

the precious jewel of his own soul. There is but one escape, and that is to have Jesus Christ for our Lord, to make His will our law, His love our motive, His pattern our example, His glory our end.

THE TALE OF AN APPLE-BLOSSOM.

"O Betty! just come and see this pretty one. Isn't it a cunning little thing? It looks just as if it were laughing,—doesn't it?" The childish voice ceased speaking, and a little dimpled hand tried in vain to grasp a bough on which bloomed a lovely apple-blossom, far above the curly head,

Betty looked admiringly at the beautiful blossom, and said, "Sure, honey, an' dat am a right smart beauty. Jes' yo' leave it alone, an', when it gets to be a big apple, Betty 'll make one of dem apple dumplin's dat yo' likes so much."

"Dumplin's was a little Alicia's favorite dish, so she watched the tender little apple-blossom with great care, lest some harm might befall it.

All day long little Miss Apple-blossom, as her young mistress usually termed her future apple-dumpling, clad in a beautiful pink and white frock, with a golden cap upon her head, and tiny green slippers upon her feet, would laugh and flutter and dance about in the breezes until her flower companions would almost envy her the happiness which seemed involved in her being.

Ah, happy indeed was vain little Apple-blossom doing those beautiful April days! For seven days her dream of happiness continued but in the days following she began to notice a faded appearance in her gown. Did she imagine it, or were her skirts really beginning to lose some of their brightness?

How soon did Apple-blossom realize that it was not her imagination! she weepingly acknowledged to herself that the beautiful petticoats were rapidly losing their lustre. Even the yellow cap seemed faded, but, on the contrary, her slippers remained as bright and green as before. This was the one fact that consoled the poor little thing.

One day while Apple-blossom was looking dejectedly at her once beautiful gown, a heavy breeze began to stir the leaves about her. Frightened for she knew not what, she clung to the beloved petticoats with strength that never before had she thought she possessed. But all her exertions to preserve her frock were spent in vain, and, as the wind increased, the pretty skirts she loved so well were torn from her body, and poor modest little Apple-blossom hid her face for shame in her hands, and wept bitterly.

For many day after she nursed her grief as only an apple-blossom can, and it was not until she began to assume the form of an apple that her tears were checked.

Little by little, as the long summer days passed, Apple-blossom, having donned a bright green frock, grew plump and pretty. Her rosy cheeks proclaimed the excellent health she enjoyed, and the old happy days of her youth were almost forgotten while she basked contentedly in the warm July sun. Thus the uneventful days of July and

DEATH

Entered into rest at Ploton, Ont., June 8th. Albert Spencer, Priest Canon of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, and Clerical Secretary of the Diocese of Ontario, in his 62nd year. "Jesu, pitying, ever-blest, Grant him Thine eternal rest."

August soon came to be known as ones of the past.

As the cooler days of September approached, the visits of bonny Alicia to her "dumpling" became more frequent. One day Apple-blossom beheld coming towards her a troop of noisy children, and immediately behind them came Alicia accompanied by faithful Betty.

"There she is, Betty! Isn't she pretty, and won't she make a splendid dumpling?"

Apple-blossom, feeling very proud at the admiration of her young mistress, showed herself to the best advantage, and, in a much shorter time than it takes to tell it, she felt Betty's fat fingers encircle her pretty plump body. In an instant she was severed from the bough on which she had been hanging for so many months, and tossed into a basket with a number of other apples.

Overcome by astonishment Apple-blossom could at first only gaze about her in wonder. At length, however, she inquired of one of her apple companions of what would happen next, but received merely a sad shake of the head for answer. So she decided that the only way to do would be to wait and find out. She did not, however, have long to wait, for Betty bore her immediately into the spacious farmhouse kitchen, where our little Apple-blossom learned she was to have the beautiful red and yellow frock which she had assumed only a short time ago taken from her. Of what then would happen she had no idea.

Apple-blossom watched in sorrow the ugly knife cutting away her precious gown. She was just preparing to weep for the lost treasure when she felt herself being tenderly wrapped between soft white blankets of pie-crust. She was then as carefully put into an oven to bake.

