

## The Bishop's Lesson.

(By the late Mary Bradley, in the 'Sunday School Times'.)

There was of old a noble dame  
To whom a reverend Bishop came,  
Seeking to prove a certain thing  
Whereat had been much marvelling.  
He found her fair to look upon,  
Clad in bright raiment like the sun;  
And happy children round her played,  
Their mirth unchecked by any fear,  
While silver-sounding music made  
Her palace echo with sweet cheer;  
But naught that to his pious mind  
Showed holy living could he find.

So, much perplexed, he questioned her  
What means of grace she did prefer;  
And was it fasting unto prayer,  
Or did she use the shirt of hair,  
And spend the night upon her knees  
In tears and doleful penances?  
'Nay,' answered she, her lovely eyes  
Uplifted in a meek surprise;  
'Nay, Father! surely these things be  
For the great saints,—not such as me.  
And, sooth to say, we spend our days  
In none but sweet and joyful ways.'

'But yet some virtue unconfest,'  
Quoth he, 'must dwell within thy breast,  
Else why this miracle? Men say  
That, whether fair or foul the day,  
Always the sun sheds golden light  
Above thine housetop. And by night,  
Though murk elsewhere the shadows be,  
Still shines a mellow moon for thee.'

'Yea, Father,' softly she replied,  
'The wonder cannot be denied;  
But we,—since sun and moon fulfil,  
As all things must, our Lord his will,—  
We dwell therein with glad content,  
And do not ask why light is sent.'

The Bishop pondered, wondering  
Why God should do so great a thing  
For saintliness that after all,  
By her own showing, was so small;  
Then suddenly he turned him round  
Another question to propound:  
'Dame, dost thou love the Lord?' asked he,  
And she made answer joyfully:  
'Yea, from my heart. By day and night,  
To love him is my chief delight.'

At which the good man bent his head,  
With sudden shame discomfited;  
The robe of his self-righteousness  
That once had seemed so fair a dress,  
A thing 'of shreds and patches' grew,  
Seen from another point of view,  
And 'God be thanked,' with humble mind  
He said at last, 'that I was blind,  
But now I see.' And on his way  
He went rejoicing from that day,  
This lesson learned: In perfect peace  
God keeps the heart that loves him well;  
Its joy shall evermore increase,  
And in his sunshine it shall dwell.

## The Capacity of a Dollar.

Sometimes a boy may think that a dollar only represents one hundred cents, and what that total can buy at current prices.

A. T. Stewart, a one-time merchant prince of New York, on being asked: 'What is a dollar worth?' replies as follows: 'A dollar is the start of a fortune, or the wreck of a life. It is worth what you make it. Take it carelessly and it may lead to ruin. Used wisely it may bring joy to all the world. A dollar's worth is not in itself, not in the standard of valuation fixed by the government, but in yourself.'

'In what it does in your hands a dollar can be made worth much less than a penny, or more than all the wealth of the world heaped up. If in your handling of it joy, faith, industry and love are promoted it is impossible to say how much it is worth.'

'On the other hand if you send it into lies, drunkenness, debts, bad living, the misery which it can entail, through you, is determined by the one word, Sorrow.'

'So I say money—the dollar—has no value for weal or for woe, except as the possessor

of it uses it for good or evil. The most dangerous thing in this world to handle is money, and at the same time, rightly used, it is one of the most powerful instruments for good.

'The dollar's value rests with your own conscience and actions.—The 'Boy's World.'

## Our Thoughts.

Every day we are becoming more like our thoughts. If they are mean and selfish, we cannot prevent ourselves from becoming so. If they are unclean and evil, our character and conduct will inevitably be shaped by them. It is true that 'as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'

As Charles Kingsley says: 'Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth or in heaven either.'

And, on the other hand, loving thoughts will produce loving acts; and a generous; kindly way of regarding others in our own minds will bring us to a generous, kindly treatment of them in daily life.—Robert E. Speer.

## Good Speech.

Think not, because thine inmost heart means well,  
Thou hast the freedom of rude speech; sweet words  
Are like the voices of returning birds  
Filling the soul with summer, or a bell  
That calls the weary and the sick to prayer,  
Even as thy thought, so let thy speech be fair.  
—Archibald Lampman.

