

my future proceedings; I shall be truly glad of your advice."

So they parted, and heavy-hearted as Atherstone was, he lifted up his head to meet the keen pure morning air with a sense of being restored to himself, which gave him infinite relief after his long course of self-deceit.

(To be Continued.)

Children's Department.

CHARITY.

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell:
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the guineas,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon
And some toys—they were not new;
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments—
They were all I had to spare;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth he think of his children
When they never give at all?

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

Miss Mason was a young lady who lived in Connecticut. Her father died, and she was obliged to do something for her living. She had been educated for a teacher. There was a school at Westbook, not far from where she lived, without a teacher. She applied for the situation and got it. But she had never taught before, and she felt very awkward and timid in taking charge of a large school.

There were a number of big boys in the school. One of them, Joe Stanton, was the worst boy in the neighbourhood. He was a poor orphan boy, rude, and neglected, and the ring leader of the other boys in all mischief. The first day that Miss Mason took charge of the school, he gave her more trouble than all the other boys put together. He didn't mind what she said.

Poor Miss Mason! she was very much discouraged, and didn't know what to do. Joe Stanton was too big a boy for her to undertake to punish, and yet she felt she could never get on unless something was done to make him behave better. She resolved to try the effect of kindness. So at the close of the afternoon, she asked him, very pleasantly, to stay after the classes were dismissed, and help her shut up the school. He said he would. The shutters were closed, and the door locked, and as she turned to go home Joe walked along with her. As they went on Miss Mason said,—

"Have you any sisters, Joseph?" This touched his heart.

"I had one once," he said; "little Mary. She was my only sister. I used to take care of her, and carry her out of doors, and draw her in the waggon I made for her: and she loved me more than any one else did, and always used to run to the door and meet me when I came home. But she's dead, and nobody cares for me now. Her grave is right over there; perhaps you like to see it some time?"

"Yes, Joseph, let's walk over there now," said the teacher. They went slowly along, still talking about little Mary. They reached the grave and sat down on a stone near it.

"Oh, she's dead! she's dead!" he cried; "and nobody cares for me now."

"Yes, Joseph, I'll care for you," said the teacher, as she laid her hand gently on his uncovered head. Then she spoke to him of Jesus, who is the friend of the fatherless, and of that blessed heaven to which he will take those who love him, and where they will meet their friends again. And then she told him of her own sorrow,—of the loss of her father,—how lonely she felt in the world, and how hard it was to her to manage that large school of big boys.

Then Joe started to his feet, and said, eagerly,—
"But I'll help you, Miss Mason. I'll do anything I can to help you."

And so he did. Joe helped Miss Mason, and she had no more trouble in managing the school. She had won his affection by her kindness, and he became the best boy in her school.

THE LITTLE ROPE-MAKER.

The rope-maker belongs to a very large family, and very ancient, too, for we read about in the Bible, Proverbs xxv. 23. Of the rope which he spins, his house is made. He carries within his own body the apparatus for spinning the thread which composes the rope; and this is well, since his pretty house is frequently destroyed by his enemies. For you must know that beautiful as this little ingenious creature is, in his gay coat of orange, red, and black, he is not in good repute.

Some of them sting, and the wound is painful, even causing death. Yet all do not, and you need not run away in terror when you see one. You are larger and more powerful than an insect, and can easily take care of it, and place it where it cannot harm you.

Stand still and watch it as it weaves in and out its thin silken rope. Up it goes, and before you can wink, the rope is fastened, and down it drops with another rope which is as quickly secured, and up it goes again, then round and round, until all is done, and its house of gossamer is ready to "weather the storm," and imprison the rain-drops as they fall. Then when the sun shines how the drops sparkle like gems.

Ah! you have guessed the name of this wonderful creature, and say it is only a bad, deceitful spider, and its house only a trap to catch the poor little flies. Do not blame the spider; it is only following its instinct, and catches the flies to satisfy its hunger.

