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A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time; he found a small volume containing the Eclogues of Virgil but could not read it, and so purchased a Latin Grammar. Day by day, he studied this, and, finally, mastered all its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked what he was so intently reading. "Only a bit of Virgil, my lady." "What, do you read Latin?" "A little, my lady." She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years he became a learned man, and was a useful and loved minister in Scotland.

A boy was hired to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history that he found in the road; having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister, Goldsmith's History of Greece. This good man became greatly interested in him and loaned him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log conversing with him about the people of ancient times.

All these show that in this country any one can learn all that he wants. If he is at work he still has three hours he can call his own. Let him use those wisely and he can fill his mind with stores of knowledge.

#### WHO WAS IT?

Do you happen to know?  
Somebody surely told me so,  
That some one was angry in school to-day,  
And sulked and pouted and turned away,  
When asked to "make up" and come back and play.

Somebody said, but I don't know who,  
That little some one was surely you;  
I really wonder if it was so;  
Do you happen to know?

Somebody whispered me,  
Yesterday, out by the willow tree,  
That in the school-room most shamefully  
A deed of mischief had been done,  
And I grieved to hear that only one,  
Of all the children I love so well,  
Was brave and honest the truth to tell.  
Somebody said, but I can't think who,  
That honest fellow, my boy, was you.  
I'm sure I hope it was really so;  
Do you happen to know?

A little bird  
Came and told me the tale it heard.  
And this is the tale it told to me:  
That some one had something very nice,  
Yet offered no one a single slice,  
But greedily swallowed the whole in a trice,  
Like a gluttonous child, most selfishly.  
The little bird told me a pretty name,  
And you most certainly have the same;  
But then it never could be so.  
Do you happen to know?

Some one whispered to-day  
Something indeed I blush to say,  
That somebody spoke a sinful word,  
Forgetting the holy Ear which heard,  
Forgetting that angels wept to look,  
As they wrote it down in the dreadful book.  
Somebody hinted it might be you,  
But ah! that never could be true.  
Oh dear! I hope it was not so;  
Do you happen to know?

And somebody told  
Of a little girl, just seven years old,  
Who wanted to roll her hoop and play  
Out in the garden this sunny day;  
But when her sick little brother said,  
"Nellie, please read to me instead,"  
Gave up her wish with a cheerful look,  
And instantly ran for the story-book.  
Somebody said, they certainly knew  
That good little sister was none but you;  
And I believe it was really so;  
Do you happen to know?

M. N. M., in *The Daisy*.

#### THE YOUNG CHICK.

"Three birds in upper air! I wonder what they are doing there?" said Chick, who had just come out of the shell and looked rather forlorn.

His mother was calling "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" "No," said Chick; "I was shut up long enough in the shell; I wish to look about me a little."

As Mrs. Hen found that Chick did not come, she went to look for him. "What are you staring at?" said she.

Just then one bird said, "I will have it!"

The second also said, "I will have it!"

So did the third; and they all darted forward, knocking their beaks together, whilst something that Chick could not see dropped to the ground, and Mrs. Hen Gobbled it up.

"What is it?" asked Chick.

"A fly that those silly birds have been quarrelling about, and in the end not one of them got it."

"Oh!" said Chick; and then he shivered, for he felt very cold without the shell.

"Your feathers have not grown enough," said Mrs. Hen; "come home with me and warm yourself under my wings." And Chick went with his mother, for he began to think her very wise.

"If you will mind what I say you may grow up to have some sense; but if you take your own way you are sure to come to harm."

Chick shivered again; he felt so cold that he began to wish that he had gone to his mother at once when she called him. However, he crept under her wings and soon got quite warm, and at last fell asleep, dreaming that he was the wisest chicken that ever lived, and that all the birds of the earth came to him to tell him their troubles, and to ask him for advice.

#### THE DEAREST BABY.

South and North,  
East and West,  
Where is the baby  
That I love best?

A little papoose  
Under the trees?  
A Chinese beauty  
Beyond the seas?

An English child  
Among the mills?  
A Switzer baby  
Between the hills?

A dark-eyed darling  
In Southern vales?  
An Iceland baby  
In Northern gales?

What nonsense-talk  
To speak of these!  
The dearest baby  
Is on my knees.

