



A SPANISH GYPSY.—(See first page.)

BESSIE'S GOOD NIGHT.

BY ALICE M. HALL.

A SMALL close room, of every comfort bare,
A cheerless room wherein few sunbeams fell,
Therein a child—a little maiden fair—
Therein more sorrow than my pen can tell.

Upon a couch this little maiden lay,
With white hands folded and white lips compressed,
Watching in calmness the departing day,
The outside glory and the crimson West.

"I think, dear mamma, ere to-morrow's sun
Has sped its course and sunken out of sight,"
The pale lips whispered, "You will be alone—
I think that I shall go away to-night."

"It is not far between me and the skies,
And on beyond I want to be and rest,
In that fair clime where no one ever dies,
Where none are weary and no one distressed."

"If it were mine to once again be strong,
And stay here, mamma, in the shade with you,
I would not mind if all the days were long,
Nor fret and murmur as I used to do."

"Sometimes I thought God's dealings hardly kind,
Since papa died and left us two alone;
No little girl could Bessie ever find
Bereft like her of fatherhood and home."

"But then I prayed till wicked thoughts were gone,
And I was happy. Jesus said to me,
"I hear your prayer; I love you, little one;
More than a father will I be to thee."

"Since then, dear mamma, God has been so near,
And spoken peace when all the way was dim,
That it has seemed like heaven even here,
And it is heaven when we are one with him."

"Soon, very soon, I'll lay me down and sleep,
And waken, mamma, in a clearer light,
I know that God my tiny life will keep,
So until morning, mamma dear, good night."

JOHN W. LOVELL Co., have arranged with the Rev. R. Heber Newton, to publish in their popular "Lovell's Library," the sermons now in the course of delivery, on "The Right and Wrong Uses of the Bible." The whole series of sermons, seven in all, will be issued in one volume, printed from large type in neat 12mo. form, paper covers, for 20 cents.

The *Bodley Books*. By HORACE E. SCUDDER. 6 vols, sq. 8vo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$1.50 per vol.

The charm about these books is, that while capital holiday and birthday gift-books, they are equally suitable for use all the year round. We know of no similar series in which instruction and entertainment for young people are so admirably blended. They are copiously illustrated, and are printed with all the mechanical excellence for which the Riverside Press is famed. The fine selection of some of the noblest poems of the language, with admirable illustrations, give the books a marked educational value.

Vol. I., *The Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country*, is one of the best, with 77 engravings, and 250 pages. It describes life about Boston, and gives "The Piper of Hamlin," "The Heir of Lynn," "The Hunting of the Cheviot," and other classical English poems.

Vol. II., *The Bodleys Telling Stories*, describes certain historic buildings, with their associations, a visit to Cape Cod, and gives a charming French Christmas carol and *Story of Beth lehem*.

Vol. III., *The Bodleys on Wheels*, records a family journey through the old historic towns of Salem, Newburyport, Cape Ann, Mabelhead, and other places, which have been made famous in song and story. Longfellow's poems are laid under tribute, and a beautiful story by Ruskin is given.

Vol. IV., *The Bodleys Afoot*, describes a trip down the picturesque Valley of the Connecticut, to Hartford, New Haven, and on to New York, with sketches of Yale College.

Vol. V., *Mr. Bodley Abroad*, records the experiences of that gentleman in Scotland, the Low Countries, and Switzerland, elegantly illustrated, together with the adventures of the young folk at home.

Vol. VI., is *The Bodleys in Holland*. They went to study history, geography, and customs, not in great libraries, but in the people's faces and houses and all the curious things in that old-fashioned country. The heroic story

of William the Silent, and the Dutch patriot martyrs, is re-told from the glowing pages of Motley, and is beautifully illustrated by numerous engravings. The illuminated cover is really a work of fine art.

CHINESE GODS.

THE Chinese have a god for the kitchen, and believe that at the close of the year he goes up to a greater god and tells him all about the people in the house. His likeness hangs over the place where the cooking is done. Just before the year closes they give him a feast of molasses candy, and charge him to be sure and tell all good things about them, and no bad ones. They tell him, too, that they give the candy to make his lips stick together, so that he may not tell anything bad, but they forget that if his lips are closed he cannot tell anything good. They have many absurd ideas about their gods, and about the good and bad spirits of the other world. When any of the family are carried to the grave, they scatter paper money along the road to satisfy the spirits of their ancestors, and also to deceive any bad spirits that may happen to be about. While the bad spirit is examining the false money, the soul of the dead person can slip out of his way. The spirits of their dead ancestors are supposed to be satisfied with the paper money, which is cut like their "cash," as they call their copper pieces.

