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grieve over the downfall of him who was once her
sinless boy; or perhaps a fond wife, whose heart
will almost break with grief as she views the
destruction of her idol; or maybe a loving sister,
who will shed bitter tears over the degradation of
her brother, shorn of his manliness and self-res-
pect. As your eye follows the inebriate's uncer-
tain footsteps, record a solemn vow in Heaven
that, while your life endures, you will do all that
within you lies to further the cause of temperance.

Children's Department.

FOOTSTEPS.

She stretched her little arms to me,
And craved to come, but dared not move;
I held my hands invitingly,
And softly murmured words of love.

I longed to come to her, but knew
The first great effort must be made;
And yet it grieved and vexed me too,
To see my darling was afraid.

A chair and stool between us lay:
She gained them both with proud alarms;
Then faltering crept a little way,
And my sweet babe was in my arms.

Great father! I can see it now,
How from Thy high and distant throne
Thou deign'st with words of love to bow,
And lure Thy weak and timid one.

The distance seems too great to cross,
Until I turn my eyes to see
How pain, and grief, and shame, and loss,
Are footsteps on the way to Thee.

Let me stretch out my arms and cry
To reach at once thy perfect rest,
But with short steps and carefully,
Creep onward to my Father's breast.

HARRY AND HIS MONKEY, OR WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

Harry Lorton was the son of a sailor. His father was mate of a vessel that went long voyages to other lands, and he only came home at distant intervals to his wife and boy, who lived in a cottage at Portsmouth. Mrs. Lorton had been formerly a domestic upper servant in a clergyman's family, and had whilst there heard and read very much about foreign missions; and it was in this way that her little boy Harry became interested in them, almost from the time he could talk and understand anything. Nothing ever delighted the child more than to have a penny given him to put into his missionary box. His mother could not often spare him one, for times were hard, and money not over plentiful, though her husband was a steady man, and brought home his wages regularly. She helped to their support by making lace on a pillow, as they do in Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire. She had been brought up in one of those countries, and had learned the art when young. Harry used to like to stand by his mother's lace pillow and watch her nimble fingers throw about the bobbins with the pretty colored beads at the end of them. It was at such times that she often told him stories about little heathen children, which she had heard when she lived at service, and how the children of their family used to save their pocket-money to help to put some little black child into a school, where it would learn to be good and useful, instead of growing up in wickedness and heathenism.

Mrs. Lorton was very careful of Harry. She did not like him to run about with the children around the house, so he had few playfellows, and this made him a great companion to his mother. Perhaps this circumstance caused him to grow up more thoughtful than most children, and fonder of reading. At school the master looked on him as one of his best and most attentive boys.

When he was about twelve years of age an announcement was made that a meeting would be held in the National school-room, when a clergyman from Africa would relate many interesting anecdotes respecting the missions there, and of the poor little African children who were taken

into the mission schools and taught the great truths of Christianity, instead of being left to live and die in heathen darkness. Harry and his mother went, and listened with deep interest to the missionary, who, at the conclusion of the meeting, made a strong appeal to English children of all ranks to do what they could towards helping their little African brothers and sisters. He said he was speaking not only to the children of the rich, but to those who, though they were of the class called the lower orders, might yet be able to collect their mite from time to time, to send through their clergyman to the cause of the mission. "Now suppose," he said, "that the children of this place were each one seriously to try and think what he or she could do to raise a sum, however small, by this time next year. A little exertion in some cases, a little self-denial in others, carried on for a whole year, would perhaps enable every boy or girl who hears me to do something for these poor heathen little ones. "Go home," he added, "and do not forget what I have said, but when you say your prayers to-night, ask God to put it into your hearts to wish to do something, be it ever so little; and I am very sure that if you have the will given you, a way will be found."

How many of the children went home and did what the good missionary had told them, I cannot say, but I know that one of them left the hall with his heart full of eager, earnest longing to do anything in his power; but there seemed to be nothing—no way that he could think of. Nor could his mother help him about it. She could only promise he should have a penny every now and then, as she could spare it, to put by; but this did not satisfy Harry, whose quick, clear ideas showed him that these pennies would be his mother's contributions, not his, and he wanted to do something *himself*. When he said his prayers he asked God to help him, and he lay awake thinking and thinking, but sound sleep came and found him as far as ever from finding any way of earning money for the little Africans.

The following Sunday, the clergyman told all the Sunday-school scholars that he was going to enter into a book the names of the children who would like to try during the following year to get a little money in some way or other for the mission whose meeting many of them had attended a few days before. They could either carry the money from time to time to their respective teachers to take care of for them, or keep it themselves; but at the end of a year from that time the sums collected by each one would be received by the clergyman, and forwarded in the name of the young collector to the mission.

