

long arm and drew her niece and namesake into the sleigh. Then, with a glance at the chimneys, to see if the house was right side up, they drove on. "Marshall is found," she remarked, drily. "Did you lose anything else?"

Pen thought a minute. "My temper," she replied then, in a very small voice.

"Ah," said her aunt. "Well, here we are. Tell cook to bring hot water and blankets to the library. If you don't both have pneumonia before morning, I shall wonder."

They did not, however, and when cook gathered up the fish line, in the umbrella end was found the diamond ring, much to the fisherman's delight, to say nothing of Pen's.

"First I fished my Aunt Pen's hat, and then her wing," remarked Marshall, complacently. "It's better dan de whale wot Jony fished."

"It wasn't my real blue delft set," said Aunt Pen, after a talk with little Pen. "It was one I was intending to give you and Marshall for your very own, so you see the loss was yours, after all."

"Well, I'm glad of that," said little Pen. "But oh, Aunt Penelope, you don't know how scared I was, when I couldn't find Marshall, I thought I'd killed him. And I am going to keep a piece of that china to help me to remember to keep my temper, and not to touch people's things when they are not mine."

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

Monkeys are looked upon by tigers as choice food, but "Miss Murphy," the little Brazilian monkey, that belongs to Mr. Dan Rice's circus, has struck up a friendship with "Minnie," the big tiger. She sits upon "Minnie's" back combing and brushing her head until the big cat purrs with delight.

From all the brushing and combing that "Miss Murphy" has lavished on "Minnie," the big tiger has the best groomed coat of any tiger in or out of captivity. It is curious the way this friendship started. The little monkey climbed into the tiger's cage out of pure mischief. The attendants waited, expecting to see her go at one mouthful, but the audacious Simian just went up to the tiger and began to scratch her head. The friendship was sealed, and Mr. Rice presented "Miss Murphy" with a comb and brush.

DISCOVERED THROUGH A CHILD.

When Sir Humphrey Davy was a boy about sixteen, a little girl came to him in great excitement:

"Humphrey, do tell me why these two pieces of cane make a tiny spark of light when I rub them together."

Humphrey was a studious boy, who spent hours in thinking out scientific problems. He patted the child's curly head, and said:

"I do not know, dear. Let us

see if they really do make a light, and then we will try to find out why."

Humphrey soon found that the little girl was right; the pieces of cane, if rubbed together quickly, did give a tiny light. Then he set to work to find out the reason, and after some time, thanks to the observing powers of his little friend, and his own kindness to her in not impatiently telling her not to "worry," as so many might have done, Humphrey Davy made the first of his interesting discoveries. Every reed, cane, and grass has an outer skin of flinty stuff, which protects the inside from insects, and also helps the frail-looking leaves to stand upright.

GAVE ALL SHE HAD.

In the beautiful island of Ceylon, many years ago, the native Christians, who had long worshipped in bungalows and old Dutch chapels, decided they must have a church built for themselves. Enthusiastic givers were each eager to forward the new enterprise. But to the amazement of all, Maria Peabody, a lone orphan girl, who had been a beneficiary in the girls' schools at Oodooville, came forward and offered to give the land upon which to build, which was the best site in her native village. Not only was it all she owned in the world, but far more, it was her marriage portion, and in making this gift, in the eyes of every native, she renounced all hopes of being married. As this alternative in the East was regarded as an awful step, many thought her beside herself, and tried to dissuade her from such an act of renunciation. "No," said Maria. "I have given it to Jesus; and as He has accepted it, you must." And so to-day the first Christian church in Ceylon stands upon land given by a poor orphan girl.

AN HUMBLE BEACON.

On the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, far beyond the north of Scotland, there stood out a rock, called the Lonely Rock, very dangerous to navigators.

One night long ago, Jean Inge-low tells us, there sat in a fisherman's hut ashore a young girl, toiling at her spinning-wheel, looking out upon the dark and driving clouds, and listening anxiously to the wind and the sea.

At last the morning came, and one boat, which should have been riding on the waves, was missing. It was her father's boat, and half a mile from the cottage her father's body was found, washed upon the shore. He had been wrecked against this Lonely Rock. That was more than fifty years ago. The girl watched her father's body, according to the custom of her people, till it was laid in the grave; then she lay down on her bed and slept. When the night came she arose and set a candle in her case-ment, as a beacon to the fishermen, and a guide. All night long she sat by the candle, trimmed it when it flickered down, and spun.

