

with a beaming smile, and hugging Suey in his arms. "As it's a feast-night, and Tom hasn't been sent to jail, you shall choose the place for Alice to read. Is there anything Tom 'ud choose, particular?"

"I don't know," answered Tom; "it's all fresh to me."

"Let's have little Samuel," whispered Suey in her father's ear.

"Suey chooses little Samuel," said Nat. "Who else speaks for him?"

There was a division of opinion for two or three minutes, but at length it was decided that little Samuel was the best choice that could be made. Alice read about the Lord calling the child while he was asleep, and Phil listened with all his heart to get upon it; but Tom's thoughts were divided between the new story and the sovereign, which had been the only hindrance to his complete enjoyment of the feast. When the chapter was ended, they all knelt down, and Nat prayed in a voice which was a little tremulous, as if he was going to cry.

"O Lord," he said, "please to call every one of these children, like little Samuel; and me and Tom too, and all of us. Lord, make us very thankful for the bread and fishes thou has fed us with, like the great multitude, when they sat down on the green grass. O Lord, make Tom very thankful he isn't in jail to-night. Take care of Kitty, when she's at work in the mill; and bless Alice, and all the little ones, specially Phil. Joey wants some new clogs, Lord, and so does Phil; they're both barefoot, and I'd be very thankful if thee will think about it, and send them some; only, to be sure, thou knows what is best, Lord. We pray thee to forgive us all our sins, and keep us safe all night; for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ, who died to save us. Amen."

Then Nat and the children repeated "Our Father," slowly and solemnly; and Tom could hear the voice of Phil join in, whenever he could remember a word or two.

As soon as prayers were over, Alice and the four youngest children and Phil withdrew behind a partition which screened off one end of the cellar, and which was covered with posters of many colours. Those who were left—Nat, Kitty, and Tom—drew their seats nearer to the open door, for the evening was warm, and the only air that entered the cellar came from the close little street above. They were very quiet, for Kitty was half asleep, and Tom was pondering in his own mind whether he could trust Nat enough to ask his advice about the sovereign, when a shadow fell upon them from the pavement above, and, looking up, they saw Banner preparing to descend the steps to Nat's door.

(To be continued.)

HOW TO BE GRACEFUL.

A school-girl misses a great deal of valuable education who hurries away to school, morning and afternoon, without having used her muscles in helping her mother. She misses something else, which, in a few years, she will know how to value better than she does now—grace of movement and carriage.

What makes a girl graceful? It is using all her bodily powers. A student who is nothing but a student soon begins to stoop, and the habit, once begun, grows inveterate and incurable. Half our school-girls can not walk with ease and grace.

A girl who would have a graceful carriage, a sound digestion, and a clear complexion, must work on them every day, and no work is better for the purpose than the ordinary work of a house, done with diligence and carefulness.

The City Above.

It's true there's a beautiful city,
That its streets are paved with gold;
No earthly tongue can describe it,
Its glories can never be told.

THE WAY TO THE CITY.

"Jesus saith, I am the way."—St. John xiv. 6.

Shall I show you the way to the city
Where Jesus in glory now lives!
Shall I tell of the peace of salvation
The Saviour to sinners now gives?
Shall I tell you how real are the pleasures?
How full are the wells on the road?
And with joy we may draw from these well-springs
On our way to the city of God.

In the Bible, God's book, it is written,
That Jesus saith, I am the Way,
The Truth, and the Life; and the sinner
That cometh I'll ne'er cast away.
In the Book, in the Book it is written
So plain "he that readeth may run,"
Whosoever now trusteth in Jesus
An entrance to Glory hath won.

Raise your eyes to the dear Friend of sinners,
Salvation is yours through his blood,
For "look unto me and be saved,"
Is the way to the city of God.

WONDERS OF THE FRENCH EXPOSITION.

The Eiffel Tower has reached more than two-thirds of its intended height of about a thousand feet, and the day of scepticism is over. M. Eiffel has already sold the Tower to a company, and for a long time to come it will remain one of the standing sights of Paris. The French Government granted him \$300,000 for the building fund. It is difficult to convey in a written description a clear idea of the Eiffel Tower. The first thought of the spectator is that he is looking at a strange and gigantic pagoda. The entire structure is of iron, painted chocolate colour; it rests upon four feet, which spring upwards to a central platform, similar to the claws which ornament the leg of a round table. On account of its huge size at the base, the tower does not look as high as it really is, and most people will be surprised to learn that the aerial cafe upon the first platform will be as far above the ground as the towers of Notre Dame. From this point the structure tapers off like a pyramid to a second platform; but from there to the top it does not taper so much. The tower is a bewildering network of iron rods, girders, bars, and plates. It looks from a distance like a delicate piece of lattice work.

