Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bit of an apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled, or his hoop, or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

" If I didn't want it," he would say, "p'r'aps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it." The sled went off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by-and-by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are your sure I shall feel

" Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and as before. He gave away his silver Then he said:

"I don't like this giving things. It ter."

him, and said:

"You might give Johnny my old overcoat. He is littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think -I guess-I know I'm begining to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my sled. I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.

A Member of "Our Merciful Brigade."

Ellen White is a gentle, kind-hearted girl. No cat or dog is allowed to be hungry in the house where she may be, and even the little birds are remembered.

When cold weather comes she carethe front walk; and it is pleasant to see that her little feathered friends recognize her as one who; is well-disposed towards them.

But quite recently an incident occurred that surpassed anything previby the sight of an overturned nest lytook the other five little birds up, replaced them in the nest, and putting her pocket handkerchief underneath it, carried them safely home.

more; and so the work went on.

MINS . WASSES NACON

Ellen carefully tended her little and strong enough to feed themselves. out to the garden, and they tried their wings upon the little grass plat in the

And when at length the happy day arrived that Ellen was quite sure they could fly, it was a great delight to her to carry the nest to the end of the garden and leave it open on the seat and retire, while one by one the little orphan birds stretched their wings, and with a little "chirp!"—which probably meant, "Farewell, kind mistress; many thanks for all your good ness!"-they flew into the hedge hard by, and Ellen never saw them again but she had the comfort of knowing that she had acted kindly towards little helpless creatures that but for her care must have perished.

To-Day

That is John Ruskin's motto, and a grand one it is. If you have a plan, something away, you would feel better carry it out to day: if you have been meaning to do a certain kind act, to write a gentle letter, to make a call thought he did not feel quite so well that will carry comfort, do it to-day. How often the day drifts by, while we piece he meant to spend for taffy. go about our everyday duties in a balf lethargy of benumbed will power. Up, then, to-day, and accomplish somedoesn't agree with me. I don't feel thing! Down goes the temptation, any better. I like being stingy bet- the pampered pet sin-conquered today, just as it was beginning to draw Just then ragged Johnny came up its sluggish coils about us. The winthe street dragging the sled, looking dows of our higher natures fly open, as proud as a prince, and asking all and in pours the sweet, pure air, the boys to take a slide with him. straight from the skies. Let the past Jimmy began to smile as he watched be past; yesterday is dead. It is the bright, living, glorious To-day.

The Bob-o-Link.

"Leaning idly over a fence, we noticed a little four-year-old 'Lord of the creation 'amusing himself in the day-schools in town, went in the coungrass by watching the frolicsome flight try last summer to spend his holidays of birds which were playing round him. at a farm-house—a visit he had long At length a beautiful bob-o-link perchof an apple tree, which extended within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position apparently unconscious of the close proximity of one whom birds usually have made up my mind to go home consider a dangerous neighbour. The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadfully collects the crumbs from the lily for a minute or two, obeying the breakfast-table and scatters them in instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an ace of damage, when lo! ously experienced by Ellen. During his throat swelled, and forth came naher afternoon walk she was attracted ture splea:—'A link—a link—a li-i-n k - bob-o-link — bob-o-link— a-no-weet ing down by the hedge side. Running a-no-weet!—I know it!—I know it! quickly to it, she found six fledglings; a link—a link, a link—don't throw but one, alas! was dead, having been it!—throw it!—throw it!—throw it! killed by the fall. Tenderly Ellen etc.; and he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through, and watch-Much of her time that day, and for ed his unharmed flight, as did the boy, many consecutive days, was spent in with a sorrowful countenance. Anxifeeding her new pets. The little crea- ous to hear an expression of the little tures seemed constantly hungry, and hungry, and whenever she drew near would raise and enquired: 'Why didn't you stone their heads and open their beaks wide- him, my boy? You might have killed

ly, crying for food, which, as soon as him and carried him home.' The poor they got, was rapidly swallowed and little fellow looked up doubtingly, as the hungry beaks were open again for though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression, half shame and half sorrow, he replied, 'Couldn't; cos waifs and strays until they grew old he sung so! Who will say that our Dyspepsia nature is wholly depraved after that, Then day by day they were brought or aver that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast? Melody awakened humanity and humanity mercy. The angels who sang at the creation whispered to the child's heart. The bird was saved, and God was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys, don't stone the birds."

Noontide Refreshment.

Sheep, they say, as a rule do not drink much; the cool, fresh dew on the grass is enough liquid for them. aided by an occasional shower that leaves all the blades of grass dripping with moisture. But when the hot, dry weather comes, and but little dew falls, or it is rapidly dried by the fierce sun, then the sheep grow thirsty, and the shepherd has to lead them to some brook or river, where they can get the refreshment of a good draught of fresh water. How eagerly the poor thirsty creatures step into the clear stream, while the shepherd sits on a grassy bank and carefully watches his flock.

Does this not remind you of the sweetest Psalm in the whole Book? "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters." He knows just what His flocks needs; and if you are His own little lamb, He will lead you safely every step of the way, giving you just what refreshment and comfort you need. And not only here, but in the Glory-land will He do the same; for "the Lamb which is in the midst of the Throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Bravo!

A boy who attends one of our Sunlooked forward to with great pleasure. ed himself upon the drooping bough He went out to help the men gather in the harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer.

The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man, "Well, I to-morrow."

The swearer, who had taken a great liking to him, said, "I thought you were going to stay all the rest of the summer."

"I was," said the boy, "but I can't stay where anybody swears so; one of us must go, so I will leave."

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FRANK WOOTTEN. TORONTO, CANADA.

The man felt the rebuke, and said, 'If you will stay, I won't swear "; and he kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right; throw your influence on the side of Christ, and you will sow seed, the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and in that which is to come.

In the Fields.

Come, Frank and Rob and Baby, it is such a fine morning that Fanny shall take you all out for a walk in the fields.

Here is a big stone for Baby to stand on while you have a run.

Here is Sport, and the kittens, too. They all like to go out with Baby The kittens are not afraid of Sport, for he is quite fond of them. He will bark at them in play, but he will not bite them.

The boys are playing tag, and have. ing a fine time on the grass.

Look out, Frank; if you run so fast you will fall down and hurt yourself, as Rob did the other day.

Wheat Wheat Barley ()ats .. Peas Нау. Straw

Rye Dress Beef. Beef. Mutte Beef, Beef, Lamb

Butte Butte Butte Eggs Chiel Turk

Appl Celei Carr Pars Lett