

Boys' and Girls' Corner.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.

	International.	Institute.
Feb. 4.	Gen. 11 : 1-9.....	1 Cor. 13.
" 11.	Gen. 17 : 1-9.....	S. Matt. 4 : 1-12.
" 18...	Gen. 18 : 22-23.....	Gen. 28, 10 to end.
" 25..	Gen. 22 : 1-13.....	Gen. 37 : 12-29.

FIVE THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Story of an old soldier called Father Bonaventure.

"CHILDREN," said the old man, "I am very old; see, I have scarcely a hair on my head. Well! during my long career, I have remarked five things; try to remember them and you will be happy." (1) Working on Sunday never made any one the richer. (2) Stolen or ill-gotten goods have never profited any one. (3) Giving alms has never made any one poorer. (4) Morning and evening prayer have never delayed work. (5) A disobedient and unruly child has never prospered.—*Self.*

THAT LIGHT!

Ho, keeper of the lighthouse!

The night is coming and the breakers are roaring. Is your lamp, in the tower above, trimmed and burning? Some sailors on the lonely sea will be looking for your light. Let it shine brightly!

Ho, children!

Are you children of the light—children of the Saviour? Then, with your prayers, your kind words, and your pure lives, you are God's lighthouse. Let the lamp be trimmed and then let it shine—shine all the time, sending out the light of true, pure example. Some poor fellow may be guided by you into a harbor of safety. Be encouraged by the thought that, though we may not see immediate fruit as the result of our seed-sowing, He that giveth the increase will honor our labors.—*Selected.*

For PARISH AND HOME.

MISSIONARY LOTTO.

It is not often that amusement is so successfully combined with profitable instruction as in this game of Missionary Lotto. It is an excellent thing for a winter's evening. We have seen both young and old deeply interested in it, while a knowledge of missionary facts has been pleasantly conveyed.

It is true that there are a few very difficult names which seem to conquer the tongue, but the timid can always call out numbers, or take refuge behind the fact that there is not yet a hard and fast standard of pronunciation for African or Asiatic names.

The game consists of twenty-four large cards, and ninety-six tickets, the tickets containing the questions, and, the large cards the answers.

The game may be played by four, six, eight, or twelve players, who have the large cards equally distributed among them.

The leader of the game calls out the question upon the ticket drawn by him at random from the box.

The player giving the right answer claims the ticket. He who secures the largest number of tickets by his successful answers wins the game.

Here is ticket number 24. "A member of the first mission party to Uganda who never returned, but died after fourteen years' work?"

Everyone knows the answer to this; but the player must restrain himself before he shouts, "Mackay!" until he is sure that he has this name on one of the large cards before him, otherwise he will forfeit a ticket already secured, which is then returned to the box.

Ticket 86 has the question, "The first native Red Indian clergyman?"

Strange to say, though this comes nearer home, the answer is not so well known.

Venture a guess as you run your eye over the list of "reverend" names before you. Never mind if you have revealed your ignorance; it is thus that knowledge is gained. You can quickly answer the next ticket drawn: "An African bishop who was once a slave?"

By all means ask your bookseller for "Missionary Lotto." If he does not keep it, you may get it from the Upper Canada Tract Depository of Toronto.

F. H. D.

A SMALL OY.

"COME on and go fishing, Pete." "Where?" asked Pete. "Over to Beach Creek. It's rose like everything these last rains, and the fish'll bite like sixty. And it's just the kind of day." "Tip-top. I'll go. I'll get my tackle." Pete brought it out to the back porch—a wonderful tangle of linen, hooks, sinkers, and bobbers. "I'll help you unsnarl it," said Jim, and the two sat down to it. At the same moment Pete's father came through the house to the back door. "Pete," he said, "I'm looking for a boy to pile that wood." Pete's face fell as he took a look at the big heap of sawed and split wood. "It's an awful lot," he said, "and I was going fishing." "You can do as you please," said his father. "I'm not going

to make you take your Saturday. I'm going to give a dime for the job." "Me and you wants to give some money to get the wheel chair for Ben," said Pete to Jim. "I'll give a dime to some other boy for raking up the yard," said Pete's father, with a smile. "Say," said Pete, eagerly, "s'pose we do it. That'd be twenty cents. Won't you stay? It would be almost as good as play if we did it together."

Jim took a look around and shook his head. The back yard had a high fence about it, and was not, he thought, a pleasant place in which to spend a holiday. "It's a lot nicer out in the woods," he said, discontentedly. "And say, Pete, we can sell our fish and get some money that way." "But what if we shouldn't get any?" said Pete, cautiously. "Pshaw! Course we'll get some. Come on." Pete looked longingly at the now straightened-out fishing tackle. "I'd like to go—awfully. But I'd like to be sure of the dime for Ben." "But you'll get it," insisted Jim. "Like enough we'll catch enough fish to get a quarter apiece." "What would you do, mother?" asked Pete, sorely puzzled how to make up his mind, as she came to the door. "It is always wise to take the sure thing," she said. "Come on," urged Jim, as she went away. But Pete began winding up his fishlines. "I've usually noticed," he said, stoutly, "that what mother says generally comes out right."

The older Pete grows he will be sure the more and more to find that this is "generally" the case with "what mother says," and that it is a wise boy who begins to notice it while he is small. Still it was with quite a weight at his heart that he watched Jim go around the corner of the house, and then turned to the huge pile of wood in the corner. "P'raps I'll get done by dinner time," he called after him, and then set himself to work. It was not hard work, but the stooping soon began to tire him. The sun, too, instead of keeping to his promise of a good, cloudy day for fishing, smiled away in a manner which made quick work of the morning mists, and then beamed down with a warmth which Pete found very trying. He thought of the coolness of the woods, remembering the freshness of the summer wind as it stirred the leaves and fanned hot faces. There would be wild flowers, too, and he always liked to bring mother a bunch. The spring ones would be about gone, but the violets and blue-bells of early summer would, in shady places, be in full bloom.