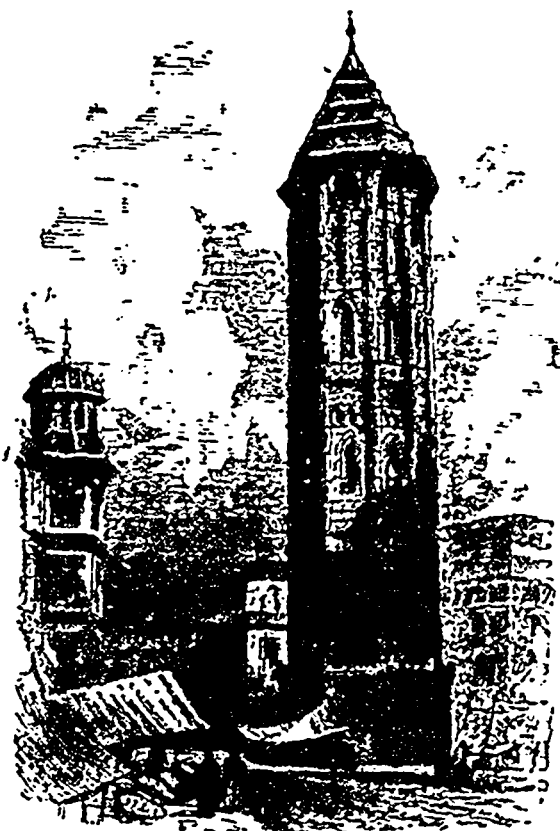
WHAT TO READ.

IT is not the question whether the young shall read that we have to do with. It is the far graver question, what they shall read. Literature in great abundance is thrust before them. It comes in cheap, often attractive, and generally exciting forms, and much the greater part is productive only of mischief. Here comes in the grave responsibility of parents and teachers. The fashion of casting away Sunday-school libraries that has found favour in some localities is only the giving of a clearer field for the disseminators of harmful books. By all means let the library remain. Let it be restored where it has been discarded. Let it be replenished with attractive and really valuable books. Good books are abundant. Let these books be chosen, with careful exclusion of all that is unworthy; let the library shelves be filled with them, and then let young and old be heartily encouraged to read.

And why not go a step further? Why shall not the Church advance just a little, and provide a good circulating library for its people old and young? Why not seek to feed the brain with well-chosen mind-food as well as feed the spiritual part with soul-food? Do not mind and soul live in exceedingly close communion in this complex

being of ours? And why shall we look well to the soul, guard jealously the pulpit that its teachings be orthodox, and then let the mind shift as best it can for itself? The Church may build colleges and seminaries for mind culture. It builds printing-houses and makes books and periodicals. Why shall it not also collect together the best sources of mind nourishment in good libraries, and encourage its people to read? Work of this kind could not fail to be highly beneficial. A reading room in a church, where that is practicable, would give many a young man a place to go to, and save him from the temptation to seek companionship in places of sin. To any church a library is altogether possible, and would be of incalculable advantage.—*Bible Teacher*.

"A Temperance sermon from Brooklyn" is what the *Herald* calls the stupid death of a drunkard in that city. The incident was not a new or strange one; just the old story. The man was rich and honoured; he drank up his fortune, drove away his wife and children, slept in the snow and lost his fingers by frost, but continued to lift the bowl to his lips with the stump of a hand, and fell into other vices and deeper poverty, and at last the drunken vagabond is dead, and the coroner comes in to give the death certificate. Look at the sermon! Agony of life, children, friends; shame of relatives; blushes of fellow-citizens. Do we expect this sermon, plain, practical, terrible as sharp steel, to reform other drinkers? No. Why, then, do we wonder that Gospel sermons do not convert all the sinners? This temperance sermon is hot enough to scald the public feeling, but it will not save drunkards. Just so Gospel sermons are strong, and fail. The key to failure in both cases will be found in the fallen human nature whose bad plight comes into ghastly prominence as often in newspapers as in sermons.



LEANING TOWER, ZARAGOZA.—(See first page.)