

Weak in ourselves Ah, yes indeed! Who does not know what it is to get up in the morning with a determination that this day at least shall be a better one than the day before; that this day we will be kind and obliging to all, and gentle and patient? And yet, something is said or done that annoys or tries us, and in a moment the impatient word, the cross look, the angry spirit comes up, and we have to confess, "weak—weak as ever."

Or, the temptation comes to do wrong in any form. We *do* wish to resist; but the temptation is there, the power to resist seems forgotten; and again, "Oh, I am so weak."

But we *need* to be strong, for it is just this very weakness that so often is our worst enemy; and let us remember that every time we overcome and resist what is wrong, we get fresh strength for the future, for "every victory strengthens." We are told to be strong in the Lord, so I think we need to remember we have all God's great strength on our side; it is often from forgetting it we stumble. Some of you have learned to skate, and you had a few tumbles at first, especially if you were going alone; and, perhaps, all the time you may have had near at hand a friend, who, if you had only remembered and taken hold of the helping hand, would have held you up, and kept you from falling. God is always at hand as we walk through life, "able to keep us from falling." But keep near and keep hold!

And then, you know, if people are to keep strong in their *bodies*, they have got to use the means, —to breathe good, pure air, to eat good wholesome food, to take exercise, yes, and to rest, too. Do you see what I mean? If our hearts and souls are to be strong, we must breathe the pure air of prayer in the presence of God, feed on His Word, exercise ourselves by doing good to others, yes, and rest in the green pastures of the Good Shepherd's love.

May the language of our hearts, indeed, then be: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

One of our girls, Clara Davis, has taken a trip to England this year to see her mother. Her health did not seem to be good in England, and she regretted altogether that she had not taken a return ticket. However, she has come back again to Canada all the same. Shall we ask her now which country she likes the best? Shall we ask her which is the prettier, the maple leaf or the rose? But, after all, are they not both nice? And, as "comparisons are odious," I think we had just better say:

"And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwined
The Maple Leaf forever."

MARRIAGE OF ONE OF OUR GIRLS.

The following notice of marriage was sent to us by a kind friend, who was present during the ceremony:—

The residence of John Hunter, Esq., Charing Cross, was the scene of a particularly pleasing event on Wednesday evening, 4th December, when Miss Florence Atkins was united in marriage to Mr. Henry Day. The bride entered the parlor leaning upon the arm of Mr. Hunter, about 8 o'clock, becomingly attired in a dress of navy blue basket cloth trimmed with velvet,

in a tangible way on this the occasion of her marriage

Any girl who would like her yearly subscription for '96 taken out of her bank money, instead of sending the 25c., can send me word to that effect.

B. Coder

SIX OF A KIND.

By MABEL GIFFORD, IN JUNIOR GOLDEN RULE.

No wonder Cora was disappointed. Perhaps you would be disappointed if you expected a book and a ring and a writing tablet, a box of note paper, a penknife, and a rose-jar, and instead of all these pretty things got six silk neckerchiefs at Christmas.

It did seem as if her cousins and aunts had put their heads together and planned this for a joke, but Cora knew well enough that they would not do such a thing. However, this did not prevent her from feeling abused; she went home from the party on Christmas Eve in ill humor.

"What shall you do with so many neckerchiefs?" asked Bella, Cora's elder sister.

I do not know, I am sure; they are enough to last me a lifetime," said Cora crossly.

"A silk neckerchief is just what I was wishing for," said Bella.

"O Cora, please give me a pink one, begged Alice, the younger sister. "There are two pink ones. I haven't any silk neckerchiefs."

"I shall not give them away," said Cora firmly. "They are gifts to me."

"If I gave a friend a present just like what several others had given, I should hope that my gift would be given away. I think that is the way to do."

"I don't," said Cora.

When Bella had tucked herself into bed, Cora unfolded her silk gifts, and spread them out.

There were two pink ones, one figured and one plain; one all white, one whitewith a blue border, one all blue, one black. Cora folded them up one by one.

"I do not see why they expect me to give my presents away, any more than any one else. A gift is a gift; I think one should never give away a gift."

Cora dropped the neckerchiefs into the top drawer of the dressing-case, and shut it. She looked toward the bed; Bella was already asleep, so she refrained from making more remarks. Cora could not go to sleep. As soon as her head touched the pillow, she began to



"Faithful," and that is all that any of us can be, but it is—everything!

Of Ada Thomas, whose portrait is here given, we never remember to have heard one complaint, but she has been loved and respected by the family with whom she has been living for about six years. She is still in the same neighbourhood.

Edith Bolton, who was in one place for between six and seven years, and until she considered a change desirable, has done well.

Ada Page, after living in a clergyman's family from the year she came out, October, 1887 to 1893, left then to learn a trade.

And then of Edith Hallendale we cannot do better than quote her mistress' words: "She has been very faithful to her work."

Nora Lindsay, too, has been more than five years in her present place at a doctor's house, and we believe is also doing well. We are glad to notice she is teaching a class in the Sunday School, and we trust she has entered into the service of the Heavenly Master, Who also requires that we be "found faithful."

and wearing a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. Miss Hunter played the "Wedding March." The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Maxworthy, pastor of the Methodist church, of which the contracting parties are members. After the usual congratulations, adjournment was made to the dining-room, where a sumptuous repast claimed the attention of all for a time. The happy couple were the recipients of many useful presents, testifying to the high esteem in which they are held. Mr. and Mrs. Hunter bear testimony to the bride's faithful services during her residence of four years in their home, and have shown their appreciation