

## The Roof Tree.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

HOME no more home to me, whither must I wander?  
 Hunger my driver, I go where I must,  
 Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;  
 Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust.  
 Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,  
 The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—  
 Dear days of old, with the faces in the fire-light,  
 Kind folks of old, you come again no more.  
 Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces;  
 Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child,  
 Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland,  
 Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.  
 Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,  
 Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold,  
 Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,  
 The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.  
 Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moor-fowl,  
 Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;  
 Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,  
 Soft flow the stream through the even flowing hours;  
 Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood—  
 Fair shine the day on the house with open door;  
 Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—  
 But I go forever and come again no more.

## The Worst Boy in the Town.

A CANADIAN STORY,

BY

Florence Yarwood.

## CHAPTER XI.

JACK'S INNOCENCE PROVED.

"I know there is no error,  
 In this great supernal plan;  
 But that all things work together  
 For the final good of man."  
 —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MANY, indeed, were the dark stories afloat about Jack Harding.  
 People—Christian people—instead of showing the true spirit of charity "which thinketh no evil," did not hesitate to hastily condemn him. They stood in groups on the street corners, shaking their heads and saying, "What could we expect of a lad whose father had died drunk on the streets?"  
 How sad it is that we have got to be held accountable, not only for our own wrongdoings, but also for those of our relatives in the eyes of the world!  
 Jack's character was now thoroughly sifted by the gossiping town. Every wrong thing he had ever done was brought forth, set on a pinnacle, and frowned darkly on.  
 Ah, the world is hard and un-Christ-like! If a person is suspected of evil you never hear them say in the words of the blessed Master—"Neither do I condemn thee!" And when a poor tempted soul goes down, instead of stretching forth both hands to help him up, they told their arms and say: "I told you so! It's just what I expected!"  
 There is just one way to reach the masses and bring them to Christ, and that is for Christian people to unfold their arms and go to work.

"Weep o'er the erring ones,  
 Lift up the fallen,  
 Tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to save,"

But I am wandering away from my story. "I wish," said Mildred, that same afternoon, "that you would come with father and me back to that spot in the woods where you were that afternoon; we want to see if there is any possible chance for anyone to have seen you there."  
 "Very well," said Jack, quietly, "but I am sure there is no chance whatever; it is a beautiful spot, but shut in by the woods on every side."

So the three set out together, walking silently along, for all were in deep thought. The soft, mossy turf underneath their feet gave back no sound of footfall; it was a noiseless, silent walk, indeed.

Jack was walking with his head bent down a little in advance of the others, and as they neared the spot Mildred caught his arm and said in a hoarse whisper, "Look, oh look! someone is there!"

Jack looked, and oh, how can I describe to you what he saw—a something that turned all his sorrow into joy and made him feel like climbing one of the highest trees and shouting forth his happiness.

There before them, with his back turned to them, and quite unconscious of their presence, was an artist, with brush in hand, working at a large picture.

But oh, the subject of that picture!—what do you think it was?

It was the pretty little hollow in front of them, with the tiny stream wandering through, and graceful trees on each side, while in the foreground, on a bank covered with flowers, lay the outstretched figure of the sleeping Jack. It had evidently been sketched that afternoon he had fallen asleep there.

Jack and Mildred were so overjoyed that they stood speechless. Mr. Grey alone, seemed composed. He stepped forward a few steps, and the artist turned round, surprised, indeed, to find that he had an audience of three. But his surprised look turned in a moment to one of joyful recognition, as he came forward and said, "How glad I am to see you, Mr. Grey!"

"What! can it be my old friend, Stuart Granville?" said Mr. Grey.

"The same!" said the artist, and they shook hands warmly.

"This is my daughter, Mildred, Mr. Granville," said Mr. Grey. "You have often heard me speak of him, my dear."

"Yes, indeed!" said Mildred, as she gave her hand to her father's friend, with one of her bright smiles.

"And this is——" said Mildred, intending to introduce Jack, but the artist interrupted her.