After school the book was opened and the names were entered. Harry hesitated for a moment. Then remembering the missionary's words, that "Where there's a will, there's a way," and knowing that certainly he had the will, he marched to the top of the room and said

"Please put my name down, sir."

From that time his thoughts ran more than ever on the mission subject.

It was about a week from this time that a sailor came to their house bringing a fine young monkey in his arms. He told Mrs. Lorton he had brought her news of her husband, whom he had met in Africa, and who on finding he was coming direct home had asked him to go and see his wife and son, and take a monkey as a present to the latter.

"He's as fine a young animal as ever took a voyage," said the man, "and you may teach him anything you like. He's as sensible as a human being, and mimics everything he sees done till he half-kills one with laughing at him. Now, Jack," he said, setting the monkey on the table, "make your bow to your new master."

"Jack did as he was bid. He made a low bow, but instantly jumped back again into the arms of the sailor, to whom he was evidently attached. It was with some difficulty the man got away from him at last, leaving him the picture of despair crouched in a corner.

THE CRAB-APPLE TREE.

In one corner of our old garden there was a fine-looking apple-tree. The branches grew over the fence, and many a boy, when the apples were ripe, used to risk a fall to get some of the fruit. But one bite was enough. It was a crab-apple

tree. The young thieves made wry faces, and threw the apples as far as they could reach. It was a common trick upon any strange boy to give him one of our crab-apples. Why father kept the tree I could never guess.

I went from home and was gone several years. How delightful it was to return once more! How many changes I saw around the old house.

"How fares the crab-apple tree?" I asked, as my brother James was showing me round the garden; "I hope it is cut down." "I'll show it to you," he said; and as we went along and looked under the trees, he took up an apple from the grass and offered it to me. "Try that," he said. It certainly looked tempting; and it tasted very good. "You like it?" said my brother. "As fine a fruit as I ever tasted." "It grew on the crab-apple tree," said James, laughing. For an instant I was tempted to throw it down; on second thought, I took another bite instead.

"Crab-apple tree! our crab-apple tree!" I cried, crunching the juicy mouthful; "it has wonderfully changed its character: what changed it from a crab-apple to a fine pippin?" "Grafting has done the business," replied he. And he took me to the tree. It hung all over with pippins. "One of the most valuable trees in the garden," said he; and he went on to tell me the number of bushels that it commonly bore.

"When father died, I was determined to cut it down; but my man said it was sound and healthy at the root, and would make excellent grafted fruit. We lopped off the branches and inserted some of these beautiful pippin grafts, and you see what it is."

"You have completely changed its nature, and given a new character to it," said I; "all the culture in the world would not have done this, I suppose?" "No," answered James, "it could only be done by putting in a wholly new and better branch; grafting is a great business."

This always seemed to me to be a good illustration of our own sinful nature. In the root, the trunk, and the fruit, we are like the crab-apple tree—perhaps good enough outside, making a fair show, but bitter to the taste, and really good for little.

Yet not hopelessly so. A new and better stock can be grafted in; our nature can be changed. Jesus Christ can insert a heavenly graft, a living branch, which shall bear good fruit, pleasant to the eye and sweet to the taste—fruit worth possessing, and worth gathering in the great harvest-time.

Dear young reader, may we know the power of His grace in grafting in us that which is good and holy to the praise of his name!—

BIRTH.

At Spa Springs, Windsor, N.S., on Nov. 10th, 1878, the wife of J. E. Orman, Esq., Professor of Mathematics, King's College, of a son.

MARRIED.

On Nov. 4th, by Rev. J. Owen Ruggles, M.A., Rector of Horton, in Christ's Church, New Ross, the Rev. H. W. Atwater, Incumbent of that Parish, to Elizabeth Mary, elder daughter of John Prat, Esq., of the same place—formerly of Glastonbury, England.

At River John, N.S., on the 31st Oct., by the Rev. Jas. L. Downing, Mr. Jacob E. Langill, of River John, to Miss Emma Thomas, of the same place.

At River John, N.S., on the 6th inst., by the Rev. James L. Downing, Mr. Alexander Murphy, of Cape John, to Elizabeth Dwyer, of River John.

Nov. 14th. At the Church of the Ascension, Paisley, by the Rev. Canon Houston M.A., cousin of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Rural Dean Cooper, Stuart McOrton, M.D., M.C.P.S., second son of John McOrton, Esq., to Annie only daughter of the Rev. James Chance, Incumbent.

On the 9th inst. At St. Luke's Church Hubbard's Cove N.S., by the Rev. Henry Stamer, Rector Edmin Colp of Black Point, St. Margarets Bay, to Emelia Schwartz of Hubbard's Cove.

DEATH.

At the Rectory, Bridgewater, Oct. 31st, James Frederick Gelling, in his 20th year, eldest child of the Rector of the parish; beloved by all who knew him.