

tion for you, which you are conscious of being best fitted to do. It is almost better to choose the wrong work than not to begin any. To lounge and loiter through life has not only an unspeakable baseness with it, but it is environed with the subtlest dangers." It is to be hoped that these wise and loving counsels will be scattered throughout the land, for if there is one canker more than another that is ruining our English character, trade and prosperity, it is the ever-increasing dislike of persistent, honest work.

## Family Department.

### AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY GEORGE L. CROCKET.

The withered leaflets fade and fall  
Before the autumn breeze;  
Freely they give their life and all  
Unto the parent trees.  
Their perfect work performed, they lie  
Contented at its close, to die.

They sought not in rash pride to stand,  
Each separate leaf alone,  
But grew together, proud their band  
Of brotherhood to own,  
While every tiny self was lost—  
All by one greater self engrossed.

And so, when all was finished, God  
The autumn glory gave,  
And shook them down upon the sod  
Unto a quiet grave;  
Contented when their course was run  
Unto its close, with His "Well done."

And are not we as autumn leaves  
Upon the parent Vine,  
Where each from one dear heart receives  
His store of life's rich wine,  
Abiding fast with one dear Friend  
And resting with Him in the end.

'Tis ours to live in closest ties  
Of holy brotherhood,  
Still walking on where duty lies,  
Loving and doing good;  
Kneeling before one altar throne  
And owning one dear Name alone.

O, thus to live life's summer through  
Until the autumn come;  
To don death's robes, line on line,  
Then silently float home;  
Take autumn leaves one life to share,  
And autumn's brightest robes to wear!

—Living Church.

### JULIE.

#### CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED]

"Here's your ginger-beer, mum," said the errand-boy, laying the piece of wood on the kitchen window-sill.

Mrs. Manda put the wood to her lips, and drained an imaginary delicious draught, smacked her lips, and told the errand boy that "that 'ere ginger-beer is first-rate, and tell your master I'll call and pay him to-morrow." Then she took her red arms off the window-sill, and went back to her work, to all appearances greatly refreshed. Click went the latch of the side door leading into the yard, a clatter of merry voices, and Guy, Rose, Elsie, and Lance burst in upon them.

"Seven and a half minutes past six," cried Julie, running to meet them, all trace of vexation and resentment gone.

"Seven and a half minutes past six? You're sure, Julie?" That last sentence was only a matter of form. "By George! I started them at six exactly. They've done it in seven minutes and a half, Lance. What splendid chaps! Whew, whew, whew, whew Whistled Guy, going up to the coach-house, which he had turned into a first-rate dovecot. "Whew, whew, whew, whew!"

The pigeons knew his whistle; it was his call

to them. It was pretty to see twenty to thirty birds come fluttering round and about him with no sign of fear.

And Emperor, perhaps to show off after his recent exploit, said, "Coothdra-coo! Coothdra-coo!" And Joan curtsied and spread her tail.

"Chubbie! Puff!" called auntie, coming to the door; "time for you to get to bed."

And the grocer's and errand-boys' faces fell.

### CHAPTER III.

#### ELSIE'S STORY—SUNDAY.

The next morning was Sunday. At first I thought it was Monday, and woke up with a pang. Monday was always the worst day at School, chiefly, I dare say, because it came directly after a half holiday on Saturday and a long, delicious day on Sunday. So I woke up with a pang; but the hall clock was striking seven, and no sound of Manda came stamping up the stairs. She was punctual to the minute with our hot water on week-days; on Sundays we did not get up till half-past seven. Then I remembered with a sigh of relief, and turned over on the other side, when Rose opened her eyes.

"Sunday, Rose," I said.

"How delicious!" Rose murmured, and shut her eyes again.

We all loved Sunday; it was such a peaceful time. There was no hurry-scurry and rushing about the place, and banging about books, and tearing off to school. We dressed quietly, and had our breakfast in peace, and had chocolate instead of coffee on Sunday morning always.

Of course we went to church—Chubbie and Puff and all. A mission chapel it was, built just above the village, and only three minutes and a half away from our house. Auntie said it was a great convenience; and so, indeed, it was, for the nearest church after that was quite two miles to walk.

It had only one cracked bell, that went "Tinkaty-tink! tinkaty-tink!" and the seats were hard and uncomfortable; but our clergyman was such a dear old man, and he preached such splendid sermons, that every one in the village came to hear him, and lots of outside people also from the town, some walking a mile and a half even on a drizzling day.

