

Children's Department.

LITTLE MISCHIEF.

Little Mischief's run away,
With a lot of treasure;
Now's the time for fun and play
Without stint or measure.
In the bathroom on the floor
Who can see him?—may be
No one ever thought before
What a *thief* was baby!
First he gave the doll a bath
In the big tin dipper;
Then he soaked the rosette off
Mamma's brodered slipper;
Tied the nurse's old night-cap
O'er his unkempt tresses,
Knit his brows and filled his head
With mysterious guesses.
Ah! a watch—the very thing—
Mamma's handsome lever:
Ticking such a pretty tune,
Wasn't he *right* clever?
On his tip-toes reaching up,
Seized the shining beauty;
To investigate the toy
Was his *bounden* duty.
Yes, it opens very nice,—
Looking at it steady,
Thinks some water'd do it good;
'Here's a *spoon* quite ready;
Drop by drop he pours it in.
Dear me! It stops singing!
And—oh, how unfortunate,
Here's the *door bell* ringing.
Mischief! Mischief! where are you?
Bless me how offended
Naughty baby boys can be
When their play is ended.

ASKING GOD'S BLESSING.

Charlie was going home with his uncle. They were on the steamboat all night. A steamboat is furnished with little beds on each side of the cabin. Those little beds are called berths. When it was time to go to bed, Charlie undressed himself.

"Make haste and jump into your berth boy," said his uncle.

"May'nt I first kneel down and ask God to take care of us?" asked Charlie.

"We shall be taken care of fast enough," said his uncle.

"Yes sir," said Charlie, "but mother always tells us not to take anything without asking."

Uncle Tom had nothing to say to that, and Charlie knelt down, just as he did by his own little bed at home. God's bounty and goodness and grace you live on day by day, my children but never take it with first asking.

THE TWO PAINTERS.

"The sunlight is pleasant, cousin Bell."

"Yes."

"And the moonlight and starlight."

"Yes, all just as pretty as can be," said cousin Bell, smiling.

"Indeed, the world is full of pleasant sights," continued Julius, thoughtfully. "But for all that, I think strange things happen. I don't see why so many dear little children die just as they have grown to be such treasures to everybody."

Julius looked sad as he said this. Bell knew he was thinking of his dear little sister who had died only a few weeks before. "Then," he continued, as though he did not want to think longer about so sad a thing, "you see people with many friends and everything they want, and soon, perhaps, it is all gone."

"Julius, dear, let me tell you an old story," said cousin Bell. "Two dear friends were once employed to fresco the walls of a grand cathedral. They were fine artists, and loved their work. They went to it, day after day, with an earnest purpose to do their very best. And so the walls grew in beauty hour by hour. Now it happened on a certain day that one of these artists was very much interested in looking at his work. He would stand near, and then he would move a

little distance away. Step by step he got further from the picture, and nearer the edge of the high scaffolding on which he stood to work.

"All at once, his friend saw his danger; another step back, and he would have been over the edge! What should he do? Call? No; he might then take the step in alarm. Quick as thought, the friend seized a wet brush and threw it against the wall, spattering the very picture that had cost the other so much work and time! What could he mean? His friend sprang forward in a great rage, and began to cry out, in bitter words, against such a cruel deed.

"There was no other way to save you," said the artist. "Look behind you! See how near you were to death."

"When the man saw his peril, he fell upon his friend's neck, blessing him for what a moment before seemed such an unkind act. Now, Julius, this is just a little like the way in which our Heavenly Father often treats His children. He sees that sometimes they are so much pleased with earthly things, that they cannot see the dangers near at hand. The only way to save them is by spoiling the pictures and images that look so beautiful. But after a while they will be glad, maybe in this world, maybe not till they reach the golden city, the New Jerusalem."

POOR LITTLE DICKY-BIRDS.

Poor little dicky-birds out in the snow,
Where do you come from and where do you go?
Where get your food from? I'm sure I don't know,

Poor little dicky-birds out in the snow.

I have warm clothing and I am well fed,

I've a nice fire and I've a nice bed;

But what do you do? I'm sure I don't know,

Poor little dicky-birds out in the snow.

