A Rage for the Young.

WHAT DID THE CLOCK SAY.

The clock upon the tower of a neighbouring church tolled forth, slowly and solemnly, the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face asked:

" Mother, what did the clock say?"

"Tome," said his mother sadly, "it seemed to say, 'Gone-gone-gone !'"

"What, mother? what has gone?

"Another hour, my son."

"What is an hour, mother?"

"A white-winged messenger from our Father in heaven, sent by Him to enquire of you-of me, what we are doing, what we are saying, what we are thinking and feeling."

"Where is it gone, mother?"

"Back to Him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words and deeds while it was with us. Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?"

Reader, what record are the hours, at they come and go, bearing up on high of you?

HOLD ON, BOYS.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just

ready to take God's name in vain. Hold on to your hand when it is about to place that to your lips which brings misery

and death.

Hold on to your feet when they are about to

take you into the place of sin.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company and invite you to join in their revelry.

Hold on to your good name, for it is of

more value than gold.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well in time and eternity.

Hold on to virtue. It is above all price to

you at all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be your best wealth.

BOOKS.

Men first made books in Babylon, where they fashioned them out of clay, and baked them like bricks, and they have been at it ever since all over the world, until the accumulated knowledge of ages has reached dimensions that are simply stupendous. Only thirteen hundred years ago there were but nine books in all England. They were the great and sacied treasures of the monks of Canterbury, and they were the germ of the first English for God, and not to mind because they are library. There are nearly a million and a such very little ones.

quarter books in the British Museum, and during the last twenty years the great storehouses of literature among civilized nations

have nearly doubled their contents.

The most useful books in this vast estate of learning are those that serve as sign-posts to the others—the catalogues that tell where they are and what they are, and the manuals which are but books made of books, condensations and concentrations of whole fields of intellectual research and observation. Without these books, our libraries would be wildernesses of literature; with them, it is astonishing how much we may learn if we be but so inclined.

ANSWER TO BIBLE-PUZZLE NO. II.

Given by fifty-six competitors.

A learned Doctor of Divinity has written us to say that he does not accept our definition of the meaning of the word "parable" given in June Record, and proceeds to shew that assuming our definition to be admissable, the number of parables is much greater than 52. He, himself, fur rishes a list of 89 "similitudes" from Matthew: Gospel alone! We have. perhaps, erred in calling any of the answers correct. But, inasmuch, as 52 was the largest number of parables quoted by any of the competitors, other things being equal, those who gave that number certainly gave the "best answers"-and that is what we asked for. We are glad that the subject has awakened 50 much interest. Have all received their prizes?

What shall I give? To the hungry, give food; to the naked, clothes; to the sick, some comfort; to the sad, a word of consolation; to all you meet, a smile and cheery greeting. Give forgiveness to your enemies; give patience to the fretful; give your love to your households, and, above all, give your hearts to God.

Love's secret is to be always doing things