

Three Vassar Girls Abroad. By Lizzie W. Champney, with nearly 150 Original Illustrations. 4to, pp. 336. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, cloth, \$2.

This is a book for girls, as the last was one for boys. It describes the rambles of three college girls on a vacation trip through France and Spain for amusement and instruction, with their ups and mishaps. One of them was a devotee to music, another to art, and the third, well, to nothing in particular. History, romance, tourist adventure, art, and literary criticism are introduced in charming variety. The design on the cover is a *chef-d'œuvre* of unique book-binding. We never witnessed such sumptuous illustration of books for young people as in this series.

Play Days. A Book of Stories for Children. By Sarah O. Jewitt. Pp. 203. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

These are charming stories for little folks, either boys or girls, by one who knows how to find her way to their hearts. They are vastly superior in literary merit and in interest to most of the children's books, which issue in such a stream from the press.

THE Rev. Louis N. Beaudry, Superintendent of the French Institute of the Methodist Church of Canada at Montreal, has had a unique and interesting career. He was born in the town of Highgate, Franklin County, Vermont, August 11th, 1833. His parents were French, and devout Roman Catholics. His mother's grandmother was a fellow-sufferer of "Evangeline," the heroine of Longfellow's poem. When he was about five years of age his parents moved to Lower Canada, their native province, settling in Henryville, near Lake Champlain. Their residence there, however, was brief, as they soon returned to Vermont, and afterward removed to Ticonderoga, New York. Young Beaudry was early and faithfully instructed in the principles and doctrines of the Church of his parents, a Church of which he declines to say or hear the bitter things which some speak of her and her members, to the sincerity and zeal of many of whom he bears frequent and ample testimony. He was confirmed by Bishop (now Cardinal) McCloskey, and says of himself that he often had yearnings for the priesthood. In the progress of events, however, he was brought into contact with the Rev. Joseph Cook, who was indeed a schoolmate of his, and through Mr. Cook's instrumentality, he was brought to renounce Catholicism and become a Protestant. Circumstances, which cannot be detailed here, induced him to come to Canada. He is now a French Canadian Missionary, under the direction of the Methodist Church, in the city of Montreal.

Sir William McArthur, the late Lord Mayor of London, who so splendidly entertained the Ecumenical Council at the Mansion House, in sending his subscription for the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, takes occasion to say: "I am greatly pleased with the Magazine; it is admirably conducted, and the articles are of a very superior character."

THE LITTLE MAID FOR ME.

I know a little maiden,
Whom I always see arrayed in
Silks and ribbons, but she is a spoiled and
petted little elf—
For she never helps her mother, or her sister,
or her brother.
But forgetting all around her, lives entirely
for herself:

So she simpers, and she sighs,
And she mopes, and she cries,
And knows not where the happy hours flee.
Now let me tell you privately, my darling
little friends,
She's as miserable as miserable can be,
And I fear she's not the little maid for me.

But I know another maiden,
Whom I've often seen arrayed in
Silks and ribbons, but not always: she's a
prudent little elf;
And she always helps her mother, and her
sister, and her brother,
And lives for all around her, quite regardless
of herself:

So she laughs and she sings,
And the hours on happy wings,
Shower gladness round her pathway as they
flee.
Now need I tell you privately, my darling
little friends,
She's as happy as a little maid can be!
This is surely the little maid for me
—*Harper's Young Folks.*

FUN WITH A LINCHPIN.

THREE boys of our acquaintance are good, kind hearted, generous fellows, who would not intentionally do any mean act. They are also active, fun-loving. They have just the talent and abilities to make excellent men, and we have considered them amongst the best and most promising boys we know of. Recently they saw a farmer selling potatoes from his waggon, and made some jocular remark about one of his horses. He rather gruffly told them to "go away." No doubt he was weary and no one enjoys having sport made of what he may not be able to help. A few minutes later he carried a basket of potatoes to the cellar of a customer, and the boys noticed that the lynchpin which held one of the wheels on, was loose and partly out. Had they acted upon the impulse of their heart's best and real feelings, they would have pushed it back into its place, or have told him about it. But, prompted by their fun-loving natures, in a thoughtless moment they pulled the pin out and dropped it on the ground, half wishing or hoping, perhaps, he would see it, but yet thinking what fun it would be to see the wheel come off and the potatoes dumped into the street. So they went off a little distance, putting on an unconcerned look, but watched for the result. On starting the team the wheel left the axle, the potatoes did tumble and spread out in amusing style, and the boys had a hearty laugh. But the crash frightened the apparently dull team; they started on a jump which threw the farmer off his balance; he fell in front, and a wheel crushed the bones of his right arm, and barely escaped crushing his head also. He is now confined to his bed, and will never be able to use his arm at hard work. The horses ran against a tree, not only scattering the potatoes widely, but smashing the waggon, and the broken tongue maimed one of the horses so that he had to be killed. Had these boys stopped to look ahead, and see the possible result of what, at the first impulse, seemed so small a matter as pulling out a bit of iron, would they have done it? We like to see our young friends cheerful, happy, we had almost said frolicsome, and will say it in the best sense of the

word—but, dear boys, whenever you are planning any enterprise, or sport, remember the "linchpin," and stop long enough to think what may be the outcome, and don't run risks, hoping that chance may bring all out well. Chance is a fickle thing, not to be trusted—*Agriculturist.*

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

"**D**IS mawnin', ez I war walkin' out 'mong de sunflowers in de back yard," began Brother Gardner, as the janitor of the Lime Kiln Club finally got through sneezing, "Mister Darius Green, the white man, come 'long, an' dere was a powerful sad look on his face ez he leaned ober de fence an' said: 'Misser Gardner, dis sufferin' hez got to come to a cease?'"

