

to bring up No. 2. So the work goes merrily on, each graduate bringing up a fresh victim and standing by watching with enjoyment the spectacle of another going through the tortures from which he has so recently escaped. All goes well till at last the youngest is brought forward. He is a little fellow of four, lately emancipated from the thralldom of kilts, and rejoicing in all the glory of knickerbockers and pockets. He is the brownest, merriest, manliest little man of my acquaintance. He stands bravely up before me, his cap tilted to an angle like that of one of Her Majesty's loyal volunteers. (The sight of a regiment or whom so charmed the little fellow that ever since his determination has been to be a "sojer boy," too). Oh, gallant little heart, if indeed the child is father of the man, you will be a true and courageous fighter in whatever kinds of warfare fate may call upon you to engage.

The "sojer boy" has not as yet been introduced to the metaphysical subtleties of the shorter catechism. His work is only to commit the text. Word by word, phrase by phrase, he says it hesitatingly after me. He is somewhat disposed to make alterations in Scriptural phraseology, and I have some difficulty in convincing him that "passover" and "turnover," though apparently synonymous, are not quite interchangeable terms.

"Now," I say, when at last the thing has been pretty well mastered, "say it all over."

Deeper down into the recesses of those wonderful pockets go the chubby fists; more firmly do the small bare feet, as far apart as possible, plant themselves against the ground; more determined grows the expression of the big brown eyes, and out it all comes rapidly, as if propelled by electricity, and without the slightest pause from beginning to end:—

"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us I know where there's a nice bird's nest."

We are just scampering off together

to find the nice bird's nest, when another voice calls me. Science-loving Bob, aged eight, comes, dragging along a heavy bar of rusty iron.

"Cousin Jean," he says, as he comes up, panting with the exertion, "do you think this is a thunder-bolt?"

"A thunder-bolt, Bob?"

"Yes; don't you remember, you told us about Jupiter hurling his thunder-bolts? I found this under the trees. I guess it must have come down with all that rain last week."

(To be continued.)

OUR COSY CORNER.

RE-ASSEMBLED.

Dear Children,—It is a long time since I thought I would tell you something about the books I loved when I was a child. There was one small one, printed very fine, and bound in black cloth. This seemed nearer to me than any other, and I used to carry it with me about the house for hours at a time, before I was old enough to read it. It was the New Testament. There was one chapter in this book that most of all I loved to have read to me. It was the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, a portion of Christ's sermon on the Mount. Now, if you read this chapter carefully, you will find that there are a great many sermons in it, a new sermon every few lines, nice short ones, just right for little boys and girls, and so easy that you can easily learn them by heart. I used to say a great many of them. In fact I could repeat the whole chapter, yet, fearing I should fail to interest you in its beauty, I have let the thought pass of telling you about Christ's sermon on the Mount. Thinking of you one First-day recently, I said, "I will go to the nearest church to-day, I will listen intently to the text and the sermon, and see if I can gather anything for the little people." And what do you think? The first thing the Minister told us was: "We will take our text to-day from Christ's sermon on the Mount, Matthew 7:21,