

stockings and cutting the legs down into stubby socks. Sleeves of dress finished and the garment put together, with many exclamations of "Cunning!"

Fifth half-hour: hands moving faster than ever. Button-holes made, and Princess Beatrice ruthlessly robbed of the buttons on her best cloak. Stockings finished, and a hasty account taken of money in each pocket results in sending Janet out to buy a pair of cheap little shoes.

"Just getting twilight," Marian softly claps her hands, with a triumphant whisper:

"Too bad to disturb the little fellow, but we must have him dressed before his mother comes. Perhaps we can do it without awakening him."

But at the first attempt baby opened his blue eyes in a stare, and then his little rosy mouth in a roar which struck his mistresses of the robes with dismay. "There now! Was it frightened to death, poor little sing?"

It was, if screams meant anything. The skirt was received with contempt, as Marian slipped it on, with nervous hands, each other girl trying to help, with a pull down or a jerk up. The petticoat was looked upon as an abuse, and the dress as a crowning insult.

"Do bring the candy, Sue," said Marian, hot and out of breath, trying to button the dress, as Janet and Helen worked each at a chubby little foot. But rebellious baby choked on it, and turned black in the face, until every girl sprung up in terror just as Bridget opened the door and his mother ran in the room.

It would have been aggravating, if it had not been such a relief, to see that little rascal the moment he got into his mother's arms. With a big tear on each cheek, he turned and smiled as if he had meant it all for a joke.

Tears in the mother's eyes, too, as she poured out in a low voice a string of Irish blessings which everyone pretended not to hear, as Helen hastily sewed on the hood-strings, made of a sash contributed by Louisa Alcott without her being consulted in the matter, and the others began clearing up the room. Then baby submitted like an angel to a round of kissing, and went away with a crow and a laugh.

"It's better than dolls," at length said Janet, very earnestly, as the last flannel rag went into the rag-bag.

"Yes, ever so much."

There was a pause, during which Marian's mother came in to suggest tea. "It was a cup of cold water given in His name," she said, softly.

"But, mamma, there are two more—children, I mean."

"Let's give a Saturday to each," proposed Helen.

"But they're too big to dress in rags and doll scraps."

"Never mind," said mamma; "when your nimble fingers are ready, we'll see about something for them to work on."—*Sydney Dayre, in Congregationalist.*

THE LITTLE SOWER.

Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she. "Why does the boy throw seeds into the water?"

"Oh! I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book; "he is sowing the seeds of water lilies."

"But how small the seeds look!" said Bessie. "It seems strange that such large plants should grow from such little things."

"You are sowing such tiny seeds every day, Bessie, and they will come up, large, strong plants after a while," said her father.

"Oh, no! father; I have not planted any seeds for a long while."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled and said, "Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and seeds, and weeds, to-day."

"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I will tell you what I mean.—

When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your mother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love.

—When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing the seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie. But I hope my little girl has been planting the great tree of 'love to God,' and that she will tend and watch it, until its branches reach the skies and meet before his throne."

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient with baby, you sewed the seeds of ill temper. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up. Do not let them grow in your garden."—*Selected.*

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

There are two kinds of girls," says the *Home Visitor*. "One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, &c., and whose chief delight is in such things. The other is the kind that appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is often a torment at home; the other a blessing; one is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring light and gladness all around her pathway. To which of these classes do you belong."

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."—Prov. xxii, 1.

HOW TO DO IT.

The fields are all white,
And the reapers are few;
We children are willing,
But what can we do
To work for our Lord in his harvest?

Our hands are so small
And our works are so weak,
We cannot teach others;
How then shall we seek
To work for our Lord in his harvest.

We'll work by our prayers,
By the pennies we bring,
By small self-denials—
The least little thing—
May work for our Lord in his harvest.

Until, by and by,
As the years pass at length,
We, too, may be reapers,
And go forth in strength,
To work for our Lord in his harvest.

DIED.

CRAIG—At Abbotsford, on the morning of March 26th, Emalie Maria, beloved wife of William Craig, Jr., and youngest daughter of the late William M. Bradford, aged 31 years 8 months.

INGLES—At Kensington, Ill., after a long and painful illness, David M. Ingles, aged 55, formerly of Granville Ferry, N.S. Nova Scotia papers please copy.

To build up a Nation—support its Institutions.

