there was pity in their gaze. He could not bear to be pitied; the very thought made his cheeks burn and angry words come to his lips. He was passionate, and self-willed, and at times exhibited the most violent temper.

His mother often looked at her boy with an ache at her heart.

She did wish him to grow up a good, true man. When he was old enough to go to the school, she tried to persuade his father to let him have a tutor at home, knowing what an ordeal school life would be for the child. But Mr. Renault said 'No.' He must learn to go out in the world and take it as he found it. So he went to school and had a hard time. Always looking for slights, he generally found them, his sensitiveness magnifying every trifle.

There was one person with whom Pierre never got angry. This was his little sister, Jeanne Marie. She was a wee maiden with eyes of heaven's own blue and a sweet, sunny face. This same face looked out from many of Mr. Renault's canvases, for she liked to be his little model and was a patient sitter. The studio, with its pictures, its beautiful tapestries and queer curios, had a great charm for her, and she spent many hours watching her father wield his brushes.

Jeanne Marie loved Pierre dearly and they were inseparable. All her joys she shared with this elder brother. A touch of her little hand and the tones of her soft, cooing voice often had the effect of quieting him when he was in one of his 'tantrums,' as his nurse called them.

At times Pierre forgot his back, forgot his grievances, only remembered that he had one of the dearest, sweetest little sisters in the world, and was happy. Then he would tell her wonderful fairy stories which were her delight, or sing to her little crooning ballads in his clear, sweet soprano.

Pierre's voice was his compensation. However, he would not sing for outsiders.

'Not even to give others pleasure, Pierre?' asked mamma.

'No,' he protested. 'You cannot know how I feel. There is something inside of me which won't let me. I will not stand up before people and have them look at me. They would say—"Isn't it a pity about his back?"'

'It does not matter, dear, about our outward selves. Only be brave and loving and true. That is what matters.'

But Pierre only shook his curly head.

The choir-master at St. James' coveted Pierre. He had heard him sing but once, quite by accident, but the memory of those beautiful tones haunted him.

'Just think, madame,' he said to Pierre's mother, 'what a training for the boy if he would join us! If all goes well, I predict that there will be a little fortune in that throat of his.'

The choir-master had to be content without Pierre.

One day Jeanne Marie complained of feeling ill. Her head ached, she said, and the little hands were hot and feverish. Before night she was sobbing with pain, and the doctor pronounced it pneumonia.

Pierre wandered through the house, bereft and desolate. He was not allowed in the sick room, and went to school the next morning with a heavy heart.

For several days he lived in a sort of terror, often crouching before Jeanne Marie's door, listening to her moans. Sometimes, when a spasm of pain seized her, shrieks would send Pierre flying to the studio at the top of the house with his hands over his ears to shut out the horror of it.

He would frequently waylay nurse on her errands to and from the sick room. Always he would ask the same question, 'Do you think she will die?'

And nurse, looking at the anxious little face, would say pityingly, 'God knows, dearie,' and would hurry off, wiping away her tears with her apron.

Pierre spent many solemn moments. To live without Jeanne Marie! How could he? He often knelt down and sent up a childish petition to God, asking him to spare the sister he loved so much. 'I will try always to be good,' he added earnestly. Perhaps God was going to take Jeanne Marie because he, Pierre, had been so naughty. His heart sank at the thought.

One afternoon, as he stood at the window in the library, watching the big snowflakes swirling through the air, and feeling very desolate, his father came in the room and put a hand on his shoulder. As Pierre turned and looked at the worn face and sad eyes, he seemed suddenly to grow cold.

'Come, Pierre,' he said. 'Jeanne Marie wishes you. She is quiet now. She has asked for you so many times. Oh, my boy, we must all be brave!'

Pierre followed his father down the long corridor and into the room where Jeanne Marie lay. As he caught sight of the figure in the white canopied bed he gave a start of dismay. That Jeanne Marie! The tears came into his eyes and his throat swelled.

The little girl opened her eyes and put out her hand. The feeble gesture told Pierre more than words what she had suffered.

'Dear Pierre,' she whispered, 'sing to me.'

He knelt down by her and clasped her tiny, birdlike hands in his. He wanted to cry out, to pray. But he remembered his father's words to him: 'We must all be brave.'

So, controlling himself, he sang little airs that she loved, one after the other. The father and mother, listening to the sweet, trembling voice, felt as if the Angel of Death, hovering so near, must be arrested for a while before ushering this loved one to a better, brighter world.

Finally the boy's clear tones faltered. He could sing no more. But his mission was accomplished, Jeanne Marie slept.

It was early spring before the little invalid was allowed to leave her room. She had crept back to life, a mere shadow of her former self, and when the violets peeped out and all earth was heralding the coming of spring, she was brought downstairs.

Pierre, in his joy had made the room a bower of beauty with the flowers he had bought.

Jeanne Marie clapped her hands when she saw them. 'How lovely!' she sighed. 'Somehow it reminds me of church, the beautiful flowers on the altar, and the choir-boys singing. I remember when you sang to me, Pierre, I thought it was an angel. I'd love to see you sing in church with the other boys. It would be grand.'

Pierre hung his head. Now that he had Jeanne Marie back again he could not do enough for her. But she must not ask anything so difficult. To march up a church aisle with hundreds of eyes upon him, he couldn't do that now. Only the day before, one of the boys had tauntingly nicknamed him as 'Crooked Pierre.' A mighty battle had taken place. Pierre's nose was still swollen and he could not see very well out of his left eye. But as time went on it was noticed that his 'tantrums' were less frequent than usual, although there were days when everything seemed to go wrong and Pierre wished he had never been born.