

THE DANGEROUS DOOR.

"O, Cousin Will, do tell us a story; there's just time before the school bell rings," and Harry, Kate, Bob, and little "Peace" crowded about their older cousin until he declared himself ready to do anything they wished.

"Well, what shall it be, little Peace?" said he, taking the hand of his favourite, Lucy, who was always called "Peace," because of her gentle and loving ways.

"Something true this time," said Peace, "for I'm tired of fairies."

"Very well," said Cousin Will; "I will tell you about some very dangerous doors I have seen."

"O, that's good!" exclaimed Bob. "Were they all iron and heavy bars; and if one passed in, did they shut and keep him there for ever?"

"No; the doors I mean are pink and scarlet; and when they open you can see a row of little servants standing all in white, and behind them is a little lady dressed in crimson."

"Why, that's splendid!" cried Kate; "I should like to go in myself."

"Ah, it is what comes out of those doors that makes them so dangerous. They need a strong guard on each side, or else there is great trouble."

"Why, what comes out?" said little Peace, with wondering eyes.

"When the guards were away," said Cousin Will, "I have known some things to come out sharper than arrows, and they make terrible wounds. Quite lately I saw two pretty little doors, and one opened, and the lady began to talk

very fast, like this: 'What a stuck-up thing Lucy Waters is! And did you see that horrid dress made out of her sister's old one?' 'O yes,' said the other little crimson lady from the other door; and what a turn-up nose she has!' Then poor Lucy, who was around the corner, ran home and cried all the evening."

"I know what you mean," cried Kate, colouring; "were you listening?"

"O, you mean our mouths are doors!" exclaimed Harry, "and the crimson lady is Miss Tongue; but who are the guards, and where do they come from?"

"You may ask the great King. This is what you must say: 'Set a watch, O

Lord, upon my lips, keep the door of my mouth.' Then he will send Patience to stand on one side, and Love on the other, and no unkind word will dare to come out."

A LITTLE ABOUT EBONY.

The name ebony is given to the wood of several varieties of trees. All kinds of ebony are distinguished for their great density and dark colour. The wood in all varieties is heavier than water: the heaviest are the darkest. The other grades require a considerable amount of staining to make them black. It is of a uniform colour throughout, and will not show any



A little round head which nestles at last
Close to the mother's breast?
And then the lullaby, soft and low,
Singing the song of rest?

And close and closer the blue-veins
Are hiding the baby eyes,
As over the road to Slumberland
The dear little traveller hies:
For this is the way, through mother's arms,
All dear little babies go
To the beautiful city of Slumberland
When the sun is sinking low.

PREPARING THE WAY.

It is hard sometimes for boys and girls to "stick to their colours" when their companions make fun of them, but it always pays to do so if they feel sure that they are right. There was once a boy who made up his mind that he would do nothing on Sunday that it was not right to do. Some other boys tried to coax him to go out on a Sunday excursion with his bicycle. "No, I will not," he said positively. "I don't think it's right to go out pleasure riding on my bicycle on Sunday, so of course I'm not going." "That ends it," said one of the other boys: "If George says he'll not do a thing, he will not, and that's all there is to it." At another time

some one wanted him to go to a so-called "sacred concert" one Sunday afternoon. "No," he replied decidedly; "there is nothing sacred about those concerts. I never go to them." "I could have told you that he wouldn't go before you asked him," said another of the boys when George had walked away: "I know George." By his courage and firmness in the right, George was helping to prepare the way of the Lord in his own heart and in the hearts of his playmates.

HOW PATRICK SOLVED THE DIFFICULTY.

Patrick is a big policeman whose good humour and promptness in emergencies have endeared him to the people in the suburban ward over which he is guardian.

One day he noticed that a street workman was leaving an unsightly pile of dirt

and gravel at the side of the road. "Come, now, you can't leave that heap there!" said Patrick, sternly.

"Well, I've no place to put it," said the workman.

"You can't leave it there!" persisted Patrick.

"What'll I do with it, then?" asked the workman.

"Do with it!" echoed Patrick. "Dig a hole in the road to be sure, man, and bury it!"

There are light and cheer in the darkest passages of life when God walks hand in hand with us there.

deterioration, even from long-continued use.

There are three varieties of ebony well known in commerce. That from the Gaboon coast of Africa is the darkest. The Madagascar ebony is the densest, and furnishes the largest prices. Almost all ebony is sent in the form of logs to London, and from there shipped to the various countries in which it is used for manufacturing purposes. It is sold by weight.

Imitations can always be distinguished by their lighter weight, and the cheaper imitations can be detected by merely scratching the surface.