

and its reality the service we have to render to the eternal laws of righteousness and truth. We must all take our share in the work of hastening their universal reign with such means as may be given us for that one purpose of our being: but those who have genius, like yourself, Hugh, have power to make so noble an offering to the cause that the light shadows of outward trouble ought only to make the divine fire within them burn the brighter. You have a great career before you, brother Hugh," she added, fixing her bright eloquent eyes upon his face, "if only you would give yourself to it heart and soul, and think no more of the flattering joys and disappointments of this mortal life."

He lifted his head with an eager look, which showed that he had caught some other enthusiasm.

"Yes," he said, "I do feel that I have powers within me which might enable me to achieve greatness, and do some noble work on earth; but it is your presence alone, Estelle, which could give me energy and strength to utilise my natural gift. You first awoke me to some sense of the true nature of a poet's mission, and you have done much for me since, in raising me above all frivolity and narrowness. But I know my weakness, and if I were deprived of all contact with your finer mind, which seems to touch me as with an electric spark that quickens me into higher life, I should but fall back into the careless pleasure-loving existence I led before I knew you. Let me stay near you, Estelle," he pleaded, "and continue the happy intercourse we have had together heretofore. I will not offend you again as I have done to-night, if it be an offence to have loved you too well. Only do not be afraid to have me with you. Do not lay any restraint upon our meetings. Let me be assured that if I have gained nothing by my boldness, at least I have not lost such measure of happiness as was already mine."

"I am very willing to have you still as my friend and brother," she answered, quietly, "if you have quite understood that what I have said to-night is absolutely final, and will pledge yourself never to recur to it again. It is only thus that intercourse between us can be possible in future."

"I will promise what you will if only I may see you," he answered, sadly. "You have my pledge, Estelle, and now you may trust me; but tell me that I may still visit you." And then she gave him her hand, with a frank smile, and said, "Come to-morrow, if you like; but now, good-night, for it is very late."

(To be continued.)

DODGING THE COLLECTION.

One day, as I was listening to a sermon on behalf of a local charity, a woman sitting near the pulpit attracted my attention. This woman had been nodding her head with approbation all the time the minister was preaching; but especially during the part of the sermon in which he was pleading so earnestly for the children. No one could have seen her without expecting a substantial donation at the door. She was also one of the loudest of the singers of the hymn.

An indescribable thrill, however, which passed through me, gave me immediately to understand that I must make up my mind to be disappointed; and a glance at my companion's face confirmed me in my apprehensions. Judging from appearances, this lady could have very well afforded to give; but she passed out without putting a fraction on the plate. Not even a sixpence for decency's sake did she bestow. It was not the churchwarden's fault, however. This gentleman was a very experienced collector; and occasionally shook me a little, so that I made all the little four-pennies and sixpences jump, by way of reminding such as were forgetful, that there was such a thing as a plate at the door. I was never so shaken, however, as when this lady approached me. The fact is, the churchwarden knew her well. It was only about two months before, when a sermon for the Missionary Society had been preached, and a hymn was being sung while the plate went round from pew to pew (which was sometimes the case in our church), that it reached this very individual, just as she was singing out with all her might—

"Fly abroad, thou glorious Gospel."

The churchwarden was determined not to let her off, so he kept poking the plate in front of her, while she on her part kept singing out, "Fly abroad"—"fly abroad"—but ah! she gave nothing to help it to fly. But there are many such as she. She was only one of a class who flatter with their mouths, but are untrue in their hearts; perhaps she thought she had done her part by joining in the hymn, and nodding her head during the sermon; but it would have taken a great deal of this work to have paid off the debt on the schools.

Children's Department.

LITTLE GIFTS.

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty,
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny—
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the shillings,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys, they were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy too.

Only some out-grown garments—
They were all I had to spare;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth He think of His children
When they never give at all?

PROVERBS.

Mr. Amos Atkins was very fond of proverbs. He read proverbs, wrote proverbs, and spoke proverbs: and, meet him where you would, he had always a proverb on his lip. When he once began to speak, there was hardly any stopping him.

When I first met Amos, I was on the way to my uncle's. A long walk it was, but I told him I hoped to be there before night.

