

Claude's more thought-rawers to escape his not much to fear from, however, kept on over and over again, and never saying a was unlike Cyril, and

Cyril did not know those little drawers, set very clearly; his a certain majolica the nearest market- the possession of as ugly a thing as pug-dog with goggles apparently did not tail curling over its e, green, and yellow, Cyril determined to next day and pur- He said to himself, e Claude's cabinet." grey days were over

(ed.)

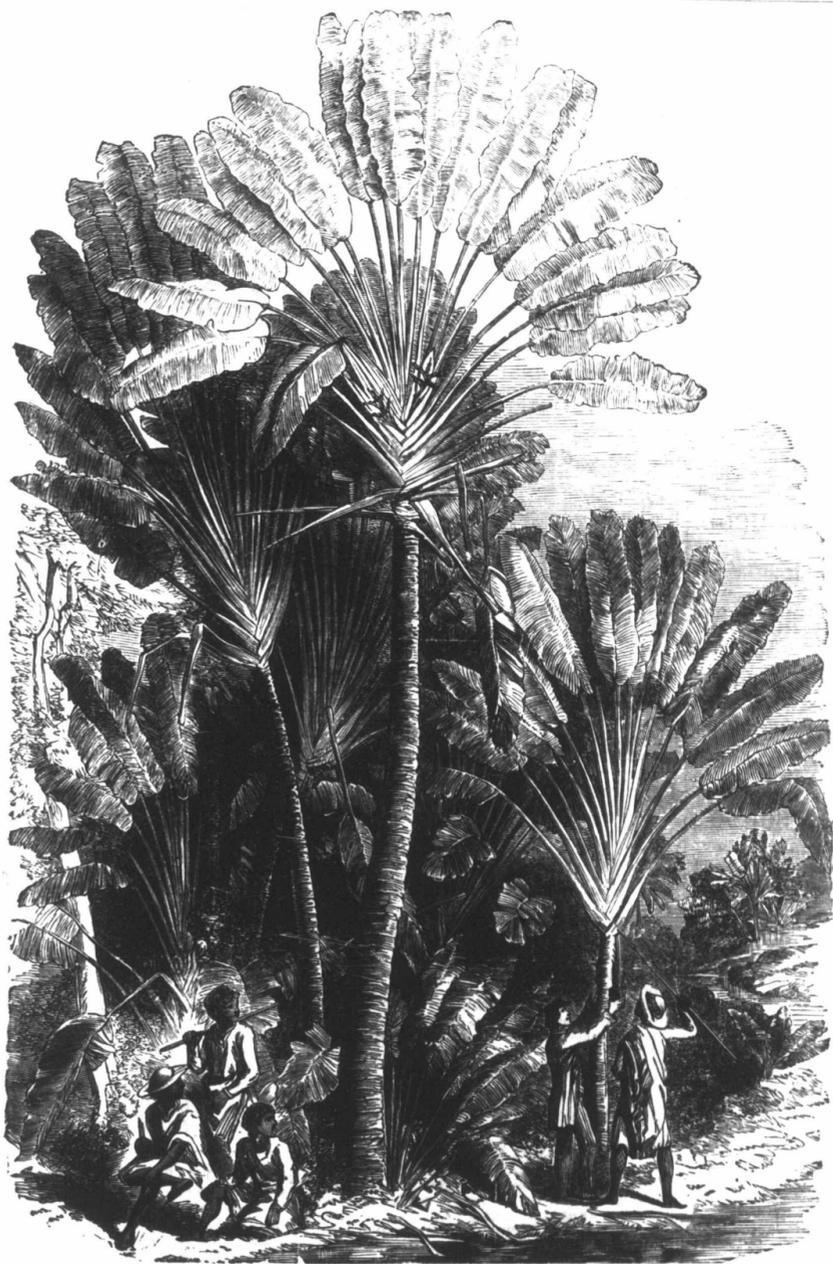
DERNESS.

the aged, to teach ness. Think of a all for tenderness! lling not only the inconvenient. We y which a tempor- a temporary whim allous as the rock, l no remorse.

to live in a world e must bring our- t with grief in order y households God ckness; and its in- that which is so l which Heaven has e. And they need may find the poor, ased, in every place. er, who studiously They never visit the s require nursing, cked with disease, mpathy and help, tions over the hard-

a many ways to al- We know a gentle- es his children to y he gives them in als of the city in a call on them at sick, they are ask- no interest in the down as unworthy those girls travel, npanions, some of om the advantages l have been permit- Europe; and sev- ciety, have formed which they never onsiderate kindness o were above the es exclusively from rch near Boston is formed to visit ing for the enter- cannot hear music e know many who of the poor escape the hot weather. w most in manhood s are made large ns.

ourselves? Among ring? Or among ? We are per- l go through the the opportunities hich God has given



Children's Department.

THE TRAVELLER'S TREE.

