

grass. In it were three speckled brown eggs, no larger than the big blue bead on his mother's necklace. All the while the anxious ground-bird called to him: "Tweet, tweet; go away, go away." Philip heard and understood, but he wanted those eggs as soon as he saw them. He knew they were not his, but belonged to that dear brown bird. He must not steal. What would grandpa say if he should know? But he wanted just one. "Tweet, tweet," cried the mother bird, coming nearer. How strange the egg looked on top of the berries! He covered it with his handkerchief as he went slowly down the hill toward the bars, and the "tweet, tweet," grew fainter. Then he thought: "That bird has two left. She won't care. Maybe grandpa would not care much either." But just as he thought this he heard a voice calling loudly from an apple tree. "Took, took!" How did that robin know! She had not been there. It was not her egg. "What if I did take it!" he said to himself; "I guess I can if I want to."

At that moment the blue jay screamed loudly from the top of a tall maple. Philip felt as if he had been accused openly. He knew what the jay said—he had heard it read from his own story-book: "Thief, thief!" called the jay again and flew away. Just at the gate of the orchard Dot came purring out to meet him. She was glad to see him, for she had given up following him when he was half-way to the pasture, and now was out to welcome him back. "I guess my kitty won't care about just one egg," he said, and rubbed her head affectionately. "See, Dot, what I have brought." But Dot did not understand at all, and when he put the egg before her she went off across the lot and never stopped till she was under the barn. "Oh, dear, I wish I had not picked these berries. I wish I had never seen any nest. Everything is wrong," and a very discontented boy sat down under a tree, not caring to go home, not knowing what to do with that egg which he, Philip Franklin, had stolen. He wondered if God knew about what he had done, and if God

RED ROSE TEA

"IS GOOD TEA"

The Expert Tea Taster

is the one who knows the real value of Red Rose Tea and uses it as a standard to judge other Teas by.

Wouldn't you like to judge it for yourself? It is the Tea that has that rich, fruity flavor—just what pleases the expert Tea taster.

Ask your Grocer to send you a package.



really cared for one bird's egg. Yes, sure enough, his Sunday School teacher told him once God cared for the sparrows. He was sure this was not a sparrow, but maybe He cared for all the birds.

He almost decided to take the egg back to the nest, but just then there was a rush of feet behind him and he was struck between the shoulders and knocked far to one side. His berries fell all about him. He was not sure what had happened, but it seemed as if an earthquake had killed him because he was such a very wicked boy. Then the hired man was picking him up and trying to help get the breath back into his shaking little body. "That black ram is terrible when he gets loose," the man was saying. "My! he struck you hard. I hope you are not hurt much. I was just changing the sheep over into the other pasture, and I did not know you were anywhere near."

Philip choked back his sobs. He was glad it was not because he was wicked that he was hurt, but he felt that things were going wrong for him.

After a while the hired man went away, and he picked up the strawberries, for they were not spoiled. To his surprise the egg was not broken, though it had fallen with the berries. He knew exactly what he wanted to do then. He hung the little red basket on the tree and carried the egg away back to the nest. A brown body whirred past as he stooped above it, and again he heard the bird calling to him to go away. "She doesn't understand," he said. But as he went down the hill that time he felt as happy as the ground-bird that had returned to a bush above the nest, and was singing a series of soft little notes above its recovered treasure.—Costella G. Washburn, in Sunday School Times.

NORAH.

"How queer it will feel!"

Norah dropped on the warm sand in a little heap, and then got up again and resumed her restless pacing back and forth. "How queer it will smell!" she laughed, softly.

There were little red spots in her clear, brown cheeks. She thought she had never been so happy in her life before.

Out in the offing white sails, dim against the blue sky, dipped and swayed. In the foreground a fisherman's dory ploughed by steadily. Norah nodded to the standing figure in it.

"The people won't wear oilskins and tarpaulins!" ran on the girl's laughing thoughts. "Dear me, no; they'll wear starched collars and neckties and straw hats like the hotel folks. It will be like Sunday all the time! And I shall be dressed up, too!"

