

that Saviour who had given him a new heart, as well as kind earthly friends. In January, 1870, we sent him forth to Canada, a joyful emigrant and pioneer.

But still that awful night of discovery was not forgotten. Again and again, amid scenes of comfort and luxury, or while enjoying intercourse with valued Christian friends, we saw before us the upturned and pale faces of those eleven poor boys, their awful misery and destitution, and heard their mute appeal for help. And that was the cause of the opening of our "Home."—*Night and Day.*



TABLE MANNERS—THE LITTLE FOLKS.

IN silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat :
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to hand my plate.

I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about.
With knife, or fork, or napkin-ring,
I must not play, nor must I sing,

I must not speak a useless word,
For children must be seen, not heard.
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good,

My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud.
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say "If you please."

The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil.
Must keep my seat when I am done,
Nor round the table sport or run.

When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot ;
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all His wondrous love.

A CHILD'S FAITH.



N intelligent and sparkling-eyed boy of ten summers sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly embellished and pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the

mind. His father approaching, discovered at a glance the character of the book,—

"What have you there, George?"

The little fellow, looking up with a confused air, as though his young mind had already been tainted with tales of romance and fiction, promptly gave the name of the work.

His father gently remonstrated, pointing out the danger of reading such books; and having some confidence in the effects of early culture upon the mind of his child, left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments the father discovered a light in an adjoining room, and on inquiring the cause was informed that it was George burning the pernicious book.

"My son, what have you done?"

"Burned that book, papa."

"How came you to do that, George?"

"Because I believed you knew better than I what was for my good."

Here was a three-fold act of faith—a trust in his father's word, evincing love and obedience, and a care for the good of others. If this child exercised so much faith in his earthly parents, how much more should we, like little children, have true-hearted, implicit faith in our Heavenly Father, who has said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.—*Little Christian.*"

"HONOUR thy father and thy mother," mean four things—always do what they bid you, always tell them the truth, always treat them lovingly, and take care of them when they are sick or grown old. I never yet knew a boy who trampled on the wishes of his parents who turned out well. God never blesses a wilfully disobedient son.