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T. ONTARIO.



Children's Department.

THE GALLA TRIBES.

The above engraving represents a Lady of Cairo and a Galla slave. The Galla tribes are in many respects a remarkable people. They live on the Eastern coast of Africa, South of Abyssinia, and appear to have come originally from regions still further south. They are a warlike race, and have repeatedly made incursions into Abyssinia; and some years ago conquered considerable portions of the Land of Sheba. They have left the Christian tribes scattered here and there over the country, like the oases in the desert, of which we wrote in a recent number. Of late years, however, the Abyssinians have gained considerable advantage over them, and in their wars have taken captive sometimes a large number, whom they have sold for slaves; and being passed on from one master to another, these have found their way down the Nile, some of them, like the one in the engraving, even as far as Cairo, and have become attendants in the houses of the wealthy.

Considerable interest has of late years been excited in reference to these people, who possess a number of remarkable features of character and history. They are of a totally different race, and speak languages very different from the Abyssinians. There is little doubt that the country they inhabit formed, with Abyssinia, and perhaps the south of Arabia, the empire of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, having heard of the fame of his wisdom and the grandeur of his court. It is not at all improbable that the ships that coasted the Indian Ocean for gold, for peacocks and for other treasures, may have called at some of the ports belonging to that queen, and informed her of the splendour in which King Solomon lived.

The poorest way to obtain such a Lord's day as we need is to create the impression that all Christians have given up the desire for it.

—What cannot be required is not to be regretted.

"THERE IS THAT SCATTERETH AND YET INCREASETH."

A rill from living fountains
So secretly may flow,
That but a thread of verdure
Its desert path may show.

But when that narrow streamlet
Hath reached the shining sea,
All heaven finds there a mirror,
All earth a ministry!

So hearts that come to Jesus
A thrill of love must know,
Enough to bind the spirit
To Him who loves us so;

But O, what deeper glory
Lights up our lives so dim,
When love can burst all barriers,
And widen unto Him!

One with our Lord in spirit,
Each faithful child hath proved
What joy may flood the soul that here
Takes in the world He loved!

CARRIER DOVES.

The beautiful English custom of sending and receiving pretty Christmas cards has floated over the blue waters to us, and we hope and trust that it is rapidly becoming Canadianized.

Not only on Christmas, but other days, the lovely cards travel about our land singing sweet songs like warbling birds, bringing peaceful messages to soothe human hearts, finding a warm welcome like gentle carrier doves.

Opening a letter two cards dropped out; "Something for the children?" a lady inquired.

"Yes, for children of older growth."
"For you?—picture cards?"
"Yes, even so. I love them, the dainty, lovely things."

One reads: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."
Do we know how a father pitieth his children?

Yes, we think we do, for we have heard one for many nights past whisper during midnight's darkness to his little one, "little darling," "precious baby," "poor little birdie, papa's heart aches for his dear little girl." We are sure we know how a mother pitieth, for we have pitieth with aching heart, sleepless eyes and ceaseless vigil; and so the beautiful card comforts us, for we find how a loving father is watching us tenderly, pitifully, that He is caring for us, leading us, putting the everlasting arm about us, even if the cup held to our lips is bitter, oh, so bitter.

Here is another dove which came flying with its message of import to a weary, overburdened mother: "Put on the whole armour of God."

Not only a breastplate or helmet added thereto, but the whole armour. Wonderful advice and wondrously full of meaning, although the words peeped forth from a tiny card, wreathed about with blue-bells and apple blossoms. The whole armour, and the weary will find rest.

Here is another letter, and as it opens, two more doves come fluttering out. Perhaps we are not in the best of humors, but if any one has injured us the voiceful card says, "Overcome evil with good."

Sure enough, we can smile and obey while the lovely "pansy" face beams peacefully and approvingly upon us.

The other dove: "Who shall separate us from the love of God?"

The question startles us by its thrilling sweetness. Shining forth from starry daisies and blue forget-me-nots, it sets us to close and earnest thinking. Who shall separate us? Surely no weak human creature must ever gain such a power over us—we must be on guard.

But the doves are still flying through the air. One alights. He is covered with purple grapes, bright cherries, and velvety leaves, but he whispers gently: "Blessed is he that watcheth." Blessed indeed—no time to faint, mourn or worry—only watch.

Another, bearing roses and fair buds, sings: "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

But these are fitting hither and thither—these gentle carrier-doves, and I will write no more of their sweet, sage or peaceful messages—any one can find them and buy them for a small sum, and can send them out one by one upon their sweet errands, carrying peace upon their wings to many of earth's weary ones. Perhaps—God knows—many jewels for our crowns may be gathered in this simple way.

THE NEW SISTER.

Little four year old Mamie when told of her new sister rejoiced with great gladness to have a little baby in the house, "to keep all the time," as she phrased it; she looked at the little sister with delighted wonder painted on every expressive feature, touching the wee face and tiny hands tenderly and reverently.

The next morning when, as usual, she offered up her morning prayer, after naming the loved ones for whom she had always asked a blessing, without any suggestion save the careful thought in the depths of her own loving heart, she asked of her Heavenly Father this further petition, "Bless little sister and thank Thee for bringing her down, take care of her, and make her Thy child for Jesus' sake."

What more could the wisest ask? Neither riches, nor honor, nor length of days, but, simply the Father's loving care, and the blessedness belonging to a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Even so, as it is written, "A little child shall lead them."

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

MARRIED.

On the 10th December, at the residence of the bride's mother, East Gwillimbury, by the Rev. Albert W. Spragg, B. A., William Selby, eldest son of the late Robert Selby, to Hannah, fourth daughter of the late William Ney.