

UNCLE WILLIAM.

A year ago there was a quiet funeral on Wilkins street, and when it was over, an old man called "Uncle William" was left without home and with no means to help himself.

"I will take him to my home and care for him a month, anyhow."

"And then I will take him," added another.

"And then my roof shall shelter him," said a third.

So the old man found friends. One took him and then another, and he was well used. They were far from being rich.

One night last week, after the old man had sought his bed, and the children were asleep, a husband and wife sat down to say to each other that work was scarce, the rent behind, and the fuel was nearly gone, and—

Here they looked at each other in a shy way, as if ashamed of their thoughts. The cold wind whistled around the cottage as if hungering to nip little toes, and the wife shivered and said:

"He is so old and feeble—let us wait a few days longer."

"I haven't a dollar left," said the man, as he glanced at the cupboard.

"But he eats very little," protested the wife.

"We have only a small house."

"But he sits in the corner."

They looked at each other for a long time without speaking. A vision of the poor old man battling with a fierce winter gale came to either and stood between with hands crossed in supplication.

"He shall stay?" they whispered together as they rose up and made ready for the night and the gale banged at the doors as if cheated of its prey.

Morning came with its meagre breakfast. There was not enough for four, but it must do for seven, and the father forced a smile to his face, as he opened the door and called:

"Come, Uncle William, you shall have the warmest place and the biggest dish."

There was no response, and when they bent over the old man they found that no man would ever again find him a burden.

"See!" said the wife, "he may have heard our whispers, for there is a tear on his cheek!"

"But he knew the resolve of our heart, for he died with a smile on his face," added the husband.

"Oh! he's dead!—poor old grandpa is dead!" cried the children. "How glad we are that God will let him have a big warm corner and lots of everything to eat."

"If we could have done more for him," sighed the wife, as the tears fell; and their charity was greater than his who had subscribed his thousands.

THE HAPPY COTTAGE CHILDREN.

In a little cottage in the county of Lancastrer, lived two boys and two girls—the eldest not quite eight, and the youngest but little more than four years of age. They had such kind parents, such a good teacher at their school, and they made such improvements by these means, that we call them the Happy Cottage Children, and we earnestly wish that the dear little ones who may read this account may be like them, that they may be happy also.

been poorly, they behaved so kindly, that she has said that it has done her good and almost made her well. A great deal of pains were taken with them it is true, to show them how much they ought to love and obey their mother, and they were all very sensible that those two things are closely connected.

When their father had been away at any time, on his return he always asked; "Have you obeyed your mother while I have been away?"

This practice caused the duty of obedience to be deeply impressed on their minds; and if he found there had been anything in their behavior like disobedience to their mother, he talked to them about it until tears of sorrow flowed from their eyes.

One of them, when his mother had been talking to him of the evil of sin, turned away from her, and with much concern fell upon his knees to pray, and said to her when he arose, "I have told God that if He will spare me a little longer, I will be a better boy."

THE MORNING PRAYER.

I was staying, and had been for many weeks, with some friends in the country. The mistress of the house was a nice, pleasant lady, and had three little sons. At the back of the house was a fine large garden in which they used to play.

One day a little girl, a friend of theirs, came from the town to see them and to play with the children. They were very glad to see her, I am sure. The little boys were allowed to stay away from school for the afternoon; so they took their friend into the garden and summer-house, and in the evening they played in the house with their toys, and enjoyed themselves very much indeed.

But when eight o'clock came, which was the time for the little girl to go home, it was found to be raining very fast; and as her mother had said she might stay all night if it were wet, she did so.

As there was no bed unoccupied, I was asked to allow her to sleep with me, which of course I did.

In the morning, during dressing, I noticed little Emily did not offer to say her prayers, though she had to wait for me several minutes during washing. I thought it might possibly be because she was shy; so when I had finished, I knelt down myself to thank my Heavenly Father for His care during the night, and to ask His blessing for the day which was before us. On my getting up I saw she had no intention of doing the same, so I said quietly to her, "Have you said your prayers, my dear?"

"No," she answered; "I never say them in the morning—I only say them at night."