This is a most remarkable plant of the order Musaceae, and is found in Madagascar. As might be expected from the exceedingly beautiful specimen with which we are able to present our young friends, it forms a very characteristic feature of the scenery in that Island. The stem resembles that of the plaintain, but sends out leaves only on two opposite sides, like a large expanded fan. As the stem grows the lower leaf falls off, and in an old tree, the lowest leaves are often thirty feet from the ground. The blade of the leaf is oblong, bright green, and shining. Forty or fifty fruits grow in a bunch, and there are sometimes three or four bunches on a tree. The leaves are used for thatching and for other purposes; The leaf stalks are used as partitions and walls of houses. The leaf stalks always contains water in the driest seasons. In the driest weather more than a quart of water is readily obtainable by piercing the thick part of the base of a leaf stalk, and this water is pure and pleasant. The climate of Madagascar is such that although not within the tropics, a tree-like this is often found extremely grateful.

We hope that your youthful friends will recognise the hand of God's Providence in so merciful a provision as this, for the sustentation of the creatures Almighty God has made.

DOING GOOD.

Each man is his brother's keeper. The law of selfishness is not the royal law of love. Most of us are too self-contained; we live within and for ourselves, and forget the world of sin and sorrow beyond us. Yet it is not far from us. At

our doors, under our daily vision, are scenes of misery and vice of the most distressing character. Surely we should think about them, and try to transform them into scenes of peaceful plenty and blessed joy. We often sing—

"When the Saviour dwelt below,
Pity in His bosom reign'd;
Sympathy He loved to show,
Nor the meanest suit disdain'd.

"Round Him throng'd the blind, the lame,
Deaf and dumb, diseas'd, possess;
None in vain for healing came,
All the Saviour freely blest.

"He could make the leper whole;
Thousands at a meal He fed;
Winds and waves He could control,
By a word He raised the dead,"—

and then we pray—

"Lord, to me they blessing give,
Hung'ring, sick, and faint I come;
Let me in Thy presence live,
Lead me to Thy heavenly home."

But we must learn to diffuse blessing as well as receive it. It is more blessed to give than to receive, and happy are they who delight in doing good.

THE CIGAR HE DID NOT SMOKE.

During the great war between France and Germany Prince Bismark, "the man of blood and iron," was the orator of an incident of a most suggestive and gentle nature. The prince is said to be a smoker, ardently attached to the "weed." He is reported to have said, "The value of a good cigar is best understood when it is the last you possess, and there is no chance of getting another." Most devotees of tobacco in any form seem to de-

light in their bondage to it, and to be miserable if deprived of it. It is said that Bismark had cherished his last cigar all through a battle, in glad anticipation of the luxury in store for him, when he suddenly and gladly deprived himself of the smoke-giving solace. In his own words, "I painted in glowing colors in my mind the happy hour when I should enjoy it after the victory. But I had miscalculated the chances. A poor dragoon lay helpless, with both arms crushed, murmuring for something to refresh him. I felt in my pockets and found that I had only gold, and that would be of no use to him. But, stay; I had still my treasured cigar! I lighted this for him, and placed it between his teeth. You should have seen the poor fellow's grateful smile. I never enjoyed a cigar so much as that one I did not smoke."

This is a charming little story, and reminds one of the still further usefulness of Sir Peter Sidney, who, at the battle of Zutphen, gave the water brought to him, parched with thirst though he was, to a poor wounded soldier. Both illustrate the great truth of the "luxury of doing good"—a phrase as true as it is beautiful. It is a luxury within the reach of all, even the poorest and humblest, and is one too, which does not lose its charm by repetition, but increases the more it is indulged in.

OUR DAILY WORK.

Sunday, church doors enter in;
Rest from toil, repent of sin,
Strive a heavenly rest to win.

Monday, to your calling go;
Serve the Lord, love friend and foe,
To the tempter answer No.

Tuesday, give away and earn;
Teach some truth, some good thing learn,
Joyfully good for ill return.

Wednesday, do what good you can;
Live in peace with God and man,
Remember life is but a span.

Thursday, build your hopes upon
Christ, the mighty corner-stone;
Whom God helps his work is done.

Friday, for the truth be strong;
Own your fault if in the wrong,
Put a bridle on your tongue.

Saturday, thank God and sing;
Tribute to His treasury bring,
Be prepared for terror's King.

Thus your hopes on Jesus cast;
Thus let all your days be past,
And you shall be saved at last.

We never so truly hate sin as when we hate it for its own ugliness and deformity; as we never love God so truly as when we love Him for His own beauty and excellency. If we calculate aright, as we shall find nothing better than God himself, for which we should love Him; so neither shall we find anything worse than sin itself, for which we should hate it.

The Church Missionary Society of England has commenced work in Gaza.

No interval separates the mourning of the sinner and the mercy of the Saviour.

The way to destruction had need be wide, so many press into it.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

DEATH.

Drowned, at Gaspe, Quebec, August 18th, George C. N. Mondelet, only and beloved son of Mrs. M. L. Mondelet, of 17 Avenue street.

The funeral took place at Gaspe, Friday, 15th, at 3 p.m., amid tokens of universal sympathy and respect. Places of business were closed, flags were flying at half-mast, &c. The deceased was the grandson of the late George Houghton, Esq., of Her Majesty's Royal Engineers, and of the late Hon. Justice Charles Mondelet.