

Order. The High Chief Ranger assures me that there is not a single court to his knowledge out of the 500 in Ontario where unity and harmony do not prevail. Not a single court has disbanded, and the new ones organized average over one a week. It may be noted in passing that three brothers of the H. C. R. are Foresters—Rev. M. Macgillivray, of Chalmers' Church, Kingston; Prof. Macgillivray, of Queen's University, and Capt. Macgillivray, of the 48th Highlanders. Bro. Macgillivray is a member of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, the Sons of Scotland and the Independent Order of Good Templars. An ardent temperance advocate, he has contributed with voice and pen to the cause of temperance reform. In 1878 he was married to Miss Alice Glassup, of Kingston, an excellent lady, who has been to her husband a real help-meet in every department of his work, and for this reason, among others, that she is most capable in her own.

Bro. Macgillivray is a Presbyterian, and is as enthusiastic and capable in the work of his church as in the work of Forestry, and brings to bear upon it the same clear administrative faculty. A former fellow Presbyter was once heard to remark that when a tangled question came before the Presbytery he always felt relieved when Macgillivray got on his feet. As to his politics, the writer is not quite sure. On some matters he has been pronounced "a violent Tory," and on others "an extreme Radical." The truth probably lies midway. When D'Alton McCarthy becomes leader of the party that is ready to follow him, the H. C. R. will probably be found among his staunchest supporters. I close with the words of the elder to the well beloved Gaius, "May our chief prosper, and be in health as his soul prospereth." M.

Children's Corner.

The Spider-Web.

Whenever I see
On bush or tree
A great big spider-web,
I say with a shout,
"Little fly, look out!"

That web seems so pretty and white,
But a spider hides there and he's ready to bite."

So if any one here
Drinks cider or beer,
I say to him now
With my very best bow,
"Have a care of that lager or cider;
For there hides a wicked old spider;
And it fills him with joy
To catch man or boy
And weave all about him with terrible might.
The meshes of habit—the rum appetite.

Nat Made a Mistake.

Nat was a venturesome little chap. One day he heard at school that Sam Webb's boat had struck the rocks under the bridge, and was breaking to pieces.

Nat wanted to see it, so on his way home he turned off to the railroad bridge which crossed the little river just where it was full of rocks. It was a rough and dangerous place. Creeping along,

the little boy bent over until his head grew dizzy, and if he hadn't jumped up quickly he would certainly have fallen over. And something else might have happened, too, if he had stayed there two minutes longer, for he had no sooner got off the bridge than a railway train came rushing along that would have crushed him to death in a moment.

But Nat thought he had done a very smart thing. He ran home, and at the dinner table he boasted that he had been down on the railroad bridge and seen Sam Webb's boat among the rocks, and had just time to get off when the Boston express came along.

Father and mother looked at each other, but not a word was said. Nat thought they would praise him, but they did not.

After dinner father took the little boy into his study. He looked so very sober Nat began to feel that something dreadful was coming. Father sat down in his chair, drew the boy up to his side, and put his arm around him.

"Nat," said he, "you thought you were very brave to-day, didn't you? But going into danger when there is no need of it is no mark of courage. It is rash and wicked." Then papa stopped, and Nat began to cry; but he never forgot the words of advice that followed:

"My dear boy, never try how far you can go in a dangerous place; always keep on the safe side."

Love One Another.

It was Saturday night, and two children small
Sat on the stairs in the lighted hall,
Vexed and troubled and sore perplexed,
To learn for Sunday the forgotten text,
Only three words on a gilded card,
But both children declared it hard.

"'Love,' that is easy—it means, why this"—
(A warm embrace and a loving kiss);
"But 'one another,' I don't see who
Is meant by 'another,'—now, May, do you?"

Very grandly she raised her head,
Our thoughtful darling, and slowly said,
As she fondly smiled on her little brother;
"Why, I am only one, and you are another,
And this is the meaning—don't you see?—
That I must love you, and you must love me."

Wise little preacher, could any sage
Interpret better the sacred page?

Neatness in Girls.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort; and not so many colors in them, and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven; and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.