

addresses, catholic and easily understood; essays, logical, erudite, and exhaustive, by some of the best writers of our time; brief, pithy articles on matters of everyday life; original music and poetry; all these, with an abundant supply of good illustrations, combine to make a volume, the *tout ensemble* of which is all that can be desired.

Miss Doudney is apparently a favourite amongst the publishers just now. New serials and volumes from her pen are continually appearing, but the multiplicity of her engagements has certainly not spoilt her as yet. Her last volume (21) is a perfect gem, and the publishers have spared no expense in its production.

Children's magazines we have in plenty, but none can outshine "Little Folks." It is undoubtedly the first of its kind, and bids fair to remain so. The new volume (22) is brimful of good things, interesting, instructive, and amusing, while the illustrations, as with all Messrs. Cassell's publications, are all that could be desired, either as to quality or quantity.

Two very attractive children's books, by the same publishers, "Pet's Posy" (23) and "Little Talks" (24), are neither more nor less than two volumes of illustrations with descriptive letterpress. The covers are very tastefully decorated, while the cuts are greatly varied both as to character and quality.

To issue, in these days of frivolous and sensational literature, a Christmas Annual (25) which, though absolutely free from maudlin sentimentality, is avowedly religious in its tone, is a bold venture, but apparently a successful one, judging from the highly commendatory notices which have appeared in nearly three hundred secular papers, without reckoning a large number of reviews from the religious press.

Sergeant Laverack has written a strange book (26) which he calls a history and an allegory. The revelations he makes are indeed startling, though rather discursive, while the diction is not of the best; nevertheless, he has succeeded in giving us a volume which will, we believe, excite a good deal of attention.

Lay preachers, students, and even ministers would do well to get the new volume of the "Lay Preacher" (27). This magazine increases in value every year, and its varied contents are just what is required.

Scriptural holiness has a literature of its own, and nowhere is it more thoroughly and impartially represented than in "Pennel," the new volume of which (28) is before us.

Mr. Yeames is as good a story-teller as any we know. His last effort (29) is bright as ever, sparkling with humour and overflowing with geniality, whilst the inevitable moral is almost entirely hidden.

Miss Shipley contributes a very sweet little volume (30) of little poems. Unpretentious, and breathing a spirit of devoutness and love, this book is well worthy a place among the more ambitious gift-books of the season.

A series of stories (31), each having a jewel for its text, is a strange conceit; nevertheless, the little book is well worth reading.

Another boys' story (32), very simple, but none the worse for that.

A very handy little recipe book (33) is that before us, and the ladies say it is thoroughly practical.

Here we have four nursery tales re-dished up in a new, but not very elevating or attractive form (34).

Mr. Banks' almanack (35) has stood the test of twenty-seven years, and ought to be well known; it is useful and very cheap.

Personal religion forms the subject of the earnest, practical volume, the third edition of which (36) lies on our table. The author writes with a purpose, clear and defined, and her words carry immediate conviction to the mind of the thoughtful reader. Young men and young women would gain much spiritual and moral strength by a careful perusal of this volume, and to them we cordially commend it, in the hope that they will read and prayerfully examine it.

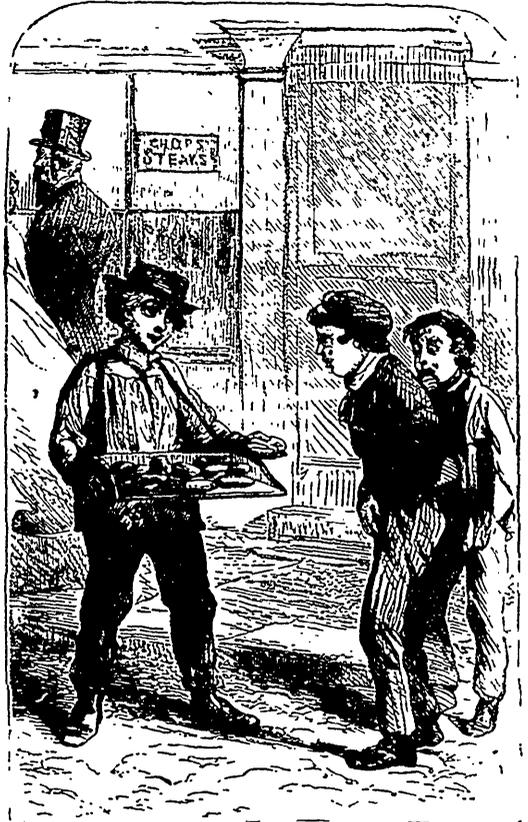
"There are in this loud, stunning tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Flying their daily part with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

W. Gluyas Pascoe.

CHARLIE'S REWARD.

BY AUNT MAY.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender hearted"



"I'M so glad, mother—I'm to sell cakes for old Foster, and he'll give me fourpence every night. Fourpence will buy a lot of things, won't it?"

The widow would not damp his pleasure, so she smiled and kissed him fondly. He was the eldest of six, and her husband was dead; so no wonder that she loved him. It was very cold the next morning, but he did not care, that brave, earnest boy; it was nothing to him when his fingers grew cold and numb, nothing to him that it was December, with its bitter frosts and snows.

He had taken a few coppers during the morning, and about noon was bethinking himself of buying a cake for his own dinner with the penny his mother had given him, when Johnny Crooks and Billy West, boys from the court in which Charlie lived, came sauntering up.

"I say," and Johnny eyed the tempting wares, "give us one; yer can say as how somebody prigged it whilst yer were lookin' at another chap."

"Aye, do," and Billy opened his eyes very wide indeed, for food was not over abundant in Clincher's Court.

"No, I can't—they're not mine!" You see, Charlie had been taught to be honest.

"Yer won't? Then I tells yer what, I'll knock yer apple cart over into the mud and snow." It was Billy who spoke, and Billy was renowned as a bully amongst all the little boys in the neighbourhood.

"Look here," and Johnny made a step forward, "he shan't hurt yer; but give us one between the two. Mayhap yer may be hungry yerself some day. I'm hungry, Charlie—I ain't 'ad no breakfast, or I wouldn't ax yer."

Now Charlie was a kind-hearted boy, and one moreover who feared Billy West and his naughty threats. He wished to give them a cake, for was he not hungry himself? Had he not longed for dinner-time to come, in order that he might spend his penny? And, oh, did he not know that as the hours passed the buns had seemed to grow smaller and