"Do you see any grapes, Bob?" "Yes; but there is dogs." "Big dogs, Bob?" "Yes, very big." "Then come along—these grapes are not ours you know!" There are two kinds of practical honesty. The one has its origin and foundation in principle, the other in mere policy. The latter kind forbears to steal the grapes because the dogs are very big, and the former because it is wrong. Oh, for more of that robust sort of honesty which respects truth and right, dogs or no dogs!

—The American Palestine Exploration Society is about to give to the world the result of its labors in a complete map of the region east of the Jordan. This, in company with Lieutenant Conder's map of Palestine proper, will add largely to our geographical knowledge of the Holy Land. The exploration has been under the general supervision of Professor Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary. The first party, under Lieut. Steever, surveyed 500 square miles of territory in 1878; the second, under Colonel Lane, made a rapid reconnaissance of the whole trans-Jordanic country, covering an area of 6,000 square miles. The third party was led by Dr. Selah Merrill. The map, which has been prepared by Mr. Rudolph Meyer, assistant engineer of the expedition, will consist of thirteen sheets, and will be published on a scale of an inch to a mile. It contains 225 names found on no other map.

#### CONTEMPLATIVE AND PRACTICAL SPIRITUALITY.

Of one of these modes of cultivating the spiritual life, the magnificent *De Imitatione* may be taken as the most striking and familiar illustration, a book surpassed in circulation by the Holy Scriptures alone. Who can have read it without being awed and fascinated by the unearthliness and self-abnegation, its overpowering sense of eternal things, its passionate self-surrender and longing for absorption into the Divine Personality? Yet it has a less satisfactory side. One feels that it is pitched in too high a key for human nature; that its spiritual beauty is marred by too much self-consciousness, too much isolation, too much of what must be called religious selfishness. The world, with its tumultuous heart and multitudinous life, has vanished from the writer's thoughts except as an instrument of temptation; and he feels himself alone with God, caring for nothing but the culture of his own spirit to the highest perfection of which it is capable. Now, I cannot but think that the spiritual culture of which this is a type is unwholesome, and contrary to the Divine intention. It is too much for our natures to bear safely. As long as we dwell in the body, and our brain and nerves are what they are, we need a mixture of earthly work with our devotions and meditations to temper their effect on our frame. Exclusive religious thought throws the mind off its balance, and is apt to stimulate it into diseased excitement, or benumb it into a worn-out insensibility. It is a great many years since I read Blanco White's Autobiography, but a short sentence of his, summing up his wide experience as confessor, has stuck in my memory—"Nun is the superlative of old woman." There is one form of Nature's Nemesis. I pass now to the contrast. Over against the saint whose life is devoted to self-culture in spirituality I place the active man of work, who has learnt the sacredness of duty, and is governed by the sense of God's right over him, and goes forth to live out his busy life as God's servant in the midst of the world. To do his duty is the ideal he aims at, throwing heart and soul into his daily work, whatever its nature, and trying simply to do his best and be, above all things, useful in his station. Little time may he have for self-culture; little conscious effort may he make to train himself in spirituality; his devotions and religious exercises will be, perhaps, but hastily and scantily enjoyed, for brief refreshment and strengthening, as the traveller snatches a hasty meal on his way. But let him do his work honestly, with simplicity, and without conscious self-regard; if a clergyman, without the vision of canonries, deaneries, and mitres dangling before his mental eye; if a layman, without making idols of wealth, or fame, or power, or other prizes of the world; and we may be sure that there must be burning in the depths of his soul a flame of spiritual life, however imperceptible by the eyes of man. These are my ideal extremes. And now in imagination I follow them to the close of life, and watch them entering that eternal world which has rest for one of its characteristics, but, as I firmly believe, new work and service for another. Side by side, the ascetic ideal saint, nature almost purged out of him, no soil of the world on his form, his face already as the face of an angel; and the man of earthly toil, with many a stain and scar from his life-long struggle, like the soldier returning from the brunt of war with stained and tattered uniform, his features roughened by the elements, his limbs bearing the marks of his foeman's steel. Before the throne of the Father they stand together, and as the eternal light streams on their forms, I cannot, for my own part, doubt which of the two will shine forth with the brighter radiance, and to which will come with the heartier emphasis the "Well done!" of the great King—"Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"—*Rev. Brownlow Maitland.*

#### Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

#### DEATHS.

On Feb. 20th, at his residence, the Elms, Lake Erie, George Ducker, Esq., aged 70 years.