

does not talk about them. He bowed low, laid the parcel on the floor, turned quickly from the door, and, almost before the startled mother knew what had been done, Mabel had cracked her whip, and the goats were away as fast as their little legs would carry them. Inside the house the danger of baby's awaking was forgotten for the moment. There could be no mistake about the parcel, for the name was written upon it in big letters, and when it was opened there were Christmas presents for each child, and the mysterious visitor had managed somehow to get the names correctly. There was joy in the mother's heart, and for many a long day the tiny, bowing dwarf Santa Claus was a pleasant memory in that poor household.

The merry little goat sleigh hurried on from house to house. At the third or fourth house Harry was nearly caught. The door he knocked at was opened suddenly, and there stood before him four or five children, all amazed at the sudden apparition. He dropped his parcel and ran and the children after him. He jumped into the sleigh and the goats started, but the eager pursuers would soon have caught them had not a stern voice called them back out of the coil, which by this time was piercing. The hump on Harry's back was sadly deranged in the excitement of this pursuit. At most of the other houses the door was opened, and Harry had bowed, dropped his parcel, and was off before the astonished householder had quite taken in the situation. The children enjoyed the fun hugely and were surprised and sorry when the last parcel was delivered. But it was getting late. Already the clock had struck nine. The goats travelled homeward as fast as they could, not sorry, perhaps, at the prospect of going soon to bed. Even Harry's eyelids were drooping as his mother welcomed him back and he told of their wonderful adventures, and by ten o'clock he and Mabel were snugly in bed. He was too sleepy to say more than "It was just lovely," as his mother bent over him to say good night. And the best of it was that on Christmas morning there were joy and delight in a dozen other homes because of that night's adventures. Harry was only a little boy and could not think things out, but if he could he would have known that the deepest of human joys is the joy of giving pleasure to others. The children's delight next day in their own Christmas gifts was very great, but even in their young minds the truth was beginning to grow strong that "It is more blessed to give than to receive" and Harry

and Mabel, once having had a taste of that best kind of Christmas delights, will, we may be sure, never be quite satisfied if each succeeding Christmas is not even better than the last in this respect. "You can do a lot," as brave little Harry said, "if you only think and try."

#### HOLD ON BOYS!

Hold on to your *tongue*, when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use an improper word.

Hold on to your *hand*, when you are about to punch, strike, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your *foot*, when you are on the point of kicking, running off from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

Hold on to your *temper*, when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry with you.

Hold on to your *heart*, when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their mirth, games, and revelry.

Hold on to your *good name*, at all times, for it is of more value than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to *truth*, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to *virtue*, it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Hold on to your *good character*, for it is and will ever be your best wealth.—*Standard.*

"There are three kinds of people in the world, the *wills*, the *won'ts* and the *can'ts*. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything; the third fail in everything."

#### "NEED I GO TO SCHOOL?"

"O father, need I go to school?" said Johnnie, one morning, as his mother was getting him ready. "I don't understand books; I never shall. I had rather cut wood with you in the bush, and work ever so hard."

"Johnnie, how did we fell that big tree yesterday?" asked his father.

"A stroke at a time, and keeping at it," answered the boy.

"Exactly so," said his father. "A word at a time, and keeping at it, will make you a good reader; a syllable at a time, and keeping at it, will make you a good speller; a sum at a time, and keeping at it, will make you good in figures; a thought at a time, and keeping at it, will make you master the hardest book in the world. A patient keeping at it, Johnnie, and you will be a scholar."

"Is that all?" asked Johnnie.

"All," said his father.

"I do not know but I can do that," said Johnnie. And before six years from that time he stood first in the highest class in school.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

JESUS is the "Prince of Peace." He came to bring peace. He died to make peace. He rose in triumph, having obtained peace. He lives to give peace. Believing in Him, we have peace with God. Casting our care upon Him, we have the peace of God. He alone is our peace.—*Gospel Trumpet.*

"Education does not consist in mastering languages, but is found in that moral training which extends beyond the schoolroom to the playground and the street, and which teaches that a meaner thing can be done than to fail in recitation."

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