

A BOY AGAIN.

Sometimes an old man becomes a boy again, though too smart to drop into his second childhood. An illustration of this pleasant tendency was given, not many months since, by an old man, with several millions.

He was in the habit of prowling around the office of the insurance company in which he was a director. One morning as he was investigating, he happened to come across the dinner-pail of the office-boy. His curiosity led him to take off the cover. A slice of home-made bread, two dough-nuts and a piece of apple-pie tempted the millionaire's appetite. He became a boy again, and the dinner-pail seemed the one he had carried sixty years ago.

Just then the office-boy came in and surprised the old man eating the pie—he had finished the bread and dough-nuts.

"That's my dinner you're eating!" exclaimed the boy, indignantly.

"Yes, sonny, I suspect it may be; but it's a first-rate one, for all that. I've not eaten so good a one for sixty years."

"There," he added, as he finished the pie, take that and go out and buy yourself a dinner, but you won't get as good a one," and he handed the boy a five dollar bill.

For days after the old man kept referring to the first-class dinner he had eaten from the boy's pail.

A PRETTY STORY.

In Naples the papers tell a very pretty story of the Queen of Italy. It appears that as she was driving to the royal wood of Licalo the coachman mistook the road, and one of the gentlemen asked a countryman the way. The man, seeing the fine carriage and horses, and the servants' livery, and all the gay company, thought he was being fooled. "As if you did not know!" he said with a big grin. The Queen laughed, and assured him that they were lost. Then only did the countryman condescend to point out the way, after which he walked off as if fearing to be laughed at again.

Give him twenty francs for his trouble," said the Queen to one of her escort, who, going after the countryman, said to him: "Here, my man, is a little present from the Queen of Italy, who thanks you."

"The Queen!" cried the countryman, returning to the carriage. "Forgive me that I did not know thee. But I had never seen thee before. Thou art as beautiful as a May rose. God bless thee." And the carriage drove off.

Now, the countryman, who had once seen the queen, wanted to see her pretty face again, and the following day presented himself at the palace.

"I know her, you know," he added mysteriously. "I spoke to her yesterday, and I want to speak to her again."

Thinking he had to do with a madman, the porter was about to have the poor fellow arrested, when the very gentleman who had given him the twenty francs appeared, and, recognizing the man, told him to wait. He informed the queen of his presence. "Bring him here, by all means," was her answer.

When the man was, for the second time, before the queen, he said: "Yes, 'tis thou. I thought I had seen a fairy. Thou art just an angel. I did not tell thee yesterday that I have two little ones without a mother. Wilt thou be their mother?"

"That I will," said the queen.

"Then there's the twenty francs thou gavest me yesterday. I thank thee, but I want no money." And he went away, crying and smiling like a child.

The queen has adopted the two little ones, and they are in an institution under her special patronage.

THE BETTER HOME.

Most children love home; and, when at school or separated far from those they esteem, no sound is so sweet as the

sound of home. Little Charles dearly loved his home; but his friends, who knew what would be best for him, sent him to a boarding-school, at some distance from his native town. The half year passed away, Charles sometimes thought, rather slowly; and the close attention he was obliged to pay to his books frequently tired him; but he was one of his teacher's best boys; and, being of a meek and gentle temper, all the scholars loved him. But at length the holidays were rapidly approaching, and Charles heart beat high with expectation and delight. There was the loved society of his mamma and papa at his old abode, and all his dear, dear brothers and sisters; there was the beautiful garden and orchard, the pony and old dog Carlo, and indeed all the pretty things he could desire; and many a bright scheme did he plan, and many a sweet anticipation did he enjoy.

But it was not to be. About a week before the holidays began, the poor little fellow was suddenly seized with a sad pain in his head, and a giddiness which affected him much. He quickly became worse, and his parents were sent for.

The doctor fearing that the illness might prove of an infectious character, all the young people were immediately sent to their own residences. The afflicted child listened, in pensive sadness, to the roll of the carriages, as they rattled over the stones, and bore his companions away; and often did the heavy sobs burst from his aching bosom; but he had this hope, and it was an anchor to his soul amid all his grief, that if he were called to die, he should go to a better home.

As soon as Charles saw his kind parents enter his room, he burst into tears and exclaimed, "Mamma, I *did* think I should have seen you at home, not here; I do not think I shall ever get well again; but I do hope I shall go to a better home."

His mamma could not at first make any reply; the gloom of a sick chamber; the altered appearance of the boy; the probability that he would soon be no more; all these things overcame her.