During the Exhibition the public will, for five francs, have the privilege of being hoisted to the top of the tower, and surveying the surroundings from an elevation of 1,000 feet. They will also be able to reach the top by the captive balloon; but the ascent will be made by most people in a series of lifts.

The Palais des Machines is one of the most remarkable things in the Exhibition. Londoners think a great deal of the span of the roof at St. Pancras station and of the size of Olympia. Neither will bear comparison with this vast rectangular building in which the machinery in motion will be placed. You might carry the London Monument or the Vendome Column about in it any way you choose—perpendicularly or horizontally. It is an interior which seems big enough even for a military review and sham fight. The Palace of Machinery is 1,490 feet long, 150 feet high, and has a roof of iron, glass, and wood of one magnificent span of 360 feet. Of its kind it is the biggest thing hitherto accomplished in the world. There are 6,000 tons of iron on it, and it cost \$600,000.

INDIANS AND THE BIBLE.

At the Thousand Islands meeting the first to speak was the Rev. Egerton R. Young, of Canada, for nine years a missionary amongst the Indians of the far North-land. His home was at Norway House, 400 miles north of Winnipeg, and on the lake of that name. His circuit was 350 by 550 miles, the temperature falling sometimes as low as 55° below zero. Mr. Young told the following story:

"At Norway House, on a certain occasion, a number of Indians came into my room noiselessly, after their fashion, so that the room was filled with them before I knew it. When I became aware of their presence I asked whence they were. 'From a journey of fourteen nights,' they replied; for they reckon distance by the number of nights they are delayed to sleep. 'We have got the *Keesenaychen* (the Great Book), but we don't understand it, although we can read it.' I thought they were joking, for the Indians cannot read unless some one has taught them, and I knew from their account that they must live far away from any missionary; but I asked them, 'From what missionary did you learn?' 'We never saw a missionary nor a teacher!' I took down from our shelf our Bible, printed in the beautiful syllabic character for the Cree language, and opened at Genesis; they read it with ease and correctness. I turned the pages, and they read in many places. I was amazed, and asked them again where they lived. They described it to me; it was far away north of Hudson's Bay, hundreds of miles from any missionary. Their hunting grounds, it seems, adjoin those of some Christian Indians—they cover great distances in hunting—and, continued my visitors, 'We visited your Indians and found that they had the *Keesenaychen*. We got them to read it, and then to teach it to us; and we were so pleased with it that we all learned to read it during the winter.' Every soul in a village of three hundred population had thus actually learned to read the Bible without ever having seen any white teacher; and having providentially come into possession of some copies that happened to be in the hands of the Hudson Bay Company's agent, these Indians had journeyed through the snow fourteen nights' distance that to them might be given instruction in the Book they had thus learned to love."—*Record of Christian Work.*

STANLEY'S LABOURS ON THE CONGO.

A RAILROAD has been planned to carry freight around the cataracts. Soon, trading-stations will be scattered along the five thousand miles of navigable waters of the great river. Stanley found a vast country that had no owner. The river drains a region containing more than a million square miles, much of which is well peopled. The Congo Free State, founded by Stanley's friend, Leopold II., King of the Belgians, lies chiefly south of the great bend of the river, and contains an area of one million five hundred and eight thousand square miles; its population is more than forty-two millions. The articles collected from the African trade are ivory, palm-oil, gum-copal, rubber, bees-wax, cabinet-woods, hippopotamus' teeth and hides, monkey-skins, and divers other things. These are bought with goods, such as coloured beads, brass and copper wire, cotton cloth, cutlery, guns, ammunition, and a great variety of articles known as "notions" or "trade-goods." The basis of all buying and selling in the Congo Free State is free trade: all nations that participated in the Berlin Congo Conference have right to trade and barter and establish posts within the boundaries of that territory, vast and rich, made accessible through the labours of Stanley.—*St. Nicholas.*