

What a disappointment! And yet not a bitter one, for she bore it meekly and patiently, and said "I will study." Four years passed away, and the public had nearly forgotten the little prodigy.

One day another voice was wanted in an insignificant part in a choir, which none of the regular singers were willing to take. Craelius suddenly thought of his poor little scholar. Pleased to be useful and oblige her old master, she consented to appear. While practicing her part, to the surprise and joy of both pupil and teacher, the long lost voice suddenly returned with all its grace and richness. What a delightful evening that was! all who remembered the little nightingale received her back with glad welcome.

She was now sixteen. What was her name? Jenny Lind. Jenny now wished to go to Paris and study with the best masters. In order to raise the means, in company with her father, she gave concerts through Norway and Sweden, and when enough had been raised she left home for that great and wicked city; her parents wishing it were otherwise, yet trusting their young and gifted daughter to God and her own sense of right.

Here a new disappointment met her. Presenting herself to Gracia, a distinguished teacher, he said on hearing her sing: "My child, you have no voice; do not sing a note for three months, and then come again."

She neither grumbled at the time nor expense, nor was discouraged or disheartened but quietly went away to study by herself, and at the end of that time came back again to Gracia, whose cheering words now were, "My child, you can begin lessons immediately," and then she became so very, very famous.

Yea, and with those very weary paths of painstaking, waiting and self-denial, without no true excellence can ever be reached.

WHAT CAN A LITTLE GIRL DO.

What can she do? Why, almost anything. She can rock and sing the baby to sleep. She can take her up, carry her about, put her in her little wagon, scold her, pet her, and make a great fuss over her generally. All this she can do. But she can do a great deal more. She can help her mamma and papa ever so much—not exactly by doing the work about the house, cooking the dinner, or washing the clothes, or even sweeping the rooms. Nor can she go to the store and wait on the customers. Her arms wouldn't be long enough to reach the goods, nor would she know how much to ask for them. But still there is something—yes, a great deal—she can do. She can be her mother's darling and her father's pet. When all others are away she stays with her mother. She is the best of company. True, she cannot gossip, nor can she talk about other people, but she can prattle away at her mamma. She can put her arms around her neck, and in her own sweet way tell her how much she loves her. And then, when she hears her papa coming, she can toddle away to meet him—put out her arms for him to take her up and put her on his shoulder, and sitting there as happy as a queen, can sing and talk at a great rate. Now nothing perhaps in this world will so soon drive away weariness and care from a parent's heart as just these things. And so in the house, her presence, her funny ways, her pure love, her constant motion, and her unceasing prattle, are a source of unceasing amusement and delight. We don't believe any other companionship can do so much good. So we say, God bless the little girls, for they are great comforts.

WHY KINGS WORE CROWNS.

"Father," said Charlie, "why did kings wear crowns?"

"To distinguish them from the rest of the world. I suppose," answered his father. "You see, my boy, in old times, when very few people knew how to read, they had to be taught everything in pictures. So the king took care to dress himself in a purple robe, and to put a crown of gold upon his head, that every one might know he was king, and no one else. Thus the crown came to be the sign of royal power; and the first thing a new king did was to secure the crown, and have himself crowned king as soon as possible. Thus the king and his crown have become soured in people's minds, that we often talk of the crown as if it were a person. The Crown, we say, did this, or that, meaning the king or queen did this or that. But there were smaller crowns worn in ancient times, were there not, Tom?"

"Yes, father. In the Greek games, the victors wore crowns of laurel and pine, and even of parsley."

"Those crowns made of green leaves were the crowns to which St. Paul alluded, when he said 'they do it for a corruptible crown' (that is a crown that will fade away in a few days); but ye for an incorruptible.' Thus you see, my boys, a crown may be a sign of power, or a sign of victory. And such will be the heavenly crown. Those who are crowned with it will be kings and priests and victors."

I FORGOT.

Children, the story I am going to tell you is a true one, and I want you to learn from it how wrong it is for you to forget when you have made a promise to any one. How often we hear children say, "Oh, I forgot!" and think it is of no consequence.

One of the coldest days of last winter a gentleman in Baltimore was going home to his dinner. He was all muffled up, and didn't mind the cold wind much; but as he turned a corner he saw a little school girl standing still on the sidewalk, and looking so very cold that he stopped to see if she got safely into the car that was coming. But she didn't get into the car, and so he crossed the street to speak to her. He found that she had been crying, and that the tears had frozen on her little cheeks. Her hands were stretched out stiff, and she took no notice when he spoke to her. He saw in a moment what was the matter; she was freezing to death right in the street.

