

DRIFT.

As spar meets drifting spar, On ocean's breast, Then part, to wander far, One east, one west;

THE LOST BOY.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

[Continued from last issue.]

The soft tread of bare feet among the bushes behind him roused the Boy. He sprang up and saw a man with a stern face and long hair and beard, looking at him mysteriously. The man was dressed in white, with a leathern girdle round his waist, into which a towel was thrust. A leathern wallet hung from his neck, and he leaned upon a long staff.

the Sheep-Gate by which he had always gone into the city. Outside the gate a few boys about his own age, with a group of younger children, were playing games. "Look there," they cried—"a stranger! Let us have some fun with him. Halloo, Country, where do you come from?"

gate, and you will return to your friends outside of the city, and you will forget one whom you comforted for a moment." The Boy turned back as he stood in the doorway. "No," he said, "I will not forget you. I will always remember your love and kindness. Will you learn to pray, and give up being a sinner?"

FROM INDIA. By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. A Hindu Feast Day. How They Decorate Their Houses. The Lack of Water and a Hysterical People.

and mild in comparison. If they think you are not interested their voices go up, up, up, their eyes roll and the gestures, Oh! the stage has never produced such actresses. It is effective at any rate and I think if you were deaf and dumb, but not blind, you could easily get all you wished without a single word. It is a good way to keep your wits stimulated, but unfortunately they are nearly all hysterical and are very apt to overdo everything and when they are a little ill it is very bad.

to her mother, to remain until he could clear himself of a grave charge that had been made against him. His wife would not have listened to it had it been made in the nature of a charge; it had come out unintentionally as a bit of information. It was then given, after which the writer continued by saying that she did not see how he could possibly disprove the statement, since he was seen, not by some gossiping old maid, but by Mrs. Timberlake, the mother of grown children and a woman respected by all who knew her.