

"I'm sorry to hear this about the school," said Mr. Worthington, with a grave face, "but you must not do it rashly, Haslam. It's quite natural for you to be anxious, but you could not bring little Phil here. When you are in better circumstances come and talk with me about it, and I'll make some inquiries about the school. We must say good-bye now."

"I'll light you down the stairs, ma'am," said Haslam, taking the candle in his hand, and going down the steep and crooked staircase before his visitors. He returned with a strange, bad smile, and a look of triumph on his face; but he said nothing, and Tom could not guess what he was thinking about.

Soon afterwards it was time for Phil to go back to school, and Haslam said he would walk up to Edwick Geen with him, as Tom was too wearied with his day's work, and he did not come in again until long after Tom had fallen into a heavy and refreshing slumber upon his hard bed.

The next week Haslam entered upon his new regular employment at Worthington's mill. His wages were good, and he was able to indulge himself more constantly in dainty things to eat and drink; but he had less liberty, and he was cut off from his night-rambles, wherever they might have been. Tom did not expect him to keep the pace long, but still he went on steadily from week to week, very much to Tom's surprise and satisfaction. There was, moreover, greater thought and reflection evidently at work in his mind. At night, after his supper was finished, he would sit still and think, with his head sunk upon his breast, and his eyelids closed; and now and then his lips would move, as if his thoughts were about to shape themselves into audible words.

There were other good signs of a change, which Tom saw with great thankfulness. He made friends with Nat Pendlebury, and would sometimes go with him for an hour after the other hands had left the mill, fondling and playing with his dog, and talking about Alice and the little ones at home. Nat's guileless heart rejoiced greatly over Tom, and he began to feel sure that they had reached that place in the bill of Tom's life where it was set down, "Here Tom's father turned good."

Both Mr. Worthington and Bauner heard the good report of Haslam with much satisfaction, and the latter immediately proposed to Tom to set him on in his former mode of doing business, only with a better and smarter donkey-cart. The time was come when it was necessary that Tom should be relieved from the heavy weight of his basket, for, though he never complained of it, he felt his strength failing more and more every day; yet he hesitated a long while before he would accept Bauner's hearty offer, and it was only when he said he would rather the trial was made and failed, than not undertaken at all, that Tom at last consented. When Haslam took an interest in the new cart, and did a few carpentering jobs at it, to fit it up better for Tom's use; and once again the boy found himself driving in a business-like way from the market streets where his customers dwelt.

The long and bitter trial seemed past. His father had apparently entered fully upon a changed and reformed life, and he himself had been permitted to take up again the position which he had forfeited by his short-sighted sin. But it was not so as in the former days. No more had the love of money-power to sway one thought of Tom's heart. He had set his affections firmly upon things above; and as the coins began to chink again in his money-bag, they had little music for him, except as they reminded him to thank the Father, from whom cometh every good gift and every per-

fect gift. But still Haslam was in no hurry to change his cheap lodgings for some more decent and more expensive. He was saving his money, he said, to make a thorough change, and to get a home good enough to bring little Phil to. Tom did not dread this as much as he had once done, and he was willing enough to give up his own earnings to increase the sum of his father's savings, which Haslam put by week after week in a strong box, cunningly concealed under the ceiling of their room; for, as he said, it would be of no use to deposit the money in the Savings Bank, when they would want it out so soon.

Tom and Alice began to look out for a little house not far from Pilgrim Street, which would do for the new home, and be near enough for Alice to run in sometimes and put everything tidy. It was just possible that a neighbouring house might be vacant in the course of a few weeks; but the tenants in Pilgrim Street were used to remain a long time, as it was a respectable and quiet little court through which there was no thoroughfare. Still there was a hope, and in the meantime they could do nothing better than wait patiently, and look out for any vacancy in the immediate neighbourhood.

(To be continued.)

THE DO-WITHOUTS.

It is a band of girls, who are trying to help on a good cause by doing without, and they are finding it very sweet and blessed.

One of them read a story about some girls who were doing without for Jesus' sake, and the story told where to write for the badges and all about it. She told her three intimate friends, and they all liked the idea. They told their friends, and the result is a band of nine girls, who wear the simple little bronze badge bearing the monogram, "F. J. S."—"For Jesus' sake," and who promise only to "look for opportunities to do without for Jesus' sake."

