

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

White Robes.

Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

We have received from the publishers a copy of "White Robes," a collection of 125 hymns for Sabbath schools, with appropriate music. Most of the hymns are new to us. As a rule the wording is simple, and the music is lively without being intricate.

The National Sunday School Teacher.

Chicago: Adams, Blackmer, & Lyon Publishing Co.

The December number of the "National Sunday School Teacher" is out in good time, containing valuable expositions of the International Lessons for that month, with other useful and interesting matter. This publication is undenominational; and so far as we have observed, its doctrinal views are scriptural.

Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly.

Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

The November number of the "Canadian Monthly," along with a number of articles, very readable and more or less instructive, contains two which are worthy of special mention. One is the admirable address on "Education and Co-Education," delivered before the Montreal Ladies' Educational Association, by Rev. Principal Grant of Queen's University, Kingston. The other is the lecture delivered by Professor John Watson at the recent opening of the same University. Its subject is "A Phase of Modern Thought," and it places Professor Watson very high as a metaphysician.

American Health Primers.

Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

As the successive volumes of this excellent series make their appearance, we find no reason to change, or even modify, the favourable opinion we have more than once expressed regarding them. A careful study of the contents of these little books, and attention to the directions they give, would do more for the general health than all the quack medicines advertised. Two fresh volumes of the series are now before us: No. 5, on "The Throat and Voice," and No. 6, on "Winter and its Dangers." The unusual attention given to vocal music in the present day ought to ensure a large demand for the former, and the latter is just in time to be "seasonable."

The Boy's Own Paper.

Toronto: William Warwick.

In getting out this Canadian edition of one of the Religious Tract Society's most popular publications, Mr. Warwick is doing a good work. The quality of the entertaining literature which boys read—and few boys will voluntarily read that which is not entertaining—exercises no small influence on the formation of character. The person who goes round and ascertains what the boys of to-day are reading will be able to form a pretty correct estimate of the morality and the mental calibre of the men who will be in their prime a decade or two hence—as the boy reads, so the man thinks. To provide attractive reading of a wholesome moral tendency is the most effective way we know of getting rid of the noxious trash which the modern boy devours so greedily. The "Boy's Own Paper" is admirably adapted to serve this purpose. It is sufficiently lively. It enters sympathetically into the very heart of boy-life. It abounds in adventure. It is profusely and strikingly illustrated. It is correct in its attitude towards morality and religion. To any ordinary boy one of the monthly parts, such as that now before us in its handsome cover, would be a grand feast—and one that would not hurt him.

THE grand old book of God still stands; and this old earth, the more its leaves are turned over and pondered, the more it will sustain and illustrate the sacred Word.—*Prof. Dana.*

BISHOP TYRRELL, who lately died in Australia, left \$1,200,000 to the Episcopal Church Missionary Society, under which he laboured thirty years in that country. He had not returned to his native land during all that period. How he came by so large an amount of money is not told, but it is a well-known fact that many of the very wealthy in the Church of England are becoming more and more interested in the cause of missions. The gift meets the pressing needs of the Society, as it ran in debt last year \$105,000, making its entire deficit the large sum of \$144,000.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BABY FINGERS.

Ten little fat fingers so taper and neat;
Ten fat little fingers so rosy and sweet!
Eagerly reaching for all that comes near,
Now poking your eyes out and pulling your hair;
Soothing and patting with velvet-like touch
Then digging your cheek with a mischievous clutch;
Gently waving goodbye with infantile grace,
Then dragging your bonnet down over your face.
Beating pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, slow and sedate,
Then tearing your book at a furious rate;
Gravely holding them out, like a king to be kissed,
Then thumping the window with tightly-closed fist;
Now lying asleep, all dimpled and warm,
On the white cradle pillow, secure from all harm.
O dear baby hands! how much love you enfold
In the weak, careless clasp of those fingers' soft hold!
Keep spotless as now, through the world's evil ways,
And bless with fond care our last weat'ful days.

