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The January North American Review has articles on "Ecclesiastical control in Utah," by the Mormon, John Taylor, and Eli H. Murray, the Governor of the Territory. Dr. Rylance has also a paper in the number on "Theological Readjustments," which is characterized by his well-known views.

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A CHRISTIAN HOME: How to Make and How to maintain it. By John Hall, D.D., New York. 12 mo, cloth, pp. 250. Price \$1.00. This is a strong book, on a great theme, by a master. It is attractive, cheap, and deals faithfully with delicate topics. Some conception of the method of treatment may be gained by noting the titles of the successive chapters, which are: The Family—its Early History; New Testament Lights in the Home; the Ethics of the Home; Wise Choice; Mutual Help and Care; the Light and Shadows of Home-life; Development of the Family Home; Home Government and training; The Worship of the Home; Secondary Elements in True Home-life; Enemies of the Home; The Heavenly Home. Published by the American Sunday-School Union, Philadelphia.

Children's Corner.

DICK AND HIS DONKEY; or, HOW TO PAY THE RENT.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

"Yes, but he *will* be paid all to-morrow. I have been to offer Jack. Mother has got ten shillings, and he is to go in the place of the other thirty.

"I see how it is," said Mrs. Erskine, thoughtfully. "You will be sorry to lose him, Dick?"

Poor Dick had manned himself to go to the farmer, and agree to part with his favourite; but having done it, he was exactly in the state of mind to be unnerved by a kind and sympathising word; and hiding his face in Jack's neck, he burst into tears. Mrs. Erskine felt half inclined to cry with him, so evidently deep and uncontrollable was the boy's grief, but she took a better way of showing her sympathy. Gently desiring him to look up and listen to her, she said:—

"I think, Dick, I can help you in this matter. I know it to be no fault of your mother's that she is not ready with her rent. She is a hard-working industrious woman. Now, I am willing to lend her the thirty shillings, that Mr. Beckworth may be paid in full. I, myself, heard him say he would prefer the money to the donkey; so he cannot be displeased."

If Mrs. Erskine had needed thanks, they were given her more eloquently than by words, in the ray of sunshine that lighted up the boy's face, and, mingling with his tears, made his countenance bright as a rainbow.

After doing his best to express his gratitude, he relieved his feelings by giving Jack a close hug.

"Take care you don't choke the poor beast," said Mrs. Erskine laughing; "better let him go to the farmer, than kill him with kindness.

"He's used to it," said Dick. "Please, ma'am, I will bring all I earn till you're paid."

"And Jack himself may help you," said Mrs. Erskine, "as he is so much interested in the matter.

"My little girls often get tired of walking this hot weather. If you like you shall bring him to my house every fine afternoon, and I will pay you threepence an hour for the use of him. As they are generally out for two or three hours during summer time, that will come to several shillings a week."

"And then there are my wages for cleaning the boots and shoes," exclaimed Dick, joyfully; "and I often earn something by running errands. I think I could pay you almost entirely myself."

"Well, you shall do so, if you please," said his kind friend; "and that will enable your mother to be saving for the next quarter, which otherwise might get behindhand again. I can wait very well for my money till you and Jack have worked it out. So now go home and tell her she is not to leave, and that you and Jack are going to be as busy as possible."

Jack showed he was no common donkey by the way in which he started off at a brisk canter with Dick seated between the panniers. He seemed to have some idea of what was going on, and to be as anxious as his master to hurry home to tell Mrs. Dalton the good news.

Dick found her just setting off for the town, wondering what was keeping him out so long. Her joy on hearing of Mrs. Erskine's kindness may be better imagined than described. There was no occasion now for her to go and look after the two rooms; no occasion to take leave of Jack next day. How much sorrow and gloom can a little thoughtful kindness on the part of the rich, often disperse from the path of the poor.

Mrs. Erskine gave Dick the thirty shillings next morning; and in the afternoon Susan herself went to carry the money to Mr. Beckworth. She found him in his little business room where he had been receiving other rents. He seemed surprised at seeing her; and inquired whether her son had brought the donkey?