Charles wondered that she did not answer him, and he again said, "O my mamma, Jesus Christ will take me to a better home; will he not?"

The good lady, almost broken-hearted, then replied to his question, "that if he were called hence, she trusted he would be foind with Jesus, and accepted in and through Him. The many proofs of his piety, which, in the days of health he had often shown, greatly comforted her in the prospect of losing him.

Soon after this the dear child became insensible, and though he talked very fast, he knew not what he said. A few hours, however, before he departed, while his tender mother was hanging in silent agony over his pillow, he revived, and reason partly returned. He gazed at his fondest friend, and seemed to wonder why she wept; he said something, indistinctly, about going to his Father's house, about many mansions, about holy angels, and a better home; and soon after this one gentle sigh his fetters broke, there were one or two slight struggles, and the spirit of little Charles appeared before the bar of the Eternal.

Ah! how short is time! how near may be eternity! The body of Charles remained a lifeless corpse; his sweet blue eyes had lost their lustre, and the hollow-ness of death sat upon his countenance. Soon was he carried to the house appointed for all living, to mingle with the dust; but we trust that his soul was washed white as the driven snow in the blood of his Redeemer; and if so, he will "be forever with the Lord."

THE BAD CLOCK.

I have a clock on my mantel-piece. A very pretty little clock it is, with a gilt frame and a glass to cover it. Almost everyone who sees it, says, "What a pretty clock!" But it has one great defect—it will not run, and therefore, as a clock, it is perfectly useless. Though it is very pretty, it is a bad clock, because it never tells us what time it is.

Now, my bad clock is like a great many persons in the world. Just as my clock

does not answer the purpose for which it was made—that is, to keep time—so many persons do not answer the purpose for which they were made. What did God make us for? "Why!" you will say, "He made us that we might love Him and serve Him." "Well, then, if we do not love God and serve Him, we do not answer the purpose for which He made us; we may be like the clock, very pretty, and be very kind and very obliging; but if we do not answer the purpose for which God made us, we are just like the clock—bad.

Those of my readers who live in the country, and have seen an apple-tree in full blossom, know what a beautiful sight it is. But suppose it only bore blossom and did not produce fruit, you would say it was a bad apple-tree. And so it is. Everything is bad, and every person is bad, and every boy and girl is bad, if they do not answer the purpose that God made them for. God did not make us only to play and amuse ourselves, but also that we might do His will.

THE SLAVE-GIRL'S TEARS.

A gentleman was once passing through the auction mart of a Southern slave State, when he noticed the tears of a little girl who was just going to be put up for sale. The other slaves of the same groupe did not seem to care about it, while each knock of the hammer made her shake. The kind man stopped to ask why she alone wept. He was told that the others were used to such things, and might be glad of a change from hard, harsh homes, but that she had been brought up with much care by a good owner, and she was terrified to think who might buy her.

The stranger asked her price. It was a great ransom, but he paid it down.

The tears fell fast on the signed parchment, which her deliverer brought to prove to her her freedom. She only looked at him with fear. She had been born a slave, and knew not what freedom meant.

When the gentleman was gone, it began to dawn upon her what freedom was. With the first breath she said, "I will follow him, I will follow him; I will serve him all my days!" and when reasoned with against it, she only cried—"He redeemed me!"

"And so," said the servant of Christ, who told this story in a meeting where every heart was thrilled, "let it be with you. Serve Jesus as sinners bought back with blood; and when men notice the way you serve him, the joy that is in your looks, the love that is in your tone, the freedom of your service, have one answer to give—HE REDEEMED ME!"

SIX SHORT HINTS FOR THE YOUNG.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer, and, when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers (1 John v. 15).

2. Never neglect daily private Bible-reading, and, when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. All backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules (John v. 39).

3. Never let a day pass without doing something for Jesus. Every morning reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, "What am I doing for Him?" (Matt. v. 13-16).

4. If you are ever in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room and consider whether you can do it in the name of Jesus, and ask God's blessing upon it (Col. iii. 17). If you cannot do this, it is wrong (Rom. xiv. 23).

5. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue, because such and such people do so and so, that, therefore, you may (2 Cor. x. 12). You are to ask yourself, "How would the Lord have me act?" Follow Him (John x. 27).

6. Never trust your feelings, or the opinion of men, if they contradict God's Word. If authorities are pleaded, still "let God be true, but every man a liar" (Rom. iii. 4).

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