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MONTREAL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR "VOICE,"—You will I am sure, spare us a little corner to let outsiders know that the Y's are earnestly at work in their little corner of the vineyard.

We continue to hold our monthly business meetings and fortnightly prayer meetings and new comers are welcomed very heartily. Those who attend the meetings regularly often regret that all the members do not join them. Last week the Y's received an invitation to an "At Home," given by the "Good Will Club," whose President, Miss Capel is supplied from our ranks. A good many by their presence, showed an interest in this work, the rooms looked bright and inviting and we hope the financial results were satisfactory.

We are now awaiting the arrival of a coffee barrow from England. We expect it to be in working order before long and then we shall be able to give some, at least, of the workmen of our city a chance to get a cheap and wholesome temperance drink. We sincerely wish that it was in our power to have many of these barrows in operation, so that the wants of all, instead of the few might be supplied, but we are doing what we can and perhaps great things may spring from this small beginning. Y.

Not your own! To Him ye owe
All your life and all your love;
Live, that ye His praise may show,
Who is yet all praise above.

Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power
Consecrate to Him alone,
Who hath claimed you for His own.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

with the young life of the present generation in all the promise of early manhood; while, within the solemn colleges, beneath the chapel alters and the sombre corridors, the dead of ages past, the strength and sinews of the nation once, lay mouldering in their forgotten graves. And with this contrast,—the sure knowledge that all the life and brightness of the one must soon dissolve into the gloom and silence of the other, would have been strangely mournful, had it not been that there was a revelation of the future also in the clear blue sky, with its infinite depths of fathomless ether, that arched over living and dead alike, and spoke of an eternity for both.

It was in the radiance of the early morning that Ernestine thus saw Greyburgh for the first time, as she took her way to the college to which Reginald belonged. They had reached the hotel too late the night before to visit him then, but Ernestine had written to tell him of her arrival, and to ask when she could see him, either at the hotel where she was staying, or in his rooms, and the tone of his answer heightened her anxiety on his account. He wrote thus:

"DEAREST ERNIE,—I am very sorry you have come here and yet I shall be only too delighted to see you. You must come to me,—I cannot leave my rooms. Since you are here, do not delay letting me have you with me a moment longer than you can help. I shall expect to see you as soon as the college gates are open to-morrow morning.—R. C."

This was all, and Ernestine was greatly perplexed by it. She knew it was no want of affection for herself which made him regret her coming, and she waited with anxiety for the moment when she should be able to ascertain the meaning of the strange state of mind in which he seemed to be. She was at the gate of the college, one of the oldest in Greyburgh, at the hour he had named, and, as she turned into the deep shadows of the quadrangle, with its dark walls and time-worn statues, she felt as if she had stepped from the living world into the realms of the past. Having mastered, by the help of a passing servant, the meaning of the cabalistic direction given her by the porter as to the position of Mr. Courtenay's rooms—"two five to the right"—she made her way up the steep stone staircase to his door.

"Mr. Courtenay sports oak most days," said the servant, hastening up before her; "but I can get in, and I will tell him you are here, ma'am." In another moment he returned, flung open the door, and closed it again upon Ernestine, as she entered a

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MONTREAL.

"THANK YOU."

Several winters ago a woman was coming out of some public building where the heavy door swung back and made egress somewhat difficult. A little street-urchin sprang to the rescue; and as he held open the door she said, "Thank you," and passed on.

"Cracky! d'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near by him.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady in seal skin said 'thank ye' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation, which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned round and said to the boy:

"It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away; and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her:

"What a great comfort to be civilly treated once in a while—though I don't know that I blame the store clerks for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said:

"Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that the simple "thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office-boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

Only two words, dropped into the treasury of a street conversation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments, stocks and bonds.

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