

Children's Department.

PERSEVERANCE.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow and constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark-blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By oft-repeated effort
Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened
On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavour day by day,
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you
Will prove to be a plain. [feared]

"Rome was not built in a day,"
The ancient proverb teaches,
And nature by her trees and flowers;
The same sweet sermon preaches.
Think not of far-off duties,
But of duties which are near,
And having once begun to work,
Resolve to persevere.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

It is reported that, some years since, a gentleman from New England was fulfilling a lecture engagement in Chicago. After the lecture a man stepped upon the platform, earnestly requesting that the lecturer should accompany him to his home. That home was found to be one of elegance, graced by a most excellent wife, and made glad by a group of promising children. The next morning, after showing the lecturer the premises, the gentleman said, "Sir, you do not remember me; but all I am, and everything I have, I owe to you." "To me!" said the lecturer in surprise. Then followed this conversation: "Did you not once teach school in —?" asked by the host. "I did," replied the lecturer. "Do you remember a boy in that school of the name of Jack?" "I do." "I am that boy." Scenes long since past were again fresh before them, and tears moistened their cheeks.

The facts in the case were, that one day when the ice had formed upon an adjoining pond, Jack, who was a ringleader in the school, persuaded several of his companions to remain at recess beyond the time allowed. The teacher signalled for their return. The boys still lingered, but at length, with an air of apparent indifference, entered the school-room. The teacher's feelings were hurt to the quick. He showed, however, no temper; he talked tenderly and kindly, and then forgave the transgressors. But, as to the future, he said, "I shall be compelled, for the sake of the school, to punish severely the scholar who shall disobey me." And Jack, when the teacher's back was turned, shrugged his shoulders.

Three days passed. There was

again skating on the pond. The boys were at recess. Jack heard the bell; but while others returned he sped off in an opposite direction, and fifteen minutes later, with an air of defiance, he entered the school-room. The teacher was sad. He asked the rude boy, who was nearly as tall as himself, to come to the desk; he did so. The teacher questioned him, asked if he understood the command of the former day, and if he remembered what was said as to the punishment. To all this Jack replied that everything was perfectly well understood.

"I must punish you—punish you severely," said the teacher. "Will you take off your coat?"

Jack removed his coat, but with no intention of being flogged. The teacher, taking from his desk a heavy ruler, and placing it in the boy's hand, at the same time extending his own to receive the blow, said, "Strike." Jack paused for a moment, then struck. "Harder," and "Harder," were the words of the teacher. The blows, given with a will, were received with calm firmness.

Then, when the hand of the teacher was bruised black and blue, he, pale and trembling with pain, said, "now you can take your seat."

There was scarcely a dry eye in that school-room; and when the scholars were dismissed, they lingered, and some of them kissed the kind-hearted teacher. On the way home they walked in little groups, shunning at every turn the boy who had been so heartless.

That boy that night could not sleep. At midnight he arose, sought the teacher's home, went to his bedside, fell upon his knees, and asked forgiveness, and he of course received it. His whole life from that day was changed. No scholar was more obedient, and none loved the teacher more, than he. By that day's discipline his manhood was evoked, and to that teacher he felt indebted to the extent of all he was and all he possessed.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, and bowels. By druggists.

GENTILITY OF LABOUR.

The day will come—and may I do something to help it hither—when the youth of our country will recognize that, taken in itself, it is most manly, and therefore, in the old, true sense, a more gentle thing to follow a good handicraft, if it make the hands as black as coal, than to spend the day in keeping books and making up accounts, though therein the hands remain white. Not but that, from a higher point of view still, all work set by God, and done divinely, is of equal honor; but where there is a choice, I would gladly see a boy of mine choose rather to be a blacksmith or a watchmaker or a bookbinder than a clerk. Production, making, is a higher thing in the scale of reality than any mere transmission, such as buying and selling.

It is, besides, easier to do honest work than to buy and sell honestly. The more honor, of course, to those who are honest under the greater difficulty. But the man who knows how needful the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, even by the glory of duty under difficulty. In humility we must choose the easiest, as we must hold our faces unflinchingly to the hardest, even to the seeming impossible, when it is given us to do.—George Macdonald

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in a desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an island of verdure in the desert; "a presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun; the street, which is called Strait, in which it was said "he prayed," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes just as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the sheik, the ass, and the water-wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still occupy these "with the multitude of their wares."

The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighbouring height, and was afraid to enter, "because it was given to man to have but one paradise, and, for his part, he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to-day what Julian called the "eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria."

From Damascus came the damask, our blue plums, and the delicious apricots of Portugal, called damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised up on a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII; the damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried the artist into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with gold and silver, a kind of mosaic, engraving and sculpture united—called damaskeening—with which boxes, bureaux and swords are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams of Lebanon, and the "silk of gold" still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of the Syrian gardens.—Exchange.

BAD DRAINAGE.—There is nothing more productive of disease in a neighborhood than bad drainage. Open the culverts and sluiceways and purify the locality. The obstructions in the human system may be remedied in a similar manner by Burdock Blood Bitters which opens all the outlets of disease through the Bowels, Liver, and Kidneys.

DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

There is too little respect paid to parental authority at the present day. It is grievous in many families to hear the language daily used by the children. "I will," "I don't care," "it's none of your business," "I am old enough to know what is right;" and the like expressions are painfully common. Large boys and grown up girls even, do not hesitate to give their mother the lie, and break away from their express commands. They will do as they please, and go where they have a mind. We wish such children could only see how they appear in the eyes of their acquaintances, and if they have any shame, it must flush their cheeks.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

Messrs. N. P. Chaney & Co., Feather and Mattress Renovators, King Street West, Toronto, having disposed of their interest in the above business to Mr. C. E. Smith, would recommend their patrons to him. Mr. N. P. Chaney, who has successfully conducted business here for upwards of three years, has removed to Buffalo, N. Y.

UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

The annual Michaelmas Convocation for conferring Degrees, will be held at the College on Thursday November 15th, at 2.30 p. m.

The Convocation will meet at that hour for the election of the Caput and other business.

There will be a Choral Service in the College Chapel at 10 a. m. with an offertory for the building fund of the new chapel.

A limited number of tickets of admission will be issued in Toronto. Graduates and other friends of the College from a distance are cordially invited to attend, and are requested to apply for tickets to the Registrar, Trinity College.

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AGENTS Our new war book, **DEEDS OF DAVID**, by Blue and Gray, is outselling all other books. Illustrated circular and terms free. **FORBES & McHACKIN**, Cincinnati, O.

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