"Ah, I have met this young man before, though he knew it not; my picture, here, tells you that. I had been coming here for a number of days painting a view of this beautiful little spot; and one day I was somewhat surprised to find a young man stretched out on that flowery bank yonder, sound asleep. I had put the bank of flowers in my picture the day before; and as I stood looking at this young man, with his arm under his head, and his handsome, intelligent face turned fully towards me, I yielded to the temptation to improve my picture by taking a sketch of him. I then left him here, apparently still sleeping soundly. And I have worked his picture up from memory since, as well as I could. I do hope you will pardon me for the very serious crime of stealing," and he held out his hand to Jack.

Jack turned to Mr. Grey and said: "I wish you would please tell Mr. Granville how much all this means to me; I am too happy to talk much just now."

So they sat down on a mossy bank, and Mr. Grey told the artist Jack's trouble, and how the only thing that would really clear him would be to prove that he was in the woods asleep that afternoon.

Mr. Granville was a true disciple of Jesus, and he was glad and thankful to hear how much he had helped to lift the burden off these three anxious hearts.

"Well, I can prove that he was there," said he, "and I'll put a piece in to-morrow's paper that will hush up all these dark suspicions."

"You must come home with us and stay during the rest of the time you spend at Port Hope," said Mr. Grey. And Mildred heartily seconded the invitation.

"I shall gladly do so," replied the artist. "I had no idea you lived here or I should have found your place before this."

## CHAPTER XII.

THE METHODIST PREACHER.

"I tell you the future can hold no terrors  
 To any sad soul, while the stars revolve,  
 If he will but stand firm on the grave of his errors,  
 And, instead of regretting, resolve! resolve!"

THE next day there appeared in the town paper an interesting item by the artist, stating that he could prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that Jack Harding told the truth when he said that he was asleep in the woods on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon of June 6th, and if they doubted his word just call at Mr. Grey's, and see the portrait he had painted of him while sleeping there.  
 And the people who condemned Jack the

loudest were now the loudest in shouting his praises, and they said they never really believed it of him in the first place.

So inconsistent is human nature!

So what did really become of Bob Pierce? Well, after leaving Port Hope, he made his way down to the city of Kingston, sailing only in fair weather, and putting in to shore when he saw a storm approaching. When he got there his money was about gone and he was obliged to go to work for a living.

That did not suit him at all; he had been accustomed to getting good food and fine clothes at home, and all the liquor he wanted to drink, out of his father's bar room, for nothing.

He lived a miserable, degraded life at Kingston, spending almost all his wages for drink, and before the summer was over he dragged himself back to Port Hope, there to die of consumption, brought on by drink and exposure.

Mildred Grey no longer lives at Port Hope—in fact she is not Mildred Grey at all now. She is the happy wife of Stuart Granville, the artist, and they live in the beautiful city of Toronto, where her father also lives, happy in his declining years, in having his only child always with him.

Before I close, just a word about Rev. Jack Harding, the Methodist preacher.

Can it be possible that the lad who was once considered to be the worst boy in the town now holds such an honoured position? It is even so.

One lovely evening toward the close of a summer day, Mildred Granville stood watching a young couple slowly walking down the street.

One is the lad who used to be called the worst boy in the town, but is now an earnest, Methodist preacher. And the other is Mary Stanton, the little girl who once stood up before the class and confessed her own fault in order to clear Jack. She has now grown to beautiful young womanhood, and boards with Mildred while attending college in Toronto. As she is a true disciple of Christ, and a life-long friend, Jack finds her society very congenial.

Dear readers, the moral of my story is—that it is not the falling that disgraces a person, so much as the staying down.

Though a person may fall a dozen times and rise again, he is much more commendable than the one who just falls once, and never attempts to rise again.

Let us ever remember the promise of God: "To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

THE END.

## THE WASTE OF WAR.

It has been estimated that in the last thirty-seven years the number of human lives sacrificed in wars reaches the great total of two millions and a quarter. The direct cost of the various wars to the governments engaging in them is reckoned at over twelve thousand millions, without taking into account the indirect losses to the various industries and business of the countries by taking so many from their usual occupations. When the kingdom of God shall have universal rule, and "the nations shall learn war no more," all this will be changed, and peace will shed sunshine and blessing over all the lands of the earth.