"Hez ye got de shakes an' chills?" I axed.
"Wus dan dat, Misser Gardner. Iza workin' all de week for ten shillin' a day, an' what de money goes I can't tell. De old woman wants new clothes, de chillin' wants dis an' dat, de rent runs behin', an' Izo gettin' desperit."
"Shoo! now, but let's make some figgers on de fence, I tole him. 'Now den, you chew terbacker?'"
"Yes, I chew 'bout ten cents' worf a day."
"Dat's seventy cents a week. An' you drink lager?"

"Well, of course I drink a glass now an' den—maybe fifteen glasses a week."
"Dat's seventy-five cents moah, sah. What d'ye do on Sundays?"
"Oh, go up to de beer garden."
"An' you spen' a dollar at least?"
"I guess so—maybe two of 'em."
"Say twelve shillin', an' dat makes two dollars an' ninety-five cents a week. I reckon you frow away at least free dollars ebery week, sah?"
"Frow it away!"

"Yes, sah. Dat money would pay your rent an' buy your flour."
"But a feller must hev some comfort."

"De same, sah. De greatest comfort in de world am t see de rent paid up, de family dress up, de table loaded down, an' de ole woman able to go to church. You frow away free dollars ebery week, sah, an' den you go roun' cussin' de times, de wedder, an' de man who hez saved his money."

"Gen'len, dat white man called me an ole black fool an' a dog stealer, but dat did'nt alter de case a bit. He is frowin' away one-third of his weekly wages, an' den blowin' roun' dat he's gettin' desperit an' am ready to head a riot. Doan' let me heah eny member o' dis club spionin' dat yarn, kase if he does dars gwine to be a committee of investigashun, an' dat committee won't whitewash worf a cent!"

THE Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck obtained from his pastoral charge in Brooklyn nearly four hundred subscribers for his Church paper. There are ministers among us who think such service to the Church not in their line. But without their help our Church work will suffer, for the Church papers prove a blessing to all church interests wherever they go.

STUDY books to know how things ought to be; study men to know how things are.

"WOULD IF I COULD."

"**W**OULD if I could,"
Though it's much in use,
Is but a mistaken
And sluggish excuse;
And many a person
Who *could* if he *would*,
Is often heard saying,
"I would if I could."

"Come, John," said a school-boy,
"I wish you would try
To do this hard problem,
And don't you deny."
But John at that moment
Was not in the mood,
And yawning answered,
"I would if I could."

At the door of a mansion,
In tattered rags clad,
Stood a poor woman begging
A morsel of bread,
The rich man scarce heeded,
While trembling she stood,
And answered her coldly,
"I would if I could."

The scholar receiving
His teacher's advice;
The sweeper admonished
To shun such a vice;
The child when requested
To try and be good—
Oft gives the same answer,
"I would if I could."

But if we may credit
"What good people say,"
That "where a strong will is
There's always a way,
And whatever ought to be
Can be and should,
We never need utter,
"I would if I could."

JOHN WESLEY AND THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

THE Rev. John Wesley, in a letter addressed to the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, dated Sept. 6, 1784, says:—The excise on spirits, that year, amounted to £20,000. "But have not the spirits distilled," he says, "cost 20,000 lives of his Majesty's liege subjects? Is not, then, the blood of these men vilely bartered for £20,000—not to say anything of the enormous wickedness which has been occasioned thereby, and not to suppose that these poor wretches had any souls? But to consider money alone, is the King a gainer or an immense loser? To say nothing of millions of quarters of corn destroyed, which, if exported, would add more than £20,000 to the revenue, be it considered *dead men pay no taxes*; so that by the death of 20,000 persons yearly (and this computation is far under the mark) the revenue loses far more than it gains."

GOATS AND DOGS.

It is said that some farmers in New Jersey have employed goats to protect their sheep from dogs. Two goats can drive away a dozen dogs, it is found, and two are about all a farmer puts in with his sheep. As soon as a dog enters the field at night the goats attack him, and their butting propensities are too much for the canine, who soon finds himself rolling over and over. A few repetitions of this treatment cause the dog to quit the field, limping and yelling. Formerly, when a dog entered a sheep-field at night, the sheep would run wildly around and cry piteously. Since the goats have been used to guard them they form in line behind the goats, and seem to enjoy the fun. The idea of utilizing goats in this way came from the West, where they are put in sheep-pens to drive away wolves.