floor and the oak settle complete the picture. Who is fortunate enough to live in this most charming of cottages ?"

Walter turned for Nell's answer, and saw a look of pained dismay on her face.

"Do you think it's right, sir, of a gentleman like you to come and make game of people like us ? I doubted you were making fun when you talked like that about the jug, and now I'm sure of it."

Walter burst out laughing, in spite of efforts to keep his countenance. Nell observed him gravely, and tears of mortification rose to her eyes.

"You'll find your way easy from here, sir, if it's the sick-well you really want to go to. And I'll say good morning now, for there's my butter waiting me." Nell walked away with more than her usual dignity.

"Miss Nell, oh, please don't go away like that," cried Walter, suddenly sobered. "How shall I convince you that I am in earnest about the cottage ? Have you never dreamt of such things being thought pretty? Ask my cousin Letttice, ask any one, and they will agree with me about it. Indeed, I assnre you the way in which you regard it is quite as strange to me as mine is to you."

Nell looked him full in the face with a penetrating gaze. Apparently she was satisfied, for she said, before she turned to go, "There's a many new things for me to learn, I think."

(To be continued.)

Children's Department

GOD'S TITHE.

One-tenth of ripened grain,
One-tenth of tree and vine ;
One-tenth of all the yield
From ten-tenths' rain and shine.

One-tenth of lowing herds,
That browse on hill and plain ;
One-tenth of bleating flocks,
For ten-tenths' shine and rain.

One-tenth of all increase,
From counting-room and mart ;
One-tenth that science yields,
One-tenth of every art.

One-tenth of loom and press,
One-tenth of mill and mine ;
One-tenth of every craft
Wrought out by gifts of Thine.

One-tenth of glowing words
That golden guineas hold ;
One-tenth of written thoughts
That turn to shining gold.

PLUCKY.

The boy marched straight up to the counter. "Well, my little man," said the merchant complacently—he had just risen from such a glorious good dinner—"what will you have to-day ?"

"Oh, please, sir, mayn't I do some work for you ?"

It must have been the pleasant blue eyes that did it, for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small of his age at that. There were a few wisps of hair on the edges of the merchant's temples, and looking down at the appealing face, the man pulled at them. When he had done tweaking at them, he gave the ends of his cravat a brush, and then his hands traveled down to his vest pocket.

"Do some work for me, eh ? Well, now, about what sort of work might your small manship calculate to be able to perform ? Why, you can't look over the counter."

"Oh yes, I can, and I'm growing fast—there ! see if I can't look over the counter !"

"Yes, by standing on your toes ; are they coppered ?"

"What, sir ?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother couldn't keep you in shoes if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes anyhow, sir," and the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him ; he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way round.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he said very gravely, "but I reckon if I get close enough, I can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I'm big, sir," was the neat rejoinder. "Folks say I'm very small of my age."

"And what might your age be, sir ?" responded the man with emphasis."

"I'm almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. "You see my mother hasn't any body but me, and this morning I saw her crying because she could not find five cents in her pocket-book, and she thinks the boy that took the ashes stole it—and—I—haven't had—any—any—breakfast, sir."

His voice again hesitated and tears came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in his vest pocket. "There, will that quarter do ?"

The boy shook his head. "Mother wouldn't let me beg, sir," was his simple reply.

"Humph ! Where's your father ?"

"We never heard of him, sir, after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer City of Boston.

"Ah ! you don't say so. That's bad. But you are a plucky little fellow, anyhow. Let me see ;" and he pondered, puckering up his mouth and looking straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight up into his. "Saunders," he asked, addressing a clerk, who was rolling up and writing on parcels, "Is Cash No. 4 still sick ?"

"Dead, sir ; died last night," was the low reply.

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly—then he put his pen behind his left ear—then his glance traveled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

"Oh, I understand," said the latter ; "yes, he is small, very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get ?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the still astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down four. There, youngster, give him your name, and run home and tell your mother you've got a place at four dollars a week. Come back on Monday, and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance ; I'll take it out of your first week. Can you remember ?"

