

Children's Department.

Grandpa's Glasses.

My grandpa has to wear glasses,
Cause his eyesight is not very strong,
And he calls them his "spees," and he's
worn them
For ever and ever so long.
And when he gets through with his read-
ing
He carefully puts them away,
And that's why I have to help find them
'Bout twenty-five times in a day.

But at night when we sit 'round the table,
And papa and mamma are there,
He reads just as long as he's able,
And then falls asleep in his chair.
And he sits there and sleeps in his glasses,
And you don't know how funny it
seems;
But he says that he just has to wear
them
To see things well in his dreams.

Being Imposed Upon.

"You are so tender-hearted when
it comes to boys, and have so much
charity for them, you get imposed
upon! Now I have no patience with
that boy! And if I had my way about
it, he would never trouble you again!"
The foregoing remark was addressed
to me one evening, after I had bowed
out a lad of fourteen.

Now, readers, I will confess that I
would have given a great deal at that
moment could I have truthfully made
answer:

"He doesn't trouble me! he is one
of my boys; and I like to have him
visit me!" But I was silent! Why?
Because the boy and the call were
both a disappointment to me, but I did
not choose to admit this to others, for
the reason that he was a boy, and I
loved boys in general, and purposed to
stand by them if possible, and give each
lad I came in contact with a chance
to prove himself honourable if honour
was really in him.

Would you like to know more of
this boy Charlie? I dislike to write
of any but good boys, but sometimes
by being shown what we should not

do we are led to discern more plainly
the right course; so of Charlie I will
write.

About a year ago I acted as supply
to a class of boys in a mission Sunday-
school. The first Sunday Charlie was
in his place in the class; but the sec-
ond time of teaching it, I missed him.
An inquiry in regard to him called
forth the following:

"Charlie's awful sick! He took
sick most a week ago, and he come
nigh a dyin' too! I know, teacher,
because me and him's chums."

At the close of the school I said to
that "chum":

"Come, show me the way and we
will call and inquire for Charlie."
We found him in a—to one visitor—
most desolate place. Charlie over-
heard our enquiries in regard to him
and sent for me to go to his side.
He was sadly changed, but he looked
so pleased to see me my heart was
won.

That call led to others. The boy
seemed to greet me with such delight
that it gave me pleasure to visit him.
I did not then suspect that if I went
empty-handed, I should have been
any the less welcome, but knowing as
I do now the selfish make-up of the
boy, I fear that the good things I car-
ried him gave him more happiness
than the little talks we indulged about
the Sunday-school lessons he was
missing, etc.

When Charlie was able to go back
to Sunday-school his class had
passed into other hands, but I felt that
I still had a hold upon him, as he
often came to my home during those
weeks of convalescence. But I am
sorry to say returning health was not
as becoming to him as illness, and
that his visits were only tolerated by
all but one member of our family, and
she grew to rather shrink from his
"Hello! I've come again."

It was not that he forgot to lift his
hat and be the gentleman. He had
not been taught any better, and was
scarcely to blame. I hoped to correct
such faults later on, after I had quite
won his heart, for we do not like to
have our faults pointed out to us by
unloving tongues.

But in spite of them, I still looked
upon him as one of my boys, and al-
lowed him to "impose" upon me by
giving him whatever he hinted for,
until I admit I was not sorry when he
returned to school, and his visits were
less frequent.

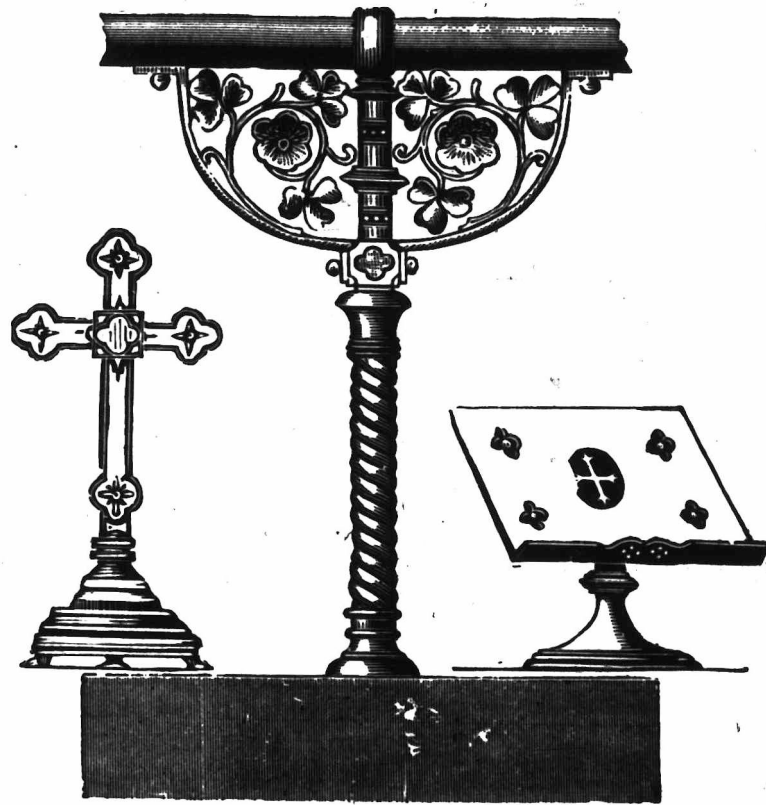
Still, I did not wish them to cease
altogether, but after a time they did.

