

Children's Department.

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power.
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
That all trouble magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the noble one, "I'll try."

Do what'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
Put your shoulder to the wheel.

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be a honest task,
Do it with a honest will.

At the anvil or the farm,
Wherever you may be—
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny.

RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD.

TO-DAY'S Gospel sets before us a little town nestling at the foot of Mount Tabor, so beautifully situated that it was called Nain, or the lovely city. And as we look we behold a long procession leave its gate. It is a funeral procession, the funeral of an only son, and many of the townspeople crowd around the widowed mother. But another company is on the road, it comes from the opposite direction, and in the midst of it is One whose compassion is greater than that of the sons of men. It is He, who, though He be very God, yet is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He who, when the sorrows of earth are over, will wipe away tears from off all faces. He said, "Weep not;" He touched the bier, He raised the dead, and delivered him to his mother.

The soul of the unregenerate man is cold and dead. It cannot feel, it cannot love, it cannot save itself. It lies mute and still, and evil spirits are carrying it forth for burial. There is no hope for it, unless Christ should come, and lay His life giving hand upon it and say, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead."

Thus the Gospel histories of raising from death Jairus's daughter, or the Widow's son, or Lazarus, are types of the resurrection from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness, a resurrection which must take place in every child of Adam before he can see God. The account of the beginning of the spiritual life in a poor child of our own country may therefore be brought forward to-day in illustration of the Gospel.

Several years ago that frightful disease called the cholera committed fearful ravages in a town on the south coast of England. The poorest people were the greatest sufferers on account of their want of good food and clothing, and, still more, fresh air and cleanliness. Whole families were brought down to the gates of the grave, and but few among them struggled back to life. Much might be said about the sufferings of the poor creatures and the plans that were contrived for their benefit; the hospital that was quickly raised; and the house of shelter for the children; and the clergymen, the doctors and the good women who attended to them night and day, I will only speak, however, of one little sufferer named Grace Lee.

She was brought to the hospital with a poor woman who was in the last stage of cholera, and who died the same night. The child's illness was not so serious, or else help came sooner to her, for she gradually recovered. In answer to questions which were then put to her, she said that she was called Grace Lee, that she never knew any thing of her father, that her mother had died some

years ago, since which she had lived with an aunt, the woman just dead with cholera. Grace had no other relations that she knew of. Her aunt had carried out a basket, and she herself had sold water-cress and matches; but they earned very little, and were often half starved. The poor child had never been inside a church; she did not know the Lord's prayer, nor could she tell her letters. A little creature with an old worn face. Illness may have left her weak, but she certainly did not seem to care for any thing or any body; she only wanted to be left alone: and then she would sit in the corner for hours, quite quiet, till she was disturbed, on which she became fractious and cross.

Inquiries were made in town, but no relations of the little girl could be found; so some visitors at the hospital, pitying a creature so lonely and neglected, placed her in an orphan school. Grace was forced here to exert herself. Tidy clothes were given her; she was made to keep herself neat and clean and was taught reading and writing, as well as house work. The matron was gentle with her, for she saw how strange and hard the restraints of civilized life were to the poor child; and so by degrees the little outcast fell into the ways of the house. Her heart and mind appeared, however, an absolute blank. She did not seem really to care for any thing or any body. She did not scruple to tell lies to save herself from punishment, and was not at all ashamed when she was found out; and if another bore the blame instead of her she did not care; she only thought how well she had got off.

After Grace had been a few weeks at the orphan's school a fresh chaplain was appointed to it, and very anxious he was about his young charge. He spent a good deal of time among them, observing their characters, and he remarked how sullen and gloomy Grace was, and how often she was naughty. At last he took her into his room and talked to her. He spoke of sin and of judgment and she stood unmoved. Then he spoke of the love of Him who died to take away sin, and, turning to the child, he asked her whether she had been baptized. "Not that I know of," she said. "Think a little. Did you never hear your aunt speak of your christening?" "No," answered Grace. "Aunt told Mrs. Clark once that she nor none of her people held by baptism." "And you never saw any certificate of your baptism?" asked the chaplain. "Not that I know of," was Grace's answer again.

The chaplain dismissed the little girl, thought over all that had passed. He made inquiries, but could not meet with any register of her baptism in the books of the parish in which he thought she was born; so at last he determined that she should be prepared for baptism and baptized hypothetically, according to the form prescribed at the end of the Baptismal Service for those of whose lawful baptism the clergyman cannot be assured.

For three months the chaplain taught little Grace and tried to make her ready for baptism, but his task was not easy. Evil had been more familiar to her than good,—hatred than love. She had never known the tenderness of an earthly father, so it was difficult to make her understand about a heavenly one. But the good clergyman was very patient, and by degrees there was a change in the child. She seemed better to understand what goodness was, and longings after it arose in her heart. The history of our Lord became her favourite reading, and once, when she had read the account of little children being brought to Christ, she asked, with tears, when they would bring her too. So after a short time Grace was baptized. Her difficulties in well-doing were not removed at once, her faults did not all vanish; still though a battle, a struggle, was before her, she was no doubt an altered child. Her heart and mind were now set on doing right, and in the main she was helped to do it. When she failed her repentance was deep and sincere.

Grace Lee's friends at the orphan house kept her till she was confirmed; then they placed her out in life as a nursery maid. She is now upper nurse in a gentleman's family, trusted entirely by her mistress, and a great favourite with the children. They sometimes ask her for stories about the time when she was a little girl, and she does not shrink from telling them what she remembers of her early days, pointing out to them their greater happiness in having been baptized in infancy and trained to God's service from the beginning of life.

BEAUTIFIERS. — Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world while in poor health, and nothing will give you such good health, strength, buoyant spirits and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.—*Telegraph*.

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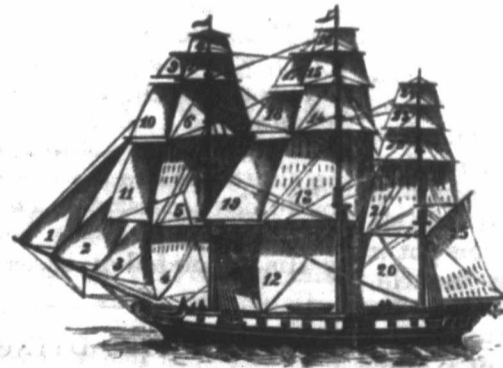
NEW INVENTION.—On the sixth of March last I obtained a patent in Canada, for changing common windows to Bay Windows. The invention is also patented in the United States, and is having a large sale in every State. I have sold twenty-two counties in Canada, and offer the remainder for sale, or will take a partner; the right man with \$200 capital can secure the management and an interest in the business. Canadian references given.—Address, W. S. Garrison Cedar Falls, Iowa, U. S. A.

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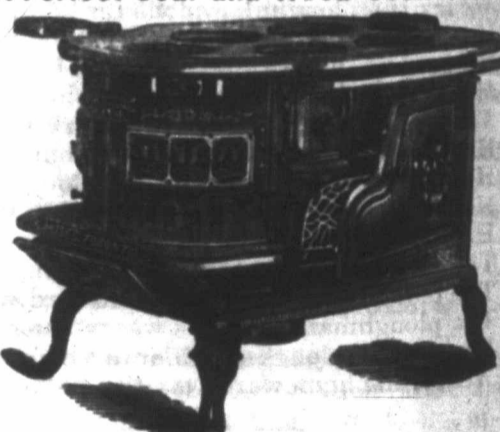
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