"No, sir," replied Susan, "there was no occasion. With many thanks for your kindness in offering to take him, I am able to give you the full sum for my rent in money, as you told Dick you preferred."

Susan was not very skilled in reading countenances, or she might have detected a look of mortification in the farmer's, as he impatiently asked her by what wonderful windfall she had become possessed of so much money since the day before. Susan very simply related the exact circumstance. Farmer Beckworth, who had his own reasons for wishing to stand well with Mrs. Erskine, she being sister to the squire of whom he rented his farm, made no further remark; excepting that if ever Dick wished to part with his donkey, he would be willing to purchase him.

"My boy would work hard day and night, rather than sell him if he could help it, sir," replied the widow; "and if it please God to give me my health, I hope never to be behindhand again at quarter day." So saying, Susan wished him good morning.

CHAPTER V.

DICK AND HIS DONKEY PROSPER IN LIFE—BENJAMIN BENTON FINDS THAT IN THE END "HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."

Eight years passed away after Dick and his donkey helped to pay Susan Dalton's rent. She continued to live in the same cottage, and became a laundress in quite a large and prosperous way; so much so that, on condition of her paying a higher sum in consequence, Farmer Beckworth consented to build a wash-house, and enlarge her kitchen; and she kept a young woman as a regular assistant.

Things seemed to prosper from the time when she was in the trouble we have related. The return of the family from abroad brought her plenty

of work again; and Mrs. Erskine, finding Dick regular and industrious in his attendance every morning, at length offered to take him altogether as a foot-boy. She allowed him to attend a night-school, where he learned to read and write fluently; and his natural cleverness, added to his steady conduct and desire to please made him, as he grew up a really valuable servant.

Jack shared his master's fortunes,—no longer grazing on the common as formerly, but luxuriating in the richer pasture of Mrs. Erskine's field, and being promoted to draw a little carriage built expressly for the young Erskine's by their uncle's orders, who used to declare that he was the only donkey he ever saw that was worth the trouble of harnessing.

Dick had never forgot the lesson he so dearly bought as to the danger of association with bad companions. "Ah, mother," he would sometimes say, "I thought it at first such a misfortune to lose my money at a tavern, but it would have been a much greater one had I not done so; for I dare say I should have learnt to go again and again, till I got fond of drink and play like Ben."

Benjamin Benton had been lost sight of in Westport for some time. His father had died in a fit of intoxication when he was about fifteen years of age; and his mother, with her youngest children had to go to the union. Ben had begun to bear a very suspicious character; his constant associates being persons of the lowest description, and amongst them none more so than the man Chapman, who was known to have been taken up once or twice on suspicion of theft. At length he left the neighbourhood to get work, as he said, on a railway at some distance, and not long after Ben went after him, tempted, it was supposed, by the high wages given. He wrote once or twice to his mother, and spoke of himself as doing very well; but after a time no more was heard of him.

A year or two later a most daring burglary was committed at a gentleman's house a few miles from Westport. The whole gang was taken, and lodged in the jail of the county town about six miles off. The account was of course in the papers, as well as of the subsequent trial. Dick, like every one else, read it with considerable interest; but what was his astonishment, on reading the names of the burglars, to find that of Benjamin Benton amongst them.

There could be no mistake as to its being his old seducer,—the description of his person, and the name of Westport as his former home, placing his identity beyond doubt. The name of George Chapman was also on the list of the prisoners.

The case was an extremely aggravated one. Although no lives had been lost, weapons had been found on several of the men, and would doubtless have been used had occasion arisen; but it had so happened that their plans were frustrated by the vigilance of the butler. Two of the ringleaders were detected in the very closet where the plate was kept, in the act of carrying it off; and were double locked within in company with the silver which they had coveted. The whole party was sentenced to ten years transportation.

About a week later Dick received a note from the chaplain of the county jail, telling him that one of the prisoners who were under sentence of transportation for the recent burglary case, was extremely anxious to see him, and hoped he would visit him if possible. His name, he said, was Benjamin Benton.

To be continued.

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