## Why Popcorns Pop.

Can you tell why popcorns pop? If you can give no satisfactory explanation, perhaps the following will interest you:

A grain of popcorn is a receptacle filled with tightly packed grains. Its interior is divided into a large number of cells, each of which may be regarded as a tiny box, with walls strong enough to resist considerable pressure from within. When heat is applied the moisture present in each little box is converted into steam, which finally escapes by explosion.

In order to secure a satisfactory popping there is required a very high heat, which causes most of the cells to explode simultaneously. The grain of corn then turns literally inside out, and is transformed into a relatively large mass of snow-white starch, beautiful to the eye.

Though gaining so largely in bulk by popping, the grain of corn loses considerable in weight. It has been found that one hundred average grains of unpopped corn weigh thir-

teen grams, whereas the same number of grains after popping weigh only eleven grams. The difference is the weight of the evaporated water originally contained in the corn grains.

If the popcorn is old and dry it will not pop well. At best, a few cells near the centre of the grains will burst and the result is not satisfactory. At the base of the kernels, where the latter are attached to the cob, the cells appear to be the driest and it is noticed that these cells are seldom ruptured in the popping.—The 'Young Evangelist.'

## One Little Word.

A word was spoken, a cheery word,  
And it fell like a song on the ears that heard  
And sad hearts took up the sweet refrain  
That lightened their burdens and eased their pain.

Frowns were smoothed from the anxious brow,  
Lips that were pouting are smiling now,  
Tears disappeared as the dew 'neath the sun  
And life grew brighter for everyone.

A child, in his gentle, loving way,  
Had spoken a pleasant word that day.

A word was spoken, a hasty word,  
And the peaceful air into tumult stirred.  
The summer sunshine seemed strangely dim,  
As voices grew sharp and faces grim,  
Light tasks were begun with complaint and sigh.

As the tedious hours dragged wearily by,  
As the rose-hue of life turned to dismal gray  
As the one little word went its dreary way.

A child, in its thoughtless, petulant way,  
Had spoken an angry word that day.

Oh, children, be thoughtful to old and young,  
And set a watch on the heedless tongue!  
Let thy thoughts be kind and thy voices light  
While lips are smiling and eyes are bright;  
Let thy heart's warm sunshine light the day,  
And the roses of peace spring along the way,  
And think when by angry passion stirred  
How much power lies in one little word!

—Selected.

## A Girl's Allowance.

How much should a girl's allowance be? If yours is smaller than another girl's you feel just a wee bit abused, as though you were not treated well. But, you see, mother gives you what she can, and maybe her allowance is not as much as her friends find in their purses. Until you are there yourself you fancy father and mother do not want the things they cannot have, but I assure you, this is not so. Very often they want their something quite as much as you want your something. If, then, you ask how much allowance a girl should have, I can only say that mother is the best judge of that.—'Morning Star.'

## A TRIO OF BRIGHT WESTERN BOYS.

Just after our announcement of Archie McQueen, of British Columbia, as our youngest 'Pictorial' agent, we learned that two little chaps who had successfully handled this popular paper, were also aged only five years and six years respectively. Curiously enough one is from Alberta, one from Saskatchewan; so that this trio of businesslike laddies are all west of Manitoba. We have not yet come across anything equal to that further east; can Manitoba match the record?

The names of the energetic trio are:

ARCHIE McQUEEN, British Columbia.

R. LESTER HARRISON, Alberta.

H. BAIRD CAIRNS, Saskatchewan.

Master Lester Harrison has earned a watch, and is only six years old, while little Baird Cairns, aged five only, sold his dozen in two afternoons of an hour each, earned a big jack-knife, and has his order on file for the January number to be sent him as soon as ready.

If little boys can do such good work, it is not strange that bigger boys are earning their monthly pocket money. But large or small, we are glad to hear from you. Send postal for package to start on and full instructions. See description of Watch, Pen and Knife elsewhere in this issue. A special rate if you want to work on commission and will send us cash with order and so save book-keeping. Write for our terms. Orders filled promptly.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

'Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—Be sure to read the contents of January Number in the large advertisement on another page, so you will know what to promise your customers.