Poor little dicky-bird, when the day's gone.

What do you do to keep yourself warm?

Where do you get when the night winds do blow?

Poor little dicky-birds out in the snow.

"Why, little girl, I have a nice nest

Under the housetop where I can rest;

For God who takes care of His creatures, you

know,

Cares for the dicky-birds out in the snow."

F. B.

A PARROT'S ADVICE.

I was once on a visit to a friend who kept a parrot said to be fifty years old, and which he had obtained from a manufacturer who employed a great many boys. I went up to the bird, and said "Well Polly, you have lived a great many years in this world; will you give me the result of your fifty years experience, and advise me what to do?"

Polly listened attentively, and then with a knowing look turned her head and exclaimed, "Go and work! go and work!"

Follow the parrot's advice, my young friends; and whatever you do worthy of your attention, do it, not carelessly, but in a workmanlike manner, and "work while it is called to-day."

FIGHTING FOR THE TRUTH.

There is not usually much good to be derived from attacking people. It is but natural that if they be assaulted they will return blow for blow, and the result must then depend on strength, and capacity for holding on. We may preach and teach our own beliefs, letting other people do the same with theirs, and no disturbance will follow, but when we begin to call them out and challenge their combativeness, by denouncing their doctrines and convictions in direct personal assault, there must necessarily be a conflict. Many of our old fathers, in their zeal of dislike to error, drove away neighbor Christians who wished to be friendly by habitually reminding them of their heterodoxy when they might as well have conciliated their prejudices by saying nothing about them.

Conformity to the world has, in all ages, proved the ruin of the Church. It is utterly impossible to live in nearness to God and in friendship with the world.—[Rowland Hill.]

GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of life.

THOU KNOWEST NOT HOW.—I looked upon the wrong or back side of a piece of arras (or tapestry); it seemed to me as a continued nonsense. There was neither head nor foot therein; confusion itself had as much method in it—a company of thrums and threads, with as many pieces and patches of several sorts, sizes and colors, all of which signified nothing to my understanding. But then, looking on the reverse, or right side thereof, all put together did spell excellent proportions, and figures of men and cities; so that indeed it was a history, not written with a pen, but wrought with a needle. If men look upon some of God's providential dealings with a pure eye of reason, they will hardly find any sense therein, such their muddle and disorder. But, alas! the wrong side is objected to our eyes, while the right side is presented to the high God of heaven, who knoweth that an admirable order doth result out of this confusion; and what is presented to him at present may hereafter be so showed to us as to convince our judgments in the truth thereof.—*Thomas Fuller.*

AFFECTION.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that any indulgence of affection is weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth than one of these families without a heart. Who that has experienced the joys of friendship, and values sympathy and affection, would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery than be robbed of the hidden treasure of his heart? Who would not rather follow his child to the grave than entomb his parental affection? Cherish, then, your heart's best affections.

—What is the decease of a saint but a translation out of a valley of death, a Golgotha, a place of skulls, a region where death reigns, into the region of perfect and everlasting life? It is not to be called death simply or absolutely, but with diminution: it is only death in a certain respect, it is a *birth* rather, a dying out of one world, and a being born at the same time into another—a much more lightsome, a purer, and more glorious world. It is being made from an earthly, mean mortal thing, heavenly, spiritual, incorruptible, and immortal.

—No well-bred person will be insolent to his inferiors. On the other hand, he will observe a scrupulous tenderness of manner toward them—a care of word and action that will lighten the burden of humanity which they must necessarily feel, as much as possible. The refinement of heart is the most prominent characteristic of a high and noble spirit. It is the only mark of a lady or gentleman that is wholly unequivocal.

—We are not saved by faith without works, for there is no such faith in Christ. Nor are we saved by works but those that flow from faith are acceptable to God.

MARRIAGE.

Married by the Rev. R. Rooney on the 29th inst., in St. George's Church village of Haliburton Mr. George Dummett of the Tp., of Snowdon to Miss. Elizabeth Sedgewick of the Tp. of Dysart.