

The plan of campaign outlined was promptly carried out. Janet, with two babies, the girl with one, and Bim with commanding hand upon one of the boys, they trooped into the restaurant, followed by the excited, gossipy mothers with the rest of the children. Janet was right—they understood, then. In an incredibly short time, the families, ranged upon stools along the lunch counter, were busy with soup, sandwiches, olives, fruit, and even pie. It was an absorbing occupation. The girl drew a long breath when at last her particular division began to show signs of depletion.

"Say, that's the biggest stunt I've done in a year; Christmas bargain counters aren't in it. I don't believe they'd had anything to eat for a month. Will you look at that kid! She's going to sleep with a lanana in her mouth! It strikes me it's about time to quit, else they'll all be doing high tumbling off those stools. There's another, putting his head in the bowl!"

"Just a minute," Janet's distracted voice responded. "I've got to pay, and they're counting up. Did you ever see children get sleepy so fast? There, now, I think we're ready, and the procession can start. Hold up your head, Brown eyes—Oh, please, just two minutes."

She caught the child's hand, and softly shook her awake, snatched a crying baby from the nearest stool, gave a hasty glance about at her liege tenants, and then the procession started. A train had just come in and there were a few passengers trickling through the waiting rooms; they all turned and stared curiously at the stylish young woman apparently leading an Italian kindergarten, with a supplement in the shape of a small, white-faced cripple. A young man hurrying across the room, gave a casual glance, wheeled promptly and headed off the kindergarten.

"Janet!" he cried. "You here?" "Certainly I am here," she replied; her accent implied that it was, of all places, the one where one might have expected to find her.

"But—I don't understand." "I missed my train," Janet informed him loftily. "I was late in and didn't know it, and stopped to buy a magazine—the magazine reminded her of something else, and she turned sternly. "But my are you here? Didn't you get my telegram?"

"I am here because I was detained at the last moment. I've sent three telegrams to your train. Where did you send mine?"

"To Montreal, of course. It was to tell you by no means to meet me in Smith's Falls."

This delivered in a very firm voice, although with decent eyes, because, of course, she had to watch the baby she was carrying, should have been withering, but the young man seemed quick unmoved.

"May I ask you, my dear, with a meekness which was not at all deceptive, 'what are you doing?'"

"I am carrying the baby to the waiting room."

"Ah, yes. Are you going to carry all the babies, one by one? Because it would take considerable time and I might facilitate matters. I know how to carry them without breaking. I've practised upon my nephew, under his mother's eye. And there is no time to lose, you know."

"Why, the train doesn't go until three-fifty," Janet cried.

"No, but you and I do—at least, we leave the kindergarten. I have some things to talk over with you."

"And there's Bim," Janet added, a trifle wildly.

"Bim? Oh yes!" With quick instinct he detected Bim, and tossed him

a comradely smile. "Oh Bim, I can see it will to waken the echoes with that drum. Bim won't interfere. 'Janet,' with a quick choice of voice, 'where did you find them all?'"

"Janet choked back a little gasp; she hadn't realized how hard she had been fighting to beat the loneliness.

"It—it was Christmas," she faltered, and I was all alone, with so many eyes upon me—I had to do something. It has been fun—really it has. There now, I want you to meet Bim and his aunt—I only don't know her name, and I'd like you to meet their names. Oh, don't please!"

The last exclamation was one of dismay, for one of the little brown women had darted forward, and was kissing her hand. Janet, flushed and confused, shrank back; it was the young man who somehow quieted things down, spoke a few words to the women, chatted gaily with the girl and Bim, and finally—just what he understood that it was to be done Janet never could remember—stood waving his hat to Bim as the child and the girl rolled away in the taxi. The girl's last remark was still ringing in Janet's ears.

"Say, I'm just ripping—we ain't going to forget it—Bim nor I. And I'm real glad he came along. He's straight goods, all right—I can tell every time."

Janet looked very hard after the vanishing taxi, but she kept on looking after it had quite passed from sight. The young man looked at her and seemed well content with the prospect which was not less charming when a soft color began to pervade "Janet!"

The tone was not in the least sentimental, but Janet began to talk hurriedly. "What do you suppose they are doing at Broadmeadows? I did feel so badly when I awoke this morning; but, after all, if I'd had that I should have missed Bim. One can ride any day, but I know there's only one Bim in the world. If you could have seen him choosing his music—"

The young man interrupted, without computation. One might have supposed him not interested in Bim, but one would have supposed wrong. "Do you know," he remarked musingly, "it is very curious."

