

"Well, she ain't got none now, Dan repeated; but maybe she's got all she wants, to do place where she's gone."

The gates began slowly to rise, and there was a movement among the waiting assemblage. Helen thought quickly. She had spent almost the last cent of her allowance for the roses, and could not ask for more, even if there were time to drive back to the city again. The children turned to go, and the horse started toward the tracks. Suddenly Helen stopped him, and called in a quick, clear voice:

"Here Dan! Dan, come here, please!"

"'News' er 'Press,' Miss?" the boy asked, pulling a paper from the bundle beneath his arm; but Helen shook her head, and held out to the ragged newsboy her cherished paper of roses.

"Take these to Jinny, please," she said; and before the astonished lad could reply, or even realize what had happened, Helen's carriage was lost among the others on the crowded street.

In a bare room of shabby tenement next day, a plain little pine coffin lay on a table; and a frail, sobbing woman, clad in frayed and rusty black, bent above it; but amid all her weeping, one comforting thought seemed to make her grief less keen. For the top of the small coffin was overspread with beautiful fragrant roses, and the pathetic, little, pale hands folded so peacefully on the quiet breast, held in a tender clasp a handful of the same delicate blossoms. Little Jinny had the flowers she had loved and longed for at last.

But at the commencement exercises the night before, many whispered comments had passed among the girls when Helen Mowbray, the doctor's daughter, had appeared on the platform with but three insignificant yellow daffodils pinned to her gown.

"She might have bought some decent flowers this one time," one girl remarked, looking down complacently at her own beautiful "shower bouquet." "It spoils the effect of all the others."

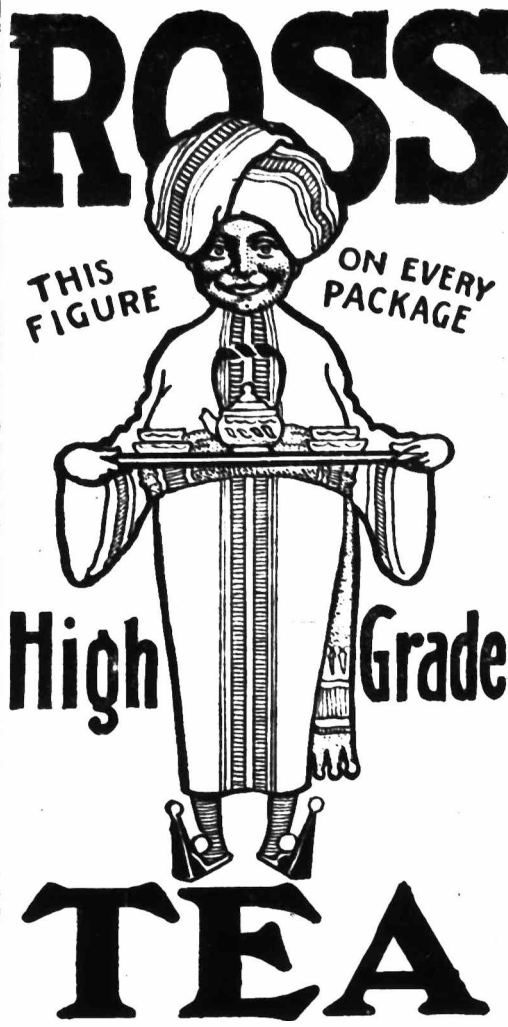
But in the eyes of One who knew all, those golden daffodils were more precious than the choicest of earth's blossoms; and in Helen's happy heart sounded the echo of His dear words:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto Me."

BOYS AND MOTHERS.

Sometimes boys think mothers are in the way; that they would have more liberty if it were not for their mothers. Mothers have such searching eyes, eyes that seem to look right into the heart, especially if there is any thing hiding there that mothers should know about; and this is troublesome. If boys would only understand that it is love that makes the mother's eyes so keen, her voice so anxious, her questions so searching; love that knows all the temptations that may come to a boy, and the trouble if there is no wise confidant about! It is not the anxiety of a Paul Pry, but the loving guardianship of a mother. A wise man said, "God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers." God may seem far off to us some-

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times, but there is mother near, who will lead us back. The wisest and best men have honored their mothers. Few men who have accomplished a special work in the world do not give credit to their mothers for the help and inspiration that made their work possible. In giving this credit to their mothers they have honored themselves, for it proves that as boys they honored her instructions, were guided by her advice, and made a confidante of her in their hopes and desires. When the late President Garfield was inaugurated, the first person he saluted was his mother, showing plainly the place she held in his heart, his life.

