

Children's Department.

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
Ere you fill them full of flowers;
Wait not for the crowning tuberoses
To make sweet the last sad hours;
But while in the busy household band,
Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
Oh, fill their lives with sweetness.

Wait not till the little hearts are still,
For the loving look and phrase;
But while you gently chide a fault,
The good deed kindly praise.
The words you would speak beside the bier
Fall sweeter far on the living ear;
Oh, fill young lives with sweetness.

Ah! what are kisses on clay cold lips
To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee own one flies to her mother's arms
For loves tenderest caress
Let never a worldly bauble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
Cheering young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,
With a dower of wealth like this at home,
Would you rifle the earth for pearls?
Wait not for death to gem love's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the homes where the light has fled,
Where the rose has faded away;
And the love that glows in the youthful hearts,
Oh, cherish it while you may!
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
And fill young lives with sweetness.

LOYALTY.

"FEAR God, honour the king." Two commands are thus put together in the Epistle for the day, which are equally binding on all; and the close connexion in which they stand shows the high ground on which Holy Scripture would place the duty of reverence and submission towards those set over us by God. There have been times when this duty of honouring the king was too little thought of, but in these more happy days all classes of her subjects are united in a feeling of dutiful and affectionate loyalty to her Sovereign. And how easy is the duty now compared to what it must have been in St. Paul's days. The monarch whom he honoured, for whom he ordered supplications to be made, was the Emperor Nero, a bloodthirsty tyrant, a cruel heathen; ours is a gracious Christian lady, the mother of her people, full of kindness and charity. We may learn a lesson of loyalty to her from the conduct of an English nobleman more than two hundred years ago to her ancestor, Charles I.

James, Earl of Derby, lived in troublous times, when the people were clamouring for more liberty, and the king tried to limit what they already had. As long as he could the earl kept out of the struggle. He went to court as little as he could, and he led a quiet useful life with his wife and children, either on his English estates, or in the Isle of Man, where he was himself a sort of little king.

When, however, the people broke out into open rebellion, and the king was obliged to go to York because London was no longer safe for him, the Earl of Derby was one of the first to join him there, and place himself at his disposal. The king's difficulties were no doubt very great, but he certainly did use the earl hardly, sending him to collect troops, and then taking them from him and sending him to find more. Some men would have taken offence, but not so the loyal earl. He only thought of fulfilling his duty to his king and country, and when nothing was given him to do about the king, he went to his own home at Lathom and fortified it for him. Meanwhile he heard that the rebels were planning at attack upon his own island of Man, which he had always thought of as a last retreat for King Charles in case of his being driven out of England. So off he started to defend it, leaving his wife with a few soldiers to take care of Lathom. And well did she take care of it, brave and true-hearted lady as she was. Three thousand men came to besiege the place, but she held out against them for three months, although ill-provided with men, arms or food, till her husband, having made the Isle of Man secure, came back and brought a body of troops to rescue her.

During the sad years of their monarch's imprisonment in the hands of his enemies, the Earl of Derby and his faithful wife lived on the Isle of Man, holding it in his name, and defying the rebels. When he was slain they acknowledged his son as their king, though he was an exile in foreign lands. Once the rebel general got possession of the earl's children, and wrote him word that he would keep them till the Isle of Man was delivered to them; but he stoutly refused to give it up, but told them that dearly as he loved his children he would never redeem them by disloyalty.

When in 1651 Charles II came to England at the head of a Scotch army to claim his father's throne, the Earl of Derby at once obeyed his call. With difficulty and at some risk he joined him at Worcester, although he did not fully trust the men with whom he came. He fought gallantly by his side in the battle of Worcester, left the field with him when they were defeated, directed him to shelter at Whiteladies and Boscobel, and then turned to go home alone and sorely wounded. He was surrounded by enemies; they promised him quarter, and he surrendered to them; but they were base enough to bring him to trial, declare him guilty of high treason, and condemn him to be beheaded at his own town of Bolton-le-Moors. Meanwhile he was imprisoned at Chester, where his eldest son soon joined him.

One day a messenger came in suddenly, and told him to get ready for his journey to Bolton the next morning at six o'clock. He received this summons to the grave with great constancy, began at once to arrange his affairs, wrote a touching farewell to his wife and younger children, and spent the rest of the day in conversing with his son. The next day the whole party set out for Bolton, riding on horseback. On the journey the earl called Bagaley, one of his gentlemen, to his side, and reminded him of a conversation with his friend the archdeacon, in which he had told him that though the thought of death in battle, sword in hand, troubled him not at all, yet he feared it might somewhat startle him tamely to submit to a blow on the scaffold. "But," he continued, "tell the archdeacon from me, that I do not find in myself an absolute

change in that opinion, (thank God for it!) and I can lay my head on the block as willingly as I ever did upon a pillow."

