

lay; not in the Prayer-Book, but somewhere else rather nearer home.

W. Well, neighbour, if you see the fault to be in *yourself*, that is the first step towards amendment.

T. Well, I hope I shall find it so. The fault, to be sure, must have been in myself. What in the world could have ever been the matter with me, that I should have thought lightly of a book so full of treasures as this?—a book so according to Scripture, and so full of Scripture. Why, here we are taught to pray in the words of our Lord himself, and to worship in the way of his blessed Apostles. And these treasures were brought together for our use by these godly martyrs who knew so well what the Gospel was, and who died for the sake of it. And they did not do the work in a hurried, careless manner, either, but took time about it, that they might do it well. To be sure, the Lord would bless the work of such men as these!

W. We cannot doubt it, Thomas.

T. And now, William, I should be much obliged to you if you would show me a little of the plan of the book; for, when so much has been done for us, we ought certainly to give diligent heed to profit by it.

W. To be sure,—and I'll try to show you some of the particulars, as well as I am able.

Children's Department.

LET US DO OUR DUTY.

Away with needless sorrow,
Though trouble may befall,
A brighter day to-morrow
May shine upon us all.
We still may march together
When rain is falling fast,
And wet and windy weather
Will turn to fair at last.

We cannot tell the reason
For all the clouds we see,
Yet every time and season
Must wisely ordered be.
Let us but do our duty
In sunshine and in rain,
And Heaven, all bright with beauty,
Will bring us joy again.

Though evening skies should lower,
The morning may be fine;
For He who sends the shower
May cause His sun to shine.
Then away with needless sorrow,
Though trouble may befall,
A brighter day to-morrow
May shine upon us all.

"TAKE CARE OF THE PETS;" OR WILLIE WINTER'S WHITE MICE.

"Willie, Willie, look here! If you leave your mice about like this you'll have them die, you know. The idea of your leaving the poor little things out in the garden, and in the rain, too! Whatever could you have been thinking about? Why, if I hadn't happened to go out just as I did, they would have been left there all night, I do believe; and if the cold and wet hadn't killed them the cats would!"

The speaker was Willie's eldest sister, Rachel, who now handed him the cage all dripping wet.

"Oh my!" said Willie; "I forgot all about them. But I should have thought of them presently; besides, it didn't rain when I was out there."

"Well, but rain or no rain, how careless it is of you!" returned his sister. "And as to your thinking of them presently, I'm afraid you would have gone to bed without another thought about them. You really ought to be more careful; you ought indeed!"

Willie felt that he had no answer to make to his sister's reproof, so he took the cage without a word, and put it safely away in its place for the night.

Do you think his sister's rebuke made him more thoughtful in the future? I am sorry to say it did not.

It was only a few evenings after this conversation that, just before he went to bed, after playing with his mice all the evening, he took them out into the outhouse to place them on the top shelf as usual, out of the way of the cat. But when he got there, he found that the chair which he used to stand upon in order to reach the shelf was covered with chips of wood and tools that he had been doing something with earlier in the evening. He put down the cage on the ground to clear the chair, and having done so, went away with his usual thoughtlessness, and forgot all about his mice.

His sister and his mother were both busy upstairs, and it was not till a good while after Willie had gone to bed that Rachel said—"I wonder whether Willie put his mice away safely? I suppose I had better go and see: he is so very careless."

She took a candle and went down. And what do you think she saw? The cage upon the floor, and the cat with one mouse in her mouth, and the other lying dead beside her. She must have slipped in as Willie went out, and finding the cage on the floor, scratched at it and knocked it about, until she got the door open and secured her prey.

Of course, Willie was dreadfully shocked when he discovered the fate of his pets. He felt that he had been guilty of a grievous fault, for the little creatures had been taken under his care and protection, and it was his duty to see that no harm befell them.

Whether he ever had any other pets I do not know; but if he did, let us hope that he was more thoughtful and careful of them than he was of his white mice.

"THE LITTLE ONES."

