

blue serge jacket, a sailor's knitted cap also in dark blue, which she had pushed far back on her tangle of curly, auburn hair. She could not hear what the gentlemen were saying, but when they stopped she saw they were looking at her; perhaps they might come and buy some fish. She watched them eagerly but she did not change her position.

"I've quite made up my mind I must have her face," added the last speaker. "Come and let us hear what she will say to it."

They turned and strolled back to the cart, and Dorothy greeted them pleasantly, as possible customers.

"I'll have some fish another day; that's not what I want this morning. Tell me what is your name," asked one of the gentlemen, "and then we shall get on with our business?"

"My name is Lily, but they call me 'Missie,'" she replied with a slight hesitation, but with a dignity born of inheritance or early training.

"Well, Miss Lily, will you come to me and have your picture taken; that is, will you come and sit quietly for two or three hours a day, and I will pay you well; let me see, will you come if I give you a shilling an hour; it is harder work than it sounds, it is right to tell you that," added the artist.

"Every day," said Dorothy quickly, "will you pay me every day, then? If I stay three hours, I shall have three shillings!" Her voice expressed all the amazement she felt, and both gentlemen laughed.

"You don't know what it is like till you have tried it; but will you come?" said the artist.

"Yes, sir; but what time must I come, and where do you live?" Dorothy asked her questions with breathless eagerness, and a total lack of shyness; her manner of speaking struck her hearers much, it was so unconstrained, yet so free from any boldness.

The artist explained minutely the direction and appearance of his house, and then asked if he might depend on her coming to him the following day at an hour he named.

"If mother lets me come, I'll come, and I'm sure she will," she replied confidently. "Please don't ask any other girl to come. Mother's sure to let me," she added anxiously.

"Very well, I shall expect you," said the gentleman reassuringly. "She evidently thinks one face is as good as another," he added to his friend, when they were out of hearing. "What a well-spoken child she is; but she is younger than I thought she was."

"Yes, both her face and her manner are uncommon," his friend replied.

Nance heard of Lil's promise with some little misgiving, for in the days of her youth she had once sat to an artist herself; she did not want Lil to think herself a "beauty," it might do her "a deal of harm," she told Jem in confidence; but the wants of the family were too pressing for a refusal.

She, however, paid a visit that evening to the artist; her child should not go to him if he did not please her, and she made a special request that he would not "go telling" her Lil she was pretty; girls found that out fast enough "without no telling."

Lil had told her story in great glee to Jem, how she should have plenty of money for the cod-liver oil, and everything, and he would get strong; she told him how she had been thinking about it just when the gentlemen had stopped, and how she should have to sing, for she had quite made up her mind to get the money somehow.

To be Continued.

Success in Preaching.

We must take care that we preach the Gospel simply. This seems an easy thing, but it is harder than it looks. I could tell you of ministers within my knowledge who could not be understood by anybody except by those technically educated. The language of studious, bookish people is far out of the reach of laborers and artisans, and I feel convinced that many of the terms which we commonly use in our theological discussions are no more understood by the multitude than their equi-

valents in Latin. Crumble down the bread when you serve it out to the children. Break the loaves and fishes for the multitude. The common people like to hear that which their minds can grasp, but they shun the jargon of the schools. I believe the quality which fills the house is real earnestness. Nothing attracts all eyes like fire. Flame with zeal, and you will soon be known. Whether he uses copious illustrations or not, if a man is in downright earnest he will win attention and secure an audience. Do you wonder if some chapels are almost empty? Would it answer any man's purpose to go far to hear yourselves preach? Give an honest answer in the quiet of your own thoughts. Downright earnestness, zeal at blood heat, energy at its utmost—these are necessary, and as a rule, there will neither be success without them nor defeat with them. The Gospel, preached in a red-hot style, will find a way for itself, whatever may oppose it. Try it and see. —*Spurgeon.*

Three Little Kittens.

Three little kittens, so downy and soft,
Were cuddled up by the fire,
And two little children were sleeping aloft,
As cosy as heart could desire;
Dreaming of something ever so nice,
Dolls and sugar-plums, rats and mice.

The night wore on, and the mistress said,
"I'm sleepy, I must confess,
And as kitties and babies are safe in bed,
I'll go to bed, too, I guess."
She went upstairs, just a story higher,
While the kittens slept by the kitchen fire.

"What noise can that be?" the mistress said,
"Meow! meow!" "I'm afraid
A poor kitty-cat's fallen out of bed!
The nice little nest I made!"
"Meow! meow!" "Dear me! dear me!
I wonder what can the matter be!"

The mistress paused on an upper stair,
For, what did she see below?
But three little kittens with frightened air,
Standing up in a row!
With six little paws on the step above,
And no mother cat to caress or love!

