

"white frock," of her "chemise" which 'Lizbeth had taken from her.

All through her delirium she had at times talked of these things; Nance and Jem listening with anxiety, thought her head was "getting bad again," and the doctor was consulted, who had all through the child's long illness been unremitting in his kindness, and had won the ardent gratitude of both the lame boy and his mother.

Jem limped off to consult him with perfect confidence; no one now would call him a beggar; he returned much comforted; the doctor had told him that these wanderings of the child's mind meant extreme weakness, that they must not contradict her, that it might be long before her head was clear and strong, but that in time she would forget all her fancies. They need not be frightened by them, or afraid to move her; change of air would now be good for her.

So the next time "Lil" began asking Nance to take her home, she said, soothingly.

"Yes, my pretty, you shall soon go home, very soon now."

And as poor little Dorothy was still so weak she could hardly lift her head from the pillow, she smiled gratefully and fell into a quiet sleep.

When she awoke to find the van was moving on, she thought dreamily that the promise was going to be kept, and began wondering what "nurse" would say to her, and whether she would be very angry; also whether "papa" and "mamma" had come back, and would have to be told how naughty she had been; and for days she was very quiet and content, willing to be amused by the strange and interesting things Jem brought to her bedside, enjoying heartily the food prepared for her by Nance, who watched her eat with unspeakable joy and thankfulness.

The child had been given back to her changed no doubt, but unhurt; her hair would soon grow again, and the pink colour would come back to her little white face. Any one so thin and wasted and white as her darling, Nance had never seen before.

Dorothy had never in her life been so petted and loved; and she basked in the sunshine of the smiles which were always ready for her, and was very happy, feeling by no means quite sure that she would be glad when she reached the end of her journey, and heard nurse's reproaches for her disobedience.

Her memory had really been greatly enfeebled by her illness, and she remembered far less distinctly than "Lil" the events which led to the strange change in her life. Only very slowly did a distinct remembrance of the past come back to her, and then she again began asking questions with regard to her return home.

"Are we far off, shall we soon be there?" she asked now and again, as she thought of "papa" and "mamma." They must have come home by this time, and they were surely looking for her.

Directly she was strong enough, Nance lifted her on Turk, the old white donkey which generally drew the cart laden with "crockery," which was Nance's principal stock-in-trade. She had been going a round with her crockery when she had left Lil for a few days in the charge of Joe and 'Lisbeth, and many a time since her return she had vowed that such a thing should not happen again, for she was fully persuaded her darling's illness had been brought on by 'Lisbeth's neglect.

Jem led the donkey, and thus they wandered on through the lanes, which were full of yonder and amusement to Dorothy, while "mother and Danny" followed with the van, the donkey cart (which was now sadly empty) tied behind, the old horse doing double duty.

*To be Continued.*

#### The Advent Season.

Another Christian year is rapidly passing away. A new year with its graces and opportunities and blessings is about to dawn upon us. Its opening season begins with the First Sunday in Advent, November 29. A marked change in the character of the services of the Church and in the selections of Scriptural lessons will then be noticed. What does the season mean? What is its purpose?

From the Church Calendar we glean the follow-

ing information. "It is an article of the Faith, which we daily profess in our Creed, and which is taught in Holy Scripture, that all men shall rise again in their bodies at the last day to be judged according to their works." And that "He shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead." The Church, therefore, from the earliest times, appointed the season of Advent, or the Coming of Christ, to prepare us to rejoice rightly in the Birth of our Redeemer, at Christmas, and to be ready for His Second Coming at the end of the world. We are to consider also how He comes to us in manifold grace in His Church, in the operations of God the Holy Ghost, to prepare us for Death and Judgment. Advent commemorates the first and anticipates the Second Coming of our Lord.

#### The Soul Dirge.

BY RT. REV. ARTHUR C. COXE, D.D., LL.D.

The organ played sweet music.  
While as on Easter day,  
All breathless from the service  
The heedless went away;  
And down the broad aisle crowding  
They seemed a funeral train,  
Who were burying their spirits  
To the music of that strain.

As I listened to the organ  
And saw them crowd along,  
I thought I heard two voices  
Speaking clearly, but not strong,  
And one it whispered sadly,  
"Will ye also go away?"  
While the other spoke exulting,  
"Ha! the soul dirge, hear it play."

