



agest of our readers
prayers, as well by
small, to the cause of
g others who desire
ourse.

E ALL THE DAY

Master calleth,
lled to-day—
Light remaineth,
ay!

kingdom,
n of rest,
faithful,
e blest!

neyard,
Lord,
bor
rd!

orns around us;
rithin;
ndeth

ipward,
e cross—
7side

Jesus!
His throne,
e wine-press

glory,
e sun—
brother,
ll done!

STERER.

NDE.

bees down in the
farm-house where
amma, were spend-

n the city all their
out bees and their
go near them and
a respectable dis-

ty much everything
eggs in the barn,
ling the chickens in
the pig-pen while
ing the pigs green
employment, until
as, suggested that

they should go and see how the bees were coming on.

Clara was ready for anything, and having perfect confidence in Willie's wisdom, they rushed down to the great hive, where the bees were flying in and out as busy as possible.

"I think, Clara," said Willie, confidentially, "it would be jolly to have some honey, and I know those old fellows have got lots of it there. I'll just put my finger into the hive and see if I can scoop out a little."

"No don't said Clara, who began to be afraid of the little noisy things, as they flew around, buzzing with all their might, as if the affairs of the world were to be settled by them before they could sit down and rest.

But she spoke too late, for Willie's finger, in trying to find an opening large enough to get at the honey, was discovered by the bees, who inflicted two or three sharp stings upon it, in order, no doubt, to let him know that thieves should not go unpunished.

Willie gave several loud screams, and rushed for the house, and Clara, who always imitated him, whether good or bad, gave several screams also, and followed after him.

The racket they made brought their mother to the front door, and terribly frightened she was too, for she did not know but that the children were nearly killed,

"What is the matter? tell me quick," she cried out, as they came bounding up to her.

"Oh!" said Willie, "my hand. The bees; oh—oh—oh!"

"Well, come here, my child, and we'll soon fix that all right," his mamma said, as she stooped down and took a little earth that was quite wet from the recent rain, and put it on Willie's finger, so that the pain soon went away and he could give no account of how it happened.

"Remember, Willie, said his mamma, when he had finished, "never meddle with what does not belong to you again: but I think the bees have taught you a lesson. So now, for fear they will always seem very disagreeable little creatures to you, I am going to tell you something about one member of the bee family that I am sure will interest you, and you will see what ingenious little creatures they are."

Willie and Clara used to say to each other frequently that they had the nicest mamma in the world, for they never hurt themselves in any way, or had dreadful medicine to take, but she had some nice little story to tell them afterward.

"This bee," continued mamma, "is called the upholsterer bee, and does not live in a hive, but digs her own little home in the ground, choosing a pathway generally, as the moles do. She makes the hole three inches deep, smoothing the sides and bottom very thoroughly, and then she flies away to some field or flower-garden, where the bright scarlet poppy grows, and cutting off some leaves from the flower, she carries them, with her hind legs, to the cell. Then she hangs the walls of her little house with the scarlet tapestry, cutting the pieces to fit perfectly with her sharp little jaws. If she happens to bring home a wrinkled leaf, she spreads out the folds, and smooths away the wrinkles. In ornamenting her walls, she begins at the bottom and goes up toward the roof, and then spreads a little of her flower carpet on the ground outside, just around the hole. To make her floor warm, she sometimes puts down three or four layers of carpeting, but never less than two. Having arranged her house so tastefully, she puts in a store of pollen (the yellow dust she gets from the flowers) and honey, then lays an egg in that, covers it over with a poppy leaf, and finally closes the entrance to her underground home."

When Willie's mother had finished the story, Willie was so much interested in the account of this curious little worker that his anger had all vanished against bees in general, and his pain having gone he was quite ready to go out and play again.

THE ANGEL CHILDREN.

Nearly thirteen hundred years ago the old English who had come to Britain were heathen, and believed in many false gods; the Sun, to whom they made Sunday sacred, as Monday was to the

Moon, Wednesday to a great, terrible god, named Woden, and Thursday to a god named Thor, or Thunder. They thought a clap of thunder was the sound of the great hammer he carried in his hand. They thought their gods cared for people being brave, and that the souls of those who died fighting gallantly in battle were the happiest of all; but they did not care for kindness or gentleness.

Thus they often did very cruel things, and one of the worst that they did was the stealing of men, women and children from their homes, and selling them to strangers, who made slaves of them. All England had not one king. There were generally about seven kings, each with a different part of the island; and as they were often at war with each other they used to steal one another's subjects, and sell them to merchants who came from Italy and Greece for them.