Five months passed away and we
did not meet, and I began to fear he
had forgotten me, and the good lessons
I had, in His name, tried to teach
him. But one evening upon answer-
ing a "ting-a-ling," there stood Char-
lie. He had grown tall and brown,
but it was he, and had there been
doubts his "Hello, I've come again,"
without so much as lifting his hat,
would have dispelled them. But my
heart gave a glad bound, as I thought:
"It did pay after all to make the most
of my opportunity. He has not for-
gotten, and has come just to see me."

He talked of the good times he had
been having through the summer, fish-
ing, playing ball, etc. But he had not
rattled on many minutes, before I
wished we were alone, for to tell the
truth he indulged in so much slang
I did not feel at all proud of my
visitor.

I began to ask him about his Sun-
day-school when he abruptly said:

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HAMILTON, ONT.

"Say, what you goin' to give me
for my birthday?"

"Your birthday!" was my only
answer.

"Yes," said he, with all the bold-
ness imaginable. "I'm goin' to have
a birthday, and I thought if you knew
it you'd give me a nice present."

Now it is just as natural for me to
like to give as to breathe, but the lad's
bold assurance aroused a contrary
spirit, and made me feel that a present
from me should not be forthcoming.

So I commenced talking of some-
thing foreign to presents and birth-
days, but evidently he had come not
for the sake of seeing me, but to try
and get a present from me, and back
to the subject he went by saying:

"I do hope I'll get lots of presents
my birthday! I want a Bible awful
bad!"

Then my heart gave another glad
bound at the word "Bible," and I at
first thought, "Dear boy, he shall
have a Bible!" Then it occurred, to
me that he had just boasted of earning
"lots of money," so I said:

"Why don't you buy yourself a Bi-
ble? You say you have picked up
money all summer doing odd jobs."

"Ho!" he said, in quite a sneer-
ing tone; "me buy a Bible! Not
much! I'm a savin' my money for a
bicycle!"

"Well, I'm saving my money," I
said coldly, "for boys who cannot buy
for themselves."

"But honest, now, I do want a Bi-
ble awful bad!" he said.

My only reply was: "Good night,"
omitting the usual invitation for him
to come again.

I closed the door upon my visitor

with a heavy heart; then a member
of the family who had long since lost
patience with the boy gave expression
to the words with which my story
opens. I wonder if the sentiment of
the words is echoed by my readers.

Be that as it may, in my heart
there is only regret and disappoint-
ment, as I think of the boy of whom
I have written, and query why it is
that some boys will persist in lower-
ing themselves in the eyes of those
who long to think well of them?

Good News Travels as Fast as Bad.

News spreads quickly, and when a good
thing is sound its merits are soon learned
by every one far or near. This accounts
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too might enjoy this inexpensive comfort.
It might seem impossible that this fabric,
so light in weight and without bulk, should
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when you realize that its merit lies in being
a complete non-conductor of heat or cold,
you understand why a layer of it through
your clothing gives such warmth—it not
only keeps out all cold but keeps in the nat-
ural heat of the body.

John Kitto.

In a small lowly dwelling in the
good town of Plymouth, nearly forty
years ago, sat an aged woman, engaged
in darning a stocking. That she was
not rich, could be seen from her
appearance; that she was ignorant,
might be judged from the coarse, un-
tidy scrawl in her window, which
announced that she sold "milk and
cream."

A poor boy, who happened to be

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