The world honours and respects the man who honours and respects his mother. The neglect of a mother stamps a man or boy as heartless, ungrateful, if not cruel. The truly great men have never forgotten those to whom they were most deeply indebted. Many letters have been written about mothers, but few that show the sorrow that comes if the full measure of a mother's love has received no return until too late to make it. The poet Gray, in 1765, wrote the following letter to a friend:

"It is long since I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness and the same letter informed me she was recovered. Otherwise I had then wrote to you only to beg you would take care of her and inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother. You may think this obvious and (what you call) a trite observation. * * * You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late.

It was thirteen years ago, and it seems but as yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart."

Mothers cannot force boys to see their worth. Just stop and think what your life would be without your mother. Then remember to give in return love, courtesy, and obedience. If you treat your mother in such a way that you show your love and respect for her, you will acquire the habit of treating every woman courteously, and earn the title of gentleman.

WOLFGANG MOZART'S PRAYER.

Many years ago, in the town of Salsburg, Austria, two little children lived in a cot, surrounded by vines, near a pleasant river. They both loved music, and when only six years of age Frederica could play well on a harpichord; but from her little brother such strains of melody would resound through the humble cottage as were never before heard from so young a child. Their father was a teacher of music, and his own children were his best pupils.

There came times so hard that these children had scarcely enough to eat, but they loved each other, and were happy in the simple enjoyments that fell to their lot.

One pleasant day they said, "let us take a walk in the woods. How sweetly the birds sing, and the sound of the river as it flows is like music."

So they went. As they were sitting in the shadow of a tree the boy said, thoughtfully.

"Sister, what a beautiful place this would be to pray."

Frederica asked wonderingly, "What shall we pray for?"

"Why, for papa and mamma," said her brother. "You see how sad they look. Poor mamma hardly ever smiles now, and I know it must be because she has not always bread enough for us. Let us pray to God to help us."

"Yes," said Frederica, "we will."

So these two sweet children knelt down and prayed, asking the Heavenly Father to bless their parents, and make them a help to them.

"But how can we help papa and mamma?" asked Frederica.

"Why, don't you know?" replied Wolfgang. "My soul is full of music, and by and by I shall play before great people, and they will give me plenty of money, and I will give it to our dear parents, and we'll live in a fine house and be happy."

At this a loud laugh astonished the boy, who did not know that any one was near them. Turning he saw a gentleman who had just come from the woods. He made inquiries, which the little girl answered, telling him:

"Wolfgang means to be a great musician; he thinks that he can earn money, so that we shall no longer be poor."

"He may do that when he has learned to play well enough," replied the stranger.

Frederica answered: "He is only six years old, but play beautifully, and can compose pieces."

"That cannot be," replied the gentleman.

"Come to see us," said the boy, "and I will play for you."



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Public Notice is hereby given that pursuant to authority of Orders in Council, the Red and White Pine Timber in the following townships in the District of Algoma, namely:—The townships of Graham (part), Hart, Cartier, Levack, Jarvis, Anderson, Chesley, Gilmor, Whitman, Curtis and Kupperford (part), and certain areas between the Pigeon River and the Arrow River waters in the District of Thunder Bay, will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Parliament Buildings, in the City of Toronto, on Tuesday, the seventeenth day of September next, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon. At the same time and place certain forfeited and abandoned Berths in the Townships of Digby, Sherborne and Lutterworth, in the District of Haliburton and County of Victoria, will be offered for sale, the purchasers of these latter Berths to have the right to cut all kinds of timber.

Sheets containing terms and conditions of sale and information as to Areas and Lots and Concessions comprised in each Berth will be furnished on application, either personal or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, or the Crown Timber Agencies at Ottawa, Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur.

E. J. DAVIS, Commissioner Crown Lands, Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, June 1, 1901.

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