

ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT of Collegiate Institute, Kidder, Missouri. We were pleased, a short time ago, to receive this announcement. The Principal is George S. Ramsay, of Orillia, afterward of Eaton, Que., where he taught an Academy. Mr. Ramsay subsequently graduated at Oberlin. He is brother in law of Rev. Wm. McIntosh, of Liverpool, N. S., and was a very intimate friend of ours at Eaton. We are glad our Canadian Congregational boys, when they go over to the Republic, give so good an account of themselves. The College at Kidder seems to be a power for good in that region. Long may it flourish!

For the Young.

THE SKYLARK.

A READING.

Voice of the Maytime, in gladness uprising,
First of all warblers—the red dawn surprising.
Listen! the skylark's clear tones of delight;
Far o'er the tree-tops, where no hand may capture,
Trilling and soaring in sorrowless rapture,
Till in the infinite lost to our sight.

Even so, borne on the wings of the morning,
Glad for the beauty of Nature's adorning,
We too, in spirit would rise, Lord, to Thee;
God of the skylark, and giver of daisies,
Thine is the anthem creation praises,
Thine shall the songs of our gratitude be.

Thou has made stedfast the lark's slender pinion,
Spread the blue heavens for his ample dominion,
Taught him to warble, and carol, and soar;
Thou dost give heed to the dove's plaintive calling,
And the last note of a tired sparrow, falling,
Lives in thy fatherly heart evermore!

We would adore thee in joyous thanksgiving,
For thy May mercies, Thou life of all living,
Thou hast Thyself in the springtime revealed;
Are not the buttercups named in thy treasures?
Hath not Thy hand, that the broad ocean measures,
Ordered the lot of each flower of the field?

Well may the birds sing aloud in their gladness,
And the waste places, aroused from their sadness,
Blossom, responsive to sunshine and showers;
We too would sing of the love that hath crowned us,
Sing for the joy Thou hast scattered around us,
God of the sunshine, the birds and the flowers!

Make us, then, skylarks in spirit, O Father!
Building low down, and contented to gather
Crumbs for our portion, yet stedfast to soar
Upward and sunward, Thy praises forthtelling,
Till some Spring morning, we light on Thy dwelling,
And to the earthly nest come back no more!

MARY BOWLES.

THE LITTLE BOY FROM BARRHEAD.

The following incident was related at a meeting in Glasgow, to show the good results of Sunday-school teaching, and to encourage teachers in their sometimes disheartening work. It demonstrates as only a fact can—and it is a fact—that seed sown in most unlikely places bears fruit where least expected.

"The other day a poor little waif of a boy ten or eleven years of age, greatly emaciated and exhausted by long-standing disease, was brought up in the hoist to the operating theatre of the Royal infirmary in Glasgow to undergo an operation, which it was thought might possibly have the effect of prolonging the boy's life. His condition, however, was so low and unsatisfactory that there was some fear not only that the operation might not be successful in its results, but that during or immediately following the operation the boy's strength might give in and his spirit pass away. After reaching the theatre which is seated like a gallery of a church, and while the operating table was being got ready, the little fellow was seated on a cushioned seat, and looking up towards some students who were there to witness the operation, with a pitiful, tremulous voice he said: "Will one of you gentlemen put up just a wee prayer for a wee boy—I am in great trouble and distress—just a wee prayer to Jesus for me in my sore trouble." The surgeon, patting him on the shoulder, spoke kindly to him; but as he heard no prayer and saw probably only a pitying smile on the faces of some of the students, he turned his head away and in childish tones and words, which were sufficiently audible to those around him, he asked Jesus his friend, "the friend of wee boys who loved Him," to be with him—to have mercy on him in his distress. And, while the young doctor was putting the boy under chloroform so that he might feel no pain during the operation, so long as he was conscious the voice of the boy was still heard in words of prayer.

The surgeon, as he stood by the table on which the boy lay, knowing that he had to perform an operation requiring some coolness and calmness and delicacy of touch, felt just a little overcome. There was a lump in his throat which rather disturbed him. Soon, however, he heard the words from the assistant who was administering the chloroform, "Doctor, the boy is ready"; and taking the knife in his hand, lump or no lump, had to begin the operation. Soon the surgeon was conscious that the prayer which the little boy had offered up for himself had included in its answer someone else, for the coolness of head, steadiness of hand, and delicacy of touch all came as they