

Christian Arithmetic.

Some one has compiled the following rules for Christian Arithmetic from God's Word. The best part of these rules is that we can begin with them when very young, and will never grow too old for them:

Notation—"I will put my laws into their minds, and write them in their hearts."

Numeration—"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Addition—"Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, love."

Subtraction—"Let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light."

Multiplication—"Mercy unto you, and peace, and love be multiplied."

Division—"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Go at it the Right Way, Boys.

We were talking in the Sunday school class about the morning's sermon, and one of the boys said that he didn't understand it, that he hardly ever did, and he wondered if going to church did him any good. It had not been a sermon too difficult for him if he had really been listening and looking for something to help him, so we wondered if Saturday's football game, and the plans he and the other boys had for Monday, or his Latin and algebra lessons, were not the things he was really thinking about during the service, so that he only caught a few words or sentences here and there. How could he expect to be interested if that was the way he listened?

Is it so with all of us. We are apt to carry the week-day thoughts into God's house, and then they shut out the higher thoughts as a shade drawn down before a window shuts out the sunlight and the blue sky and the woods and fields. It is not right. If we are to come into God's presence, and feel the touch of His Spirit, we must come with reverent hearts and minds emptied of trifles. 'The Lord is in His holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before Him'—the silence of reverent and teachable hearts.

You will find, boys and girls, that if you carry the right spirit with you, you will discover something for you in every service. It is a strange thing, but if you will notice it, you will often find that if anything has been puzzling you, or any special temptation has come to you, you will, in the services of Sunday, or in something

you read, find that very subject touched on, and get a light that will make it clear. So there will always be something in the Sunday service, or the prayer meeting, or the Sunday school that will seem specially meant for you, if you look for it. Here are some—

Ways to make Church Helpful.

1. To come with a heart made ready for God's thoughts.
2. To sing the hymns as if they were my own prayer or song of praise.
3. To make the words of the prayer my own, and speak them in my heart to God.
4. To listen to the Scripture reading as God's special message to me.
5. To follow the sermon closely, looking for instruction.

—'Child's Companion'

The Carpenter Bird.

There is a cunning carpenter who's busy in our tree;
He's making him a house to hold his tiny family,
And finishing it up for them all tidy and all trim.
Hark! Don't you hear his hammer on the old dead limb?
He must be much in earnest, for he works with such a will;
I doubt if any carpenter can show a greater skill.
Or tell with blither cheer until the day grows dim,
With the 'tap, tap,' of his hammer on the old dead limb.
Oh, can you not imagine how his heart with pride will stir
When he gives a building lesson to each little carpenter?
I know it is this thought that seems to bubble and to brim
When'er I hear his hammer on the old dead limb.

—'Exchange.'

Scary Girls.

How some girls do like to make a fuss about being scared! They are frightened at this and at that! They are terrified into helplessness at sight of a mouse. Now, girls, a mouse is shy and won't take refuge in your clothes unless you frighten him out of his wits and cut off his retreat in all other directions. He'd much rather be in his own home than in your presence, though that is not complimentary to you. Just be sensible, look at him, see how pretty he is. Rats are bigger, but see how quickly you can make one scamper for dear life. Bees and wasps won't hurt you, if you do not hurt them; nor bats, nor snakes, nor beetles, nor bugs. The only time to fear a cow is when she has a young calf. At other times the old cow herself would laugh if she could know that you are afraid of her stupid self.

It is often true that the very girl who will startle the whole household at sight of a trembling little mouse, is quite apt to think it nothing but fun to ride behind a half-broken horse.

She will almost lose her mind at sight of a buzzing bee and recklessly cross a street in front of a buzzing trolley car. A snake, oh, dear! How she will run to get away from it! But she is not a bit afraid to caress a cat or dog that has been prowling around in refuse heaps and gathering all manner of germs.

Try not to cultivate the habit of panic by going into a state of fear over things that cannot hurt you. If you let yourself be ready to be frightened at every new sight or experience you lose the best of the new. If you imagine things in order to be scared, you make fear your master.

Find out what to be afraid of; know the difference between a foolish scare and caution. Then try to be brave and cool when danger comes. That is to be truly heroic, and heroism is very becoming to any girl, much more so than panic or hysterics.—'Wellspring.'

Misused Sundays.

Dean Paget says, 'Sunday is our best, if not our only, hope of self-preservation.' It is very easy to misuse Sunday; most people do. Some people treat it as if it was just like the other six days of the week. Perhaps they go to church once or twice, but they never try to turn their thoughts off the usual worries and anxieties of daily life, and so, poor things, they never get refreshed and strengthened to begin another week.

Some, who are fond of calling it the Day of Rest, lie in bed till noon, and do absolutely nothing when they get up. They then wonder why they do not like going back to work on Monday morning. Truly a wasted Sunday is a sad loss.

And there are those who think they will enjoy themselves by tearing about all day, never resting, never thinking. The demands of pleasure grow quickly if we never resist them. Sunday is our one hope of preservation from the wear and tear and worldliness of the world. Few seem to know that in misusing Sunday they are defrauding themselves, fatally injuring their own characters, missing every week an opportunity of moving nearer to God.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Digging for Apples.

A man was laboriously digging in the earth. He had already made a hole in which half the length of his leg disappeared, and was making it still deeper. Children were playing near by. Made curious, they approached the man at work, and asked, 'What are you digging for?'

'Apples,' answered he.

Unanimously the youthful flock burst into Homeric laughter. 'He is digging for apples! What a joke. . . . Apples in the ground. He must be thinking of potatoes! . . . But apples—it is too funny! . . . Ha, ha, ha!'

'Can't you see that he is laughing at us?' said one of the more shrewd among the company. 'Let us go along and leave him to his apples.'

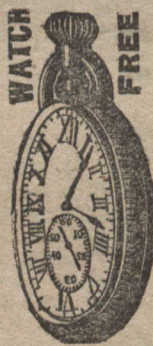
'Laughing a you?' answered the man. 'Indeed not, children. What I tell you is positive fact. There is neither joke in it nor nonsense. I am digging this hole in order to have apples, and, if you will wait a moment, you will understand.'

After taking out a few more spadeful of earth, the man thought the hole sufficiently deep, dumped into it a basketful of rich soil, went off, and returned, bringing a little sapling which he carefully planted beneath the attentive eyes of the children.

The operation complete, he said to them: 'You see, I told you the truth. In two or three years from now this young apple tree will blossom. The following autumn it will bear fruit. You shall come and taste the apples with me.'

If you would one day see golden, juicy fruit swinging above your head, you must begin by digging a hole in the ground.—'Christian Age.'

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