

ture of the body—upon its being kept up to “keep the cold out.” After that it took its place as a regular article of diet.

The long winter was followed by a peculiarly trying spring. The curate was out nearly all day visiting his poor parishioners, among whom—ill-fed, ill-clad, and badly housed—the East winds wrought terrible havoc. Meanwhile his wife spent her time chiefly in making beef-tea, soup, and other articles of invalid diet for them, and visiting any who lived near at hand. Master Lionel, the pride and delight of his parents, seemed to flourish anywhere and at all times. He was trotting about the house now with little active fingers, getting into every imaginable mischief. One morning while busy upstairs, his mother missed him, and after a search discovered the truant seated on the bath-room floor, cleaning his teeth with the soft tooth-brush which she kept for the purpose of putting polish on her shoes. The cork was out of the bottle, and inky streams trickled down his pinafore. She softly withdrew, returning a moment later with Jane, and as they peeped cautiously in to get a good view before disturbing the “little being,” the front door-bell rang sharply. It was the telegraph-boy with a summons to Chelford. The doctor had been thrown from his horse on the previous night, and now lay dying.

His daughter hurriedly packed what was necessary, while her husband studied Bradshaw and arranged for the supply of the pulpit on the following Sunday. In an hour's time they were rattling over the stones in a cab on their way to catch the mid-day express from Paddington. After the marriage of his daughter the doctor had gone to reside with a widowed sister living just outside the village. It was her son who met the travellers at the little station and imparted the sad intelligence that the injured man was still unconscious, and sinking fast. The next day he breathed his last, being visited by a gleam of intelligence only long enough to allow of his giving Gertrude one bright smile of recognition—a smile which lived in her memory through all the years to come. They laid him to rest in the quiet, moss-grown churchyard, and Gertrude undertook the sad task of arranging what should be done with his effects. Her father had not amassed a fortune, for most of his patients were poor; but all that he had was left to his beloved and only child.

(To be continued.)

During a street-car blockade a woman was heard confiding her household cares to a neighbour, said she: “Yes, I keep a maid awhile so as to rest my body; then I go without her for awhile so as to rest my mind.”

Children's Corner.

DARE TO ANSWER “NO!”

BEAR a white unsullied shield, lad,
On the battle-field of life;
Waver never, howsoever
Sore may be the strife.
Blameless heart and stainless hand, lad:
Many a subtle foe
You shall vanquish if you'll only
Learn to answer “No.”
Let your life be frank and open
As the cloudless summer skies;
Take your pleasure—but in measure
Moderate and wise.
Idleness looks like a siren;
When she cometh so,
Never flinch, lad, not an inch, lad,
Stand and answer “No.”
If your friend be brave and loyal,
Staunch in woe and weal,
Bind him to thy heart of hearts, lad,
With a chain of steel.
But when comrades stoop to counsel
Aught that's mean or low,
Aught that fears the light of Heaven,
Dare to answer “No!”

A schoolmaster promised a crown (five shilling piece) to any boy who should propound a riddle that he could not answer. One and another tried, and at last a boy asked: “Why am I like the Prince of Wales?” The master puzzled his wits in vain, and finally was compelled to admit that he did not know. “Why,” said the boy, “because I'm waiting for the crown.”—*Alliance Record*.

COCOA PUDDING.—Boil a pint of milk, and pour over $\frac{1}{2}$ lb bread crumbs; soak for ten minutes. Beat in two ounces best cocoa, one ounce sugar, and one well-beaten egg. Bake half-an-hour in buttered pie dish.

RICE PUDDING.—Boil two ounces of rice in one pint of milk; add the yolks of two eggs well beaten, mix, and place in pudding dish. Spread over raspberry or strawberry jam, and cover with the whites of the eggs previously beaten with a knife, on a plate, to a stiff froth. Place in the oven, and brown slightly.

“Nature never proclaims herself with voice of trumpet. We must look into her face with the simplicity of children and wait for the reply.”—*Landor*.