

a full pound, and I am certain you will yet be a prosperous and rich man."

When the boy arrived in the city he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far from home, he remembered his mother's words, and the last words of the canal-boat captain. He was then led to seek first the "kingdom of God and his righteousness." He remembered his promise to the old captain, and the first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. In the Bible he found that the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth, so he said: "If the Lord will take one-tenth I will give that." And so he did, and ten cents of every dollar was sacred to the Lord.

Having regular employment, he soon became a partner; and after a few years his partners died and William became the sole owner of the business. He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain. He made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his book-keeper to open an account with the Lord and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He prospered, his business grew, his family was blessed, his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then gave the Lord two-tenths, and prospered more than ever. Then he gave three-tenths, then four-tenths, and then five-tenths. He educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and gave all his income to the Lord. He prospered more than ever.

This is the story of Mr. William Colgate, who has given millions of dollars to the Lord's cause and left a name that will never die.—*Selected.*

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

OFF the coast of one of the Orkney Islands, and right opposite the harbor, stood a lonely rock, against which, in stormy nights, the boats of returning fishermen often struck and were lost.

Fifty years ago there lived on this island a young girl in a cottage with her father, and they loved each other very tenderly. One stormy night the father was away on the sea in his fisherman's boat, and, though his daughter watched for him in much fear and trouble, he did not come home. Sad to tell, in the morning his dead body was found washed upon the beach. His boat, as he sought the harbor, had struck against the "Lonely Rock" and gone down.

In her deep sorrow, this fisherman's orphan did not think of herself alone.

She was scarcely more than a child, humble, poor, and weak; but she said in her heart that, while she lived, no more boats should be lost off the "Lonely Rock," if a light shining through her window would guide them safely into harbor. And so, after watching by the body of her father, according to the custom of her people, until it was buried, she lay down and slept through the day; but when night fell, arose, and lighting a candle placed it in the window of her cottage, so that it might be seen by any fisherman coming in from sea, and guide him safely into the harbor. She sat by the candle all night and trimmed it and spun, but when the day dawned she went to bed and slept.

As many hanks as she had spun before for her daily bread she spun still, and one over, to buy her nightly candle, and from that time to this, for fifty years, through youth, maturity, and old age, she has turned night into day, and in the snow-storms of winter, through driving mists, deceptive moonlight and solemn darkness, that northern harbor has never once been without the light of her candle.

How many lives she saved by this candle, and how many meals she won by it for the starving families of the boatmen, it is impossible to say. How many dark nights the fishermen, depending on it, have gone forth cannot now be told. There it stood, regular as a lighthouse, steady as constant care could make it. Always brighter when daylight waned, the fishermen had only to keep it constantly in view and were safe; there was but one thing to intercept it, and that was the rock. However far they might have gone out to sea, they had only to bear down for that lighted window, and they were sure of a safe entrance to the harbor.

But what do the boatmen and boatmen's wives think of this? Do they pay the poor woman? No, they are very poor; but poor or rich, they know better than that. Do they thank her? No. Perhaps they think that thanks of theirs would be inadequate to express their gratitude; or perhaps long years have made the lighted casement so familiar that they look upon it as a matter of course, and forget for the time the patient watcher within.—*Jean Ingelow, quoted in Parish Visitor.*

THE reward of duty done is the power to fulfill another.—*George Eliot.*

THAT which is often asked of God's not so much His will and way, as His approval of our way.—*S. F. Smiley.*

I WAS walking along one winter's night, hurrying towards home, with my little maiden at my side. Said she:

"Father, I am going to count the stars."

"Very well," I said, "go on."

By and by I heard her counting:

"Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four, two hundred and twenty-five. Oh, dear!" she said, "I had no idea there were so many."

Ah, dear friend, I sometimes say in my soul, "Now, Master, I am going to count the benefits." Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such goodness, and I say to myself, "I had no idea there were so many."—*Mark Guy Pearse, in Gospel Trumpet.*

In daily life, what distinguishes the master is the using those materials he has, instead of looking about for what are more renowned, or what others have used well. "A general," said Bonaparte, "always has troops enough if he only knows how to employ those he has, and bivouacs with them."

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