

HUMILITY.

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground its lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing
Sings in the shade when all things rest.
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

The saint that wears heaven's highest crown
In deepest adoration bends;
The weight of glory bows him down
Then most when most his soul ascends.
Nearest the throne itself must be,
The foot-stool of humility.

Children's Department.

**HOW PIERETTE WAS BROUGHT INTO
THE SAVIOUR'S PEACE.**

For the Very Little ones.

Pierette was only a little girl. Her mother was an actress in a theatre, and would often come home at night very drunk, and beat poor Pierette, and make her feel very miserable.

There was no one to care where she went, so all day long she would wander about the streets of Paris, sometimes begging a *sous* from the passers by, or watching the children as they played in the streets, or ran races along the boulevards.

Once a gentleman noticed her enough to pat her on the head, and tell her she had pretty eyes. And that made Pierette happy, happy for nearly a week afterward.

One day it rained all the morning, and the child got thoroughly wet. But toward the afternoon it cleared off, and the children flocked out in the Bois de Boulogne (a beautiful park in Paris) to roll their hoops along the broad walks, and play hide-and-seek. My little readers know what fun that is.

Well, Pierette sat down in a sunbeam, and watched them there.

But by and by a little English girl, with yellow hair and great blue eyes, saw her sitting there so sadly, and felt sorry for her; so she stole over to her, with her sweet eyes full of pity, and said, gently, "What is it, little girl? Can I do anything for you? What makes you look so sad?"

"I did not mean to," said Pierette, humbly looking up into the child's face. "Tell me how you feel happy. I don't think I know how."

Little Bessie Wentworth looked mystified. What a strange thing it was not to know how to be happy!

"Does nobody love you?" was the next question.

"Nobody," said Pierette.

"Oh, yes, One does," said Bessie, suddenly, her sweet eyes lighting up; "the dear Lord loves you."

"Who is He?" said Pierette, wondering.

"Not know who Jesus Christ is? Oh, you poor little girl!"

But Pierette shook her head.

"Well, then, I will tell you," said Bessie, earnestly.

So, standing there in the sunlight, the little missionary told the old, old story, which you have heard ever since you were babies, "of Jesus and His glory; of Jesus and His love." Wonderful chimes that have rang on for so many ages, and will ring on for so many more!

"Mam'selle Besse, Mam'selle Besse, what are you doing there with that beggar child? Come right away."

This exclamation came from her nurse, who had been taken up with the baby, and had not before noticed Bessie.

"Remember," said the child, as she moved off, "come here to-morrow. I will be expecting you." And she bounded off to join her companions.

Happy Pierette! What a different world it was now when she knew somebody loved her. back she pattered along the gay streets, keeping the secret warm in the little lonely heart. She toiled up the rickety stairs that led to her home, and turned the subject over and over in her mind. I wonder if mother would like to hear of it, she thought: I don't believe she ever did.

That night her mother came home sober, for a

wonder, and Pierette told her all the sweet, strange story, which she knew now almost by heart.

Her mother listened moodily, and Pierette thought she was not attending. But she was mistaken. When Pierette went to bed that night she could not sleep. She tossed and turned, and dreamed dreadful dreams, and when morning came she was in a high fever. Her mother said she had taken cold, and heated something on the tiny, worn-out stove, and gave it to her. She then said good-by, and went and shut the door, for she had to go. But this was only the beginning of a great many weary weeks of sickness.

Bessie Wentworth waited day after day in the Bois de Boulogne for her little friend, but she never came.

And at length there came a day when Pierette whispered—she was too weak to do anything but whisper now—"Mother, I think I am going to the dear Saviour who loves me so. Tell the little mam'selle when you see her."

And then the angels who had been waiting for her, bent down and carried her far above the close room and the crowded city, to that other City, where His little ones always see His face.

The poor mother cried. Yes, for she had a soft spot in her heart, though nobody knew it. And by-and-by the sweet Gospel of Peace, which her child had told her about, stole into her heart, and she was a changed woman from that time.

And now, dear little children, there are a great many Pierettes in this world. A great many lonely ones, who do not know of Jesus.

God grant that you may be a little Bessie, to lead some lost, forsaken one to the Saviour's feet.

THE GREAT GOD.

Little boy, with laughing eye,
Bright and blue as yonder sky,
Come, and I will teach you, love,
Who it is that lives above.

