

piece of an old muff, and a big tow-bag stuffed with newspapers on her back.

"Ole tlo' to sell?" she said in a disguised voice.

"No, no," answered grandmother Hilligrew, mistaking her for a dwarf who lived down in the hollow, and whom she had met on the road with a bag on his back. "No, no; we don't sell our old clothes. We give them away."

"Will 'oo dive some to me?" asked Emily, still trying to talk like a man. But this time her grandmother knew her voice.

"Why!" she exclaimed, "its Emily? I couldn't see you without my glasses."

"But they are on 'oo nose!" laughed Emily. Then grandmother Hilligrew put up her hand astonished, and found that she had been looking for her spectacles through her spectacles.

"And I had them without knowing it!" she said, and she added softly, "and that is often the way in this world with happiness; we keep searching for it all the while it is ours! How happy I was when I was a little girl like Emily, but I didn't know it then."

"And ain't 'oo happy now?" asked Emily, who was listening.

"Yes, yes," said grandmother Hilligrew, "as happy as an old woman can be."

"Oh! I'd be happy if I were an old woman," said Emily. "I tood wear

taps, and make take. I wis I was an old woman!" Then she made a courtesy, saying, "No old, tlo'? Yendood day."

And her grandmother, looking after her, said: "Ah! little Emily you are right; the old woman is happy, or happiness is near to her hand, like the lost spectacles."—*Hearth and Home*.

RESTING IN LOVE.

Mary was a dear little two-year-old, the pet and solace of an invalid father. Her mother was once obliged to leave her a short time alone in the kitchen. As the door closed on the timid child in the gathering shadows of nightfall, at first she cried; then she trustfully and philosophically fell to comforting herself in her own sweet way. "Never mind," said she, "MAMIE knows she is her papa's own peshous darlin." Repeating this to herself, she patiently waited her mother's return.

Why may not we, when shut in the darkness of sorrow's night, thus find our fears quelled, and our hearts sweetly resting in the conscious, abiding sense of our Father's love, while we patiently wait for the opening door of His Providence? Assurance of God's love should prove a quietus to every Christian heart. F. L. J.

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FOR 1876.

In the editorial postscript in the October number of this magazine, subscribers were asked in remitting their subscriptions to pay only to the end of 1875, in case it might be found necessary, in face of heavy arrears of subscriptions, to cease publication at that period. It will rejoice many readers (we have good reason to believe) to be informed that instead of the CHRISTIAN MONTHLY ceasing, it is to be carried on with we trust renewed vigor, increased