This was a new experience to Apple-blossom, but the heat reminded her a little of those happy July days; so she laughed and sang, and fairly bubbled over with merriment until Betty peeped into the oven, and, seeing that she was baked enough, took her out, and placed her upon a table around which were seated a number of persons.

Upon looking about her, Apple-blossom found her surroundings so comical that she laughed until her fat sides fairly shook; for this was the first time she had ever seen anyone eat, and to her the sight was amusing.

Apple-blossom's mirth, however, came to a sudden termination; for she was eagerly seized by pretty Alicia, and in a short time she felt herself being ground into a thousand pieces by Alicia's little teeth.

This is the end of the story of Miss Apple-blossom. Thus as happily did she die as she had lived, for in her last moments she realized the good she had done, and with a sigh of contentment, she gave up her earthly life.—S. S. Times.

Sorrow is the key to the lock; sorrow opens the door into a fuller existence and gives understanding of power innate and its perfect usage.

THE NEW SCHOLAR.

When Gracie got to Sunday school on that afternoon her teacher had not come yet. But the other girls were there, with their heads close together, talking busily. As soon as they saw Gracie they told her what had happened.

"Do you see that dreadful-looking ragged girl down by the door?" May began at once. "Well, what do you suppose Mr. Hart did? He came here to us and asked us if we wouldn't let her be in our class. The idea!"

"What did you tell him?" asked Gracie.

"Lucy told him that our class had plenty of scholars, and we'd rather not. But I should think he'd know better. I should think he could see that we didn't suit together."

Gracie looked at her little neighbors, with their nice starched frocks and smooth hair and clean faces, and then at the girl by the door; they did not suit well together it was true. But Gracie's face was grave.

"I don't believe Mr. Hart can find any class for her here," said Lucy. "She ought to go to another Sunday school."

"Oh, no!" cried Gracie. Then she stopped. But the others were all looking at her and she had to go

on. "You couldn't send anybody away from Sunday school, could you any more than it it was heaven?"

Not one of the other little girls had any answer ready for this. And taking courage from their silence, Gracie added:

"Miss Barbara wouldn't like it, I know; nor God either."

"I believe I'll go tell Mr. Hart we've changed our minds," said Lucy. "Shall I?"

"Yes do," said May.

And in about one minute more the strange little scholar was being welcomed into that class as if she was a princess royal.

As their teacher, Miss Barbara, came up the aisle Mr. Hart stopped her and told her all about it. This was why, when Sunday school was all over, Miss Barbara called after the children, and kept them for just a moment under the shade of the big tree by the churchyard gate.

"Girls," she said, smiling down upon them, "I believe if Jesus Christ were to speak to my class this afternoon He would say, 'I was a stranger and ye took me in.'"

He best serves God who truly serves his fellow-men.

It is lack of moral character rather than lack of intellect that lead to so many failures in the battle of life.

Summer Heat More Deadly than Cold Winter's Blasts

Exhausting and Debilitating Hot Weather brings Nervous Exhaustion, Prostration, and Heart Failure.

Recent Sudden Changes are Causing an Alarming Amount of Sickness.

In this northern country it has been customary to think of the winter as the season of serious sickness and untimely deaths, whereas facts go to show that summer is the time when most people suddenly drop off victims of nervous exhaustion, physical weakness, heart failure, or some equally dreaded disease which results from low vitality. If the lungs are healthy most people can stand the bracing and exhilarating cold weather, but the withering heat of summer causes loss of flesh, brings feelings of fatigue, and weakens and debilitates the body generally.

It is possible to guard against the exhausting effects of summer heat by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food regularly after each meal, for it is a preventive as well as a cure for nervous diseases and all ailments which arise from thin, watery blood and a failure of the digestive system to supply proper nourishment to the organs of the body. It forms new, red corpuscles in the blood, creates new nerve force, makes the muscles strong and tissues healthy and firm.

For women suffering from weaknesses and irregularities peculiar to their sex, this great food cure is marvelously effective. For every form of weakness and physical decline it is a restorative of incomparable value. Instead of stimulating the heart to unnatural action or deadening the nerves, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food gradually and certainly enriches the blood, restores the nerves, and produces permanently beneficial results to the whole system. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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