

ful vers. 13-17. "Curiously wrought" is a phrase belonging to embroidery (Exod. xxvi. 36; xxviii. 8), and "in Thy book all my members were written" is as if there was a pattern God worked by.

God's hand is laid upon us. Look out the use of this phrase in Scripture, and see what it implies—life, power blessing.

God's hand will lead and hold us wherever we go. The two things, guidance and protection—what more can we want?

Lead me in the way everlasting. The "way of wickedness" is in me—tear it out! The "way everlasting" is not in me—let me be in it!

Children's Corner.

WANTED.

ONE day, Johnny came home from school crying very hard. His mother thought the teacher must have whipped him, or expelled him from school, or that some big boy must have stoned him.

"Why, what is the matter, my dear?" she asked with concern and compassion.

Johnny returned no answer except to cry harder.

"Why my sweet," she persisted, drawing him to her knee, "tell me what it is."

"There's no use telling," said Johnny, scarcely able to speak for tears and sobs. "I can't have it."

"Have what? Tell me. Perhaps you can have it," she answered, in a tone of encouragement. "Tell me what it is."

"No, no no," said Johnny, in a tone of utter despondency. "I know I can't have it." Then he put his hands to his face, and cried with fresh vehemence.

"But tell me what it is, and if its possible, I'll get it for you."

"You can't! you can't! oh, you can't!" Johnny answered in despairing accents.

"Isn't there any of it in town?" asked Mamma.

"Lot's of it," said Johnny, "but you can't get me one."

"Why can't I?"

"They all belong to other folks," said Johnny.

"But I might buy some from somebody," the mother suggested.

"Oh, but you can't," Johnny insisted, shaking his head, while the tears streamed down his face.

"Perhaps I can send out of town for some," said the mother.

Johnny shook his head in a slow, despairing way.

"You can't get it by sending out of town." Then he added, passionately: "Oh, I want one so bad! They are so handy. The boys and girls that have 'em do have such good times!"

"But what are they? Do stop crying, and tell me what they are," said the mother, impatiently.

"They can just go out every time they want to, without asking the teacher," he said pursuing his train of reflection on the advantages of the what-ever-it-was. "Whenever the drum beats they can go out and see the band, and when there's an organ they can get to

see the monkey; and they saw the dancin' bear; and to-morrow the circus is comin' by, and the elephant, and all of 'em that has 'em will get to go out and see 'em, and me that haven't got 'em will have to stay in, and study the mean ole lessons. Oh, it's awful!" and Johnny had another passionate fit of sobbing.

"What in the world is it, child, that you're talking about?" said his mother, utterly perplexed.

But the child, unmindful of the question, cried out: "Oh! I want one so bad!"

"Want what? If you don't tell me, I'll have to lock you up, or do something of the kind. What is it you want?"

Then Johnny answered with a perfect wail of longing: "It's a whooping cough,—I want a whooping-cough."

"A whooping-cough!" exclaimed his mamma, in utter surprise. "A whooping cough!"

"Yes," said Johnny, still crying hard. "I want a whooping cough. The teacher lets the scholars that have got the whooping-cough go out without asking whenever they take to coughing; and when there's a funeral, or anything else nice going by, they all go to coughing, and just go out so comfortable; and we that haven't any cough, don't dare look off our books. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"Never mind," said mamma, soothingly. "We'll go down to Uncle Charley's room at the Metropolitan to-morrow, and see the circus come in. The performers are going to stop at that hotel, and we'll have a fine view."

At this point Johnny began to cough.

"I think," said his mother, nervously, "you're getting the whooping-cough now. If you are, you may learn a lesson before you get through with it,—the lesson that there is no unalloyed good in this world, even in a whooping-cough."—*St. Nicholas for March.*

PAID IN ONE'S OWN COIN.

PETER'S mother died. After that he was sent to his grandmother's, for he had a quarrelsome, fretful temper, and his aunt could not manage him with the other children. His grandmother dealt kindly and patiently with him, and helped him to improve.

Peter now had a new mother, and his father had sent for him to come home. But he did not want to go. He felt sure he should not like his new mother, and that she would not like him.

"That depends upon yourself, Peter," said grandmother. "carry love and kindness in your pocket, and you'll find no difficulty."

The idea struck the boy favourably. He wished he could, he said.

"And the best of it is," said grandmother, "if you once begin paying it out, your pockets will never be empty, for you'll be paid in your own coin. Be kind, and you will be treated kindly; love and you'll be loved."

"I wish I could," said Peter.

All the way home he more or less thought of it. I do not know about his welcome home, or what his father or new mother said to him. The next morning he rose early, as he was used at grandmother's, and came down stairs, where, everything being new, he felt very strange and lonely.

"I know I shan't be contented here," he said to himself, "I know I shan't, I'm afraid there's not a bit of love in my pocket."

However, in a little while his new mother came down, when Peter went up to her and said:

"Mother, what can I do to help you?"

"My dear boy," said she, kissing him on the forehead, "how thoughtful you are. I thank you for your kind offer; and what can I do to help you, for I'm afraid you will be lonely here at first, coming from your dear, good grandmother."

What a kiss was that! It made him so happy.

"That's paying me in more than my own coin," thought Peter.

Then he knew he should love his new mother; and from that good hour Peter's pockets began to fill with the beautiful bright coin of kindness, which is the best "small change" in the world. Keep your pockets full of it, and you will never be in want.

A THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

EDWARD EGGLESTON, writing in "Scribner" for March of "some Western School-masters," tells this anecdote:

"While the good Presbyterian minister was teaching in our village, he was waked up one winter morning by a poor bound boy, who had ridden a farm horse many miles to get the 'master' to show him how to 'do a sum' that had puzzled him. The fellow was trying to educate himself but was required to be back at home in time to begin his day's work as usual. The good master, chafing his hands to keep them warm, sat down by the boy and expounded the 'sum' to him so that he understood it. Then the poor boy straightened himself up and, thrusting his hard hand into the pocket of his blue jean trousers, pulled out a quarter of a dollar, explaining with a blush, that it was all he could pay, for it was all he had. Of course the master made him put it back, and told him to come whenever he wanted any help. I remember the huskiness of the minister's voice when he told us about it in school that morning. When I recall how eagerly the people sought for opportunities of education, I am not surprised to hear that Indiana, of all the states, has to-day, one of the largest, if not the largest, school-fund."

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTH.

ON the 9th inst., the wife of the Rev. R. W. Wallace, M.A., pastor of the Congregational Church, London, of a son.

DIED.

ON the 7th inst., in London, Rose Josephine Tousley, wife of D. A. Macdermid, and sister-in-law of the Rev. R. W. Wallace, M.A.