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For the above, address, Miss Ashdown, 46 Maitland Street, Toronto.

CORRECTION.

The Treasurer of the Guelph Branch of the C.C. W. B. M. would like to correct two items on page 17 of the last Annual Report. Garafraxa should be credited with \$2, and Be'wood with \$16.20, instead of the amounts now opposite their names.

For the Young.

THE HAPPY ISLES.

BY LIZZIE A. CAVERLY.

Far off and away in the purple seas,
Where a cloudless sky forever smiles,
Caressed all day by the scented breeze—
Far, far away are the Happy Isles.

And often, when fades the sunset's glow,
You may almost see—so the dream beguiles—
When the pale young moon in the west hangs low
The gleaming hills of the Happy Isles.

You may almost see—alas, alas!
For the eye cannot span the weary miles—
And never an earthly sail may pass
Away, away to the Happy Isles.

Far from the fever and toil of earth,
Far from its malice and simple wiles,
Far from its sorrow and unblest mirth,
Far from its pain are the Happy Isles.

Some time, when the flush of the day is past,
With an angel-guide, in the twilight's smiles—
Ere the night grows chill, while the tide ebbs fast,
We shall stretch away to the Happy Isles!

A WISE DECISION.

Years ago, a young man, working his own way through college, took charge of a district school in Massachusetts during winter. Three boys especially engaged his attention and interest. They were bright, wide-awake lads, kept together in their classes, and were never tardy.

One night he asked them to remain after school was dismissed. They came up to the desk, and stood in a row, waiting with some anxiety to know why they had been kept.

"Boys," said the teacher, "I want you to go to college, all three of you."

"Go to college!" If he had said, "Go to Central Africa," they could not have been more astonished. The idea had never entered their minds.

"Yes," continued their teacher, "I know you are surprised, but you can do it as well as I. Go home, think it over, talk it over, and come to me again."

The three boys were poor. Their parents had all they could do to feed and clothe them decently, and allow them a term of schooling in the winter. One was the son of a shoemaker; another came from a large family, and the farm that supported them was small and unproductive.

The boys stood still for a moment in pure amazement. Then they looked at each other, and around the old school-house. The fire was going out in the box-stove. The frost was setting thick upon the window-panes. As the teacher took out his watch, the ticking sounded loud and distinct through the stillness of the room. Nothing more was said, though the four walked out together.

The third night after this conversation, the boys asked the "master" to wait. Again the three stood at the desk; one spoke for all. "We've thought it over, sir, and we talked it over; and we've decided to go."

"Good!" said the teacher. "A boy can do anything that he sets out to do, if it is right, and he can ask God's blessing upon it. You shall begin to study this winter with college in view."

Twenty years later, two of these boys shook hands together in the State capitol. One was clerk of the House for eight years, and afterward its Speaker. The other was president of the Senate. The third boy amassed a fortune in business.

The shoemaker's son, who became Speaker of the House, made his own shoes that he wore in college, and was particularly proud of the boots in which he graduated—his own handiwork. "A better pair of French calf," he declares, "you never saw." He learned the trade from his father, and followed it through vacations. The other boys found work to do out of term time, and none of the three were helped by their parents during the college course.

The teacher who gave the first impulse to their intellectual life that winter became a judge in one of our New England cities, and died a few years ago.—*Christian Register.*

One smile can glorify a day,
One word new hope impart;
The least disciple need not say
There are no alms to give away,
If love be in the heart.