

elders, but he is not to be blamed for it, and he should be given a chance to indulge the propensity. It will not last, any more than his wild pie days do.

There are traits of character, such as irritability or impatience, which no amount of commands can cure.

"Stop fretting, this instant!" says the mother. The fretfulness may be changed to anger, but the fault is not bettered. It takes years of patient and loving training to transform an irritable child into a serene and cheerful one, or to teach an impulsive, ardent temperament the grace of patience.

In some homes there are far too many orders given. Often a request would answer every purpose, and where commands must need be, they should always be given in the gentle spirit of Him who said, "Ye love Me, keep My Commandments." For he knew that where love is, to obey is the sweetest thing in the work.

LITTLE MAUDIE.

"Take some tea, Mrs. Woodhams, do; you need it to keep you up."

"Poor dear! She do need something after losing that blessed little angel."

"Such a shock as it was, too. Gone in a moment, as you might say. Here, Johnny, Johnny, boy, come and have a nice slice of cake."

Johnny Woodhams shook his head, and drew still further back into the corner where he was trying to hide himself. They meant well, these kindly, fussy neighbours in their best black, who had been to the funeral and cried bitterly all the time, and were now crowding up the little parlor and preparing to comfort themselves and the Woodhams' with a good tea. But Johnny had not been able to cry a single tear since they carried the little coffin out of the house, and he felt that the baby he had loved and nursed so tenderly was gone never to return. He felt as if he could never touch tea again; the sight of it made him look for the high chair where baby had been used to sit, and ask for "cokies," and his little heart ached as if it would burst.

"He's an unfeeling sort of boy; he has never shed a tear all day," said Mrs. White, in a loud voice, aside to Mrs. Bennett.

"No, no, he aint unfeeling; he was that fond of her," said kind Mrs. Bennett. "But you shouldn't fret so, my boy; 'tain't right, you know, when your sister is gone to be a blessed little angel in heaven. You should think of that."

But Johnny didn't want a little sister in heaven; he wanted a little sister on earth, to carry out into the street and put down to toddle by his side and call him "Donny" in her clear little voice. He turned aside from all the well-meant consolation, and looked out of the window with dull, staring eyes.

"There goes Mrs. Foster; she's going to see that poor afflicted

Harriet Jones. Real good she is to that girl," said Mrs. Bennett.

"She is an unfeeling one if you like," said Mrs. White. "Lost her own baby a year ago, and never wore a mite of black for it, not a mite," she repeated unexpressively.

"Mrs. White, you don't say so!" said Mrs. Bennett, in amazement.

"She didn't then," said Mrs. White. "She said she didn't hold with wearing black for little innocents like them," she said. Grey she wore, and nothing else; and Miss Ruby she wore white."

Now he heard the name, Johnny recognized the pretty, graceful figure in grey, who was walking swiftly on the other side of the way. He went every morning before school to clean boots and knives at a house in a fashionable street near by, and Mrs. Foster lived next door. He had often seen her go by at 8 o'clock in the morning, and wondered where she went, till one of the maids said, with a superior smile at his ignorance, "Why to church, of course." Since that he had thought she must be very good to get up and go to church on a cold winter morning, when she might have been warm in bed.

He knew little Miss Ruby by sight, too. He had seen her run out on the doorstep on fine summer mornings with her little dog, Scamp. And he remembered very well now that, having been wanted for some extra job one day, he had gone back to the house after school just in time to see a funeral start from next door. But such a different funeral from the one he had been to to-day. There had been a little white coffin, and white horses to the carriages, and beautiful white flowers, and Miss Ruby in a white dress and hat. Even then it had struck him as being the least dismal funeral he had ever seen, and to-day he knew why—because there had been nothing black and gloomy about it, but everything white and pure as the little baby they were carrying reverently to lay in the churchyard.

Johnny glanced round at the roomful of black behind him, and then fled into the open air. How he wished his mother had not worn a mite of black! It seemed to put baby so far off; she had always been shy of people dressed in black.

"Mother," said little Ruby Foster, a few days after, "do look at that poor little boy. Is he hurt, do you think?"

It was a lovely June evening, and Ruby had been with her mother to lay white flowers on the green grass that covered little Marjory in her sweet resting-place. The churchyard was cool and shady with great lime trees, and sweet with the scent of their flowers, a pleasant place to linger in after the toil of day was over, and to think of the time when the toil of life should be over too.

In a quiet corner Ruby's quick eyes had seen poor little Johnny stretched on a tiny mound of turf, and sobbing as if his heart would break.

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"I think he is in poor boy," said gently. "I will see if I can comfort

"Oh, mother, I is," whispered Ruby near across the gate Johnny, who cleans door. He brought of their area once, he is such a nice little lost his little sister.

"Poor boy!" said sympathetically, ar down and touched "Johnny, why are my boy?" she asked

Johnny got up a cap to the lady, but rolling down his fa

"Oh, please, I do so!" he sobbed. "take her out, and s of me. She loved anybody in the wo

"And she loves Mrs. Foster, taking ly. "You must ne here, Johnny. T little body gone baby is in a far hat than her home."

"I know she has angel in heaven, what I can't bear, ny. "She always c my arms so, and I to have wings so her, and she's too harp and a gold c lenely and frighten without me. I kno want her to take c

"But, Johnny," s very softly, for sh by the boy's love are making a no boy. Baby is no she is not in heav

Johnny was so that he stopped c ment. "But everyone gasped out. "The Bible do Johnny. The Bib' we shall be angel and angels are qu not be afraid, you have wings. Was Johnny?"

"Yes; her nan Maud. I had m Maudie when sh Johnny, his tears.

"Then your litt of Christ's own li baby is," said M the sweetest smil seen. "She is no shall none of us the Judgment D good enough for die. Bue she is paradise, where's happy, and where her brother con Such a happy pl of babies and litt

STAMME

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