

a want which was severely felt. The circumstances having been communicated to the Canada Sunday School Union, and an appeal sent the very liberal grant has been made of \$25 worth of books, forming the nucleus of four Libraries. A large addition to these will be made from the library of St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, in Kingston, sufficient, with what has been contributed by the Islanders, to place these four interesting schools in a most satisfactory position. The children and teachers feel deeply grateful to the Sunday School Union for the welcome gift. May the seed thus sown be abundantly blessed, and bear much fruit.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Our class was a large one; more than a hundred little souls greeted their teachers each sabbath day with a cheerful smile. The varieties of the species were many,—as many, or nearly so, as the faces. Not two alike; some all gay and frolicsome; some grave; others (as often happens among the poor) prematurely old; little girls more like women, who knew more of housekeeping at six years old than many young ladies do, upon leaving their "finishing school;" some all attention and interest, others all play.

Of the last class were three boys, belonging to one family, and of the respective ages of four, six, and eight years. Bright, healthful boys, full of fun and frolic,—they were as much like children as children should be. Search when you would, you might expect to find among the three playthings enough to stock an old lady in business in the toy line,—so that when the teachers failed to interest them they had always the means of interesting themselves,—in their pockets.

One sabbath morning a message came to the school to say that Willie, the eldest of the trio, was ill, and wanted to see his teacher. He was so ill, indeed, that they did not expect him to live, and each succeeding day he had with increasing earnestness asked for his teacher. How strong is the tie that binds the child's heart to the heart of his teacher! No sooner ill, than the little mind wanders after those who show sympathy and love for it.

None of Willie's family knew where his teacher lived, until at length, late on the Saturday night, some one had directed them where they might know. But it was then too late, so the sabbath morning brought the message, and soon saw us by the bed-side of our little pupil. The room was large and