

New Circles.

THOROLD.—Circle organized. President, Mrs. M. C. Robertson; Vice-President, Mrs. James Jones; Secretary, Mrs. Wanless; Treasurer, Mrs. Mathews.

TAYLOR.—Circle organized with 10 members, 10th Sept. Officers: President—Mrs. D. McDerimid; Vice-President—Mrs. P. McKercher; Secretary—Miss Jennie Fraser; Treasurer—Mrs. A. Fraser.

BRACEBRIDGE.—The "Living Mission Band" was organized Sept. 27th, with a membership of ten, and prospects of more. President, Mrs. J. W. Thompson; Vice-President, Mrs. W. Armitage; Secretary, Miss S. A. Dickie; Treasurer, Mrs. John Reid.

V. M. TAYLOR.

PARRY SOUND.—Mission Band, organized Aug. 13th, by Miss Taylor of Collingwood. Name, "Cheerful Givers." Officers: Miss B. Ellis, Pres.; Miss Campbell, Vice-Pres.; Annie Harrison, Sec.; Willie Campbell, Treas. Two meetings have been held since the organization and were fairly well attended.

A. HARRISON, Sec.

under his wing, and cried out, "Polly did!" "That's a wicked story, you naughty bird!" said Minnie. "You were in grandma's room, so now!" Then Minnie tried to go to sleep again. She lay down, and counted white sheep, just as grandma said she did when she couldn't sleep. But there was a big lump in her throat. "Oh, I wish I hadn't."

Pretty soon, there came a very soft patter of four little feet, and her pussy jumped upon the bed, kissed Minnie's cheek, then began to "pur-r-r." It was very queer, but that, too, sounded as if pussy said, "I know, I know, I know." "Yes, you do know, kitty," said Minnie, and then she threw her arms around kitty's neck, and cried bitterly. "And I guess I want to see my mamma!"

Mamma opened her arms when she saw the little weeping girl coming, and then Minnie told her miserable story. "I was awful naughty, mamma, but I did want the custard pie so bad, and so I ate it up, most a whole pie, and then, I—O, I don't want to tell, but 'speak I must; I shut kitty' in the pantry to make you think she did it. But I'm truly sorry, mamma." Then mamma told Minnie she had known all about it. But she had hoped that her little daughter would be brave enough to tell her all about it herself. "But mamma," she asked, "how did you know it wasn't kitty?" "Because kitty would never have left a spoon in the pie," replied mamma, smiling.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

If you have a happy voice,
Sing that others may rejoice;
Let its tender cadence flow
Till it soothes the mourner's woe;
Breathing pathos in each word,
Frozen fountains may be stirred;
Slumbering souls may wake again
At some long-forgotten strain.

If you have a precious thought,
That to you has gladness brought,
Shrine it not within your breast;
Write it, and make others blest!
Oft some written thought will reach
Hearts grown loath of human speech;
Hearts by faithless promise grieved,
Hearts by lying lips deceived.

If you have a loving word,
Speak it where it can be heard,
Souls are languishing to-day,
For the words that you might say.
Earthly burdens sorely press;
Loving words can make them less,
And no soul can suffer loss,
Thus who lifts a brother's cross!

M. A. Maitland, in *Christian at Work*.

Why Minnie Could not Sleep.

She sat up in bed. The curtain was drawn up, and she saw the moon, and it looked as if it were laughing at her. "You needn't look at me, Moon," she said, "you don't know about it, you can't see in the day-time. Besides, I am going to sleep."

She lay down and tried to go to sleep. Her clock on the mantel went "tick-tock, tick-tock." She generally liked to hear it. But to-night it sounded just as if it said: "I know, I know, I know." "You don't know, either," said Minnie, opening her eyes wide. "You weren't there, you old thing! You were up-stairs."

Her loud voice awoke the parrot. He took his head from

How Can I Tell.

"Papa, do you love me? I love you," said little Emma, climbing upon papa's knees, and putting her arms around his neck.

"Do you?" said papa, "and what makes you think you love me, my dear little girl?"

"Why, papa, what a queer question! Don't I know when I love folks?—Why, I feel it all over me inside."

"Well, but how can I tell? I can't see inside."

"Why, papa, you can tell 'cause I love to have you come home, and I love to get up in your lap, and to see you, and hear you talk."

"Suppose I was away?"

"Then I'd read your letters."

"Suppose, darling, I was very busy, or very sick?"

"Then I'd keep so still, papa, and I'd run errands, and do all I could to help and make you well."

"And suppose I wanted you to do something you didn't want to do, what then?"

"Oh, papa, I wouldn't mind the didn't like; I'd do it as if I did, 'cause 'twas for you."

Papa kissed her.

"Emma, do you love Jesus?"

"Yes, papa."

"How can you tell?"

Emma thought a minute; then she said:

"Just the same way, I guess."

"That is so," said papa.—*Select.*

Keep Your Temper.

"I never can keep anything!" cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. "Somebody always takes my things and loses them." She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.

"There is one thing," remarked mamma, "that you might keep, if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mamma, "keep your temper; if you will only do that, perhaps you will find it easier to keep other things. I dare say, if you had employed your time in searching for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time, but you have not even looked for them. You have only got into a passion—a bad