

Children's Department.

SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head;
Could you make it whole by crying
Till eyes and nose were red?
And would n't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 't was dolly's,
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain come pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And would n't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And would n't it be nicer
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy and girl,
The bravest, wisest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come
To do the best you can?

THE BIT OF RIBBON.

A HUGUENOT STORY.

MANY young readers will remember reading in their histories about the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. At that terrible time many families who loved God and His word and their religious liberty better than the things of the world, gave up their estates in their beloved France and fled to different countries, many of them coming to America, where their descendants still live.

In one family which emigrated to Ireland, a son was born while his parents were journeying to Dublin. He grew up and married the daughter of a clergyman, and had three very beautiful little girls; their names were Alice, Rebecca, and Esther Marie. These little girls were very carefully brought up in the knowledge of the Lord and His holy Word, and their father ordered his household according to it and set an example to children and servants of strict obedience to the commandments of God. Now you know that one of the commandments (the eighth) is, "Thou shalt not steal;" and the tenth, "Thou shalt not covet." On the strict keeping of these two commandments hangs my little story, which is quite true.

At the time of which I speak (more than a hundred years ago), there was a great trade in silk manufactures carried on by the French refugees in a part of Dublin still called, as it was then, "the Liberties." Poplin and ribbon were made very beautifully there; and from a specimen I happen to possess of brocaded silk, I know of nothing to compare with it, either in texture or beauty. However, the three little girls, hearing their father and his French friends often speaking of the beautiful ribbon factory, asked him to take them to visit it, that they might see French ribbon-

weavers at work. Their father was pleased to gratify them, and consented. So they were neatly dressed in a way that little girls would now laugh at, in fine stuff slips and round caps; and in high spirit set off with their father to "the Liberties." They were much interested in the beautiful work, and dazzled with the variety of colour and design wrought in the ribbon-loom. As they passed through the workshops they saw some of the men rolling the ribbons for sale, and remarked that from each piece of ribbon a defective piece at the end, called the *faq*, was cut off and thrown on the floor, to be swept out on Saturday evening. Some of these *faq*-ends (as they were called) were longer than others, and very bright and beautiful.

One of the little girls thought what a very pretty bow for the front of her slip one of these cast-off ends would make; and like Achan of old in Joshua vii. 21, who *saw, coveted, took and hid* the Babylonish garment, she picked up a very pretty piece of the ribbon and put it in her pocket, saying nothing to her sisters.

When she came home she cleverly sewed it up into a bow for the bosom of her dress, and appeared with it at dinner that day. Instantly the watchful parents perceived in addition to her dress, which they had not given her, and immediately she was asked where she got it. Fortunately for herself, she told the truth, or else her punishment would have been more severe.

"My child," said her father, "that bit of ribbon is in itself worthless; but—it is not yours, and you have no right to keep it. I am ashamed to have to confess to my friend, Monsieur G—, that a child of mine was capable of taking anything that was not given her, but it must be restored to the right owner at once; so come with me immediately after dinner, and give it back, and ask our friend's pardon for your fault, and we shall all ask God to pardon you, and to keep you from ever again taking anything that is not your own."

Dinner was soon over, and the little girl hoped her father would forget all about going to "the Liberties;" but not so; seeing that she was not preparing to obey him, he said in a voice and manner not to be mistaken, "*Ma fille depechez vous.*" "Make haste, my daughter." And so she had to go, and her father took her by the hand and led her up to the proprietor of the ribbon factory.

"My friend," said he, "I am sorry to have to trouble you again to-day, but I have brought my child to ask your pardon for having picked up this bit of ribbon on the floor to-day, and carried it home to make a knot for her dress."

"But, Monsieur R—," said his friend, "how gladly would I have given Mademoiselle R— and her little sister as many pieces of ribbon as they choose! Pray do allow her to keep this one."

"*Merci! Merci!*" (many thanks) "Monsieur G—," replied the father, "but if this ribbon had been worth a guinea it would have been the same—it was not hers; be so good as to take it from her hand; she is now ready to ask your pardon, and I hope she will never offend God again by taking anything not her own." The little girl had to apologize in her own very good French and with many tears, and the lesson was never forgotten in the family or by their descendants.

WORK FOR CHILDREN.

To learn the following thoroughly, will fix numerous facts in the memory, the possession of which will be valuable all through life:

ORDER OF BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus;

Leviticus and Numbers see.
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges sway the land,
Ruth gleams a sheaf with trembling hand;
Samuel and numerous Kings appear.
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear.
Ezra and Nehemiah, now,
Esther the beautiful mourner show.
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms;
Ecclesiastes then comes on,
And the sweet Song of Solomon.
Isaiah, Jeremiah then
With Lamentations takes his pen;
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's.
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,
And lofty Habakkuk finds room;
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls,
Wrapt Zechariah builds his walls;
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the ancient Testament.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote
the life of their Lord;
The Acts what Apostles accomplished,
record;
Rome, Corinth, Galatia, Ephesus, here
What Philipians, Colossians, Thessa-
lonians revere;
Timothy, Titus, Philemon precede
The epistle which Hebrews most grate-
fully read;
James, Peter, and John, with the short
letter Jude.
The rounds of divine Revelation con-
clude.