They have met two or three times and told each other how lovely it all is, but we are not going to tell you what they said. We will only whisper this: that the candy man, and the fruit man, and the ribbon man have less money nowadays, and a cause dear to the heart of our blessed Lord, who gave all things for our sakes, has more!

These dear girls wrote to Lucy Rider Meyer, 114 Dearborn Avenue, Chicago, for the badges, which cost only five cents each. They wear the badges, and tell their friends, when asked, what it all means. They are modest Christian girls, and so they do not parade them, but they show their colours, and speak when spoken to.

Oh, for the true spirit of self-denial to come into the heart of every one of the followers of Jesus!

A HOT POULTICE ON THE STOMACH.

MANY a person is suffering and almost dying from dyspepsia, who might be cured by following this simple direction: "Put nothing into your stomach that you would be afraid to put for a poultice on a raw sore."

In such a case a man would not need much spice, pepper, salt, peppersauce, mustard, whiskey, "benzine," or anything of that kind, but rather something simple, plain, bland, and well fitted to make the blood which sustains the human system.

Thousands of persons every day put into their stomachs messes which if they were placed on the outside would draw a blister in less than twenty-four hours. And after filling themselves with that kind of trash for thirty or forty years, they go around with their hands on their stomachs and

wonder what can be the matter. Nothing has ever hurt them; they have always eaten everything they wanted to; but by-and-by they find themselves unable to eat anything, and perhaps suffer untold agonies, and die, leaving behind a subject for the doctors to examine and see whether it was a cancer in the stomach, or what it was that ailed the patient.

A man who blisters the inside of his stomach every day for forty years, might reasonably expect a cancer there, and might fitly wonder that he had enough stomach left to hold a cancer.

Old-Fashioned Methodism.

BY M. V. MOORE.

I HAVE watched my papers closely, to keep up with the news;

I have read of different churches, their pulpits and their pews;

I read of decorations fine, read of the towering spire, And how artistic are the songs as rendered by the choir; A modern, new religion, too, most popular seems to be; But good old-fashioned Methodism is good enough for me.

I read of heavy Brussels aiales, and velvet cushioned seats;

And how the white-gloved sexton smiles, and coming people meets;

Of Eucharist in silver too—of gold baptismal fonts— And several "tonny" practices the Saviour never counts; I find old customs laughed at much—they're "out of style," I see;

But good old-fashioned Methodism is good enough for me.

The congregation singing, too—that now has got to go, As obsolete, old-timey, and as all too plain and slow—

The idea now an organ is, and ballet girls select— And a fellow in a scissor-tail to stand up and direct;

But give to me the dear old hymns when singing all was free,

And good old-fashioned Methodism—they're good enough for me.

I find camp-meetings scoffed at now, and ridiculed—as "straw"—

The thing now aimed at mostly is a preacher who can draw—

No penitents, but stylish folks who laugh and wh- applaud—

Not men with money, heart and hand, for heathen lands abroad;

The preacher now to be in vogue most eloquent must be; But good old-fashioned Methodism is good enough for me.

The sermon, too, must not be long—say half an hour at most;

And when you join this modern church you've got to count the cost;

The poorer folk are only reached by mission men and tracts;

And what we need to save our souls the new religion lacks; It sevs to pride and righteous self, they need not bend the knee;

But good old fashioned Methodism is good enough for me.

The dear old ways they now deride as stale or out of date;

The new religious mission seems to be to innovate; Old customs now have to got go—this seems to be the word;

The Gospel call *Repent or Die!* is seldom ever heard; Sensation much the people ask—the conscience must be free—

But good old-fashioned Methodism is good enough for me.

They say don't talk to people's souls—don't touch the sinner's heart—

To preach to Taste and Reason is the new religion's art; The times, 'tis said, demand a change—old ways are dry and dead—

And so the new religion now just caters to the Head! I may be old—a foggy—crank—behind the age may be—

But good old-fashioned Methodism is good enough for me.

"EVERYTHING has gone so smoothly to-day!" said a little girl; "all my lessons in school were perfect. I helped clear away the dinner things, I have learned my Bible verses, and I have 'most done my knitting; and it is because I feel willing-hearted to-day."