"What?" Janet asked unguardedly. "How carefully people conceal their talents. When I think of the hours of laborious argument you have spent trying to convince a certain student of sociology that you never could get in touch with 'people of that kind,' and then when I consider this afternoon's procession, and the eminent success with which you had established relations even with people with whom you could not speak."

"It was the Lanasas," Janet explained hastily. "Eating is a universal language."

"So we think at the settlement. That you should have discovered it all by yourself in a few minutes, reveals a remarkable gift for grasping first principles."

"Go right on—you needn't remind me." The voice was small and meek. "Janet," he cried. "Janet!" "Oh," the girl cried, turning from him with a small, homesick cry. "Oh, I thought you were never going to get over being stupid."

An hour later a young man and woman established themselves upon the Broadmeadows train. It was a desolate train, carrying only a couple of shabby and half-empty coaches, but the two seemed wholly contented with their surroundings. Settlement workers and students of sociology should not, in all consistency, be critical. They seemed to have many things to

discuss, but presently a silence fell upon them. The man was the first to break it.

"Janet!" The girl turned an inquiring face. The voice had been abstracted.

"Janet," about that telegram business this morning—how did you expect yours to catch me when I told you I should leave at seven—twenty?" She leaned forward, and gazed with landscape, but one dimple was still visible.

"That telegram?" she replied. "Rob, see that holy don in the swamp—isn't it glorious? Don't you think it's a fine train for us to get some—being Christmas Day? What was I talking about? Oh, yes, the telegram. Did I—Oh, you dear, big, stupid boy, did I even say that I expected it to reach you?"

The Upward Look

Confessing Christ

Repent ye, and be baptized, every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.—Acts 2, 38.

Last week we pointed out that two of the steps that we must take before we can expect to receive the gift of God's Holy Spirit were involved in true repentance for our sins and a willingness to give up our own desires in order that we may obey God in all things. Our text points out a third. It is not sufficient that we shall be sorrowful for our sins and ready to accept Christ as our Saviour, we must confess Him as such before others. This is what is meant by being baptized. If we have not already been baptized, then we should be and thus acknowledge that we are trusting God to forgive us for our sins. Then, also, it is our duty to confess Christ by identifying ourselves with His church and by being faithful in the performance of our church duties. This involves the making of earnest efforts to lead others to Christ. Christ told us that we are to be judged by our fruits; meaning that we are expected to not only show the effect of His spirit, the Spirit of Love, in our lives by being loving, kind, patient and forgiving, but He expects us to lead others to Him. This we will find it possible to do if we are really filled, over-flowing with His spirit.

Most of us are not filled with God's power as we should be and could be, if we but trusted Him more and ourselves less. This is true even of many ministers of the gospel. One writer says: "There are many ministers who are missing the fullness of power

"God has for them, simply because they are not willing to admit that 'lack there has been all these years in their ministry. There are not a few, who, in their unwillingness to make this wholesome confession, are casting about for some ingenious means to get around the plain and simple meaning of God's Word, and thus they are cheating themselves of the fullness of the Spirit's power that God is so eager to bestow upon them; and, furthermore, they are imperilling the eternal interests of the souls that might be won for Christ, if they had the power of the Holy Spirit which they might have."

This may be true of each and every one of us. If we may bear one whom we would like to bring to Christ and we find it difficult to make any impression upon him or her we should examine our lives to see if there is not some sin that is hindering God's spirit from working within us. If we have not overcome our pride, our temper, our love of ease or other defects of character we need not expect to be able to give convincing testimony of the power of God's love in our own lives. We are judged by how we live rather than by how we talk. When we are filled by God's Holy Spirit our sins fall from us and those around us are quick to feel and see the change that has taken place in our lives. By confessing Christ openly as our Master, we simply take that means of letting others know that it is through Christ's power that we are gaining the victory over our sins and thus let them know that Christ is able and willing to help them in the same way. We must, also, ask God for the gift of His Holy Spirit. This subject of asking, however, must be held over for another week.—I.H.N.

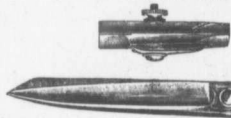
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