

out o' sight. We like our watches too, Jack, they are really useful, and though Alice and I had been laying up a little here and there as we could spare it, to buy us silver watches, we began to think it was slow work. But the sack for mother was the best of all. And O, I forgot the dear old aunty had a dozen new shirts for you, all made and marked, ready to be washed. Minny will do them up and send them."

But even this small bequest was not to be quite peaceful. There is some trouble, some ill-feeling always about a will, however little it leaves, and Will Boyd chose to feel aggrieved that his aunt's family profited by the few things Miss Sally left. He blustered a good deal, and even threatened to break the will on the ground of undue influence, but he could not get a lawyer in the place to undertake so absurd a case; so he let the matter drop as soon as he clearly saw that his share of the spoils would not even pay for the prosecution of the suit. Happily Mrs. Manice never heard of her nephew's project. Minny did, but kept it from the family, contending herself with the contemptuous remark to her informant,

"Well, I ain't, so to say, surprised a mite. That feller's as small as a poppy-seed, and he's growing smaller every day; ef his soul was shut up in a hazel-nut shell 'twould rattle round when you shook it. My land! I believe he'd make a suit out o' his old coffee-bags if they wa'n't scratchy, rather 'n spend a cent on good clothes."

About a week after this letter from Anne, one morning Mr. Gray asked Jack to come into the directors' room a moment, as he wanted to speak to him. Jack assented cheerfully. He had a "conscience void of offence," and dreaded nothing from the interview. But Mr. Gray had not asked him in to find fault with him.

"Jack," said he, "in view of the frequent bank robberies about the country, our directors have resolved to get some one to sleep in the bank. Frank cannot be spared from home, his mother is a widow and he her only child, and Mr. Jones is about to be married. We could hire a man, but prefer some one whom we know. If you will do it, we will pay you three hundred dollars a year for the service. What do you think about it?"

Jack's eyes sparkled, then they grew dark; he thought of his mother.

"Mr. Gray," he said, "I'd like to do it first-rate. I'd just like to catch 'em in here, sir! But I think I ought to ask mother."

"So you ought, my lad; it is her right. I don't deny that there may be some risk encountered, but there may not be any, either. A city bank is less likely to be entered than one in the country. But write at once and ask your mother; tell her you will sleep in the directors' room, where we shall put in a cabinet-bed for you. And we shall provide you with a revolver, and have you taught to use it; but

perhaps you'd better not mention that, eh?"

"I guess I'll tell her every thing. I always do," said Jack.

So shortly after he received this letter.

"DEAR JACK: I want you to decide for yourself about sleeping in the bank. You understand the matter better than I can, and you are old enough to have your own opinions and act on them. I will acquiesce in whatever you feel is right. One thing, if it should ever happen that you need to use a revolver anywhere, in the bank or not, be cool and careful. Do not take life if you can help it; you can disable a man effectually without killing him. And it is an awful thing to send a sinful soul into God's presence without a moment for penitence or prayer. I say again, my boy, I trust you to decide. Your very loving mother,
"MANICE BOYD."

Jack gave the letter to Mr. Gray, who read it, and then looked up at him. "Well!" he said.

"I have decided to come," said Jack.

(To be continued.)

DOING A LITTLE THING.

THE privilege of doing good is not confined to the great or to the talented. The humblest may contribute towards the accomplishment of great results, and if they are on the watch for opportunities, they will not fail to find them. Many years ago, a good woman in London, whose life was consecrated to the work of saving souls, was passing, one evening, by a public garden. Noticing a young man standing there, she stepped up to him and said:

"I suppose you are waiting for some one."

"Yes, I am waiting for a companion to go with me to the garden."

"Come," said the old lady, "come with me and hear Mr. Blank preach."

The young man consented to the sudden proposal, and she led him to the place of prayer. The word was preached with power. The young man was convinced of sin, and turned to God, and became a worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

That young man was John Williams, "the Apostle of Polynesia," who, at the age of twenty years, gave himself to missionary labour; was sent by the London Society to the Society Islands in 1816; discovered Raratonga in 1823, reduced the language to writing, and, with the aid of others, translated the New Testament into it; wrote his narrative of missionary enterprises in the South Sea Islands; and perhaps awakened more interest in the missionary cause in the thoughtful minds of England than any other man; and was finally murdered by the natives at Eromanga, New Hebrides, Nov. 20, 1839. And yet the hinge on which that man's life seemed to turn was the act of that godly woman, who invited him to come with her and hear the

servant of the Lord declare the message of salvation.

