

what was beyond the white cloud which he had so often watched; and this opened a new train of thoughts in the boy's mind. Again, how would it be possible, supposing he made up his mind to go to find out the way to this home of which the paper told him? Surely there was no way, unless it was by the mountains, on the snow-crested summit of which he had often-times seen the fleecy clouds rest. If that was the way thither, he was determined to lose no time in starting off in search of this children's home, which must be specially meant for such as he, without father or mother, or any friend in the world to care for and love him.

Sandy, however, kept his ideas to himself on this all-important subject, and waited patiently for a wet day, when he would be at liberty to start on his travels and explore the unknown country above the clouds.

The day came at last. It poured with rain, and there was no chance of the donkey being required for some time to come; so Sandy after feeding the animal, and putting his arms lovingly round its neck as a sort of farewell, collected his various possessions, consisting of a spinning top, picked up on the sands, and a few marbles, and set off, with the scrap of paper containing the wonderful news in his hand, to find the beautiful home.

As he journeyed towards the mountains, he felt quite another child, and so happy in spite of the rain. By-and-by, however, when the climbing commenced, Sandy, who had never been up the mountain-side before, began to think that the steep hills were very tiring, and he was obliged now and then to sit and rest

on a stone, at which stage he always re-read the paper-message, to be sure there was no mistake.

But gradually the rain came on faster and faster, the wind blew a fierce hurricane, and Sandy, who was usually very brave, sat down and cried—cried quite loud, too; but his wallings only mingled with the weird, wild music of the storm, and were of no avail.

Onward, therefore, Sandy toiled, weary and footsore, until the darkness deepened, and, seeming no nearer his goal, the boy feared lest he should have to sleep on the mountain-side, unprotected from the cold night air and the pitiless rain. He was very hungry, too, and his wet clothes, as they clung closely round him, made him shiver again and again, while his heart almost failed him for fear at the strange sounds on the lone mountains.

By-and-by, however, he espied a bright light in the dim distance, at the sight of which he was very glad, and he quickened his speed and forgot his fears. As he neared the bright light, he discovered that its rays proceeded from the latticed window of a small white-washed cottage. This was disappointing, for it did not look in the least like the beautiful home.

As he passed the low window, he observed that a very old man sat on a rocking-chair before a log-fire. The old man had long curly hair, and a bright and beautiful face, so that Sandy wondered if he could be the King who ruled the children's home. Everything was spotlessly clean, and the child glanced hungrily at the well-spread supper-table.

Passing on, he stopped at the cottage door and knocked gently. It was opened by the white-haired old man, whose face betrayed some alarm, until he observed the tiny boy, so ragged and forlorn, before him.

"Is this the children's home, master?" asked the little child.

The old man smiled, and bade him welcome; and Sandy, wet and weary, stepped inside, while an expression of undisguised satisfaction stole over his wan face as he was relieved of his wet clothes and wrapped up in a warm blanket before the fire. The old man wanted no explanation before doing all this. Enough for him that the poor child was alone and uncareful for in trouble.

"Is this the way to the children's home, master?" inquired the child in a very weak and feeble voice.

And the old man, who partly divined his meaning, answered:

"It is one of the resting places by the way."

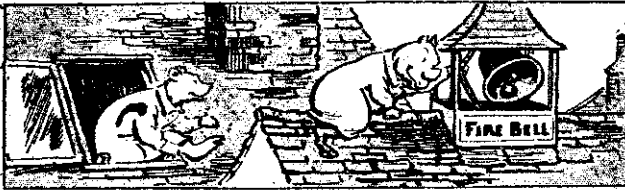
Sandy was very drowsy, and his ideas as to the old man's words were therefore rather hazy, and somehow his eyes refused to keep open, though there was a wondrous vision of white clouds and dazzling brightness before him.

By-and-by the tired child, with his head leaning against the old man's shoulder, and his two hands clasping the piece of paper, fell into a peaceful slumber, where for the time all his troubles were forgotten.

Two years have passed away. Sandy, a bright and happy little Christian, has learned the way to the children's home, and is walking therein. And the aged pilgrim, to whom Sandy is a great comfort and stay, observes that in befriending the homeless little child he has "entertained an angel unawares."

JUNGLE JINKS

ALL ABOUT A FIRE THAT WASN'T THERE.



1. Just look at that! There's naughtiness for you! Bruin and Rhino have crept out of bed in their nightshirts on to the roof of the Jungle School, and now they are ringing the fire-bell to make all the other boys believe the school is being burned down. They seem to think it is the greatest lark imaginable. "Hee, hee!" laughed Bruin. "I can hear them running all about, and shouting downstairs. What fun!"



2. The members of the Jungle School Fire Brigade assembled in a very short space of time, with Doctor Lion as their chief. "Where's the fire?" inquired Lieutenant Jumbo. "I can't see one anywhere. We've looked in all the cellars and the school-room, and there is nothing wrong." "That's queer," said Captain Lion, looking puzzled. "I can't smell anything burning, either. "Perhaps it's on the roof somewhere," said Jacko. "Ah, that's very likely!" said the Captain. "I thought I heard a chuckle in that direction just now. Here, Jumbo, bring up the hose!"



3. "If you find anybody playing on the roof, just play the hose on them! It's a warm summer night, and it won't do them any harm." So Jumbo popped up the ladder, and stuck the hose out of the window. "Oh, it's you, is it!" he cried. "Well, the Captain's compliments, and he thought you might like a drink of water. Here you are—take it!" And Rhino and Bruin had to have it, whether they liked it or not.

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