We used to have a cold dinner on Sunday; so that Manda need not have much work to do; and in the afternoon Manda went out with pink roses in her hat, and walked about with a young man.

Then auntie sat in the drawing-room and read. Poor auntie! I think Sunday was the only time she had to read. And we all went to our play-room, because we thought it was the nicest room in the house. Not that it really was, because it was small and dark, but we liked it the best, and always preferred to sit there. It was a funny little room right at the back of the house, on the ground floor. One window looked out into the yard, and the other window looked into the coach-house.

Auntie said that when the house was first built the room was meant for a coachman, but as we had no coachman—and he would have been of no use if we had, as we did not keep a carriage or horse—we used the room for our play-room instead, and the window we liked to look out of best was the one looking into the coach-house. For Guy kept his pigeons in the coach-house, and had fixed little boxes for them all along the walls. Grocers' boxes they were mostly—the ready-made dovecots were so dear to buy—but Guy used to divide them in two with a shelf of wood, to make a top and bottom story, with a little ledge standing out for the pigeons to fly on before they went to their nests; and then he painted them over with a bright pretty green, and a narrow strip of white as a border to the doorway.

Mr. Tozer, round the corner, sometimes sent

the groceries in a fine large box, with a message that the box was a present for Guy. We all liked Mr. Tozer. He was a very nice man. He kept the largest grocer's shop in the village, and auntie generally got her things from there.

Guy had wire-netted off the front of the coach-house with the cunningest little trap door for the pigeons to go out and come in by; and sometimes a quarrelsome old fellow would take his position there, and flap out his wings and show fight if any other pigeon wanted to go out or come in. Guy had a string tied to a nail where he could reach it through the play-room window, and by just pulling the string he could open or shut the trap door as he liked. So we liked looking out of that window best; and as it had a low wide sill, Puff and Chubbie were always perched up there.

Perhaps we did not watch the pigeons quite so much on Sunday afternoons, because Rose used to read aloud to us. I liked Rose's reading—everybody did; she went smoothly along, and didn't stumble and trip over her words. She had an interesting voice, and whenever she came to exciting parts even Chubbie and Puff opened their mouths wide and would look at her instead of at the pigeons.

Sometimes, when her voice got tired, she would pass the book to me, and I would get very red in the face, and go stump, stump, along, till Guy would cry—

"Oh! stop that humbug; pass it on to me."

And then he would clear his throat very loud, and get on pretty well; but if he did read better than I, he could not read as well as Rose; and in a little while the book would come back to her, and we would all give a sigh of relief.

There was a round table in the middle, and no carpet on the floor; only a large hairy rug before the fireplace, and Chubbie and Puff were always twisting their fingers in the hairy stuff and dragging handfuls out, so the boys said the rug was like an old moulting fowl.

There were two easy-chairs, one on each side of the fireplace, and against the wall a big old-fashioned sofa with a head at each end, and a large press where we kept our lesson-books and other sorts of things; no curtains, because they would have made the room darker—only blinds; but it was the cosiest place imaginable, and we loved to hear the pigeons flapping their wings, and cooing softly to each other.

In summer, on Sundays, Rose lay on one half the sofa and I on the other, and Guy and Lance had the easy chairs. Chubbie and Puff took the wide window-seat, where they could look at the pigeons if the reading was too dry; and Julie generally curled herself on the hearthrug, with her head against Guy's knee, and he used to play with her hair till it got into frightful tangles. But Julie didn't mind; she liked the feeling of somebody stroking and touching her hair, which neither Rose nor I could ever put up with.

But in winter, when it was cold, we all huddled together on the rug, and leaned against each other's backs, and scorched our faces near the fire, and told stories or read aloud.

The "Inquisitives" were the greatest nuisance we had to put up with, and we had to put up with them every second Sunday. Their names were really Morley—Sidney and Harry Morley—but we always called them by ourselves the "Inquisitives;" and Mr. and Mrs. Morley were just as bad.

They were the most inquisitive people you could ever come across; they were always asking questions about things that did not concern them at all, and poking their noses into other people's affairs.

"Where are you going?" and "What for?" and "Why?" till we got sick of it, and turned down another road whenever we saw any of the Morleys coming along.

Mr. Morley was a rather handsome old gentleman, with a shaven chin and neat white whiskers, and a big hooked nose. He was one of them that