It is God, who made the earth;
God, who gave my darling birth;
God, who sees each sparrow fall;
God, who reigns, great King of all;

God, who sends the pleasant breeze,
Blowing sweet through flow'rs and trees;
God, who gives you every joy;
God, who loves you little boy.

He is beautiful and bright,
Living in eternal light.
Would you not, my little love,
Like to live with Him above?

Ask Him, then, to show you how
You may please Him here below;
Ask Him grace and help to send;
Pray to Him your kindest friend.

You must learn to read, and look
Often in His Holy Book:
There my darling, you will find
God is very good and kind.

"WOULD YOU HELP HIM?"

"I would help Jack Turner quick as I would wink."

"Would you help Tom Berry? Would you help him?"

Ned looked down. Would he help an old enemy out of difficulty? Silently he looked down, fastening his eyes on a sand heap as if he would bore a hole through it. How should he answer his brother's question.

"I know Ned likes Jack Turner, and would help him. But even if he don't like Tom, I guess he would give him a lifting hand," said a pleasant voice at the window above. It was Ned's mother speaking. Is there a sweeter music-box anywhere than mother's voice?

Ned looked up as if he had finished his job of boring the sand heap:

"If Tom were in difficulty, mother, I would try to help him."

"Spoken like my boy, Ned!" said Mrs. Bonner. Ned had an opportunity of helping his enemy that very night about eight o'clock.

"Help! help! help!"

"What is that?" said Ned, who was crossing the meadow-lot in the dark. "Somebody must be in the old well."

"Oh, help! help! help!"

Yes, from an old dry well came the piteous call. "Who's here?" asked Ned, running to the mouth of the well.

"It is Tom Berry. I fell off the ladder and can't climb up; do help me."

Into that very same well, that very same day, Tom Berry had tauntingly threatened to drop Ned, but the latter swallowed the memory of the insult.

"Don't worry Tom. I will help you," called out Ned.

This so-called well was a deep pit that had been dug the previous autumn to the depth of fifteen feet. A rough wooden ladder used by the workmen still remained in the well, and at the bottom was a pile of stones that the boys had industriously tumbled in. This ladder was a handy piece of apparatus in all kinds of juvenile amusements, and Tom Berry had been using it about dusk, only to fall and find the bottom more quickly than he anticipated. Bruised and sprained, he was unable to get up, and lay there crying.

Ned Bonner soon reached the foot of the ladder. "Here I am, Tom! Just mount my back if you can, hold on tight, and I'll get you up."

"Ned, you are a good fellow," said Tom as he gripped Ned about the neck and lay flat on his back. It was a pretty hard tug up the ladder for Ned, and he thought what a hard time hod-carriers must have, going up tall ladders with a hod of bricks on the back. It was quite a "brick" Ned had on his back—the worst boy in the neighbourhood. Up he went, carefully as if he were carrying his beloved Jack Turner.

"Now I will carry you into my home, Tom."

"Oh you can't, Ned, can you?"

"I will try."

Try he did manfully, and in a few minutes who should stagger in at the kitchen door but Ned with Tom Berry on his back? Tom was dressed in a light gray suit, and he looked like a bag of meal that Ned had shouldered:

"Mother, here's Tom Berry; he tumbled into the well."

"And like a good fellow, Ned pulled me out," said Tom.

Mrs. Bonner made Tom comfortable, and by nine o'clock sent him home in the old red family wagon.

That night, when Mrs. Bonner stooped down to kiss Ned, who was curled up in bed, mother's music-box seemed sweeter than ever as she softly said:

"You obeyed the Saviour's words, and yours is the blessing of Him who said, 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.'"

—The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is more important.

—Proverbs lose their flavor by being too often quoted, as flowers too much exposed to the wind lose their beauty.

—As much light discourse comes from a heavy heart as from a hollow one, and from a full mind as from an empty head.

—There is wisdom in battling boldly with an adverse fate; there is a deeper wisdom in a quiet submission to the inevitable.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

MARRIED.

On Christmas Day, at St. Thomas' Church, Seaton Village, by the Rev. Professor Boys, M.A., Trinity College, Andrew Leonard Parker, B.A., Classical Master of Collingwood Collegiate Institute, to Maria, eldest daughter of W. H. Dalton, Esq., M.D., of Bartlett Place, Yorkville.