

matter much to the doll. And this is a very simple parable of the way in which we are all being taught. We are trusted first with things that don't much matter, that we may be trusted with things of more consequence afterwards. God leads us on thus from lower virtues to higher ones. What patience God has with our mistakes!

It struck me, too, that some of us play with dolls now, long after we ought to have given them up.

Do we not sometimes care about things which were all very well when we were young, but which ought to have led us up to something better by this time? We begin our lives by caring much for trifles—and God allows it—even encourages it for a while. But He does not mean us to be children always.

What a number of playthings there are in the world, and how very tired some of us get of them; people who have the most, generally get the most heartily sick of them.

There was once a king who had been greater, richer, handsomer, and more successful than any one of his day, and who at last got tired of everything—feasts, plays, balls, fine clothes, dainty food, victories, palace-building, beautiful women and clever men—all wearied him, and his greatest friend complained how "hopelessly difficult it was to amuse an old king who could not be amused." So he died, weary of himself.

Surely it is wiser to put away our playthings because we have learned to care for something better; than to fling them away in disgust, or have them wrenched from us by some stronger hand.

Look how carelessly a couple of young married people often begin the world—a little keeping company first, a little fun, buying new clothes and furniture—going to church, and then to the wedding breakfast, cake and wine, and so forth. Then comes the cares of life, as the children are born and grow up, and God is teaching the man and woman all the while—if only they will learn.

He lets them begin with toys almost, as one might say; but, every year, the trifles seem to look smaller, and the real earnest things take up more room in their lives. By degrees, God will train them for heaven. The middle-aged looks at her wedding-gown, and laughs at herself to think what a childish pleasure she once took in finery. Now, at forty, she has grown wiser, and only cares about her work and what is useful; she little knows that at seventy she will look from her arm-chair at the busy bustling women at forty, and feel that all that business was only a passing thing—just as pleasure had been, and that it was Mary, not Martha, who had chose the good part which should not be taken away.

May we have grace to choose

that good-part; and while we thank God for all His daily and hourly mercies, to look beyond this life to the only real world, where our souls may attain true manhood and womanhood in and through the perfect man Christ Jesus our Lord.

Childrens' Department.

A SWEET LITTLE PLUM-CAKE.

It was a glorious plum-cake, small, indeed, but awfully tempting to look at, with its icing white as snow and glistening like hoar-frost crystals. Grannie had just made it for Twelfth Night, which was coming in two days. All the kitchen did smell so good, and the stove had grown red in the face, trying to do its best at turning the cake out real good. The chimney was roaring gently a song of joy at Grannie's success, and the old lady felt she had done her duty to society and the coming feast.

When little Nabby Jane came home, she found her cake had cooled off, so that she just picked a tiny, tiny bit off to see how it tasted. All of a sudden she looked pouty and cried out, "Grandmother! Oh dear!"

"What is it? That's a nice little plum-cake, Nabby."

"But—but—but it isn't a sweet little cake."

Then Nabby Jane pouted worse than ever, and looked very black indeed. Only think of it! A big pout over that nice-looking little plum-cake!

"Not sweet? I am sorry, for all my sugar has gone into the cake, and none is in the firkin."

Oh dear! Oh dear! Bigger and bigger grew the pout. It looked as if it would swell up and be as big as the cake.

Grandmother guessed, and guessed rightly, that the cake might be sweet enough. The fault might be in Nabby's taste, and that would soon be all right. She only said, "I know how to make it such a sweet little cake."

"How?" pouted Nabby.

"Do you see that house down the road near the pines?"

"Why, yes!—Tommy Winkle lives there."

"You go and give Tommy a piece of your cake, then come and taste what is left, and tell me if it isn't sweeter."

What a funny idea! Grannie had a way, though, that people could not well oppose, and Nabby said she would go.

"You may take a big cake for Tommy's mother, if you will," said Grandmother.

Down the road trotted Nabby.

Such a house as the Winkles lived in! It was black, and the chimney looked as if it wanted to tumble, and there were rags in the broken panes of the windows. Tommy's father was a drunkard; but what could they do?

"Is Tommy in?" thought Nabby, creeping into the kitchen. She could not find him. In a poor little room opening out of the kitchen she found Tommy and his mother. Mrs. Winkle, weary with a long walk to the homes where she did the washing, was lying on a bed as thin and poor as she was.

But how that big cake did cheer her up! And how Tommy's eyes snapped when he had his present!

