

sisterhood. The work went on as she had begun it. The particular usefulness of the blind sisters is better understood when one remembers that they are so trained that they can do many things as well as if they could see, and are quicker in their perceptions than most people who have their sight, and yet they know all the feelings and wants of the little blind children, and know from their own experience just how to teach them in the best way. Everything about their house and dress is as clean and neat as possible, they are so sensitive to dirt or dust.

The girls are taught to knit and read, and they have a printing press and print books and papers for the blind. A blind woman can read a book with one hand, and with the other make a copy of what she is reading! Is not that wonderful? Such work must make most of us ashamed of the little we do for God in the world.

By prayer and earnest effort, and dependence on God, a weak woman or girl may do much for Him. But she must be ready to put self aside—to give up the hour of pleasure, or the new ribbon, or the bon bon—yes, more than this—her life and her heart to God who has showered all blessings on her. Then He will fill her heart with His love, which like sunshine, will stream forth on all around, making itself felt in deeds of mercy and devotion.—*The Churchman.*

A SUCCESSFUL RESULT.—Sirs, I was troubled for five years with Liver Complaint. I used a great deal of doctors' medicine, which did me no good. I was getting worse all the while until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. After taking four bottles I am now well. I can also recommend it for dyspepsia. Miss Hattie L. Swick, St. Williams P. O., Ont.

HE WAS ONLY A DOG.

He was a brindle cur, and had nothing about him to excite admiration. But as he stood under the "L" station at Fifty-ninth street and the Third avenue his loneliness and entire misery drew a sympathetic glance now and then from a passer-by. He did not appear to be a city dog; he seemed too shy and ignorant of city ways for that, and he looked anxiously in the face of each new-comer, as if seeking a friend. But none came. He tried to get on a surface car, but the conductor yelled and a passenger kicked at him; so he sneaked into the lee of one of the iron posts, and shivered more miserably than before. Two little girls came along, and stopped a moment to speak to the "poor doggie," who attempted a little wag of the tail in response. Then they patted him and spoke kindly to him, and so cheer the poor wail that he whisked about them and whined for joy. A heavy, lumbering brewery wagon bore down on them. With the rattle overhead and the babel of noise about them the two little tots did not heed the rapidly nearing danger, nor hear the shout that went out to them from the sidewalk. But the homeless dog did. Springing between the children and the advancing horses he barked, his shrill treble rising high above the clamor of the street. It was all done in a moment. The wagon rolled on; the children, spell bound with fear, stood still; the dog, in a last desper-

ate effort to repay the kindness shown him, hurled himself at the advancing horses. One child is brushed aside and the other clutched by a friendly hand as the horses swerve at the dog's attack. The brewery wagon went on its way, rocking and swaying, and two tear-dimmed little faces peered out from the sidewalk at a little heap on the stones of the street. Their defender had given his life in grateful remembrance of their kindness. He was only a dog; he knew no better.

THE OBEDIENT BOY.

I read a very pretty story the other day about a little boy who was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good ways out in the pond, and the big boy said:—"Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in after her every time."

"I daren't," said Jim. "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me I musn't dare to."

"Who's she?"

"My mother," replied Jim; rather softly.

"Your mother! Why I thought she was dead," said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail our boats, and she never let us come unless we had strings enough to haul in with. I ain't afraid, you know I'm not; only she didn't want me to, and I can't do it."

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead?

A GOOD COUNTENANCE.—Boils, Pimples, Blotches, and Skin Humors disfigure the countenance. Purify the Blood by using Burdock Blood Bitters to remove the impure matter which loads it, and the result will be a clear skin, good complexion and perfect health.

DON'T MEEDLE WITH GOD'S PLANS.

Many men wreck their lives by determinedly carrying out their own plans without reference to the plans of God. In an army, every part every brigade and regiment must wait the commander's orders. If any battalion moves independently though ever so heroically, it not only confuses the whole plan of battle, but brings disaster to itself as well, in the end. So each individual all must always wait for God's commands to move. Keep your eyes on the pillar of cloud and fire that leads. Rest when the pillar be- hind, but be sure you never run ahead. You can make the clock strike before the hour by putting your own hands to it, but it will strike wrong. You can hurry the unfolding of God's providence, but you will only mar the divine plan, unless you wait for him.

You can tear the rose-bud open before the time it would naturally open, but you destroy the beauty of the roses. So we spoil many a gift or blessing which God is preparing for use by our own eager haste. He would weave all our lives into patterns of loveliness. He has a perfect plan for each. It is only when we refuse to work according to his plan that we mar the web. Stop meddling with the threads of your life as they come from the Lord's hands.

Every time you interfere you make a flaw. Keep your hands off, and let God weave as he please.

LITTLE FOXES

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox, named *By and-by*.
Then set upon him quick I say,
The swift young hunter, *Right away*.

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox *I can't*

Then, fast as ever, hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave *I can*.

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low and drive him high
With this good hunter named *I'll try*.

Among the vines in my small lot,
Creeps in the young fox, *I forgot*.

Then hunt him out and to his den
With—I will not forget—again.

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named *I don't care*.

Then let *I'm sorry*, hunter true,
Chase him afar from vines and you.

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.

"What a noisy world this is?"
croaked an old frog, as he squatted
on the margin of the pool.

"Do you hear those geese, how they
scream and hiss? What do they do
that for?"

"Oh, just to amuse themselves,"
answered a little field mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owls
hooting; what is that for?"

"It's for music they like the best,"
said the mouse.

"And those grasshoppers can't go
home without grinding and chirping;
why do they do that?"

"Oh, they're so happy they can't
help it," said the mouse.

"You find excuses for all; I believe
you don't understand music, so you
like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with
you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly
admire any of them; but they are all
sweet to my ears compared with the
constant croaking of a frog."

THE BAD BOY.

Turn a boy out of Sunday-school be-
cause he is bad? It is the bad boys
that should be most welcome. Christ
came to save sinners, not the
righteous.

But, for that matter, most boys are
bad enough—only each has his own
way. It is with the boys as with the
men: "Some men's sins are open be-
forehand, going before unto judgment,
and some men they follow after." It
is not the best boy who can slyly cover
up his tracks and gaze into your eyes
with a look of injured innocence. It was
the wrong boy that was persistently
blamed for throwing that rousing spit-
ball against the blackboard while the
teacher was putting in his best work.
It would have been better work, how-
ever, if he had not blamed and expelled
the wrong boy.

It would be a bad day for most teach-
ers if they were turned out of school,
or out of church, or out of heaven, be-
cause of their badness. A pretty clean
sweep that would make of some pretty
respectably appearing old boys. Do
as you would be done by. Do the best
you can with the bad boys, who, at
heart, deep down, in reality, may not
be much worse than you.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity
strength and wholesomeness. More economical
than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in
competition with the multitude of low test, short
weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only
in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall St.
N. Y.

WRIGHT & Co.,



Art Wood Workers

MANTLE, INTERIOR DECORATIONS,

Ecclesiastical Furniture

Designs and Estimates Supplied.
62 & 64 HIGH STREET, TORONTO.
J. & F. WRIGHT JNO. SYCAMORE.

FOUR YEARS OF SUFFERING.—Mrs. Tor-
rance McNish, of Smith's Falls Ont.,
after four years' intense suffering with
scrofula, from which her head became
bad, was cured by Burdock Bitters,
after the best medical aid had failed.