

Children's Department.

MY LITTLE SISTER'S VALENTINE.

ONLY a bunch of roses,
Tied with a silken band,
But an offering meet, for the roses sweet
Were plucked by her own dear hand.

Only a bunch of roses,
Yet, dear, it seems to me,
That each rose and stem is a brilliant gem
That grew on a golden tree.

Only a bunch of roses,
Emblem, darling, of thee,
For thy saucy lips, like the daintiest tips,
Have pouted and curled at me.

Only a bunch of roses;
Thy cheeks are like the pink,
Thy brow is as fair as the whitest there,
Ay, fairer, darling, I think.

Only a bunch of roses,
Sent from across the sea,
And the crystal drop I find at the top
Is a tear you shed for me.

Only a bunch of roses,
Born on a sunlit shore;
Their beautiful smile will last for a while!
Their fragrance, for evermore.

Only a bunch of roses,
Theme of the poet's lay;
Their life has fled, and their beauty dead;
They're ten years old to-day.

Only some faded roses,
Kept in a memory dear,
And the crystal drop I find at the top
Is only a big salt tear.

Only a bunch of rose-leaves,
Whose gay, gay life is spent;
Ah, never again, in pleasure or pain,
On you will her eyes be bent.

Faded now are the roses;
Faded, alas, is she,
And over the stone, where she's sleeping alone,
I've planted her own loved tree.

Only some faded roses,
Whitened, and dried, and old;
Ah, pride of the hour, your beautiful flower,
Your story has long been told.

TEMPTATION.

TEMPTATION, and how to overcome it, is a subject for thought which we shall do well to ponder over throughout the whole season of Lent. In the lone wilderness, more than eighteen hundred years ago, our blessed Lord was tempted, personally tempted, by the devil; and, armed with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, He fought and overcame that evil one. Three times was the Lord Jesus attacked, and three times, after a sharp conflict, He came off victorious. The weapon which was so powerful in His hand is

within our reach also, but we too often neglect to use it at the right time, and so, unlike our Captain, we are beaten and dragged away captive by the enemy of God and man. Thus it was with a young girl, once a Sunday scholar, whose sad history shall now be related to you.

Jane Clark lost her father when she was very young, but she was carefully brought up by her mother, a decent, respectable woman, who worked hard as a laundress that she might maintain her child. She placed her daughter at school so early, and sent her so regularly, that Jane, who had also the advantage of good abilities, kept above other girls of her own age, and was at the top of the first class before she was thirteen years old. Mrs. Clark had just determined to take her from school, and teach her washing and ironing at home, when a violent fever seized the poor woman and carried her off before she was able to form any plans about her daughter's future life. Jane was at first quite stunned by sorrow and desolation. Her home was gone, and she had no relations to look to. Friends, however, were kind to her, and she soon found a comfortable home at the vicarage, where she was taken on trial as an under-servant.

Here Jane by degrees recovered her spirits. The servants were kind to her, the work not too hard, and she had an excellent mistress. Her mother, always fearing to spoil an only child, had in fact been very strict with her, so that she really had more liberty now than before, as well as more company. This she enjoyed very much, while at the same time her active mind began to form plans for a still brighter future. Though she had always been accustomed to quiet country ways and plain dress, yet she looked forward to going to London some day, and getting into high service, where she might wear handsome clothes, and go out a good deal. These foolish thoughts ran in her head constantly; still she had sense enough to know that she could never get on without a good character from her first place, so she continued attentive to her duties.

When Jane Clark was fifteen years old, her mistress, Mrs. Grant, who had hitherto provided her with clothes, began to pay her regular wages. This delighted the girl very much, for she felt it was a step to independence. A few months later a London family came to the neighbourhood for the summer. Jane watched them with admiration, and listened to every thing she could hear about them. She managed to make acquaintance with the kitchen-maid, and hearing that a girl would be wanted in the nursery when the family returned to London, she determined to get the place if possible. She grew careless in her own work, and when her mistress found fault with her she gave warning.

Mrs. Grant was as much surprised as if her own little girl had talked of leaving her. She spoke kindly but seriously to Jane, and at last discovered the girl's wish to go to London. It seemed best then to let her apply for the situation. Mrs. Grant gave her a good character too, speaking as kindly as she could about the way in which she was leaving her, and as Jane was a nice-looking girl, and had been well taught, she got the place and went to London.

From the first, however, Jane had difficulties about money. Her wages were higher than they had been before, but somehow they did not go half as far. Perhaps she did not spend them as wisely as she had under Mrs. Grant's eye, and she had no time allowed her for making and mending her clothes. Certain it was when she had been six months in London she found herself without a penny to go on with for the next quarter.

Just at this time the under-house maid was ill, and Jane was put to do her work for a few days. While going round the rooms one morning she found in one of them a handful of money lying on the dressing table. She knew that the visitor who slept in that room last night was going away early this morning, so she gathered up the silver and ran towards the housekeeper's room. Yielding to a sudden temptation, she tucked half-a-crown up her sleeve, then knocked at the door and gave the rest to the housekeeper, who hurried away with it, for she knew the gentleman was on the point of leaving the house. Meanwhile Jane put the stolen half-crown in her pocket, and returned to her work. In a few minutes the housekeeper sent for her, and gave her another half-crown, which, she said, the gentleman had left for her. Jane turned so red and then so pale, that the housekeeper thought she must indeed be badly off to feel so much about half-a-crown. She never guessed the girl's misery at that moment, when the gentleman's kindness brought her sin before her, and fixed remorse in her heart.

