

and the still more numerous Frenchmen, who have asked for space to present their products to the public therein. It has been necessary to erect in the park, in which the tower is located, an infinite number of buildings of all sizes and shapes to accommodate these."

#### EXCURSION TO EUROPE.

A large number of Canadians will, doubtless, wish to visit this great exhibition, and make at the same time a tour of some of the more attractive routes of Europe. The World's International Sunday-school Convention, to be held in London in the month of June, will also be to many an additional attraction. Many advantages will result from making up a party and securing passage and accommodation in advance at more reasonable rates than can be obtained by the single tourist. The Editor of this paper has been urged to organize and personally to conduct such a party. In deference to this solicitation he has consented to do so, and will be happy to give any information on the subject to any persons who will address Rev. Dr. Withrow at his residence, 240 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

#### BENNIE.

If you could see Bennie, your first thought would be to laugh, and the next to take him right into your arms and kiss him. The laugh would come because he is so little and fat and tries to be very dignified, like his tall, handsome father, who used to be a soldier; and the kiss because he has the sweetest, ruby-lipped mouth, with a dear little dimple in each corner.

Bennie's father is superintendent of a big mission Sunday-school, and has his hands full to keep all things running in good order, but I do not think he feels the care and worry any more, according to his years, than Bennie. When papa comes into the room on Sunday afternoon, Bennie is sure to be with him. When the time comes to open the school and papa steps up on the big platform, Bennie goes too, keeping a tight hold of papa's hand. He stands there grave and quiet during the prayer, with his little eyes tightly closed, and when the singing begins Bennie opens his book, no matter if it is wrong side up—for he has not learned to read yet—and sings as hard as papa does; and so Bennie helps to lead the school. Why, it would not seem like the mission without him.

But he used to have one strange little whim which troubled papa not a little. He did not like the time after school was over when papa stood down by the big door and shook hands with the teachers and older scholars as they were going out. Bennie thought that hand of papa's belonged to him, and he was not willing to have them touch it. "He's my papa," he would say. "Stop! he's my papa." Of course this was naughty and very selfish in Bennie, but all papa's talking and explaining did not seem to make any difference, until one sunny afternoon, when the apple trees were in bloom and the robins and bluebirds were singing, Aunt Carrie came over with her little Alice and asked papa to let Bennie go with her for a long ride.

Bennie was in great glee, but papa, who was home with a sick headache, said, "No, you can't have him, Aunt Carrie; he's my Bennie."

"Oh, papa," cried Bennie, "just lend me for a little while; I'll come back."

"No," said papa again, "I can't lend you; you're my Bennie."

The blue eyes grew big with tears in a minute; and papa said, "Well, I will make a bargain with you, Bennie. I will lend all of you to Aunt Carrie for this afternoon if you will lend my hand to those friends down at our school for a little while every Sunday afternoon."

Bennie looked solemn for a minute; then he laughed a little. I think that, small as he is, he saw how foolish he had been.

"Is it a bargain?" asked papa.

"Yes, papa," said Bennie.

So he went out into the sweet air and had a lovely afternoon; and he remembered his promise, too, for papa never had any more trouble with him down at the mission.

"I just lend them your hand, papa," he says; "it's mine all the time, isn't it?"

#### Song of the Seasons.

GAUNT Winter flinging flakes of snow,  
Deep burdening field and wood and hill,  
Dim days, dark nights, slow-trailing fogs,  
And bleakened air severe and chill.  
And swift the seasons circling run—  
And still they change till all is done.

Young Spring with promise in her eyes,  
And fragrant breath from dewy mouth,  
And magic touches for the nooks  
Of budding flowers when wind is south.  
And swift the seasons circling run—  
And so they change till all is done.

Then Summer stands erect and tall,  
With early sunrise for the lawn,  
Thick-foliaged woods and glittering seas,  
And loud bird-chirpings in the dawn.  
And swift the seasons circling run—  
And so they change till all is done.

Brown Autumn, quiet with ripe fruits,  
And hay-yards stacked with harvest gold,  
And fiery flushes for the leaves,  
And silent cloudskies soft outrolled.  
And so the seasons circling run—  
And still they change till all is done.