She spread her little, stout, brown fingers, and began to count her new dresses on them. One, two, three, four—four new dresses! Four! And I never had one that wasn't made over before!" she cried aloud, like a little pleased child. She was only a child, after all. One grows up slowly in the constant presence of the never-changing, monotonous sea.

"Norah, Norah Clapp, do you know what has happened to you? Do you know, you great, shining blue sea out there? Stop talking a minute—let me talk—and I'll tell you!"

She was on her feet and holding both hands toward the sea. Since she was a tiny, barefooted thing she had talked to the sea. She had played with it and scolded it, and complained to it.

"Do stop and listen! Something beautiful has happened to me—to me—to me! There was never anything happened before, and you know it. But this— Oh, I am going away where the world is—where there's a city, and people, and things to happen! I'm going to see, and hear, and learn like other folks! Do you hear me? Why don't you stop and listen! I tell you I'm going away!"

She let her voice rise into a shout. There was no one to hear but the sea.

"I'm going to stay a year—maybe two—maybe three—maybe forever! I'm going to wear new dresses like the girls down at the hotel wear. Miss Cornelia—you remember Miss Cornelia?—she came down once to

see you, and I laughed at her because she was afraid! Well, Miss Cornelia is making them now—the new dresses. Four—do you hear—four! Daddy said, 'Have enough of 'em, little Sea Urchin.' You know daddy—wasn't that just like him!"

Norah Clapp had never been out of sound of the boom of the sea. It had been always in her ears. For sixteen years she had waked up and gone to sleep in the little brown house beside the sea. The gentle croon of the sea had lulled her, and its mighty voice had told its secrets to her when its tongue was loosed by the tempest. She had always been acquainted with the sea.

(To be Continued.)

Stomach Troubles of Long Standing

Were Cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills When Doctors' Treatment Failed.

Doctors failed to cure Mr. De Courcey because they were satisfied to treat the stomach instead of getting at the cause of trouble in the liver and bowels.

The most complicated and deep-seated digestive troubles yield to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, because of their direct and combined action on the liver, kidneys and bowels. We are continually receiving such letters as the following one in regard to the failure of mere stomach treatment.

Mr. Patrick De Courcey, Midgell, lot 40, P.E.I., writes: "For some time I had stomach trouble, and was scarcely able to do anything at all. I was treated by doctors, but they did not seem to do me any good. A friend advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and I did so to very great advantage, for my old trouble has disappeared, and, though past middle age, I feel young and hearty again. I have great confidence in Dr. Chase's medicine." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Famous Sermon

ON— The Ministerial Office

—BY—
The Rev. JOHN WESLEY, M.A.

Published by Mr. Wesley in his 87th year—
one year before his death.

This impressive and instructive Sermon cannot be too widely read and distributed.

In Pamphlet Form—Price 2c. each, 80c. a hundred, postage prepaid. Mailed on Receipt of Price.

FOR SALE
CANADIAN CHURCHMAN OFFICE
Toronto, Canada.

urch
g plaster,
will last
the most
ny shade
Church,
ice.
ings

n self-will, we
His protection.
he Guide whose
Phillips Brooks.

THE BERRY

were at their
ip took the red
n woman gave
g ago, and went
et some berries,
for his grand-
ob-tailed kitten,
She had always
anything was

h the sheep pas-
am stamped with
ook his head, but
through the bars
patch of straw.
He found some
too, and put them
time he had the
half full. "Most
he murmured.
w and black but-
by, almost as low
e had to set the
tone and watch it
ly away over the

n picking berries
it hopper around
nd sat up to look
oked like a bit of
ong ears flopped
a delightful way;
y seemed asking
play, Philip kept
rk. "Have to get
, he said as he
again.

almost full when
bird call. "Tweet,
said. "Oh," said
ns you want me to
a told me that was
when you said that.
t here and I will

ent he saw it, hid-
e in the long, dry

BERRY
Have Sound Teeth.