CITIZENS FIRE—LIFE—ACCIDENT

Insurance Company of Canada.

HEAD OFFICE: 170 ST. JAMES STREET MONTREAL.

Subscribed Capital	\$1,188,000
Government Deposit	122,000
Reserve Fund	246,416
Losses paid exceed	2,250,000

HENRY LYMAN, Esq., President.
ANDREW ALLAN, Esq., (Allan S. B. Co.), Vice-President.
GERALD E. HART, General Manager.
ARCHD. MCGOWN, Secretary-Treasurer.

Agents throughout the Dominion.

Special reduced terms to Clergymen.

The Life, Annuity and Endowment Bond offers advantages not obtained from any other Company, and is payable at age 65, 60 and 65.

THE CHURCH WARDENS

AND CONGREGATION of St. Peter's Episcopal Church at Alberton, P.E.I., require a young Clergyman of good Evangelical principles, and one willing to undertake the labours of an extensive mission. Any Clergyman wishing for further information can apply to the Churchwardens.

BENJ. CHAMPION,
J. D. WOODMAN,
Wardens.

Alberton, April 8th, 1886.

CONSUMPTION.

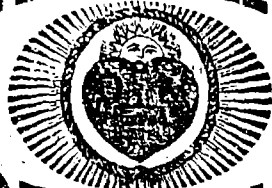
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P.O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

REWARD of \$10—\$50 to every person sending us valuable information of school vacancies and needs. No trouble or expense. Send stamp for circulars to CHICAGO SCHOOL AGENCY, 185 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. N.B.—We want all kinds of Teachers or Schools and Families.

PERSONS to do writing at their homes good pay. Send 10 cents for paper, &c., to J. H. Nicholson, 83 Chatham Place, N.Y.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR

WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME AND SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. Sold by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations well designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE NEW YORK.

"Reasons for Being a Churchman."

The Second Edition of *Reasons for Being a Churchman* is now ready. The book has had an extraordinary sale, and advance orders have already largely depleted the second thousand copies. The *Missionary Visitor*, of California, says:

"Probably no book has appeared during the past year which contains more of real interest to the whole body of Churchmen in this land. It aims to bring out clearly in a small volume the reasons which should lead thinking Americans to be Churchmen, and not Romanists or Sectarians."

"Many able books have been written with a similar view, but none, we venture to believe, is so suited to the present condition of things."

"The crying evil among Churchmen is indifference concerning the Church, and ignorance of her true position. We heartily wish that every Churchman would invest in this book, and read it carefully."

Price by mail \$1.10. Published by

The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

METHODISM VS. THE CHURCH,

OR

"Why I am a Methodist."

ANSWERED BY A LAYMAN OF THE DIOCESE OF ONTARIO, CAN.

52 Pages - Price 15c. each.

For sale at Durlé & Son, Ottawa; Rowse & Hutchison, Toronto; Dawson Bros., Montreal; and R. C. Burpee, Pembroke.

Special terms in large quantities supplied by the undersigned:—10 copies, \$1.00; 25 do \$2.14; 50 do \$3.78—postage included.

W. P. SWEATMAN, Pembroke, Ont.

AN EASTER POEM.

'FOR THE GREAT HOPE OF EASTER THAT DAY WILL FOLLOW NIGHT.'

The verse is flowing and musical and the thought, good and appropriate to the subject, bringing out with marked distinction the sunlight of the resurrection joy which is the main thought expressed.

Printed in the form of a folding card, the design being new and artistic (Easter Lilies on a silver ground). Price 60c. Sent post paid on receipt of the price by the publisher.

JOHN IRELAND,
1187 Broadway, New York City.
[Or may be ordered through this office.] 51-2

MRS. JAMES IRVINE,

Formerly of Quebec,

Has taken an etage, No. 47, Hohe Strasse, Ecke des Floss Platz, in the healthiest and most fashionable part of Leipzig, Germany, close to the River and Forest, and is prepared to receive a limited number of young ladies wishing to study at the celebrated Conservatorium of Music, German and Painting. References kindly permitted to the Lord Bishop of Quebec, the Lord Bishop of Niagara, and the Assist. Bishop of New York.

SITUATIONS For subscribers. Circulars free. *Home Study*—81 Professors. CORR. UNIVERSITY, 88 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.