

must have belonged to his grandfather, and carry it one, two, three, oh, as many as six, times to the poor, suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say 'Tank you, papa?' asked Jim, gravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa. "But the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."—*Christian Observer.*

POLITENESS.

My little ones, do not be afraid of politeness—it will not hurt you. Have none of that false shame which crushes the life from so many of your good and noble impulses, and causes you to shrink from performing little acts of tenderness and love toward one another. Let your feet, your hands, your voice be the willing servants of that great master of politeness, the heart. Politeness teaches how to obey, gladly, fearlessly, and openly. The truly polite child is a good son, a good daughter, for politeness teaches him the duty and respect he owes to his parents; he is a kind and grateful brother; his very willingness to help his sister makes her feel better and stronger. He is a true friend, for he scorns the unkind words that wound those who love him. Politeness and charity are twins—they make the true gentleman, the true gentlewoman, helpful, loving, unpretentious. The world would be better if the young boys and young girls, who are soon to be our men and women, would obey the watchword of true politeness, which is charity.—*Ram's Horn.*

ONE LITTLE LIGHT.

THE keeper of the lighthouse at Gloucester went away cheerily one fine morning, saying, as he went, "I'll be back before nightfall."

But night came, and the keeper came not! His brave little daughter, alone with her invalid mother, watched the falling shadows with a troubled heart. It was not that she feared the darkness for herself. Her thoughts flew out to sea, and she feared for the mariners out on the wide waters, who in the darkness would look for the light, and failing to see it might be dashed upon the rocks; for heavy clouds had gathered, and the night was dark, with every prospect of a wild storm.

The child had never set the light ablaze, though she had often watched her father do it. She had never climbed the long,

steep stairs alone. When she had gone up, holding fast to her father's strong hand, she had felt no tremor of fear. But now her little heart beat fast with dread as she thought of the dizzy flight, and she eagerly watched for her father's return.

But she did not come, and duty proved stronger than fear, and the little form stole tremblingly up the dark stairs, and all the little strength was put forth in lighting one solitary lamp! It was all the child could do, and she sighed, as she went down the long stairs, "It is such a little light, and only one!"

But in the dark night a great vessel, carrying three hundred and sixty human souls, steering straight toward the rocks, saw the little flickering light, and, turning her course, was saved. And this because one little light was burning.

Little ones may be early taught that each one is committed the keeping of one light, and that upon the shining of this one light may depend the salvation of many souls.—*Selected.*

OLD, YET NEW.

A NEW truth is not new in itself, but it is only new to its new discoverer, or to its new recipient. A man who lives near a parting of the travelled ways may be asked by a hundred different travellers as to the right direction to the nearest county town. The correct answer to that question is an old truth to him, so old and so familiar that it seems hardly worth telling over again. Yet to every one of those travellers it may convey an entirely new truth, on which depends the correctness of the asker's course. Saying over an old truth that is timely is, in many a case, better than saying that which seems to the sayer quite new and fresh. This is a suggestion to parents, and teachers, and pastors, and editors. Their best work is likely to be in the saying over and over again that which is old to them, but new and needful to those who look to them for counsel.—*S.S. Times.*

GLUM CHRISTIANS.

A POOR little girl was taken sick one Christmas and carried to a hospital.

While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her. She could appreciate such a wonderful Saviour, and the knowledge made her very happy, as she lay upon her little cot.

One day the nurse came around at the

usual hour, and "Little Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand and whispered:

"I'm havin' real good times here—ever such good times! S'pose I shall have to go away from here just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good times along—some of it, anyhow. Did you know 'bout Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse; "I know. Sh—sh—sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did? Thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was goin' to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own orders in her curiosity.

"Oh, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you know'd 'bout Jesus bein' born."

—*Faithful Witness.*

KEEP watchful for the quick words that sting like bees. I have known a great many people to be sorry for rash words spoken, and harsh acts done; but I have yet to see the first person who regrets that he spoke too gently or acted too kindly.

THE boy or girl who can face ridicule and stand by what he or she knows to be right, and who is not to be morally stamped by any one's laugh, scoff, or sneer, is a person of whom splendid things may be expected.

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