

permanent memorial that the law has been complied with, and that the article is standard gold or silver, as it purports to be. These marks were formerly stamped at the Mint Office, in the Tower of London.—Hence the name ‘Tower marks.’ But the Mint is now removed from the Tower, and the plate is marked at the ‘Goldsmith’s Hall,’ in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Sheffield, and Birmingham. They are now more properly called, ‘Hall-marks.’”

“O, then these very beautiful things that have not the mark are not really silver?”

“No, miss, they are plated.”

While this conversation passed, Mr. Vernon had been writing a check on his banker. He then put it into the hands of the silver-smith, and the family pursued their walk.

At dinner time the service on the table recalled to the minds of the young people what had passed in the silver-smith’s shop.

Rose observed the marks on the spoons and forks, and Ellen the same on the fish-slice and cruet-stand.

“Certainly,” said Mrs. Vernon, “you will not find anything of that complexion here without those marks. There may be a degree of prejudice in the feeling; but I have a peculiar dislike to plated things, however elegant; though I have no objection to using china, glass, ivory, wood, or whatever other material of an unassuming character is adapted to the purpose.”

Mr. V. We are quite agreed on that matter. The most homely articles, that really are what they appear to be, are, in my esteem, far preferable to the most specious and successful imitations of something superior. I should not like any one to be deceived by supposing our things to be more valuable than

they are; still less, if we should incur the suspicion of a wish to deceive. I hope we shall never affect display of any kind that does not bear the Tower mark of solidity.—And we must not forget that there are other matters, besides silver goods and plated, in which we are liable to mistake or deception.”—*Extract from one of our Sunday-school books, entitled, “The Tower Mark,” Library A., No. 122.*

WHAT A SABBATH SCHOOL CAN DO.

“Some two years ago,” writes a correspondent, “the Sabbath school connected with Dr. Potts’ church, in St. Louis, conceived the idea of sustaining a missionary among the heathen. After proper consideration of the matter, it was decided upon, and a missionary obtained through the American Board. It was determined that he should go out and occupy the place made vacant by the death of the lamented Lowrie. The gentleman selected is the Rev. H. V. Rankin.

The amount which this Sabbath school raises for their missionary’s support is \$600 per annum, and the means by which some of the scholars procure their portion may not be uninteresting, especially to your juvenile readers. One little girl, during some of her leisure hours, made up a lot of little sewing, and gathering together a few adult friends of the family, made known her object, and then disposed of her handiwork at auction. Her first payment, I think, was \$15. One also raised and sold a few canary birds: others, for a stipulated amount per week, have been doing without coffee, sugar, butter, &c. Thus their contributions *cost them something*, and to their Heavenly Parent, are doubtless, doubly acceptable. May not