"I will turn mine hand upon the little ones."—Zech. xiii. 7.

The little ones, the weak ones,
The lambs of Jesus' care,
Are folded in His bosom,
And find their shelter there.

The little ones, the weak ones,
The tremblers of the flock,
Are rooted like the oak trees,
Are grounded on the Rock.

The little ones, the weak ones,
That Satan loves to try,
Are just the kind of Christians
That Satan's arts defy.

The little ones, the weak ones,
That cry "What shall we do?"
Are answered by Emmanuel,
"My grace sufficeth you,"

The little ones, the weak ones,
Are yet the great and strong,
Because it is to Jesus
The small and weak belong.

And knowing they are weak ones,
And also very small,
They trust alone in Jesus,
And not in self at all.

JOE WHITE'S TEMPTATION.

Mr. Jones kept a little fish market. "Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White, one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers, and take good care of my pennies?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joe, and forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fireworks, and crackers, to-morrow," exclaimed Joe, as he buttoned his white apron about him, the day before the Fourth of July. A great trout was flung down on the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire-crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

Mr. Jones was out, but Joe had made purchases for him before; so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot.

Just then Mrs. Martin appeared. "I want a

nice trout for my dinner to-morrow. This one will do; how much is it?"

"A quarter, ma'am," and the fish was transferred to the lady's basket, and the silver-piece to the money-drawer.

But here Joe paused. "Ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell Mr. Jones it cost fifteen, he'll be satisfied, and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

Mr. Jones was pleased with Joe's bargain, and when the market was closed each went his way for the night. But the nickel in Joe's pocket burned like a coal; he could eat no supper, and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, but walking rapidly, tapped at the door of Mr. Jones' cottage.

A stand was drawn out, and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him, but he told his story and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in Mr. Jones' hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible, the old man read: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." You have my forgiveness, Joe, now go home and confess to the Lord, but remember you must forsake as well as confess. And keep this little coin as long as you live, to remind you of this first temptation.

CHILDHOOD.

"Good morning, papa!" says a bright little girl,
When first she her father salutes.—
Sweet silver-toned words, which round his heart
twirl,
And cheer him for toiling pursuits.

"Good morning my darling, good morning to thee!"
To her in response he doth say;
"May God's tender mercies, refreshing and free
"Be with thee, my child, through the day."

Then breakfast together they thankfully take,
When often her plea will prevail
With father a story to read or to make,
Or tell her a pretty new tale.

The bible next open'd for father to read,
His daughter must needs have a book;
And when he with God for a blessing doth plead,
How calm and confiding her look!

From missy he, then, has to part for the day,
But first they each other must kiss;
"And when I come home," with a smile he will
say,
"I hope to hear nothing amiss."

Returning at eve, at the window he sees
Two sharp-looking eyes peeping out;
And soon in his arms he his darling will squeeze,
To both a real pleasure, no doubt.

At teatime, while father is taking a rest,
Together they cheerfully talk;
And then, if 'tis fine, and she makes the request,
He'll take her, perchance, for a walk.

Becoming, then, tired, she will gape for her bed,
And Annie will soon lay her there;
But not till her hymns about Jesus are said,
Which His love for dear children declare.

The life of a child runs in currents like this,
From care and anxiety free;
Oh! soon may mine own taste the fulness of bliss
Which dwells, blessed Saviour, in Thee.

MARRIED

On the 14th inst., by the Rev. Henry Stamer, Rector of Hubbard's Cove, Jeremiah Domesday to Susan Sims, both of Foxpoint, Co. Lunenburg, N.S.

DIED

In Glanford, on the 16th inst., in the blessed Christian hope, Mrs. Elizabeth Brigham, aged 59 years.

At the residence of her son, Daniel Flock, Esq., Reeve of Barton, on the 4th inst., Mrs. Esther (nee Cook) Flock, widow of the late Andrew Flock, aged 78 years and 24 days. Her interment took place at St. Peter's Church, Barton, on the 6th inst.