

little boy floundering in the water, which was deep enough to terrify him, his new straw hat floating gaily down the stream, and his arms and legs kicking wildly. They were both frightened themselves, but the water was not really very deep, and they soon dragged him spluttering and choking on to dry land.

"I was only trying to catch a dear 'ickie fish," he stammered amid his sobs, "and I felled in, and oh! what will Hannah say?—them my clean clothes," and he roared again.

"Don't cry, child," said Nan, shaking him in despair till he stood in a pool of water. "We must make him run," she said to Molly, who had just succeeded in catching his hat with the fishing-rod. So they set off, but he had to stop so often to cry and cough, that it wasn't very quick work, and, when the party reached the rectory, tea had been waiting some time, and every one was in alarm.

Aunt Delia did not say anything till Robin had had a hot bath and been tucked up in bed; then she took the children a-side.

"I always thought I could trust you to be careful of the little ones," she said with a hand on each of their shoulders, "and I'm sorry and disappointed. It wasn't like you to take Robin off without telling any of us, and then not to look after him."

Nan was sobbing now, and big tears were trickling down Molly's nose, but Aunt Delia went on, "You can go now and get your tea by yourselves, and then as poor Robin has had to go to bed, I think you had better go too. I think we've all been frightened enough for you not to need any other punishment."

So that happy day ended very sadly and it was not till late in the evening that the tree-creeper, who had passed a most unsettled afternoon could make up his mind to return to the nest in the old oak-tree.

(To be continued.)

"PASS IT ON".

Once when I was a school boy going home for the holidays, I had a long way to go to reach the far away little town in which I dwelt. I arrived at Bristol, and got on board the steamer with just money enough to pay my fare, and that being settled, I thought in my innocence I had paid for everything I needed in the way of meals. I had what I wanted as long as we were in smooth water; then came the rough Atlantic, and the need of nothing more. I had been lying in my berth for hours wretchedly ill, and past caring for anything, when there came the steward, and stood beside me.

"Your bill, sir," said he, holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money," I said in my wretchedness.

"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?"

I told him. Immediately he took off the cap he wore, with a gilt band about it, and held out his hand.

"I should like to shake hands with you," he said.

I gave him my hand, and shook his as well as I could. Then came the

explanation, how that some years before, some little kindness had been shown his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood.

"I never thought the chance would come for me to repay it," said he, pleasantly, "but I am glad it has."

"So am I," said I. As soon as I got ashore, I told my father what had happened.

"Ah!" said he, "see how a bit of kindness lives? Now he has passed it on to you. Remember, if you meet anybody who needs a friendly hand, you must pass it on to him."

Years had gone by; I had grown up, and quite forgotten it all, until one day I had to go the station of one of our main lines. I was just going to take my ticket when I saw a little lad crying—a thorough gentleman he was, trying to keep back the troublesome tears as he pleaded with the booking clerk.

"What is the matter, my lad?" I asked.

"If you please, sir, I haven't enough money to pay my fare. I have all I want but a few pence, and I tell the clerk if he will trust me, I will be sure to pay him."

Instantly flashed upon me the forgotten story of long ago. Here, then, was chance to pass it on. I gave him the sum needed, and got into the carriage with him. Then I told the little lad of the story of long ago, and of the steward's kindness to me.

"Now, today," I said, "I pass it on to you; and remember, that if you meet any one who needs a kindly hand you must pass it on to him."

"I will, sir; I will," cried the lad, as he took my hand, and his eyes flashed with earnestness.

"I am sure you will," I answered. I reached my destination and left my little friend. The last sign I had of him was the handkerchief fluttering from the window of the carriage, as if to say: "It's all right, sir; I will pass it on."—Exchange.

BELIEF AND UNBELIEF.

Let us see—that which in these days of confused and often bewildering conflicts it is well that we should see—what is the crucial point of difference between the believer and the unbeliever, between the Church and the world. To the latter the Bible is but one, perhaps the greatest of many books; in its inspiration differing but in degree, though the degree be vast, from the inspiration of Homer or Shakespeare, of Plato or Newton. To us it stands out ultimate and absolute—rising above the lesser revelations of God, as a miracle stands out above the cognate laws and workings of Nature—not because of the inspiration, special though it be of Moses, or Isaiah, St. Paul or St. John, but because in it, directly and through these His servants, there is the Word of the Son of God Himself. Our conviction is like that of St. Peter, "Lord to whom but Thee shall we go?" Thou hast the words of eternal life," and it rests, like his, on the faith in which "we believe and are sure that He is

the Christ, the Son of the Living God."—Exchange.

Reflect that it is only the fervent and diligent soul that is prepared for all duty and all events; that it is greater toil to resist evil habits and violent passion than to sweat at the hardest bodily labor; that he who is not careful to resist and subdue small sins will insensibly fall into greater, and that thou shalt always have joy in the evening; if thou has spent the day well.—Thomas a Kempis.

BIRTH.

HARRIS.—At the Rectory, Grenville, Que., on Oct. 22nd, the wife of the Rev. William Harris of a son.

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