

about the fashions or the visitors of the day, the discussion of domestic affairs, talking of hard times, should not be allowed to engross all the precious moments. It is an excellent plan for the head of the household to select such work as will be both interesting and instructive, and to have them read aloud by members of the family in rotation. Reading may be a slower process by this method, than where pages can be hastily run over with a glance; but it will be more thorough. What is read will suggest topics for conversation; the youthful mind will be aroused to digest what has been received; it will thus be more deeply impressed, and more thoroughly remembered. The older members of the household can call attention to such things as require special notice, and thus the exercise will be prevented from becoming monotonous or tedious.

We would specially commend this practice for Sabbath evenings, or other portions of that day when the household may be usually at home. This was the habit of Christian families in former times, when there were fewer public services on the Sabbath, and more household instructions than at present; and we venture to say that none who were accustomed to such instructions in their youth ever have forgotten them in their after years. The sermons of Jay, Davies, and the Villages series; the writings of Leigh Richmond, and others, which occupied the evenings of our childhood's home, have made an impression on our mind which no lapse of time can obliterate. Parents little think how deep and lasting the results which may ensue from thus connecting the teachings of the good and wise and great with the hallowed associations of the homestead. Long after that little band has been scattered, and those who presided over it have gone to their graves, are the precious truths thus inscribed upon the heart, recalled and pondered.—They become lessons powerful, eloquent, and affecting to the prodigal son, and the volatile daughter, and are, doubtless, not unfrequently the means of bringing them to the feet of the Saviour, henceforth to be faithful followers of the God of their fathers.—*Presbyterian.*

A LITTLE GERMAN STORY.

A countryman one day returning from the city, took home with him five of the finest peaches one could possibly desire to see, and as his children had never beheld the fruit before, they rejoiced over them exceedingly, calling them the fine apples with the rosy cheeks, soft, plum-like skins. The father divided them among his four children, and retained one for their Mother. In the evening, ere the children retired to their chamber, the father questioned them by asking—

"How did you like the soft rosy apples?"  
 "Very much, indeed, dear father," said the eldest boy; "it is a beautiful fruit—so acid and yet so nice and soft to the taste; I have carefully preserved the stone, that I may cultivate a tree."

"Bright and bravely done," said the father, "that speaks well for regarding the future with care, and is becoming in a young husbandman."

"I have eaten mine and thrown the stone away," said the youngest, "beside which mother gave me half of hers. O! it tasted so sweet, and so melting in my mouth."

"Indeed," answered the father, "thou hast not been prudent. However, it was very natural and childlike, and displays wisdom enough for your years."

"I have picked up the stone," said the second one, "which my little brother throw away, cracked it, and eat the kernel—it was as sweet as a nut to the taste—but my peach I have sold for so much money, that when I go to the city, I can buy twelve of them."

The parent shook his head reprovingly, saying, "Beware my boy, of avarice. Prudence is all very well, but such conduct as yours is unchild-

like and unnatural. Heaven guard thee, my child, from the fate of a miser. And you, Edmund!" asked the father, turning to his third son who frankly and openly replied,

"I have given my peach to the son of our neighbor—the sick George, who has had the fever. He would not take it, so I left it on his bed, and I have just come away."

"Now," said the father, "who has done the best with his peach?"

"Brother Edmund!" the three exclaimed aloud "Brother Edmund!" Edmund was still and silent, and the mother kissed him with tears of joy in her eyes.

THE LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.

It is very important that every little boy and girl should understand what faith or trust in God means. It is important, because they may be called to die at any time, and then they ought to hear the voice of Jesus, the blessed Saviour, calling to them, though they cannot see him.—The following story will help each one to understand what it is to trust in God and believe in Jesus.

It was a dark night; a high wind was blowing without, while all the family of Mr. H.—were lying quietly in their beds, breathing calmly in the soundest slumber.

All at once Mr. H. was aroused by the terrible cry of fire. He was not sufficiently waked at first, to understand the cause; but the sound grew nearer and nearer, and soon many were gathering under his window, "Fire! fire! your house is on fire!" they shouted, as they pounded heavily upon the doors. Throwing a few clothes around him, Mr. H. rushed to the door; and what was his surprise and fear to see his own dwelling was in flames! He hastily returned, called up his terrified wife, and taking the babe and the next older child, they quickly sought a shelter in an adjoining house. His oldest son, about ten years of age, slept in a chamber in another part of the house, near the room of the servant-maid who lived in the family.

Immediately the father hastened to rescue him, feeling but little anxiety for his property, if his family only might be saved. On his way, he met the maid. "Where is Charles?" said Mr. H., surprised to see her alone.

"Crying in his room," answered the frightened girl. "I but just escaped, and the stairs are now all in flames."

The fire had broken out in that part of the house, and the flames were now spreading with fearful rapidity. Almost distracted, Mr. H. rushed out, and hastened to the part of the house beneath the window of his son's sleeping-room.

The window was thrown up. The terrified boy was standing there, crying out in agony, "Father! father! how shall I get out?"

He could be seen by the glare of the fire in the room; but he could see no one beneath him—it was so dark—although he heard many voices.

"Here I am, my son," cried out the deeply-moved father. "Hero I am; fear not. Lay hold of the sill of the window, and drop yourself down. I will certainly catch you."

Charles crept out of the window, and clinging with the grasp of a drowning person, he hung trembling, and afraid to let go.

"Let go, my son," cried the father.

"I can't see you, father."

"But I am here, my son."

"I'm afraid, father, that I shall fall."

"Let go; you need not fear," again shouted the father. The flames began to approach the window—the casement grew hot—if he stayed there, he would be burned. He recollected that his father was strong; that he loved him, and would not tell him to do any thing that would injure him. He drew in his breath, unclasped his finger, and in a moment was in his father's arms overpowered, and weeping for joy at his wonderful escape.

N. w., notice, little friend, that Charles first

felt his hopeless situation. He could not escape any other way save by the window. He could not see his father, but he heard his voice. In the second place, he thought with his mind that his father was strong, and able to catch him.—And thirdly, he believed, or trusted, with his heart, that his father would save him, and then dropped, trembling, into his arms.

So, when we feel that we are sinners, there is one way to escape the punishment. We can not save ourselves. We do not see Jesus, but we hear his voice in the Bible, and know he is here. We believe his Word, we fear no longer; Jesus will not deceive us, and we fall into his arms.—*Exchange Paper.*

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