Now let me tell you what I have read about the little spinning machine. On the under side of the spider's body are four or six little points no larger than the point of a pin. These are the places where the silk is prepared. When the spider wishes to spin a thread, it presses these points with one of its legs, and there appears not one, but a thousand threads, of such fineness, that it is only when all is united that they become visible to the naked eye. Thus the tiny rope of the spider is composed of four, five, or six thousand of these silken threads. How does the spider twist these threads together? With the hindmost pair of legs, which like the rest are furnished with three claws apiece. Using these claws as fingers, the little rope-maker twists her many threads into one with surprising quickness.

WATCHING FOR FATHER.

There's a little face at the window,
And two dimpled hands on the pane;
And somebody's eyes are fixed upon
The gate at the end of the lane.

The hills have caught the shadow
Which heralds the coming night,
And the lane, with its flowery fringe, grows dim
To the watcher's anxious sight.

Where half way down,
Like a glittering crown,
A firefly band have clustered
Round an aster's leaf—
A royal chief—
A driven herd are mustered.

Away behind,
With busy mind,
But a step that is light and free,
And a sun-burnt face
On which the trace
Of a hard day's work you see,

Comes the farmer home from toil,
Driving the cows before him;
And the child-eyes strained at the window there,
Were the first in the house that saw him.

Ah! would, when the day is done
And I leave my cares behind me,
I could have such a pair of winsome eyes
Searching the night to find me!

BISMARCK'S DOG.

The celebrated Prince Bismarck, I am told, has a wonderful dog—a large lean fellow, as black as a raven's wing, faithful and devoted as it is possible for even a dog to be. He is inseparable from his dark-browed master, following him everywhere, without taking his eyes from him.

According to my informant, when the prince is called to the emperor's presence, the dog recognises the helmet which he wears (instead of his military cap), and then he does not follow him. He knows also that he must not accompany his master to the Reichstag (the German parliament), whither the prince ordinarily goes on foot. The dog follows him to the gate of the park, and then his master turns, and, raising his blue cap trimmed with saffron-colored galoon, says briefly, "Reichstag!" The dog understands; he lowers his head, droops his tail, and returns sadly to the house.—*St. Nicholas*.

LIVING TOGETHER.—We have seen, on a printed slip, a set of pithy maxims on the "Art of Living Together." We do not know who wrote them, but they are full of good sense, and might well be laid to heart by every one who lives in constant companionship with another, whether as husband and wife, college chums, or partners in business:

"Avoid having stock subjects of disputation. Do not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason.

"If you would be loved as a companion, avoid criticism of those with whom you live.

"Let not familiarity swallow up all courtesy."

—Canon Miller not long since delivered a lecture on preaching. "Whether you have divisions or no," he says, "be sure you aim at something, so that, when the sermon is over, no one shall be at a loss to know what it was about. Archbishop Whately used to say that some preachers 'aimed at nothing, and always hit it!' The Archbishop was not without reason for his complaint. I remember a clergyman, a most admirable pastor, of whom, when he had left the parish, an artisan said to his successor, 'Mr.—, in his sermons, always seemed to be hunting for something, but had never caught it when he came to the end.' Canon Miller gave many wise and weighty cautions, *E.g.*, "Preach doctrine practically, and practice doctrinally." "Avoid too abstract a style of preaching." Make very sure of the original and of the context." He says: As regards simplicity, a Dissenting minister once said to me, when speaking of the Evangelical clergy, "I am afraid, in their desire to be simple in their preaching, they are becoming shallow; their is no theology in their sermons." Simplicity is not necessarily shallowness. Sermons should vertebrate; they should have a back-bone of sound, distinctive theology.

—Those, as a general rule, who do most for the Church are the reading people. Those who have no time to wish to read about Christianity, or to whom such reading is a bore, are not the praying, earnest workers and givers. One of our brethren is so impressed with the fact that he says: "The circulation of our periodicals is a sure index of the general growth of the Church in all that is solid and enduring. There cannot be any substantial prosperity among a people who do not know what God is doing for the Church, and what the Church is doing for the world. If I were a pastor, I would aim to at least double the circulation of the Church papers among my people, believing this would more than double the Church power in every department. The pastor has no more valuable assistant than the Church papers." We do not doubt the truth of this statement. It stands to reason; it must be a fact. Then let our clergy see that by the circulation of good books and papers, the members become a reading people.