Mrs. Richard Grant White

"WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH IT?"

ONE Sunday evening Mr. Bath's family were in the sitting-room, just before family worship.

"Children," said Mr. Bath, "I want to ask you some questions."

The children looked up at him in surprise. What was coming? Mr. Bath then began.

"What are you going to do with what you got to-day, Charles?"

Charles looked at his father, then at his sister, and then at his father again.

"I did not get anything, father."

"What are you going to do with what you got, Mary?"

The child looked at him, while she played with her handkerchief, thought a moment, and then said:

"I do not know what I have received, father. I am not sure that I know what you mean."

"Where were you both to-day?"

"At church, and at Sunday school, father."

O yes, I did get something," said Charles.

"So did I," said Mary. "I got a book and paper. After reading them, I will take the book back to the library, and will put the paper in my box of Sunday school papers. You know I want to have them bound some time in a book."

"If that is what you mean, father, I got just what Mary did, and intend to do just so with mine," said Charles. "I also got this reward check."

"This is only part of what I mean. Did you not get anything at church?"

"What a question?" said the children.

"Why we never get anything there, papa."

"Did you not get a sermon? Was not that God's Word? Did you not understand part of it?"

Father waited for an answer. This was a new way of looking at the matter; and the children waited a little time to think.

"In fact," said he, "you got more than books and papers in Sunday school. What was it?"

"I suppose you mean the lesson," said Charles, wondering where papa would end.

"Yes, the lesson is the main thing you get at Sunday school. Boys and girls think only of books and papers which are there given to them, but you must know that they are of far less account than the lesson, which is God's Word of grace and love to man. Never forget that that is divine truth, as it comes to

us from God through those whom the Holy Ghost moved to write it for us."

"Yes, we had such a good lesson to-day, about Peace with God," said Mary, "and our teacher made it very plain to us all."

"Well, what now are you going to do with all this truth of God?"

"We must remember it," said Charles.

"Yes, and tell it to others," said Mary.

"So far very good; but you must do even more than this, my children; you must lay it to heart."

"How does one do that, father?"

"Laying it to heart means that you not only believe what God says, but also feel that He says it to you, and that you try to use it for your own good."

It was time for family worship, but Mr. Bath asked another question.

"What else did you get at church and Sunday school, children?"

What else? What could it be? They both thought a little. Then Mary said:

"Besides the Scripture lesson and the sermon, book, and paper, I got several hymns and several prayers. Then, too, some solemn thoughts came to my mind, and I made some good resolutions. All these I received in the house and service of God."

"Now, dear children," said Mr. Bath, opening the Bible for worship, "I want to press home upon your hearts and minds the solemn question which I asked at the beginning, 'What will you do with what you got to-day from God?' You need not answer it to me; but give an answer to God when you kneel down to pray every day this week. He gives us all things, and He holds us to account for what He gives us."—*Kind Words.*

WHO ARE THE BEST BOYS?

A TRADESMAN once advertised for a boy to assist in the work of a shop, and to go on errands, etc. A few hours after the morning papers announced that such a boy was wanted, his shop was thronged with applicants for the situation. Boys of every grade, from the neatly-dressed, intelligent little youth, down to the ill-bred, clumsy, boor, came either in the hope of a situation, or to see if an opportunity offered for a speculation.

The man, at a loss to decide among so many, determined to dismiss them all, and adopt a plan which he thought might lessen the number, and aid him in the difficult decision.

On the morning following an advertisement appeared in the papers to this effect: "Wanted, to assist in a shop, a boy who obeys his mother."

Now, my little friends, how many boys, think you, came to inquire for the situation after this advertisement appeared? If I am rightly informed, among all the lads of the great city, who were wanting the means of earning a living, or getting a knowledge of business, there were but two who could fearlessly come forward and say, "I obey my mother."

God gives food to every bird, but he does not bring it to the nest; in like manner he gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily work.