But, hark! Nabby had climbed into a chair, and was kneeling there to reach Mrs. Winkle. Who was it that had entered?

It was the drunkard himself, and he aid, "Who is that kneeling? It looks like my little Fanny, who is dead. She used to say her prayers that way."

And it set him to thinking, and he did not stop thinking until he said he would be a good man. It did not all happen that day, but in God's good time.

Nabby had such a nice call. When she returned, grandmother said, "Will you try your cake now?"

"Yes, I will."

And, oh, what a sweet little cake it was!

A DOUBLE PURPOSE.—The popular remedy, Hagar's Yellow Oil, is used both internally and externally, for aches, pains, colds, croup, rheumatism, deafness and diseases of an inflammatory nature.

WORTH PRESERVING.

A barrel of flower weights 196 pounds.
Barrel of pork, 200 pounds.
Barrel of rice, 600 pounds.
Barrel of powder, 25 pounds.
Firkin of butter, 56 pounds.
Tub of butter, 84 pounds.
60 drops make a drachm.
8 drachms make an ounce.
8 ounces make a gill.
16 ounces make a pint.
60 drops, a teaspoonful.
2 tablespoonfuls, an ounce.
8 ounces, a gill.
2 gills, a coffee cup or tumbler.
6 fluid ounces, a teacupful.
4,850 square yards make an acre.
640 acres make a square mile.
There are 2,750 languages.
Two persons die every second.
A generation is fifteen years.

REMARKABLE RESTORATION.—Mrs. Adelaide O'Brien, of Buffalo, N.Y., was given up to die by her physicians, as incurable with consumption, it proved Liver Complaint, and was cured with Burdock Blood Bitters.

BE THANKFUL.

"I DON'T want any supper," said Katie, "Nothing but bread and milk and some cake—just the same every night."

"Would you like to take a little walk?" asked mamma, not noticing Katie's remarks.

Katie was pleased so long as their walk led through pleasant streets; but when they came to narrow, dirty ones, where the houses were old and poor, she wanted to go home. Please, mamma, don't go any further."

"We will go into the corner house," said mamma.

Some rough-looking men were sitting on the doorsteps. Katie felt afraid, and held tight hold of mamma's hand, but on they went up the tottering steps to the garret. So hot and close it was that they could scarcely breathe. On a straw bed near a window, lay a young girl asleep, so pale and thin, and still, she looked as though she were dead. Hearing footsteps she opened her eyes. Mamma uncovered her basket, and gave the girl a drink of milk, and placed the bread and cake beside her.

Katie's eyes filled with tears as she saw the girl eat her supper. Not a mouthful had she tasted since early morning.

Her poor mother had been away all day working, and now came home, wishing she had something nice to bring her sick child. When she found her so well cared for, she could not thank mamma and Katie enough.

The supper seemed a feast to them.

"If we can keep a roof over our heads," said she, "and get a crust to eat, we are thankful."

Katie never forgot those words. Let us learn the same lesson, and cease complaining and fault-finding. If we have a home, and food to eat, let us thank God, for many wander in the streets, homeless and hungry.

Births, Deaths, Marriages,

Under five lines 25 cents.

DEATH.

On Jan. 25th, at Lunenburg Rectory, N.S., of diphtheria, Kathleen Sidney, fifth daughter of Rev. Robert C. Caswell, aged 6½ years.

WHAT A DIME WILL DO FOR YOU!

TO THE READERS OF THIS PAPER we make the following special offer to send on receipt of ten cents in money or postage stamps, our latest finely lithographed book, which contains actual calculations, showing Women's Chances of Marriage at different ages; GOD'S NAME in forty-eight different languages; How to read, write and speak correctly the English language, without the aid of a Grammar; HYGIENIC RULES; a sermon to young men by America's most noted divine; Choice selections of poetry; Album verses; What Men need Wives for; a complete compilation of laws for successfully conducting mercantile business; Treatise on CONSUMPTION, its speedy and effectual cure; INSOMNIA, how it may surely be overcome; DIPHTHERIA, its cause, effect and remedy; Rules for physical care of Infants and Children, by a prominent Physician; HEAD-ACHES, their origin and eradication; "Women are what men do make them;" Suggestions to Wives; Tables of the revenues, expenditure, commerce, population and area of the principal nations. In fact, it is a book needed by every one, appreciated by all, and it is only sold to you at ten cents so that it may be introduced in your vicinity, and thereby secure for us a large demand from your friends and neighbors. Address DUFFY PUB. CO., 53 South St., Baltimore, Md.

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