Swift speeds our life from less to more.  
The child, the man, the work, the rest,  
The sobering mind, the ripening soul,  
Till yonder all is bright and blest.  
For so the seasons circling run—  
And swift they change till all is done.

Yes, yonder—if indeed the orb  
Of life revolves round central Light;  
For ever true to central force,  
And steadfast, comes the balm or blight.  
And so indeed the seasons run—  
And last is best when all is done.

#### HOW HE WON THE BEST PRIZE.

THERE were prizes in Willie's school, and he was anxious to merit one of them. Willie was behind the other boys in all studies except in writing. As he had no hope to excel in anything but writing, he made up his mind to try for the special prize for that with all his might. And he did try, so that his copy-book would have done honour to a boy twice his age. When the prizes were awarded, the chairman of the committee held up two copy-books, and said: "It would be difficult to say which of these two books is better than the other, but for one copy in Willie's, which is not only superior to Charlie's, but to every other copy in the same book. This copy, therefore, gains the prize."

Willie's heart beat high with hope, not unmingled with fear. Blushing to his temples, he said, "Please, sir, may I see that copy?"

"Certainly," said the chairman, looking somewhat surprised.

Willie glanced at the copy, and then, handing the book back, he said, "Please, sir, that is not my writing. It was written by an upper-class boy, who took my book by mistake, one day, instead of his own."

The chairman and committee were so pleased with Willie's honesty and truthfulness, that, although they could not give him what was called "the first prize," they gave him another, and it was really "the best prize."

## THE KING'S MESSENGER; OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

(A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.)

BY THE EDITOR.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### THE ACCOLADE.

"Christ to the young man said, "Yet one thing more;  
If thou would'st perfect be,  
Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor,  
And come and follow me.

"Within this temple Christ again, unseen,  
Those sacred words hath said,  
And his invisible hands to-day have been  
Laid on a young man's head."

LONGFELLOW—*Ordination Hymn.*

"O blessed Lord! how much I need  
Thy light to guide me on my way!  
So many hands that, without heed,  
Still touch thy wounds and make them bleed!  
So many feet that, day by day,  
Still wander from thy fold astray!  
Unless thou fill me with thy light,  
I cannot lead thy flock aright;  
Nor, without thy support, can bear  
The burden of so great a care,  
But am myself a castaway."

LONGFELLOW—*Golden Legend.*

As the Conference was to be held not far from Northville, Lawrence yielded to the combined inducement of paying a visit to his home and attending, as an interested spectator, the meetings of that august body, which he regarded as entrusted with the most important interests in the world—and we are not sure that in this he was very greatly mistaken.

The home-greeting was of the warmest. There was much to hear and much to tell, notwithstanding that almost weekly letters were exchanged between mother or sisters and the absent one. Mary was blossoming into lovely womanhood; and proud was Lawrence, as she gave him her sisterly greeting among the June roses, herself more blooming-fair than they. The saintly mother looked more saintly still; wan and worn with care and toil, and the streaks of silver were more abundant in her hair. But the same hallowed light was in her eyes; the same calm peace—the peace of God, that passeth all understanding—was on her brow.

The period of the visit was a continual holiday. It was a short drive to the Conference town, and every day Lawrence took his mother or sister to the sessions of that body. It soon assumed a more important relation to him than he had anticipated. On his arrival, he was informed by the chairman of his district that the Stationing Committee had put him down again for Centreville Mission; and, furthermore, that in view of the remoteness and isolation of the field, and his own success and maturity of character, beyond his years—here Lawrence blushed and bowed—they had resolved to recommend his ordination—"for special purposes"—that is, in order that he might administer the sacraments and celebrate marriage.

This was unexpected, almost startling news; but, as he looked into his heart, he found a feeling neither of exultation nor of shrinking from his increased responsibilities, but of acquiescence with the will of God, whatever it might be.

The Conference assented to the somewhat unusual proposal, on account of the special circumstances of the case; and Lawrence was directed to present himself with the class of probationers whose reception was to take place on the Friday evening, and who were to be ordained on the fol-