



Children's Department.

THE BLACKBOARD LESSON.

Little boys and girls do not often do bad things when they know that their kind, loving father, or mother, or teacher is looking at them; but those who have learned the two lessons which you see on the black-board will try to be good even when their father, or mothers, or teachers cannot see them; for they know that God is everywhere, and can always see them whether it is day-light or dark; and that he loves them, and is pleased to see them trying to be good.

These words, "Thou God seest me," were said by a poor woman who had been driven away from her home and had no place to go. She found that, although she was in a lonely wilderness, where no human eye could see her and no human help could reach her, still God saw her and sent her help and encouragement. Perhaps poor Hagar (that was her name) did not know this other lesson you see on the black-board—very few people are able to learn it quite well in this life—but she may have been beginning to learn it. It was many hundreds of years after her time that a good man, speaking as he was moved by the Holy Spirit, said these words, "God is love," and wrote them down. But still this poor woman might be learning the thing that the words mean, although she had never heard or read the words. We have the words; we have heard them often, and we can see them any time we like in the Bible; and there they are on the black-board. If learning the lesson means just committing the words to memory, it is easily done. But that is not all; we need to learn the things which the words mean; and then, when we have really learned that God is love, and that we are His, we shall be very happy.

"IF I ONLY HAD CAPITAL."

"If I only had capital," we heard a young man say, as he puffed away at a ten-cent cigar, "I would do something."

"If I only had capital," said another, as he walked away from a dram-shop where he had just paid ten cents for drinks, "I would go into business."

The same remark might have been heard from the young man loafing on the street corner. Young man with the cigar, you are smoking away your capital. You from the dram-shop are drinking yours, and destroying your body at the same time, and you upon the street-corner are wasting yours in idleness and forming bad habits. Dimes make dollars. Time is money. Don't wait for fortune to begin with. If you had \$10,000 a year, and spent it all, you would be poor still. Our men of power and influence did not start with fortunes. You too, can make your mark if you will. But you must stop spending your money for what you don't need, and squandering your time in idleness.

THE HOUR BEFORE YOU GO TO CHURCH.

We have in our eye at present the hour before you go to church on the Sunday forenoon. We are anxious about it. The note struck then is likely to give tone to your spirits all day. Redeem it; redeem it as much as you can from family duties; redeem it wholly from plaiting of hair and putting on of apparel; redeem it wholly from vain conversation. How very much the power of the clergyman's preaching depends on the preparation of the hearer's heart! If you come up to the church with your mind crowded with trifles and puffed up with vanity, what can clergymen do? They can do nothing but beat the air. What else can they do, if there be nothing before them but air to beat at. It will make a sound, and that is all. We fear that many of our dear people

spend more time on the Sunday morning in putting veils on their faces than in taking the veil off their hearts—more time in trying to make themselves appear before men what they are not, than in trying to make themselves appear before God what they are.

AT THY SIDE.

A little traveller am I,
Upon a road that looks
As pleasant as the flowery paths
Beside the summer brooks.

I may have very far to go;
No one can tell, they say;
For some the way is very long,
For some ends in a day.

I've gone a very little way;
And yet I can't go back
To pick up anything I've lost
Or wasted on the track.

And if I careless pass each stone,
I mayn't my steps retrace;
And so I need a Friend all through
To keep by His grace.

For there are snares I do not see—
I am a foolish child;
Then, Jesus, I will ask Thee now
To keep me undefiled.

My feet from falling, keep, O Lord!
My heart from wandering wide;
Until, the last stone passed, I dwell
Forever at Thy side.

THE BIBLE.

Daniel Webster once told a good story in a speech, and was asked where he got it. "I had it laid up in my head for fourteen years, and never had a chance to use it until to-day," said he.

My little friend wants to know what good it will do to learn the "rule of three" or to commit a verse in the Bible. The answer is this: "Some time you will need that very thing. Perhaps it may be twenty years before you can make it fit in just the right place; but it will be just in place some time. Then if you don't have it, you will be like the hunter who had no ball in his rifle when the bear met him."

"Twenty-five years ago my teacher made me study surveying," said a man who had lately lost his property, "and now I am glad of it. It is just in place, I can get a good situation, and high salary." The Bible is better than that. It will be in place as long as we live.

An hour spent with a good book is always so much solid and substantial gain. Fire, flood, mistake or accident may rob us of our material possessions, but they cannot get at the treasures of the immortal mind.

A Church, if it is to do God's work, must grow with the life of God; it cannot be created in a year by calling together a heterogeneous mass of people held together by no tie stronger than that of admiration for a choir, an organist, or a preacher.

"What, I'd like to know," said a school-boy, "is how the mouths of rivers can be so much larger than their heads?"

—Show this paper to your neighbors and get them to subscribe for it.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

DEATH.

HENDERSON.—On the 14th September last at Woodbrook in Trinidad, West Indies, Emily, wife of Samuel Henderson Esq., and second daughter of the Rev. James Bovell, M.D.

MARRIED.

In the Church of the Epiphany, at Chicago, on the 15th October inst., by the Rev. J. H. Knowles M.A., Canon of S. S. Peter and Paul, Daniel Bayard Dingman of Osgood Hall, barrister-at-law, Listowel, Ontario, to Jennie D. eldest daughter of R. Carman, Esq., formerly of Belleville, Ontario.