

The Family.

"WHEN SAW WE THINE?"
There shall he answer how he lifted up,
In the cathedral there at Lille, to me,
The same still mouth that drank the Passion cup.

EARLY PRESBYTERIANISM IN TORONTO.

By Hon. Senator Macdonald.
(Concluded from last week.)
The spirit of the St. Andrew's church,
Which Rev. Mr. Leach admired so much,
Would make no great figure, I fear,

ship Kent contained in a folded paper,
written with pencil, but scarcely legible.
The letter itself, taken from the bottle,
thickly encrusted with shells and seaweed,
was returned to its writer when he arrived,
shortly after its discovery, at Barbadoes,
as Lieut. Colonel of the 93rd Highlanders.

draw's; Isaac Buchanan; Mr. Ross,
of Ross & McLeod, afterwards Ross,
Mitchell, Leslie & McClellan; John
Robertson, Isaac Gilmore, and others,
who were the leaders in the wholesale
dry goods trade of that day.

THE LONGEST DAY IN THE YEAR.

I don't know what the almanac man
said about it, but Dan said it was the
longest, and Dan was certainly the one
who understood the matter best.
It began like other days, only there
was a heavy fog, and Dan knew
it was bad weather for haying, and tip
top for fishing.

LESSONS FROM A LITTLE TEACHER.

Helen was almost five years old, and
it was her first year in Sunday school.
Her teacher, Miss Bell, who had never
before failed to be present, was obliged
to be absent from her class for two consecutive
Sundays on account of illness.

over it every day, and it was safe two
hours ago—but father told me not to
return over it—and I think I had better
mind father.
So he jogged along on the side of
the fence where the earth was firm.
The stars shone brightly, and he could
plainly see his way.

What of the services in connection with these churches?

First of St. Andrew's. After the re-
turn of the 93rd Highlanders, the
services were held in the old St. Andrew's,
on Prince Edward Street, in the
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ADVANTAGES OF HUMILITY.

The celebrated Dr. Franklin, of
America, once received a very useful
lesson from the excellent Dr. Cotton
Mather, which he thus related in a let-
ter to the son of Dr. Mather: "The
day I saw your father was in 1744;
my leave he showed me a
piece of paper, which was crossed by
a beam overhead. We were still talking
as I withdrew, he accompanying me
behind, and I turning towards him,
when he said hastily, 'Stoop, stoop.
I did not understand him till I felt my
head hit against the beam. He was a
man who never missed an occasion of
giving instruction, and upon this he said
to me, 'You are young, and have the
world before you; stoop as you go
through it, and you will miss many hard
things.'"

"I THINK I HAD BETTER MIND FATHER."

SCATTERED all over the coal regions
are great holes; made by the sinking
of the earth after the coal has been
taken from the mines. The miners
know when there is danger of a cave-in,
and, if along the public road, some
signal is given to travelers. These
cave-ins generally happen at night,
when few persons are passing, but there
have been cases in which horses and
waggons, and even houses and people,
have been buried by the sudden
sinking down of the road, when it was
thought safe to travel over it.
Let me tell the little folks a true in-
cident of how a boy, not very long ago,
escaped going down with one of those
cave-ins.
A part of the road, between what is
called the Logan Colliery, in Schuylkill
County, Pennsylvania, and a town two
miles distant, had been condemned and
a fence was put up to separate it from
a new road which had to be made.
This new road ran for some distance close
by the old one, and then branched off,
making the distance much longer from
the town to the colliery. But as the
condemned road was the nearest, the
miners, for some months, continued to
go over it, and to find their way.
One evening a miner, living at Logan's
Colliery, sent his son Willie to the town
on an errand.
"Will be after nightfall, boy," said
his father, "before you get home; on no
condition, then, return on the condemned
road."
On his way to the town, it being yet
light, Willie ran quickly over the dan-
gerous pathway; and having done his
errand he started for home. He was
tired, for he had been working all day,
and when he reached the fence which
separated the safe from the unsafe road,
he stopped and, as he afterward told it,
thus reasoned with himself:
"I am tired, and if I take this
short cut, I will soon be home. I
believe I will risk it. But father said,
'Do not on any condition return over it.'
I can't see any danger; the men go

A LITTLE BOYS SERMON.

This must be a sermon, because it
has a text.
"I Keep my Body Under."
Little Bertie Blynn has just finished
his dinner. He was in the cosy kitchen,
keeping still for a few moments,
waiting, according to his mother's
order, to get the table set for tea.
She got it from the family chest,
a good rule it is. Bertie was
in his own rocking chair,
reading the newspaper,
pleasant grate fire.
He had two fine apples,
green. His father
was reading the newspaper,
heard the child say:
"Thank you, little master."
Dropping his paper he said:
"I thought we were alone, Bertie.
Who was here just now?"
"Nobody, papa, only you and I."
"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank
you little master'?"
The child did not answer at first,
but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said:
"I'm afraid you'll laugh at me if I
tell you, papa."
Well you have just laughed and
mayn't I?"
"But I mean you will make fun of me."
"No, I won't make fun of you, but
perhaps I'll have fun with you. That
will help us digest our roast beef."
"I'll tell you about it, papa. I had
eaten my red apple, and wanted to eat
my green one, too. Just then I re-
membered something I learned in
school about eating, and I thought one
big apple was enough. My stomach
will be glad if I don't give it the green
one to grind. It seemed for a minute
just as if it said to me, 'Thank you
little master,' but I know I said it my-
self."
"Bertie, what is it Miss M'Laren
has been teaching about eating?"
She told us to be careful not to give
our stomach too much food to grind. If
we do, she says it will make bad blood
that will run into our brains and make
them dull and stupid, so that we can't
get our lessons well, and, perhaps, give
us headaches, too. If we give our
stomachs just enough work to do, they
will give us pure, living blood that will
make us feel bright and cheerful in
school. Miss M'Laren says that some-
times, when she eats too much of some-
thing that she likes very much, it makes
almost as if her stomach moaned and
complained; but when she denies her-
self and doesn't eat too much, it makes
as if it were thankful and glad."
"That's as good preaching as any
minister's, Bertie. What more did Miss
M'Laren tell you about this matter?"
She taught us a verse on
about keeping the soul on top. It
wasn't just the words, but it's what
meant."
At this papa's paper went sud-
denly right up before his face. When
the minute it dropped down, there was
any laugh on his face as he said:
"Were not these the words: 'I
keep my body under?'"
"O yes! that was it; but it's not
just the same. If I keep my
under, of course my soul is on top."
"Of course, it is my boy.
your soul on top, and you'll be the
the grandest style of men that was
earth."—S. S. Times.

BELIEVERS remain bumble even in their glorification.—Canstien.