"How is that, my dear?" said I. "Do you not wish to thank your Heavenly Father that He has taken care of you during the past night, and brought you safely to the light of another day? Do you not wish God to protect you during the coming day; to send you food and raiment, and to preserve you from temptations? Do you not require His Holy Spirit to help you to be kind and affectionate to your little friends, and to love and obey your parents?"

Oh! I am afraid there are many little children, both boys and girls, who make a practice of only saying their prayers at night!

Certainly at night they kneel before God to ask forgiveness, for Christ's sake, for all the sins they may have committed that day; but how many of those sins might they have been preserved from, had they sought God's help and blessing in the morning? It is the Holy Spirit alone Who can help us to do right, and this we must seek in prayer.

My young friends, say your prayers at night, but don't forget to say them in the morning.

IF YOU WANT A

GOOD WATCH!

—AT—

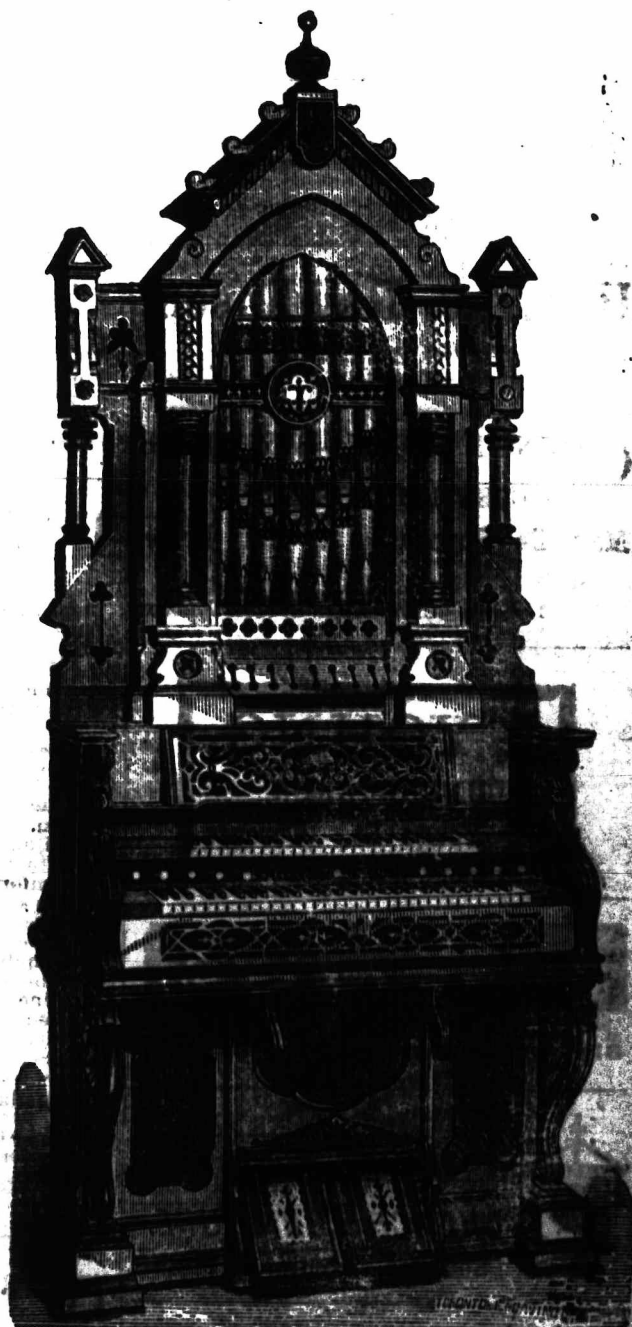
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CHURCH WOMAN'S MISSION

Our Sewing Society will, (D. V.), resume its meetings on the first Tuesday in September, in the Schoolroom attached to Holy Trinity Church, at 8 p. m. Clergymen in this and the Algona divisions, who desire our aid in the coming winter, will please forward their applications to me at once, and those to whom we have already furnished assistance may be sure they will not be forgotten. Address: MRS. O'BRIEN, 51 Bleeker Street, Toronto.

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