It was a little thing to do, but what mighty results followed that faithful, kindly invitation! Let no one say he can do nothing in the cause of God. There is something for every one to do, and the Heavenly Master can crown all faithful labour with abundant success.

HOW TO BEAUTIFY A HOME.

ALMOST everybody knows what a relief to the eyes a little spray of green is in the winter. The wealthy can indulge in expensive conservatories, but those in moderate circumstances, and even the very poor, can secure a pretty object at a small expense by following the directions given. To begin with an acorn, which any little urchin can procure in the woods, and a pickle-jar, which any housekeeper can supply. Procure a fine healthy acorn and crochet around it a little network case. Take off the cup first, and leave a loop of the cotton to hang the acorn, point downward, in the glass. The glass must have so much water in it that the tip of the acorn scarcely touches: keep it in a dark closet until it has sprouted, and then put it in the light. A chestnut thus kept in water will sprout in the same way. A sweet potato will grow luxuriantly, and may be trained around walls and picture-frames. A carrot grown in sand is, if well managed, a highly ornamental object. A good sized and healthy root must be selected. Cut off quite evenly the top of the carrot, and place it on the top of a pot full of sand, so that the leaves look as if they sprang from it. Moisten it well and keep it in the dark until it has begun to sprout; be careful to keep it damp, and move it into the light directly the leaves appear. If the cultivation is successful, an ornament pretty enough for any room will be the result, and which will have to the unacquainted the appearance of a pot of ferns.

"MIND MOTHER" SERMON.

THIS is to be a "mind mother" sermon. Of course you must mind father, too; but then he is away all day, and you are not old enough to help him much, so you are mother's right-hand man or woman, and have to mind her most. There are two ways in which you ought to mind everything she says:

Mind her instantly. The very first time she speaks. When mamma says, "Harry, please bring me some coal, or water, or run to the store," don't answer, "In just a minute, mamma." Little folks' minutes are a great deal longer than the ones the clock ticks off. When you say "yes" with your lips say "yes" with your hands and feet. Don't say "yes" and act "no." Saying "Yes, in a minute," is not obeying; but doing yes is.

Mind cheerfully. Don't scowl when you have to drop a book, or whine because you can't go to play with the

other boys. You wouldn't own a dog that minded you with his ears laid back, growling and snapping. When Carlo comes to you at your whistle, you want him to come wagging his tail, and barking good naturedly. A boy ought to mind a great deal better than a dog.

Suppose your mother frowned every time she gave you a doughnut? The doughnuts wouldn't taste half as sweet. Suppose father snarled at you as he handed you a dime for candy? You wouldn't enjoy the candy one bit for thinking how unwillingly father gave the money. Don't you suppose mamma feels the same way when you obey her with a pout and a cry? Jesus, the Son of God, minded his mother.—*Our Children.*

The Autumn Sun.

BY SARAH A. BOLTON.

There's not a cloud in the sky above us;
All is blue, as the sea is blue,
And the kindly sun comes down to love us,
Tender and human, and warm and true.

He colours the woodbine red and yellow;
He strows the meadow with ripening grain;
And he fills the air with a haze as mellow
And sweet and precious as love's refrain.

He dips the mountains in dyes celestial,
He bathes the sea with a golden sheen;
When he sinks away from sights terrestrial,
He floods the twilight with hues unseen.

Or dreamed of by mortals; and when the morning
Opens upon the world again,
He comes as though angels were adorning
His path, to gladden the hearts of men.

The flowers lean out from their darkened places
To feel his breath in the balmy breeze;
And the rain streams up for his embraces,
Then kisses the soil and the grateful trees.

O sun, dear sun! in your warm caresses,
The blood flows quicker in heart and brain;
You are soother of sorrows and all distresses,
You are bringer of blessing, and healer of pain.

"PERSONAL LIBERTY."

"I AM a temperance man, but I have my doubts whether you have a right to pass such a law as you Prohibitionists are after."

"Why?"

"Well, if people want to sell what others want to buy, I don't think the law has a right to prevent. You haven't a right to say that people shall not drink if they want to."

"Of course, then, you object to the law that closes saloons on Sunday?"

"O no. That is another matter. That is done simply to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath."

"You admit, I suppose, that the Sabbath was made for man?"

"Certainly."

"You admit then that it is proper to close the saloons for the sake of the Sabbath-day, while you deny that it is proper to do the same thing for the man himself, for whom the Sabbath is made! Is a part greater than the whole nowadays?"—*Selected.*