He picked her up in his arms as tenderly as he could, and ran with her to the nearest drug store. There she was rubbed and rubbed, and they put some medicine between her teeth to warm her blood; but it was a long time before the kind man saw any sign of life, and when he did it was only a shiver and a sigh. When the little eyes opened they looked at him, but closed very quickly again. Would she live to speak, and tell who she was and where she lived?

After a while the eyes opened again, and then, in a low voice, she said: "Where's Allie?"

"There, my dear," said the gentleman, "don't try to talk yet; wait till you feel better."

"But Allie's come, I guess. I got so cold waiting for him. Please let me go to him."

"Not just now, little dear; lie still and I'll try to find Allie; said the gentleman.

So she closed her eyes again, and seemed to sleep, but suddenly she roused and said: "There's Allie, I hear him."

A crowd had gathered round the door, and one little boy, very curious to find out what was the matter, had pushed his way into the store, and when he saw the little girl he cried out:

"That's our Bessie! It's Bessie!" It was this that roused the child, and she could not lie still till they brought him to her.

He looked very much frightened.

"Oh Allie!" said the little girl, as tears came into her eyes. "I waited so long and got so cold!"

"And will you please tell us, sir," said the gentleman, "why you let your little sister wait so long in the cold; it seems to have been your fault?"

"I asked her to wait and carry home my books while I went to see Frank Page's new dog, but I didn't have any books to bring home to-day—and—and—"

"And what? What about your little sister?"

"I forgot her," said the boy, banging his head, and speaking very low.

"Forgot her! while you went to see Frank Page's new dog! and left her there to freeze to death! Supposing we had not been able to bring her back to life, what then?"

"She needn't have waited," said the frightened boy, trying to excuse himself.

"Ah! and then you would have scolded her, no doubt, for not keeping her promise. This is a serious lesson to you, my lad, and I hope you'll remember it as long as you live. Now go get me a carriage, and I will take your little sister home."

The parents were glad, you may be sure, to have their little Bessie home again, alive after such a narrow escape, and I presume they settled the matter with Allie. I hope he will never again be so careless and forgetful.

REPAID IN KIND.

A Christian family were burned out of house and home. Almost everything which they possessed was swept away by the devouring flames. A lady who had no personal acquaintance with them, and resided in a distant city, felt that she might do something to evince her sympathy and render assistance in such an emergency; but various circumstances made it impracticable for her to do so as she would gladly have done. Nevertheless, she could not deny herself the blessing of being a sharer in the sorrows and losses of those she loved. Though she had not money at hand, she had a bountiful supply of wearing apparel and other useful articles, and from her store she promptly made up a generous parcel, and sent it to the relief of the destitute people whose goods had fallen a prey to the flames; studiously concealing her name, so that they had only the Lord to thank for the timely gift.

Time passed, and misfortune and sickness came, and this generous giver found herself in need of the very articles which she had so freely given. It would not be strange if, under such circumstances, a thought of the unwisdom of her generosity should intrude itself into her mind; but she repelled the suggestion, and held fast her trust in the living God. About this time some relatives returning from a journey visited her, and having an abundance of just such articles as she needed, without any suggestions as to her necessities, freely gave her, not money nor cloth, but garments ready-made, of the same kind which she had given away so long before. She had lent to the lord, and the Lord had paid the loan in kind; giving her just what she wanted, and

when she wanted it; so encouraging her to trust in God and "lend, hoping for nothing," looking to the Lord to supply all her needs according to his riches in glory.

In the Cathedral at Lubeck, hangs an ancient tablet, with the inscription: Christ, our Lord, speaks thus to us: Ye call me Master—and enquire not of me.

Light—and look not on me.  
the Way—and follow me not.  
the Life—and desire me not.  
wise—and obey me not.  
beautiful—and love me not.  
rich—and ask naught of me.  
eternal—and seek me not.  
merciful—and trust me not,  
noble—and serve me not.  
Almighty—and honor me not.  
just—and fear me not.  
If I condemn you—blame me not.

Gods presence with a man in his house, though it be but a cottage, makes that house both a castle and a palace.

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