When they arrived at their resting-place for the night he ate his usual supper, saying he would imitate his Saviour, a supper having been his last earthly meal; and when he went to bed and lay down to rest on his right side with his hand under his face, he said, "Methinks I lie like a monument in the church, and to-morrow I shall really be so." The next morning while putting on a fresh shirt, he called it his winding-sheet, and said that the thought of that last robe had always been in his mind while putting on his clothes. The earl then called for a clergyman to pray with him, and begged him to read the Ten Commandments, and to pause after each one that he might confess wherein he had broken it. He then received absolution and the Holy Communion.

A little later in the morning they went on to Bolton, arriving there between twelve and one; but the scaffold was not ready, for the Bolton men loved their earl too much to give any help in setting it up. So the prisoner was left with his friends till three o'clock, most of which time they spent in prayer. Then, all being ready, he gave his son a last blessing, and was led to the scaffold. The townsmen crowded round him weeping and praying, on which he said to them, "Good people I thank you all. I beseech you to pray for me to the last. The God of Heaven bless you, the Son of God bless you, God the Holy Ghost fill you with comfort." He had prepared an address to the bystanders, and on reaching the scaffold he began to deliver it, but some confusion arising, he left off speaking and gave the paper to his servant. He asked for the axe, looked at it, and kissed it. Then he tried the block, and observing a church in the distance, he had it turned that way that his last look might be towards the sanctuary. Bidding the executioner do his work when he raised his hands, he knelt down and made a short prayer, ending with the Lord's Prayer. After this he laid his head on the block, repeated aloud, "Blessed be God's glorious Name for ever and ever,

Let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen."

and raised his hands; but the executioner not being ready failed him, and he had to get up and remonstrate with the man. Again he lay down and repeated the same words of praise, and on his second signal the axe fell, and the soul was released from the body. He died October 15, 1651.

Such was the life, and such the death of James, the loyal Earl of Derby, and not in vain shall we read them if they impress on us his watchword, "Fear God, honour the king."

A HAPPY LITTLE GIRL.

THE happiest child I ever saw was a little girl whom I once met travelling in a railway carriage. She was only eight years old and was quite blind.

She had never seen the sun, and the stars, and the sky, and the grass, and the flowers, and the trees, and the birds, and all those pleasant things which you see every day of your lives; but still she was quite happy.

She was by herself, poor little thing. She had no friends or relatives to take care of her on the journey, and be good to her; but she was quite happy and content. She said when she got into the carriage: "Tell me how many people there are in the carriage. I am quite blind and can see nothing."

A gentleman asked her if she was not afraid.

"No," she said, "I am not fright-

ened; I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me."

But I soon found out the reason why she was so happy; and what do you think it was? She loved Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ loved her; she had sought Jesus Christ, and she had found Him.

I began to talk to her about the Bible, and I soon saw that she knew a great deal of it. She went to a school where the teacher used to read the Bible to her; and she was a good girl, and had remembered what her teacher had read.

I asked her what part of the Bible she liked best. She told me she liked all the history of Jesus Christ, but the chapters she was most fond of were the three last chapters of the book of the Revelation. I had a Bible with me, and I took it out and read these chapters to her as we went along.

When I had done she began to talk about heaven. "Think," she said, "how nice it will be to be there. There will be no more sorrow, no-crying, nor tears. And then Jesus Christ will be there, for it says: 'The Lamb is the light thereof,' and we shall always be with him; and besides this, there shall be no night there; they will need no candle nor light of the sun."

I have never seen her since. She went to her home, and I do not know whether she is alive or not; but I hope she is, and I have no doubt Jesus Christ has taken good care of her.

Dear children, are you as happy and as cheerful as she was?

You are not blind, you have eyes, and can run about and can see everything, and go where you like, and read as much as you please to yourselves. But are you as happy as the poor little blind girl?

Oh, if you wish to be happy in this world, remember my advice to-day; do as the little blind girl did—"Love Jesus Christ, and He will love you; seek him early and you shall find Him."

"I MEAN TO BE A MAN."

A GENTLEMAN once met a boy, seven years of age, on his way to school, and said so him, "Well, my little boy, what do you intend to be when you grow up?"

He had asked this question a great many times before, and some boys told him they meant to be farmers, some merchants, some ministers.

But what do you think was the answer of this little boy? Better than all of them: "I mean to be a man," he said.

It matters very little whether he be a farmer, a merchant, or a minister; if he be a true man, he must be a good man.

THE SCOTCH THISTLE.

"SUCH a mite as I can do no good," is the general impression of our boys and girls, when they are urged to do what they can for the good work. But smaller, humbler instruments than you, God has made use of to do great works in this world.

A great army, many years ago, invaded Scotland. They crept on, stealthily, over the border, and pre-

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