"Work, sir—work all the time ?"

"As long as you deserve it, my man."

Tommy shot out of that shop. If ever broken stairs, that had a twist through the whole flight, creaked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps, as might be better stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, those in that tenement-house enjoyed themselves thoroughly that morning.

"I've got it mother ! I'm took ! I'm a cash-boy ! Don't you know when they take the parcels, the clerks call, "Cash ?" Well, I'm that ! Four dollars a week ! and the man said I had real pluck—courage, you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast ; and don't you never cry again, for I'm the man of the house now !"

The house was only a little ten-by-fifteen room, but how those blue eyes did magnify it ! At first the mother looked—well, it passes my power to tell how she did look, as she caught the boy in her arms, and hugged him and kissed him, the tears streaming down her cheeks. But they were tears of thankfulness now.

A Nebraska monument to a horse-thief is simply a stake at the head of a grave and a sign reading, "It would have been cheaper for him to go afoot.

"A MISSIONARY MEETING, SIR!"

A gentleman in London saw a lad, an acquaintance of his, coming on a run. He stopped him with the inquiry :—

"Whither away in such haste ?"

"Exeter Hall."

"What is there at Exeter Hall that so interests a chimney-sweep ?"

"A missionary meeting, sir."

"I have an interest in the concern, sir."

"You have an interest in the great London Missionary Society ? How came that ?"

"I gave my penny, sir."

This but illustrates a law of the human heart, which the Creator himself announced when he said :—"Where the treasure is, there the heart is also." That to which we donate our toil or our money, becomes an object of regard. That investment draws our interest. That which costs little is of little value. That which costs our all is of great worth. Would it be well to be more deeply interested in the cause of Christ ? Then do more and give more for it. If we do less and give less and pray less our interest will diminish.

It is hardly necessary now to call attention to the celebrated "White Shirts," made by White, of 65 King Street West. Being made of the best material, by skilled labor, and mathematically cut, they recommend themselves to all who wish a really fine article. Every shirt warrented to give stisfaction. A White, 65 King Street West, Toronto.

A BRAVE GIRL.

A poor servant girl of Noyou, in France, once proved herself a real heroine. A common sewer of great depth had been opened for repairs, the opening being covered at night with some planking ; but those in charge of the operations neglected to place any lights near, to warn wayfarers of the danger in their path. Four men returning home from work stepped on the planks, which, being frail and rotten, gave way under their weight, and precipitated them to the bottom. It was some time before any one became aware of what had happened ; and when the people gathered round, no man among the crowd was daring enough to respond to the frantic entreaties of the wives of the entombed men, by descending that foul and loathsome depth. Presently, a fragile-looking girl of seventeen stepping to the front, said quietly:—"I'll go down and try to save the poor fellows ;" and creatures calling themselves men were not ashamed to stand by and see Catharine Vasseur let down on her valiant, but fearful, mission. Then ensued a few long minutes of anxious suspense before the signal to haul up was felt, and two still breathing, but unconscious, men were, with the gallant girl, brought to the surface. Nigh exhausted as the effort had left her, the heroic maiden only stayed to gain breath before descending again, regardless of the risk she ran.

This second venture nearly proved fatal. Upon reaching the bottom of the sewer, and fastening the rope around one prostrate form, Catharine felt as though she were being strangled by an invisible hand. Unfortunately, the rope round her own waist had become unfastened ; and when, after groping along the dripping, clammy wall, her hand touched it, she had not strength sufficient to pull it down. Dazed as she was, she still had her wits about her, and, loosing her long hair, twisted the luxuriant tresses with the rope. The rope was hauled up ; and the horrified crowd beheld the inanimate form of the brave young girl swinging by her hair, and to all appearance dead. Fresh air and prompt administration of stimulants brought her to consciousness, and the happiness of knowing that, if she failed in saving all, her brave endeavors had restored three of the bread-winners to their families.

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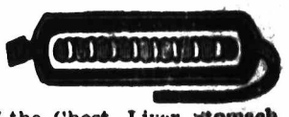

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