

The little Leonardo early learned the lesson that there is more genuine pleasure in a good act than in a good possession. There are, in the path in which each of us walk, many caged birds which we can set free. Of all keys to unlock the prisoned captives, sympathy is the best. A kind word of praise, a hearty expression of good-will, a little help offered at the right time,—none of these things cost much, but each may make the difference, to many a sad heart, between joy and sorrow.

Children's Department.

HYMN.

Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me ;
He is always, always near :
If I try to please him truly,
There is nought that I can fear,

Jesus loves me—well I know it,
For to save my soul He died ;
He for me bore pain and sorrow,
Nailed hands and pierced side.

Jesus loves me, night and morning,
Jesus hears the prayers I pray ;
And He never, never leaves me,
When I work or when I play

Jesus loves me—and He watches,
Over me with loving eye,
And He sends His holy angels,
Safe to keep me, till I die

Jesus loves me—O lord Jesus,
Now I pray Thee by Thy love,
Keep me ever pure and holy,
Till I come to Thee above !

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

We have never met with a more instructive example of the secret influences of Divine truth upon the heart of a child than the following, which is related of Mary Lundie Duncan :

When in her fourth year, her little brother struck her in a fit of anger. She instantly turned to him the other cheek, and said mildly, "There Corie." The uplifted hand was dropped; and when the child was asked who taught her to do that, she replied that she heard her papa read it one morning out of the Bible at prayer-time.

HE WAS SUBJECT TO THEM.

In the gospel for the first Sunday after Epiphany we were told a story of our Blessed Lord when He was a child. You, children, all know that there are very few stories about Him then. This is one reason why you should read and study very carefully those that are, that you may learn all you can from them of the way to live as Christian children should.

There is one verse in this story which will be very helpful to you if you will think of it and try to follow the lesson that it teaches. It is this : "And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them."

He went away from the great city of Jerusalem, and from the Temple and the learned doctors who had been so amazed at His understanding and answers, and came to the quiet little town of Nazareth, and lived in the poor home of the carpenter.

Remember, children, that, though a child, He was the Lord of heaven and earth, and wise and good above all others. In Jerusalem many people might soon have heard of Him and have come to see and hear this wonderful Child. He might perhaps have been brought up in the temple, and have amazed crowds with His learning and wisdom. But what does His conduct seem to say? That childhood is a state of submission and lowliness; that children are best in their own homes, under their own parents' care, obeying them, listening to their teachings, helping them, making home a bright and happy place.

NEVER TELL A LIE.

O ! never tell a lie,
O speak the truth, I pray,

Yes always act the truth,
In all you do and say.

O ! always speak the truth !
And you will happy be,
For all will love you there,
And peace you'll always see.

O ! always speak the truth !
For it will make you kind,
To see a happy child,
Is pleasant to the mind.

O, never tell a lie !
Remember this, dear child,
But always speak the truth,
Be good and kind and mild.

Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And when earthly things are past
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

A shepherd had driven part of his flock to a neighboring fair, leaving his dog to watch the remainder during the day and the next night, expecting to revisit them the next morning. Circumstances prevented his returning home till the morning of the third day. His first inquiry was whether the dog had been visited. The answer was "No." "Then he must be dead!" replied the shepherd, with a tone and gesture of anguish, "for I know he was too faithful to desert his charge." He instantly repaired to the heath. The dog had just sufficient strength remaining to crawl to his master's feet and express his joy at his return, and almost immediately after expired. "Be thou faithful unto death."

BABY-FACES.

As I wander through the city my glances often rest—
On the little sparkling faces to the shining windows prest—
Soft cheeks, like full-blown roses, bright eyes and baby-smile :
Ah ! what wonder that their magic should the saddest heart beguile ?

I passed a pretty cottage on my homeward path one night,
And its windows glowed like crystal in the mellow evening light ;
And between the crimson curtains stood an infant bright and fair,
With my own dead darling's hazel eyes and waving sun-tipped hair.

I paused to gaze upon him, and my heart was filled with woe
At thought of my dear one lying 'neath the winter's frost and snow ;
And I longed to kiss the sweet lips that were pressed against the pane,
For sake of the buried baby-lips that I never shall kiss again.

O babies with happy faces, and eyes so tender and true,
May God in His mercy guide you! Life's devious windings through !
May never a shade of sorrow, and never a thought of guile,
Chase the angel-light from your sunny eyes, nor darken your baby-smile !

THE FOOLISH TRAVELLER.

"I should like very much to hear a story," said a youth to his teacher.
"I hate serious instruction; I cannot bear preaching."
"Listen then," said the teacher.
"A wanderer filled his travelling pouch with savory meats and fruits, as his way would lead him across a wild desert. During the first few days he journeyed through the smiling fertile fields. Instead of plucking the fruits which nature here offered for the refreshment of the traveller,

he found it more convenient to eat of the provisions which he carried with him. He soon reached the desert. After journeying on for a few days, his whole store of food was exhausted. He now began to wail and lament, for nowhere sprouted a blade of grass, everything was covered with burning sand. After suffering for two long days in torments of hunger and thirst, he expired."

"It was foolish in him," said the youth, "to forget that he had to cross the desert."

"Do you act more wisely?" asked the teacher, in an earnest tone. "You are setting forth on the journey of life, a journey that leads to eternity. Now is the time when you should seek after knowledge, and collect the treasures of wisdom; but the labor affrights, and you prefer to trifle away the spring time of your years amid useless and childish pleasures. Continue to act thus, and you will yet, upon the journey of life, when wisdom and virtue fail you, fare like that hapless wanderer."

ALL THE WAY.

She prayed : "Thy will be done, oh God.
(She recked not what she meant)
"And let me follow in the way
My blessed Master went."
And then she slept.

His way ! into Gethsemane
The Saviour walked at night ;
So found her feet the dark, lone path
That knew no cheer of light.
Heart-torn she wept.

Her hope died there in bitter grief,
Her sad heart gave one cry ;
"Why hast forsaken me, oh God !"
The heavens made no reply
Unto her ear.

His way passed through the gates of death,
Her mourned-for hope likewise.
Divinest blessing filled her heart
And ope'd anew her eyes.
Hope lived again.

A heavenly peace is in her face,
A sure trust in her heart,
A Steadfast joy lights all her way,
And never will depart—
Conquered in pain.

RUTH READE.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.—Example is better than precept, always. A young lady of Kansas, tired of meeting the excuse, when urging her poorer neighbors to attend church, "Oh! the people dress so much; I can't afford to go in that style," has determined to dress as plainly as the poorest of them need. Accordingly she has, for the last six months, worn to church the same calico dress, costing ninety cents, and a hat which cost her eighty cents, discarding gloves. Thus attired, she has played the organ and felt "quite comfortable," as she certifies.

Births, Marriages and Deaths,

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

BIRTH.

At the Rectory, Smith's Falls, on Monday, 18th January, Mrs. Emery of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.—"Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; see must dwell upon her sorrow, * * * and she is more under it because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the women may complain to God as subjects do of tyrant princes, but otherwise she hath no appeal against the causes of unkindness. But though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbors he remembers the affliction that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply." These are the words of Jeremy Taylor, and unmarried people should ponder them.