

"I believe I will go in here again," said the minister, stopping before a poor little house. "I said yesterday there was no use, but I must do what I can." In the house a sick man was lying; again and again the minister had called, but he wouldn't listen to him; but to night he said, "I have come to tell you a little story." Then he told him about Georgia Willis, about her knives and her little corner, and her "doing what she could," and the sick man wiped the tears from his eyes and said, "I'll find my corner, too; I'll try to shine for Him." And the sick man was Georgia's father. Jesus, looking down at her that day, said, "She hath done what she could," and He gave the blessing.

"I believe I won't go to walk," said Helen, hesitating. "I'll finish that dress of mother's; I suppose I can if I think so."

"Why, child, are you here sewing?" her mother said; "I thought you had gone to walk?"

"No ma'am; this dress seemed to be in my corner, so I thought I would finish it."

"In your corner?" her mother repeated in surprise, and then Helen told about the knives. The door-bell rang, and the mother went thoughtfully to receive her pastor. "I suppose I could give more," she said to herself, as she slowly took out the ten dollars that she had laid aside for missions. "If that poor child in the kitchen is trying to do what she can, I wonder if I am? I'll make it twenty-five."

And Georgia's guardian angel said to another angel, "Georgia Willis gave twenty-five dollars to our dear people in India to day."

"Twenty-five dollars?" said the other angel. "Why, I thought she was poor?"

"Oh, well, she thinks she is, but her Father in heaven isn't, you know. She did what she could and He did the rest."

But Georgia knew nothing about all this, and the next morning she brightened her knives and sang cheerily:

In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine.

You Can Believe

The testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla. They are written by honest people, who have actually found in their own experience that Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, creates an appetite, strengthens the system and absolutely and permanently cures all diseases caused by impure or deficient blood.

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A Paper Shipwreck.

BY HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.

Among Dorothy's Christmas presents last year was a birch-bark canoe, which looked very simple and plain among all the grand dolls and pretty tea-sets and gay picture-books, and Dorothy thought to herself that, even if the Indians did make it, as her Uncle Rob said, it was not really a very interesting present for a little girl to play with.

But one rainy afternoon Dorothy and her friend Kitty sat in the play-house cutting out paper ladies and children from a great pile of fashion-books. This was always fun for them when everything else failed, and they had boxes and boxes and boxes full of these paper people, some in gay-coloured gowns with very stylish bonnets, some in party dress with long trains, and some in neat traveling-dresses with traveling-bags and umbrellas. They were all arranged in packages by themselves, so that when the children were going to have a party or a picnic they knew just which lot of ladies to put their hands on; and as they had been busily cutting for months, I should think there might have been very nearly a thousand in all.

Suddenly Dorothy happened to see the canoe on the shelf, and she jumped up and dropped her scissors in great excitement.

"Let's have a shipwreck, Kitty, out in the bath-tub, and take all the traveling ladies to it. Come!"

"But I don't know what a shipwreck is," said Kitty.

"Doesn't your uncle tell you about such things?" asked Dorothy, rather severely. "You have to have an ocean and a niland and a ship and people, and there comes up a great storm, and the ship tips over, and some of the people swim to the niland, and some of them are drowned, and they die."

"Shall we take the children?" asked Kitty.

Dorothy glanced for a moment at the box of pretty little paper boys and girls looking so sweet and dear, and said, No, they would just take the travelling ladies—about a hundred.

In a few minutes the bath-tub was well filled with water, and mamma's great sponge crowded into a bowl made an island, when they stood the bowl on a scrap-jar. On the island they planted a small flag, and in the canoe they seated a great many of the traveling ladies, who did not seem to mind being crowded, and very obligingly sat three and four deep. Some had parasols and some had umbrellas, and all looked very gay and pleased, without a suspicion of the dreadful fate that awaited them, as the canoe, guided by a string in Dorothy's hand, went sailing around the tub in a way that would have made the dear ladies very

seasick had their digestive organs been made of anything but paper.

"Now we must have a big storm," said Dorothy.

"It takes big waves to make a storm," said Kitty. "How can we make them?"

Dorothy thought a minute, and then went to her mamma's room and asked for four big palm-leaf fans. Then each girl took two fans, and they fanned and fanned, and fanned up quite big waves on the bath-tub ocean. It was great fun. At last, when Dorothy gave the signal, they made one tremendous gale sweep down on the canoe by using the four fans at once, and, sure enough, over went the little ship.

The poor ladies tumbled out, but as they had been bent to sit in the boat, and were dressed in snug tailor costumes, they didn't seem to be able to swim. The little girls fanned them about on the waves and laughed at their distress for a while; then they dragged a few of those that had the prettiest dresses up on the island, where they sat with their parasols under the flag, and looked very stylish in spite of their drenching.

The floating ladies had a hard time of it, for the waves began to blow up again, and they were dashed against the sides of the bath-tub, and some of them clung fast and refused to move their weary bodies.

When I went in to see what they were doing, a dreadful sight met my eyes. Heads and arms and bodies were floating about on the waves, or else stuck up in rows on the shores of the ocean, while the pretty ladies on the sponge island were looking on with their usual smiles.

The children explained to me that one side of the tub was Africa and the other side was Pigeon Cove, and the ladies had drifted to these places, and had their heads and arms taken off by sharks. The canoe was tied up to the hot-water faucet, and that, they said, was Bar Harbour.

"But I am almost sorry," said Dorothy, "that we let Mary Rose May drown: she had such a sweet bonnet!"

Look out for colds at this season. Keep yourself well and strong by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great tonic and blood purifier.

The Pet Lamb.

Poor little lamb: it was born one cold, wintry day in February, when the snow was still lying in patches on the hill-side, and everything looked raw and dull. There the shepherd found it, shivering with the cold. He wrapped it up in his plaid, and brought it to the warm kitchen at the farmhouse, where Molly, the maid, gave it some warm milk, and stroked it gently by the fire, till the poor little thing stretched out its legs, and gave a faint "ba-a."

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The children were delighted, and got their mother to give them a basket, which they filled with clean, warm hay, and where the little lamb soon grew stronger. When it was able to leave the basket, it ran about after the children up and down the kitchen, and was a delightful companion to them.

Then, as the snow went away and the grass began to appear and the weather grew warmer, the lamb ran about out of doors, but it still came to the farm kitchen to sleep. The children tied a coloured ribbon round its neck, and led the lamb about like a pet dog. I think as it grew older it would have liked to be in the fields with the rest of the flock; but the children were so kind, and fed it so well, it never showed any discontent.

At last the sweet summer time came, the days were long and bright, and the hedges and fields were gay with flowers. Then the farmer said the lamb must go with the rest of the flock. It was too big, he said, to be kept indoors any longer.

Poor Sally and Joe cried sadly when their pet was turned out, but they constantly went to see it; and the lamb did not forget them, for it ran to meet them, and played with them gladly, as if grateful for their care in the cold weather.

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

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