

running to and fro in the great quadrangle of the residence. Chicago, while walking the well-curb with gesticulating tail, had lost her balance, and with frightful cries and a splash ended her existence, by unpleasant coincidence, just as we were making our farewells to our kindly host."

"In despair at being unable to return to America with you," said one mourner, "she has thrown herself into the well. It is plainly suicide."

LESSONS IN PURITY.

Let me tell a little story, as it came to me. Said a young mother: "I wanted to foster in my boy a love of purity, inward and outward. He would soon be old enough to enter the public school. Before he went out from me into life among the little company of village children, I wanted to feel that he was armed against the temptations that I knew would beset him."

"He had always rebelled against the necessary bathing and dressing. It was all very well so long as I let him splash the water freely and attempted no interference. But after the twin babies came I was forced to make the matter a serious business and not a play, and the bath was a trial to him and to me as often as it came. As I had the younger ones to bathe and prepare for bed, I had lately allowed him to wash himself as perfectly as he could, only supplementing his work with a little of my own."

"I began to plan so as to give him more of my time. On bath night I allowed him to sit up half an hour later than usual, that the babies might be safely tucked away in bed before his turn came. Then, when his part of the work of purifying was done, I gave him half an hour of my undivided attention. While I 'examined the creases,' to see how faithfully he had bathed, I talked to him about the loveliness of being clean. When the white 'nighty' was on I cuddled and kissed him in a fashion that I had allowed to fall into disuse. It went to my heart to see how ready 'mother's little man' was to enjoy again the privileges of babyhood."

"You love me just as much as you used to before the twinnies came, don't you?" "Will you do it this way every night, mother?" he asked, as he tried to cuddle his long legs up into my lap.

"I will if my boy will want to be clean as much as I want him to be," I said.

"I will! I won't make a fuss at my bath any more, but I'll do it all myself just as nice as I can," he promised with earnestness.

"Will you try to be clean all through, as clean inside as you are now outside?" I asked.

"How, mother?"

"God sees you all through. He looks into your heart to see if that is clean, and He loves to have you perfectly pure. Some boys are not pure. Their talk is unclean and

their doings are unclean. Will my boy keep away from such, and be a clean boy all through?"

"Yes, I will. I want to."

"Then, after to-day, you may put this in your prayer: 'Create in me a clean heart, O God.'"

"This lesson, in varied forms, I repeated as often as the night for the bath came round, impressing and making it palatable with mother-love and caresses. When the day came that my boy must begin his school life, I let him go with the feeling that I had done my best to arm and to lead him to put on 'the armour of God.'"

MUSICAL CHAIRS.

Bernard Lowe was going to school for the first time; he was standing on the steps of the school, and was wondering how many children there were inside; a good many, from the merry sounds of talk and laughter. He looked at his toes.

"Tell the truth, and do not mind if the others laugh at you!" That was what his grandmother had said to him; he had no mother to bring him to school on the first day. The new boy gave a little sigh, pushed open the big door, and went in.

There were a great many children; the old lady must be the teacher, he thought; she was very old—twenty, at least—and she had pink cheeks and brown eyes that laughed.

"And you are the little new boy," she said; "let me help you off with your coat." She came up to him, and then stopped and smiled. "I see," she said. "Of course! You can take it off yourself, all right; can't you?"

Bernard did not feel quite able to speak just then, but he nodded, and she smiled back at him.

He sat at a little table, and watched the other children at their lessons. They stood up in turn, and read little stories aloud; one of the stories was about polar bears: "They are large and fierce, with huge teeth and claws, and live in the far North"—the boy wondered if it was in the far North that he lived. Presently the teacher turned to him, "And can this little boy read?" she said, handing him a book.

"Yes," answered the new pupil; he had seen his grandmother reading ever so many times, and he knew he could do it. He stood up on the platform, as straight as he could, holding the book out in front of him, as the others had done; yes, he knew the kind of thing there was in books. "From Greenland's icy mountains," he began. All the children began to giggle, and Bernard got very red. His teacher smiled at him kindly. "Is that what there is in one of the books at home?" she asked. "It is a little different here. We must have some reading-lessons, dear!" And then she gave him some beautiful blocks that fitted together into a rabbit, to play with.

After a while Miss Hartley rang a little bell, and the children all

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jumped up and began to eat their lunch. Bernard sat at their lunch, but the teacher's big bun, all covered with her basket.

When they had finished said: "And now we will have a game of Musical Chairs day." They all went to the other end of the school where there was a long row of chairs.

"Run round the chairs, and when the music stops, the first one to sit on the chair is the winner." She put a glass of orange upon the edge of the chair and then she sat down and began to play a tune. "Run round the chairs, and when the music stops, the first one to sit on the chair is the winner." She put a glass of orange upon the edge of the chair and then she sat down and began to play a tune.

Round and round and were in full career. Suddenly the music stopped. Bernard could not stop his legs enough, but he managed to get up into the nearest chair. Just as he was about to sit down, a girl in a plaid frock sat on the same chair beside him. The new boy was so little that he squeezed to the edge of the chair. Miss Hartley saw that two children must sit on the same chair, so she went and sat down on the chair. The others joined him, and they all dropped out. They spent in time to the game dwindled to two chairs. Bernard was hurrying, and then he saw around the single chair a girl in the plaid dress alone.

In the next game, something happened; just as Bernard sat down a bigger child sat on the chair beside him. Bernard looked at the orange and saw it was gone.

"Run along!" said Bernard. "I got here first! I don't think I should get a seat this time."

The third game was the same; apparently Bernard was small, some other child sat on the chair beside him. He felt quite awkward. He looked at the teacher, and he felt she saw every room, she always seemed to be looking at the piano.

When it came to the last game, and he had no seat to keep a place, he would sit still this time. The schoolmistress had to sit on the chair to play, so he got up and round with the others to the last game, and

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