

Children's Department.

WHICH LOVED BEST?

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
And he left her wood and water to bring.

"I love you, mother," said Rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"To-day I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then stepping softly she fetched the broom,
And swept the floor and tidied the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and happy as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said—
Three little children going to bed.
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

NOTHING FINISHED.

I once had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found? Well in the first place, I found a "bead purse," about half done; there was, however no prospect of its ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one lid of a Bible, and beneath it the words, "I love;" but what she loved was left for me to conjecture. "It cannot be," thought I, "that this little girl loves the Bible; if so, she would not have left even a picture of the blessed book soiled, and not half-finished." Beneath the Bible lid I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly-finished, was marked, "To my dear." It did not tell me for whom it was intended, but of this I was certain, whoever the dear one might be, that "needle-book" was not for her. I need not, however, tell you all that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box, I found not a single article complete; and mte as they were, these half-finished, forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl. They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect, she was still a *useless* child—always doing, but never *accomplishing* her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of *perseverance*, that ruined all her generous plans, and after a time gained for her a name which she was not willing to bear; for though she was always ready to enter into any plan for the benefit of others, little account is made of promises from those who are without *perseverance*; and, without any intention of being untruthful, this little girl came at last to be treated as a *deceiver*.

Let us remember, my dear young friends, that everything relating to our present and eternal felicity depends on resolute *perseverance* in the right. It matters but little what great thing we undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we *mean* to do; but everybody will open their eyes by-and-by to see what men, and women, and little children *have done*. Let us begin, then, and finish every *good* thing already commenced, no matter how small the object. We must learn a noble *perseverance* by exercising this principle in small matters.

THE ARK AND DOVE.

There was a noble ark,
Sailing o'er waters dark
And wide around;

Not one tall tree was seen,
Nor flower, nor leaf of green;
All, all was drowned.

Then a soft wing was spread,
And o'er the billows dread
A meek dove flew;
But on that shoreless tide
No living thing she spied
To cheer her view.

So to the ark she fled,
With weary, drooping head,
To seek for rest.
Christ is the ark, my love,
Thou art the tender dove;
Fly to his breast.

OBEDIENCE.

Charlotte, you must not go on the ice. It is not safe. You know papa said so, and I should think Tom would be ashamed of himself to go when it is forbidden. Please come home," pleaded May Norris, grasping her sister's shawl.

"Nonsense, May; I am only going to take a little slide, and Tom said perhaps he would let me try his skates. I shan't be gone long," answered Charlotte, shaking off May's hand, and starting on a run for the opposite bank of the pond. She reached the middle in safety, when oh, the ice bent, cracked, and Charlotte sank in the freezing water! Fortunately Tom was near, and at last succeeded in rescuing his sister, as the water was not very deep. And Charlotte lay motionless on the ice while he ran for help. The child was delicate, and soon rheumatic fever in one of its worst forms set in, and poor Charlotte lay for weeks between life and death. It was months before she was able to leave her bed, and when she did so, she had learned a lesson never to be forgotten. With her head bowed on the foot of her little bed she prayed to God for strength to keep her resolutions.

And God gave it. In after life there were always two passages in her Bible which were marked. They were the Fifth Commandment, and "Children obey your parents in the Lord, for that is right."

LUCY'S DECISION.

I do think you are too mean, Lucy Mills. You might say you will come."

"Well, I won't," retorted the little maiden from the opposite post. "Your father's only a common man, and if you don't want me never to speak to you again, you'd just better say you won't have your party the same day as mine." And slipping from her seat she ran across the street to her own home.

Lucy Mills and Lucy Gray lived opposite each other, but their houses were very different. Lucy Mills' house was a fine old mansion, which seemed plainly to say, "Look at me, I am much prettier than my neighbor across the street."

Lucy Gray lived in a snug little cottage half hidden by beautiful vines. Both the Lucys' birthdays came on the same day, and from this had arisen the trouble. Lucy Gray was going to have her papa's Sunday-school class (who were all poor boys) to tea, on her birthday evening, and wanted the other Lucy to come and help entertain them. Lucy Mills was going to have a fine party, and was much offended because Lucy Gray would not come. Lucy Gray went sorrowfully into her pretty house.

"Mamma," she said, "Lucy is mad at me 'cause I won't go to her party. Would you go?"

Mrs. Gray answered: "You know, dear, that I want you to have a nice time, but we would like to have our little daughter at home on her birthday night. You must think it over, and decide for yourself, my dear."

Lucy went to her room and sat down to think it over. "Mamma wants me to stay at home, I know, and so does papa. If I went to Lucy's I should please no one but myself. I might please all the boys besides, by staying here. I must stay at home."

"Mamma," she said that night, "I have decided to stay at home. I have thought it over, and it seems to me that I ought to stay where I can please

the most. And I am sure that will be at home. I will try to tell Lucy pleasantly why I cannot come."

Mrs. Gray pressed her Lucy in her arms. "God grant," she whispered, "that my darling child may always decide as wisely as she has done to-night, remembering that 'even Christ pleased not Himself.'"

IDOL GODS.

A mother was describing to her little son the idols which heathen nations worship as gods. "I suppose, mamma," said the boy, "that these heathens do not look up to the sun, and moon, and stars which we do."

"Yes, my dear, they do."

"Why, then, I wonder that they do not think there must be a better God than these idols."

WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT STUFFED OWLS.

While delivering a lecture in Boston, it is said that Dr. Willis told a droll story of himself. He said that at one time, when he was a connoisseur in bird-stuffing, he used to criticise other people's bird-stuffing severely. Walking with a gentleman one day, he stopped at a window where a gigantic owl was exhibited. "You see," said the doctor to his friend, "that there is a magnificent bird utterly ruined by unskilful stuffing. Notice the mounting! Execrable, isn't it? No living owl ever roosted in that position. And the eyes are fully a third larger than any owl ever possessed." At this moment the stuffed bird raised one foot, and solemnly blinked at his critic, who said very little more about stuffed birds that afternoon. It is never best to judge the work of others until we are sure of its character.

CHARITY.

Trust not to each accusing tongue,
As most weak persons do;
But still believe that story wrong
Which ought not to be true.

"I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtfully on his shaggy friend; "he always looks so pleased to mind, and I don't."

An old Scotchman was taking his grist to the mill in sacks upon the back of his horse, when the horse stumbled and the grain fell to the ground. He had not strength to raise it, but he saw a horseman riding along, and thought he would ask him for help. The horseman proved to be a nobleman who lived in the castle hard by, and the farmer could not muster courage to ask a favour of him. But the nobleman was a gentleman also, and, not waiting to be asked, he dismounted, and between them they lifted the grain to the horse's back. John—for he was a gentleman too—lifted his cap and said, "My lord, how shall I ever thank you for your kindness?" "Very easily, John," replied the nobleman. "Whenever you see another man in the same plight as you were in just now, help him, and that will be thanking me."

CHILDREN of this favored land,
Give to Jesus heart and hand:
Heart to love, and hand to do
Whatsoever He findeth you.

A child, speaking of her home to a friend, was asked, "Where is your home?" Looking with loving eye at his mother, he replied, "Where mother is!" Was ever a question more truthfully or touchingly answered?

Candor is the brightest gem of criticism.
—Disraeli.

DEATH.

On the 9th March, 1877, REBECCA, wife of the late JOHN SPENCER, of Dorset Farm, Whitby, aged 88.

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