Some English children were made slaves, and carried to Rome, where they were set in the market place to be sold. A good priest, named Gregory was walking by. He saw their fair faces, blue eyes and long light hair, and, stopping, he asked who they were. "Angles," he was told, "from the Isle of Britain." "Angles?" he said; "they have angel faces, and they ought to be heirs with the angels in heaven." From that time this good man tried to find means to send teachers to teach the English the Christian faith. He had to wait for many years, and, in that time, he was made Pope, namely, Father Bishop of Rome. At last he heard that one of the chief English Kings, Ethelbert, of Kent, had married Bertha, the daughter of the King of Paris, who was a Christian, and that she was to be allowed to bring a priest with her, and have a church to worship in. Gregory thought this would make a beginning; so he sent a priest, whose name was Augustine, with a letter to King Ethelbert and Queen Bertha, and asked the King to listen to him. Ethelbert met Augustine in the open air, under a tree at Canterbury, and heard him tell about the true God, and Jesus Christ, whom he has sent, and, after some time, and a great deal of teaching, Ethelbert gave up worshipping Woden and Thor, and believed in the true God, and was baptized, and many of his people with him. Then Augustine was made Archbishop of Canterbury; and, one after another, in the course of the next hundred years, all the English kingdoms learned to know God, and broke their idols, and became Christians.

A CHILD'S HEART.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with painful effort, sat down on curb step, upon Woodward avenue to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of her old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead!" whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awful sorry," said the little girl as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but your see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman, and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy!"

Pedestrians who saw three well dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the woman's words, as she rose to go:

"Oh! children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years."

THE WEATHER-MAKER.

BY FRANCES E. WADLEIGH.

A man once had a vineyard which did not bring him salt for his porridge, much less wine enough to drink. Why? The bad weather was to blame.

Once he went into his vineyard and said, half aloud,

"If I could but regulate the weather for a single summer!"

Scarcely had he uttered the words before a beautiful boy appeared before him, saying, "Your wish is fulfilled!"

How happy was the man! First he made the sun shine bright and warm; then he made it rain, and so on, until he thought it was fine growing weather for his vines. At last the grape gathering began; every vine was loaded with grapes, just as he desired it to be. But, but, but—when he tasted the grapes, one after another, he was ready to faint, they were all dreadfully sour.

Then the beautiful boy appeared to him again, and said,

"See, O man, how your wish has been fulfilled! You ordered sun and rain prudently enough, but you forgot the wind. Man should never be presumptuous, and try to act more wisely than the All-wise God."

So the man went quietly home, and ever afterward left the ruling of the weather to God. After that he had usually fine weather and sweet grapes—but not always.—From the German.

WHAT CAN A LITTLE GIRL DO?

What can she do? Why, almost anything. She can wash and dress her doll. She can rock and sing her to sleep. She can take her up, carry her about, put her in her little waggon, scold her, pet her, and make a big fuss over her generally. All this she can do. But she can do a great deal more. She can help her mamma and papa ever so much—not exactly by doing the work about the house, cooking the dinner, or washing the clothes, or even sweeping the rooms. Nor can she go to the store and wait on customers. Her arms wouldn't be long enough to reach the goods, nor would she know how much to ask for them. But still there is something—yes, a great deal—she can do. She can be her mother's darling and her father's pet. When all others are away she stays with her mother. She is the best of company. True, she cannot gossip, nor can she talk about other people, but she can prattle away at her mamma. She can put her arms around her neck, and in her own sweet way tell how much she loves her. And then, when she hears her papa coming, she can toddle away to meet him—put out her arms for him to take her up and put her on his shoulder, and, sitting there as happy as a queen, can sing and talk at a great rate. Now nothing perhaps in this world will so soon drive away weariness and care from a parent's heart as just these things. And so in the house, her presence, her funny ways, her pure love, her constant motion, and her unceasing prattle, are a source of unceasing amusement and delight. We don't believe any other championship can do so much good. So we say God bless the little girls, for they are great comforts.

Births, Marriages and Deaths,

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

DEATHS.

Drowned, on Sept. 4th 1879 while bathing, Charles, fifth son of Fredrick Farncomb, New-castle, Ont. aged fourteen years, eight months.

At Grimsby, Ont. on the 22nd ult., the Rev. James Lynne Alexander in the 78th year of his age.

—Forgiveness and a smile are the best revenge.
—Faith is the soul going out of itself for all its needs.

—Do good with what thou hast or it will do thee no good.

—If you play with a fool at home, he will play with you abroad.