Through the kitchen door came a cloud of smoke!
The mistress, in great alarm,
To a sense of danger straightway awoke:
Her babies might come to harm.
On the kitchen hearth, to her great amaze,
Was a basket of shavings beginning to blaze.

The three little kittens were hugged and kissed,
And promised many a mouse;
While their names were put upon honour's list,
For hadn't they saved a house?
And two little children were gathered tight
To their mother's heart ere she slept that night.
—*Home and School Visitor.*

A Voice in the Dark.

Early in June last year, I was sailing for the harbor of Ardrossan, in Scotland. It was quite dark, but I could see the revolving light on the pier, not far off. I had no plan of Ardrossan, but the place appeared on my big chart clear enough to warrant me in finding an anchorage near the town. I was sailing straight for the mouth of the harbor when a loud clear voice rang out in the gloom—

"Ship ahoy! Port your helm—you are running straight on to a rock!"

Now I could see no one, but the voice appeared to come from the spot where stood the revolving light. I had two choices: I could at once make up my mind the words were untrue, a mere joke, or I might quickly decide it was the voice of a trusty Scotch pilot warning us of a real and terrible danger.

Do you think I argued, "Because I cannot see the one who speaks, I will not believe him?" No, indeed I believed the voice, and proved I trusted to it by acting on the advice given. Down went the tiller with a bang that made the "Kingfisher" jump, but only to be put to starboard the next moment when the voice added, "Steady that; starboard a little."

Thus, following the guidance of one I believed, but could not see, in a few moments I was safe in the harbor. In a little while I could see my guide;

I could thank him for his timely help, and, what was more, I could see the dark, cruel rock that had barred my passage.

We are in darkness, but out of the darkness a voice is heard. It comes in two ways; first by the written word of the Lord in our Bible; secondly, by the direct voice of God's most holy Spirit in our heart and conscience. How foolish are those who because they cannot see a visible God and Saviour, pretend they discredit the messages of warning He sends us.

In our portion to-day we read about the "voice" that came from the excellent glory which the apostles heard in the holy mount. But we are told that we have a more sure word—the "word of prophecy;" and we are to give heed to it as "a light that shineth in dark places."

Now, as we are at the beginning of another year, may all our young readers determine, by God's help, to listen for the Pilot's voice, to heed that voice, and then obey the command—be it to "turn to the right hand or to the left"—as He shall guide you.

Canon McColl on Episcopacy.

"I am convinced on historical grounds that episcopacy is the original form of Church government. I cannot find in the records of primitive Christianity a trace of non-episcopal Churchmanship. At the first Ecumenical Council, representative of the Church scattered throughout the world, we find the Church under government of bishops; and although some questions bearing on the constitution of the Church came under discussion, there was not a whisper of complaint that a revolution had silently taken place, namely, the substitution of episcopacy for presbyterianism or any form of ecclesiastical polity. Surely that is conclusive proof that episcopacy was down to that time the universally recognized form of the Christian ministry. The Council of Nicæa had evidently never heard either of Presbyterianism, Congregationalism, or Papalism."

True Courtesy.

True courtesy is the "beauty of the heart." How well it is that no class has a monopoly in this kind of beauty: that while favourable circumstances undoubtedly do render good manners more common among persons moving in higher rather than in lower spheres, there should, nevertheless, be no positive hindrance to the poorest classes having good manners. Here is an illustration of true politeness exhibited by both classes of society. One day, in hastily turning the corner of a crooked street in London, a young lady ran with great force against a ragged little beggar boy and almost knocked him down. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned around and said very kindly to the boy, "I beg your pardon, my little fellow. I am very sorry that I ran against you."

The poor boy was astonished. He looked at her a moment in surprise, and then, taking off about three quarters of a cap, he made a low bow and said, while a broad, pleasant smile spread itself all over his face: "You can hev my parding, miss, and welcome; and the next time you run agin me, you can knock me clean down and I won't say a word." After the lady had passed on he turned to his companion and said: "I say, Jim, it's the first time I ever had anybody ask my parding, and it kind o'took me off my feet."

Beware How Ye Walk.

Every man's thinking machine necessarily makes him walk close to great intellectual perils. It is a sad thing not to think. It is more awful to think. Emerson says: "Beware when God lets a thinker loose among men." I walked with a friend lately among electrical dynamos. One had to walk carefully. Beware how you touch this band or that wheel. It is death-charged. The dynamos were lighting the city. But walking among the wheels was to be in deadly jeopardy. Thinking lights the world. And yet the thinking machine deals out equally light and death; use the machine rightly, it will flood your path with light; use it wrongly, it is a thunderbolt to smite you. It will strike you stone-blind. When I see the skeptics sneer at a future life, I say to myself: "Poor fellows, God