JACK WHITE.

THE streets were icy, and the snow was beginning to fall. It was cold, too, and as poor Jack White stood looking in at the window of the toy shop, he thought his feet would freeze. Still, there he stood, looking in eagerly at a little girl warmly dressed in plaid and furs. Her grandpa was buying a doll for her—a beautiful great doll, with long hair and elegant dress.

As Jack stood there, his thoughts wandered back to another little girl—one not at all well dressed, but none the less dear to him for that. She, he knew, was lame and sick at home, and oh—what a treasure would that great open-eyed doll be to her!

"Just about as big," said Jack to himself; and he looked longingly, first at the little girl, and then at the doll which she held in her hand.

"Oh! if I were only rich," thought Jack, "don't I know what would be the first thing I would buy?"

But wishing was in vain, and Jack's feet were very cold. So he took his eyes away regretfully from the little girl and the doll, and was just about to start on a quick run down the icy street to try and make himself warm.

The shop door opened just then, and the little girl and her grandpa came out. She was holding to his arm with one hand, while with the other she held tightly to the doll which had so excited Jack's envy. As she came out from the store with a merry little bound, she caught sight of Jack as he stood by the lighted window just ready to run off.

"O grandpa!" said Jenny, with a gay little laugh, "see, Jack White's out of gaol;" and she pointed directly at the boy, and laughed again.

"Out of gaol," thought Jack, and he was very angry; for he did not know that Jenny saw his shirt sleeve peeping through the elbow of his jacket, and that was what she called "Jack White

out of gaol." Jenny had never seen the boy before. She did not know his name, and had no thought of hurting his feelings. So she tripped along very happily, while Jack, who hardly knew why he did so, followed slowly, keeping himself carefully out of sight.

The next moment she saw her mamma across the street, and loosing her hold of grandpa's hand, ran to meet her; but, slipping upon the ice, she fell almost under the feet of Dr. Gray's fast horse. Jenny gave a little scream, and quick as thought Jack darted out and picked her up, just in time to prevent the horse from running over her. The doctor stopped his carriage to ask whether the little girl had been hurt, but Jack had brought her safely to the sidewalk.

Mrs. Williams was very pale when she came across, for she could scarcely believe that Jenny was not hurt at all. "No, no, mamma! It didn't hurt me, not a bit," she said. "But I was frightened. Wasn't he a kind boy to help me, mamma?"

"Yes, yes," said grandpa. "Where is the boy?" But Jack had turned the corner, and was nowhere to be seen.

"Here's the little rascal!" said a man, catching hold of Jack's collar. He had seen him run and Mr. Williams look around as if to find him. "Here's the rascal, sir. I caught him as he was just turning the corner. What mischief has he been doing now?"

"Mischief, sir!" said Mr. Williams. "I thank you for bringing him back, for he has saved our little girl's life. Here, my boy, what should you like better than anything else in the world? Speak out now, and you shall have it if I can get it for you."

Jack did not answer. His hands wandered nervously up and down his ragged jacket, and his face began to get uncomfortably hot.

"Come," said Mr. Williams kindly, "what would you like better than anything else?"

"Better than anything else, sir?" said Jack. "Why, it's a doll, sir, thank ye."

"A doll, my boy! Surely you can't wish to play with it," responded Mr. Williams.

"O no, sir," answered Jack; "but it's for sister Hetty, sir. She's lame and sick, and oh, if she could only have a doll! Yes, sir; I'd like that better than anything, sir."

"What's your name, my boy?" asked Mr. Williams. "Jack White, sir." But I didn't come out of gaol, sir. It made me mad when she said so, sir," and he pointed his thumb at Jenny. "But I tell you true, I never was in it, sir. She's just about as big as Hetty, and that's what made me forget I was mad when I thought she'd get run over, sir."

"Did you think Jenny meant that, Jack? She did not know your name," said Mr. Williams. Then he explained the saying to Jack, and, taking him into a toy shop, bought him the most beautiful doll he could find, and also a nice box-sled to take little Hetty out to ride.

"And now you must have a new suit, Jack," he said; "and Hetty will need a warm cloak and hood."

So Jack went home with his sled full of packages, and his poor, little lame sister's eyes sparkled with joy when she saw the doll and heard Jack's story of how he had earned it.

No one can be happy without a friend, and no one can know what friends he has until he is unhappy.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES and DEATHS.

Not exceeding Four lines, Twenty-five Cents.

Birth.
FURNIVAL.—On the 23rd June, at 67 Oxford street, the wife of Mr. GEO. MAURICE FURNIVAL, of a son.

Marriage.
HALLEN—MUTTLEBURY.—At All Saints' church, Toronto, on the 29th of June, George St. John Hallen, of Huntsville, Muskoka, son of George Hallen, Esq., Toronto, (and grandson of the Rev. George Hallen, late of Penetanguishene) to C. Amy Rutherford, youngest daughter of the late Rutherford Muttleybury, Esq., Barrister.