Poor Jane! temptation had come suddenly, and she was unprepared to meet it; and now, though she did wish the half-crowns back in the gentleman's pocket, she never thought of confessing her theft and making restitution. So her self-reproach wore away. She found the money very useful during the next quarter, and managed to forget how it had come. She had of late been irregular in saying 'er prayers and reading her Bible; now she left off doing either, thus laying herself open to further temptation. I must tell you very briefly how it came.

It was the custom in the family for the children to be dressed and taken downstairs every evening. One day little Master Willie, before coming up again, strayed into the study where his papa was busy writing letters, and, without being noticed, carried off what he called a pretty paper. He showed it to Jane, who saw it was a cheque for five pounds, so she offered to take care of it till to-morrow, and slipped it into her work-box. When the little ones were in bed she examined the paper, satisfied herself that it really was worth five pounds, and determined to say nothing about it unless it was inquired for. While making this resolve, the command "Thou shalt not steal" did echo in her heart, but she put it aside. Several days passed, and neither master Willie nor any one else mentioned the paper; so, asking leave to go out one evening, she changed it at the draper's shop, and bought a new bonnet and mantle. The very next morning inquiry was made about the cheque, which had not been received by the person to whom the master believed he had sent it by post. The servants all denied any knowledge of it, nor did Jane's composed manner betray her.

Then the mistress told the children of the loss; and while she was explaining to them the value of the cheque, little Willie exclaimed, "I found a pretty paper in a cover in papa's study, and Jane said she would take care of it for me, but she never gave it to me again." A policeman was sent for, and though Jane persisted that she had only taken an old bit of paper from the young gentleman and thrown it behind the fire, her guilt was too clearly proved. She could not account for the three pounds now in her purse, or her new bonnet or shawl, and the shop was traced where she had changed the cheque and bought them. Her mistress was sorry for her, but she could not screen her from punishment, and the girl was committed to jail.

Thus at the early age of seventeen did Jane Clark become the inmate of a prison. Such a history may well make us pray, "Lead us not into temptation." Let us also learn from it to fight manfully when we are tempted, and not to yield to the foe as though we had no weapons to fight with, no leader to follow.

GRATITUDE AND FAITH.

I REMEMBER an old woman, whose great wish it was to obtain an almshouse in which to spend the last few years of her life. She had taught herself in her old age to read, by attending the daily services of the Church. After several unsuccessful applications she got what she desired. I went to see her on the first day that she took possession of her new home, and my visit was quite unexpected. She was reading her Bible.

Two things struck me: one was how grateful some people are for small mercies, and how ungrateful others for God's greatest gifts. The other thing was, that if we all as eagerly desired the mansions that God prepares for us as this poor woman did the almshouse, we should be sure of reaching, because we should live so as to be found fit for our Heavenly Home.

LENT.

ASH-WEDNESDAY is the first day of Lent.

Lent is the great fast of the Church. The word Lent means *spring* and we call the fast by the name because it comes in the spring time.

At this season we remember how our blessed Lord fasted forty days and forty nights in the wilderness, and how He was tempted by the devil. Christ, who did no sin, was tempted for our sakes. When you are tempted to be naughty, remember that your Lord too was tempted, and that He will surely help His little child if you call upon His holy name.

Our dear Lord did no sin, but we, when we are tempted, do very often sin. When the devil tempts you to be naughty, you very often are naughty. Therefore, at this time, when we remember our Lord's temptation, we think very sorrowful of our sins, and how often we fail when we are tempted. So the Church teaches us to pray to God every day in Lent to forgive us our sins, and help us to be very sorry for them in our hearts.

Even children can keep Lent as the Church bids them keep it. They can remember how the blessed Lord fasted at this time, and they can deny themselves in some little thing; they can give up some little pleasure or amuse-

ment for His Father to do wrong themselves; their hearts naughty, and very sorry for forgive them

ONTARIO RE-ETANGUISHERS acknowledge further Reward Book Henry Pe Campbell, Toronto, St. J.

THOUGHT

EVEN the fresh glory therefore w upon us wit Any enli lead to a ne lightenmen Stand w stances or on no accou them; we r on nothing we desire which God

There is the honour there is but base men, says:—Hov ness and si The takin questionin Riches n arm robber cloud our u over turn u

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- Wheat, Fall,
- Do. Spring
- Barley...
- Oats
- Peas
- Rye
- Flour, brl.
- Beef, hind q
- Do. fore q
- Mutton ...
- Lamb
- Veal, fat
- Ca
- Hogs, 100
- Potatoes, ne
- Carrots bag
- Beets bag
- Turnips
- Onions, bag
- Cabbage doz
- Beans,
- Parsnips doz
- Parsley, doz
- Caulliflower,
- Apples, bar
- Chickens, p
- Fowls, pair
- Ducks, brace
- Geese
- Turkeys
- Butter, lb n
- Do. 4lb
- Eggs, fresh
- Wool, 1 lb
- Hay, 1 ton

FEEES are are inter believe ti which we bed for attendan tile of Ho save the ness.—P