As many hanks of yarn as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one hank over for her nightly candle. And from that time to the telling of this story for fifty years, through youth, maturity, into old age—she has turned night into day. And in the snowstorms of winter, in the serene calms of summer, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight, and solemn darkness, that northern harbour has never once been without the light of that small candle. However far the fisherman may be standing out to sea, he has only to lean down straight for that lighted window, and he is sure of safe entrance into the harbour. And so for all these fifty years that tiny light, flaming thus out of devotion and self-sacrifice, has helped and cheered and saved.

Surely this was finding chance for service in an humble place; surely this was lowliness glorified by faithfulness; surely the smile of the Lord Jesus must have followed along the beams of that poor candle, glimmering from that humble window, as they went wandering forth to bless and guide the fishermen tossing in their little boats upon the sea.

"NO ONE LEFT TO LOVE ME."

Such a tale of woe! It made me heartsick to listen to it, for the sorrows of others, whether real or imaginary, take a deep hold on my sympathies, especially when, as in this case, the existing state of things seems unalterable.

"In the days of prosperity, I did not lack for friends," said this lone one, bitterly. "But now most of my kindred are either dead or have become so estranged that they have lost all interest in me, while those who once pretended to be my friends have deserted me in my extremity."

Here the tears trickled down the face, which, in spite of its fretful expression and the marks of age, still bore traces of former beauty, as the speaker went on in a way so plaintive as to touch all listeners:

"And so I have no one left to love me now!"

The closing chapter of this life is a sad one. It depresses me to think of her loveless condition. Still, good may come of it if I hold her up as a warning to you, dear young people. For, much as I pity her, I am forced to admit that the friendless one is to a great extent responsible for her present loveless existence. Said one who has known her from girlhood: "She was one of the brightest, prettiest girls I ever saw, but as selfish as she was pretty!"

Then she gave me a sketch of her married life, telling how her husband and children were always obliged to yield to her selfish whims, until one after another died, leaving her to learn how miserable a life without love can be.

But though friend after friend has drawn away, she has never seemed to realize that the fault was largely her own. She did not see

—or would not admit it if she did—that complaints and reproaches, self and selfish aims, had estranged them. She thinks herself sorely dealt with in having no one to love her, but seems blind to the fact that she has from childhood to old age been too much absorbed in self to win and hold the love which her lonely heart now craves.

She is an object of pity. Selfish people always are, for they not only lose the joy that unselfish acts leave behind them, but sooner or later reap the sad harvest which this unloved one is doing. A selfish person has few real friends. Look about you for proof of this assertion. On the other hand, an unselfish person is always rich in friends. No matter how adverse his circumstances, he will never be without someone to love him. To be sure, time may hide from his view kindred and old-time friends, but unloved and friendless he will never be if his fleeting years are filled with the spirit of One who came not to be ministered unto but to minister.

Be unselfish; then, whatever your lot in this changing world, you will never have reason to utter the sad plaint: "I've no one left to love me now!"

SHE KNEW IT WAS GOD'S BOOK.

She sat behind her neatly arranged fruit stand—a girl of fourteen—absorbed in reading her Bible. She did not hear the footsteps of a gentleman who was passing by, and she was startled by his question:

"What are you reading that interests you so much?"

"The Word of God, sir," she timidly replied.

"Who told you that the Bible is the Word of God?" he enquired.

"God told me Himself," she replied, with childlike innocence.

"God told you? That is impossible! How did He tell you? You have never seen Him, nor talked with Him. How, then, could He tell you that the Bible is His Word?"

For a few seconds the girl seemed confused, but she very soon recovered herself, and her ready wit came to her aid. There was a flash in her dark eyes as she asked:

"Sir, who told you there is a sun yonder in the blue sky above us?"

"Who told me?" said the man, smiling somewhat contemptuously, for he fancied that the girl was trying to hide her ignorance under an irrelevant question. "Who told me? Nobody; I did not need to be told. The sun tells me this about itself. It warms me, and I love its light. That is telling me plain enough."

"Sir," said the girl, with intense earnestness, as she stood before him with clasped hands, "you have put it right for both Bible and sun. That is the way God tells me this in His Book. I read it, and it warms my heart and gives me life. I love its light, and no one but God can give such light and

warmth through the book. It must want more light, enough, sir, heaven, so through this.

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