"Hear the soul dirge! hear the soul dirge!"  
It was dread to hear it pay,  
While the famishing went crowding  
From the Bread of Life away:  
They were bidden, all were bidden  
To their Father's festal board!  
But they all with gleeful faces  
Turned their backs upon the Lord.

You had thought the church a prison,  
Had you seen how they did pour,  
With unheeding, giddy faces,  
From the consecrated door.  
There was angels' food all ready,  
But the bidden—where were they?  
O'er the highways and the hedges,  
Ere the soul dirge ceased to play.

Oh, the soul dirge, how it echoed  
The empty aisles along,  
As the emptied streets grew crowded  
With the full, out-pouring throng;  
And then again the voices,  
"Ha! the soul dirge, hear it play!"  
And the pensive, pensive whisper,  
"Will ye also go away?"

Few, few were they that lingered  
To sup with Jesus there,  
And yet for all who spurned Him  
There was plenty and to spare,  
And now the food of angels  
Uncovered to my sight,  
All-glorious was the supper  
And the chalice glittered bright!

I may not tell the rapture  
Of a banquet so divine;  
"Ho! every one that thirsteth,"  
Let him taste the Bread and Wine.  
Hear the Bride and Spirit saying:  
"Will ye also go away?"  
Away, pour soul, forever!"  
Oh, the soul dirge, hear it play!

#### An Inhuman Chicago Father.

The Illinois Humane Society has decided to prosecute the parents of two-year-old Leonard Turner, the tobacco smoking baby. The child's case was brought to public notice but a short time ago. Ever since the baby was two months old his father, who is said to be a dissipated character, has been teaching him to smoke. The child has now become so accustomed to the weed that he cries for his pipe and tobacco. The child is in a very feeble condition, already suffering, having what is known as "tobacco heart." His skin, eyes, and brain are also affected. Doctors express doubts as to whether the child can be brought back to a healthy condition.

#### Strength.

"As thy days so shall thy strength be."—Dent. xxxiii. 25.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,  
As there will never be a to-morrow;  
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,  
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life  
With much sad and grave persistence,  
And wait and watch for a crowd of ills  
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day: what a precious boon  
For earnest souls who labour;  
For the willing hands that minister  
To the needy friend and neighbour.

Strength for to-day, that the weary hearts  
In the battle for right may quail not,  
And the eyes bedimmed by bitter tears  
In their search for life may quail not.

Strength for to-day, in house and home  
To practice forbearance sweetly;  
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,  
Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,  
As there never will be a to-morrow;  
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,  
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

#### A Sunny Face.

Wear it. It is your privilege. It has the quality of mercy; it is twice blessed. It blesses its possessor, and all who come under its benign influence; it is a daily boon to him who wears it, and a constant, ever-flowing benediction to all his friends.

Men and women, youth and children, seek the friendship of the sunny-faced. All doors are open to those who smile. All social circles welcome cheeriness. A sunny face is an open sesame to hearts and homes. By it burdens are lightened, cares dispelled, sorrows banished, and hope made to reign triumphant, where fear, doubt, and despondency held high carnival. Your own life will be sweetened, your own hopes quickened, your own joys heightened by your perennial, heaven-lighted, sunny face. Get the glow and radiance from such nearness to the throne as God permits to His own. Bring from a holy and divine communion a face luminous with light, and let it glow and shine on all around.

A little child on the street of a great city, wishing to cross at a point where the surging throng and passing vehicles made the feat dangerous to the strong, and especially so to the weak, paused, hesitated, and then asked a sunny-faced gentleman to carry her across. It was the sunny face that won the child's confidence. Childhood runs into the arms of such.

#### In Memory of Norah Algoma.

This beautiful child died at the age of five years, shortly after the great fire in Gravenhurst, where she resided.

In St. James' Church of the same town may be seen her memorial window next to one for the late Bishop Fauquier, and lately placed there by her loving parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Marter, of Gravenhurst.

Where is the little one beloved  
By all her friends so dear,  
Whose gentle voice surpassing sweet  
Brought sunshine always near?

We cannot see her sunny face,  
For she is passed away;  
But we believe she safely dwells  
In heaven's immortal day.

High in that land beyond the sky  
She sings her Saviour's praise,  
Who took her from the cares of earth  
To give her joy always.

She is not lost, but only gone  
A little while before.  
In Him Who died and rose again  
She lives for evermore.

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