

PUSSY'S TEMPTATION.

"Come here, pussy! I want to teach you a lesson. You must not look up in that tree, where the little birdies live. That is a temptation. Do you know what that big word means? It means something you like, that is naughty. You like to eat poor little birdies; but it is very naughty! So come, run away from temptation! and I'll give you something to eat, in the kitchen."

"And then," said mamma to the little girl, "you must run away from temptation, too. Kitty is your temptation, when you want to play with her, and it is time to study your lessons."

"Yes, mamma; I will come, right away."

She gave pussy to Hannah, through the kitchen window, and ran to obey mamma.

ERIC AND HILDA.

"I wish I had a little sled, to ride on the snow," said Hilda. "Lots of little girls have them."

"Well, dear, if mamma can spare the money, you shall have one. But you know, it takes many pennies to buy warm clothes for the long cold winter."

"So it does, mamma, dear! And Hilda, we don't want our mamma to work too hard. Let's divide my sled between us, this winter! I will let you have as many turns on the hill, as you like."

That was not very easy for Eric. He liked to race with other boys, on the hill. But Hilda was glad; and often, that snowy winter, you might see her, seated behind her brother, on his sled, both having a merry ride. Was not Eric happier than if he had been selfish?

LAURIE'S FALL.

"There he goes! dear me? poor little boy, with a basket as big as he is himself! and trying to help mamma, too!"

Farmer White came quickly, with his rake in hand, to see if Laurie was hurt. But "Oh no!" said the brave little boy; "only scratched my arms some! I'm not going to cry for that! Don't you know I'm helping mamma! I'm too busy to stop and cry about a scratch!"

Was not Laurie a wise boy? Mamma was in a hurry for the fruit, and so he did not mind the fall, nor the quinces tumbling upon his head, if he could help her!

Wouldn't there be a great many happy mammas in the world if you all were like this boy, too busy and too brave to cry about little things that can't be helped.

ABOUT THANKSGIVING.

"I can't go to church; and I'm about sure I can't eat any turkey, or pie!" said little Joe, turning his

pale face over to the wall, so that Madge could not see the tears in his eyes.

"I'm afraid not, Joey dear. But I want to tell you something that I am going to have Thanksgiving for. You know Hal Brown?—he went after chestnuts, and fell from a tree, and hurt his back, so that perhaps he never can walk again! When I went to school, and heard about it, I thought right away, how glad I was that you had not fallen so, and that your fever is all gone, and Dr. May says you are getting well; and to-morrow I am going to give thanks to God for that!"

Joe's tears were running down his cheeks by that time; but he looked at his sister, and said: "Thank you, Madge! I will have a Thanksgiving, here, in my bed, too!"

IN thirty years' successful experience in the manufacture of 150,000 instruments, the Mason & Hamlin Company have accumulated facilities for manufacture without which they could neither produce as good organs as they now make, nor with as great economy. Said an experienced manufacturer in witnessing the operation of a single machine in their factory recently: "One boy with that machine does as much work as ten skilled workmen could do without it, and does it better at that."

These accumulated facilities, including experienced and skilled workmen, are the secret of their producing organs which are unquestionably the best, yet can be sold at prices which are little more than those of the poorest.—*Boston Traveller.*

OUR PIC-NIC.

I want to tell you what a nice picnic we had, last summer, down by the lake. It was while cousin Delia was at our house; and she is so kind and careful that mamma was willing to have us go anywhere with her. Rufie took his dog; and we had such fun, making him beg for his dinner, and swim in the water after the sticks we threw in!

After dinner, I saw cousin Delia looking at the light-house; and when we asked her for a story, she told us a pretty one about some children who were out on a big sea, in a storm; and it was very dark, and their little boat was almost lost in the big waves. Then, all of a sudden, the light from a beautiful lighthouse shone out, and they saw just how to go, and were saved! Delia says that we are those children, and the Lighthouse is Jesus; and His love shines out to save us; only we must keep watching all the time, and never go away from it.

THE CHILD ORIGEN.—Neander says of Leonidas, the father of Origen, that "often when his son

lay asleep with his bosom bare, would he kiss that breast as a temple in which the Holy Ghost was willing to prepare Himself an habitation."

TORN CLOTHES.

"Lou, why did you climb up that wall? Didn't you know it would tear your clothes? And poor mamma takes such pains to keep you looking nice!"

"Well, you needn't scold about it! it's bad enough, anyhow!" said poor Lou, with the tears on his rosy cheeks, looking sadly at his torn clothes. "I don't see why that old robin had to go and build its nest way up there!"

"I guess she did it on purpose to get out of the way of boys! Maybe she's laughing at you now!"

But Renie was a kind sister. She ran to the house and brought out a needle and thread, and mended the great hole in Lou's pretty blue pants. While she was sewing, she asked Lou to repeat the Fifth commandment over three times. She knew if he remembered that, he would not climb fences or trees; because mamma had told him not to.

—Little things. Depend on it, little friends, it is attention to little things that makes the beauty of life. Little deeds of charity, little words of kindness, little acts of self-denial, little moments of dili-

gence—care against little sins, a grateful use of little blessings, improvement of little chances, a cultivation of little gifts—these things make men great in the sight of God. God's work is perfect as a whole because it is perfect in every part. He makes a leaf with as much care as he does a world. The soul of the little child is as dear to Him as the seraph in the Heavens. Be faithful in the least, as well as in the greatest. Anything worth doing is worth doing well. Learn to speak truth, even about the smallest things. Scatter the tiny seeds of kindness everywhere, and when your work is done, it will be precious in His sight.—*Pansy.*



International and Colonial Exhibitions. ANTWERP IN 1885—LONDON IN 1886.

IT is the intention to have a Canadian representation at the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION at Antwerp, commencing in May, 1885, and also at the COLONIAL and INDIAN EXHIBITION in London in 1886.

The Government will defray the cost of freight in conveying Canadian Exhibits to Antwerp, and from Antwerp to London, and also of returning them to Canada in the event of their not being sold.

All Exhibits for Antwerp should be ready for shipment not later than the first week in May next.

These Exhibitions, it is believed, will afford favorable opportunity for making known the natural capabilities, and manufacturing and industrial progress of the Dominion.

Circulars and forms containing more particular information may be obtained by letter (post free) addressed to the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

By order, JOHN LOWE, Secy., Dept. of Agric.

Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, December 19th, 1884.

PETLEY'S **PETLEY'S**

TORONTO **TORONTO**

Tailor-made Mantles.

TWEED ULSTERS.

During our Great Winter Sale we are offering astonishing value in our Mantle Department.

Ladies' Tweed Ulsters from \$1.50 to \$13.50.

Ladies' Cloth Dolmans from \$2.50 to \$45.

Ladies' Fur Capes from \$2.50 to \$10.

We are offering Mantle Cloths at very close prices, and our Tailor-Made Mantles are without doubt, the finest in the City.

GLOVE-FITTING COATS

Silk Push Dolmans

PETLEY'S **PETLEY'S**

TORONTO **TORONTO**