"Ay, ay," he said. "Here is a good breakfast, but a bad supper. Put your best foot foremost, boy, or else you will not be there. It is a good thing to hope, but he who does nothing but hope is in a very helpless way."

"Have a care of your temper, for a passionate boy rides a pony that runs away with him. Passion has done more mischief in the world than all the poisonous plants that grow in it. Therefore, again I say have a care of your temper."

"Remember the first spark burns down the house. Quench the first spark of passion and all will be well. No good comes of wrath it puts no money in the pocket and no joy in the heart. Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance."

"Look at your feet and your fingers, boy, let both be kept in activity; for he who does nothing is in a fair way to do mischief! An idle man makes a needy man, and, I may add, a miserable one, too."

"If you put a hot coal in your pocket it will burn its way out. Ay, and so will bad a deed that is hidden make itself known. A fault concealed is a fault doubled, and so you will find it all through life. Never hide your faults, but confess them, and seek, through God's help, to overcome them."

"Waste not a moment of time, for a moment of time is a moment of mercy."

"Now step forward, boy, and as you walk along think of the half-dozen proverbs given you by Amos Atkins."

COURTESY.

Little girls, do you ever think about the mean-

ing of words? This word now, *courtesy*, has something about it, which girls and women ought to care for very much indeed. You know that hundreds of years ago, in Europe, and in many heathen countries now, women are not much better than slaves! In China, for instance, when company comes to a house, the parents present the boys very proudly, but they send the girls out of sight as fast as possible. They don't want anybody to know that they have a little daughter in their home.

Gradually, in the Middle Ages, woman came up from a state of barbarism, and the clergy and poets together helped her to win her proper place. The lady of the castle kept the keys and presided at the feasts, wore beautiful robes of stuff called samite and camelot, and gave medicine to the sick. She learned surgery, too, and when the soldiers and knights came home from battle wounded and faint, she knew how to set the broken bones and bind up the bruised parts. So everybody treated her politely, and the sort of manners which then came to be popular, in place of the old roughness and rudeness, took the general name of *courtesy*.

The Bible binds us to be *courteous*. Do you want to know the highest and loveliest style of courtesy, which you can practice at home, at school, and in the street? It is all wrapped up in one golden phrase, "In honor preferring one another." Suppose you try to live with those words for your motto, say for a whole week to come.

CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL.

Carol, sweetly carol,
A Saviour born to-day;
Bear the joyful Tidings,
Oh, bear them far away!

Carol, sweetly carol,
Till earth's remotest bound
Shall hear the mighty chorus,
And echo back the sound.

Chorus—Carol, sweetly carol,
Carol sweetly to-day;
Bear the joyful Tidings,
Oh, bear them far away.

Carol, sweetly carol,
As when the Angel throng,
O'er the vales of Judah,
Awoke the Heavenly song:
Carol, sweetly carol,
Goodwill, and Peace, and Love,
Glory in the Highest
To God Who reigns above.

Chorus.—Carol, sweetly carol, &c.

IN THE COURTS OF THE LORD.

Advent season, the time for watching and praying, lest the Master, coming suddenly, should find His followers sleeping, had come and gone, and the joyous Christmas, with its "good tidings," dawned on this earth again. Merrily the happy chimes sang out on the glittering, frosty air; the fresh snow hid the dark frozen earth, with its purity and glory, and bright faces and cheerful voices greeted each other with "Merry Christmas" as the people thronged into His sanctuary, whose birth-feast they kept.

On the other side of the street from the Church which the throng was entering, a boy, leading a tiny girl, passed slowly along. His jacket was torn, and his hat had no rim, and the little one's golden curls were but half concealed under an old shawl; but, though they belonged not to the Church-going crowd, the spell of the day was upon them, and they looked eagerly toward the porch.

"See all the folks, baby," said the elder, gazing delightedly at the gay sleighs and richly-dressed worshippers. "And, gracious! just hear the chimes; ain't it splendid?"

"What for?" questioned the child, her blue eyes dilating with pleasure.

"What for? Why, 'tis Christmas-day, don't you know. They're all agoin' to church, and it's real jolly in there. I peeped in there yesterday, with Tommy Noolan. It's just as green, baby, why as if it was summer; and won't they have gay singing!"

"Me go," said baby, coaxingly. "Ou and me go, Dicky."

"Pooh!" said the boy, "it's only rich folks as