## SAVE THE BOYS.

IN dealing with the temperance question, we are not to think only of the drunkard. It is a noble thing to work for his reformation, but it is a greater work to strive to throw around the young those safeguards which will prevent them from becoming victims of strong drink. But there are many who do not seem to think of the children at all. In speaking of license, people argue sometimes that as much liquor is sold under Prohibition as when licenses are granted. "It is sold on the sly," they say. No doubt many an old toper will have his liquor anyway. He will dodge in at back doors and through dark alleys, if by so doing he can get a drink. But this back-door trade does not tempt the young. The open saloon is a constant menace to the young people of the community in which it exists. For the sake of the children let us battle with this evil, never thinking of such a thing as a compromise, but with all our might and our power labour for the utter extermination of the drink curse. Save the children of to-day, and you save the men and women of to-morrow.

## HOW FRITZ GREW.

"GRANDPAPA!" shouted a little boy, bounding into a sunshiny porch, where an old, white-haired man sat reading his paper, "grandpapa, I'm seven years old to-day; and I've got on trousers, and I'm going to begin school."

"Why, why!" said the old gentleman, laying down his paper, "how many things are happening all together!"

Grandpapa was about as far from the end of his life as Fritz was from its beginning; and there seemed a wide difference between the bent white head and feeble gait of the one, and the shining bright curls that shook and nodded at the bounding steps of the other. Yet grandpapa and Fritz were great chums, and loved and understood each other very well indeed.

"And now, grandpapa, measure me up against your wall," continued our new schoolboy, "so that I can tell just how much I have grown by the beginning of another term."

So grandpapa took out his pencil, and while Fritz stood with his back to the wall, very stiff and still and straight, grandpapa put his spectacle-case on the boy's head, to get his exact level, and marked him off on the clean, white paint; writing his name and age and the day of the month and year.

"But stop, Fritz," said grandpapa, as he was running off, "I've only measured one-third of you."

Fritz looked puzzled.

"Is your body all of you?" asked grandpapa.

"No, grandpapa; I expect I've got a mind too," said Fritz; but he spoke doubtfully.

"Yes, a mind to do your sums with, and a heart to love God and his creatures with. Don't you see that I have only measured one-third of you? Come, and I'll measure your mind. How much arithmetic do you know? As far as multiplication. Good! And you are in the second reader? Very well. Now write your name down here in my note-book, and put these facts down, that I may take the measure of your reading, writing, and arithmetic."

Fritz, highly amused, took the pencil and wrote in a very clumsy hand, "Frederick Jones, multiplication and second reader."

"But what about my heart?" the little boy asked presently.

Grandpapa looked very grave, and was silent for a minute. Then he said: "Did you please your mother by getting down in time for prayers this morning?"

"No, grandpapa."

"Did you look for little sister Lucy's doll that she lost yesterday?"

"No, grandpapa."

"Did you carry Mrs. Parsons the honey she told you to ask your mother for, to help her cough?"

"Why, grandpapa, I forgot all about it."

The old man did not say a word, but began to write in his note-book; and Fritz, looking over his shoulder, managed to spell out these words: "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

A year passed away, and again we find Fritz at grandpapa's knee. Grandpapa's step is slower, and his voice weaker, his eyesight dimmer. Fritz is somewhat changed too. His curls are shorter, and his trousers are longer, his shoulders broader, and when he backs up to the wall, behold! he is away above last year's mark. He reads in a fourth reader now, and knows something of fractions; and when he writes his name the letters do not tumble down and sprawl around as they did last year.

"And how about that other measure?" asked grandpapa.

Fritz is silent; but the old man puts his arms around him, and says tenderly: "I heard mamma say yesterday that Fritz was her greatest comfort, Lucy cried when she found Fritz's holiday was over, and old Dame Parsons said she would be lost without that boy's helping hand."

Again grandpapa wrote in his little book. And though the writing was very shaky, Fritz could read it plainly this time: "If ye fulfil the royal law, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, ye do well.'"

"Now, Fritz, boy," he said, "that's the best growing you've done this year."