

walks of life he would not—in fact he could not—have received better treatment nor a warmer welcome than Harold did. The boy's heart went out to them in the first love he had ever felt. They saw it in his eyes and heard it in his voice and they felt happier than they had felt for years. A small, pleasant room next to theirs was Harold's. When the boy was stretched out in the soft bed it seemed that the old world had passed away. The simple, sweet old home was—to him—the most beautiful place in all the beautiful new world into which he had just come. It could not have seemed so beautiful had it not come after a life in the slums. The boy's heart was full of joy and gratitude. After the restful sleep in the peaceful room came the call to breakfast. On the bed of rags there had been a kick to awaken him. Now as he dressed he heard a bird sing outside the window and he felt the sweet breath of new mown hay as the wind touched his pale cheeks.

And, oh that morning greeting in the cosy kitchen where the breakfast table was laid! He would never forget it—never. Then there was the breakfast bacon and newly-laid eggs, toast and coffee with real cream. In all his poor little dreary life Harold had never—until the night before—sat down to a table to eat.

The two weeks seemed to have wings, it was morning—blessed morning and then it was night. How to describe the time between night and morning I do not know except to say that it was all joy—pure joy. If the boy had been the Swift's own grandson he could not have pleased them better. After the first morning he was never called. He awakened when he heard the old folks stirring. By the time Mr. Swift was dressed, he was with him feeding the chickens and pigs and hunting for fresh eggs in the barn. Before the first week ended the old folks felt as if years had rolled off their shoulders. The young lad whom they were helping was helping them. His great love for his new friends made him long to help them in any way he could. Old Mrs. Swift said he was the "handiest boy" she had ever known. At the breakfast table one morning old Mr. Swift remarked:

"It doesn't seem as if it was two weeks since you came here Harold, but it is."

The young face that had become so dear to the old people clouded.

"Oh!" the boy cried out, "Oh! it's the day to go—isn't it?" and the bright world suddenly seemed to darken.

"To go where?" questioned Mr. Swift.

"Back—to—the—slums."

"It is time for us to tell you that we love you and want you to stay with us all the time," said the dear old man.

"And" put in the dear lady, "if you could call us Grandpa and Grandma we'd like it." Harold could not speak, but in his loving big brown eyes there was an expression that made them strangely beautiful. His lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears. Presently he arose from the table—and throwing his arms around first, Mrs. Swift's neck—then Mr. Swift's, he cried out "Grandma! Grandpa!"

After that life grew more beautiful in that humble home. The lovely summer passed away. There was no bird songs now, no green grass or sweet, flowers, but the joy was there to stay. In November "Grandpa" had a severe rheumatic attack, but he did not seem to mind it much.

"For" he said, smiling, "I have a pair of hands that I call blessed hands—they do so much for us old folks."

It was a "picture beautiful" to see, Har-

old doing the chores during those cold days. He fed the chickens and pigs, cut up turnips for the cow, cared for the turkeys that Grandma was fattening for thanksgiving and looked after things generally as if he were the man-of-the-house. As for Grandma, he helped her in various ways, looked out for the wood and water, peeled potatoes and apples.

Over and over he told himself joyfully. "It's home—home—my home and theirs and they love me and I love them. Dear old Grandma and Grandpa."—*The Christian at Work.*

**A Prayer.**

BY ALICE E. ALLEN.

This morn a glad little day  
Out of eternity,  
Its sunny hours interwoven with flowers,  
Thou gavest, Lord, to me.

To-night a little sad day  
Into eternity,  
All marred with fears and scarred with tears,  
I give it back to Thee.

O Father, pour forgiveness  
O'er this sad day of mine  
Until once more, white as before,  
It shines—a day of Thine.  
—C. E. World.

**Proper Seeing of a Picture.**

The first necessity for the proper seeing of a picture is to try to see it through the eyes of the artist who painted it. This is not a usual method. Generally people look only through their eyes, and like or dislike a picture according as it does or does not suit their particular fancy. These people will tell you, "Oh, I don't know anything about painting, but I know what I like; which is their way of saying, "If I don't like it right off, I don't care to be bothered to like it at all."

Such an attitude of mind cuts one off from growth and development, for it is as much as to say, "I am very well satisfied with myself and quite indifferent to the experiences and feelings of other men." Yet it is just this feeling and experience of another man which a picture gives us. If you consider a moment you will understand why. The world itself is a vast panorama, and from it the painter selects his subjects—not the copy of it exactly, since it would be impossible for him to do this, even if he tried. How could he represent, for example each blade of grass, each leaf upon a tree? So what he does is to represent the subject as he sees it, as it appeals to his sympathy or interest; and if twelve artists painted the same landscape the result would be twelve different pictures, differing according to the way in which each man had been impressed by the scene; in fact, according to his separate point of view or separate way of securing it, influenced by his individual experiences and feeling.—From Charles H. Coffin's "How to Study Pictures," in the November St. Nicholas.

**For a Lonely Woman.**

You are, poor, lonely and obscure; but you may live in beauty and light, serving your day and generation nobly. Not for you are home, husband and love, yet you may find resting-places and affection everywhere. Lift your thought to heaven; the heart of woman was fashioned there, and there alone is it understood.

Across the sky you will find written in letter, of living gold the motto of the angels and the secret of happiness. It is contained

in one word, "others." The tide of love if denied outlet, will suffocate and torment its possessor. Therefore take the whole world to your bosom. Love all, good and bad, old and young. You will soon find your store of affection exhausted, yet constantly renewed from the adorable source of love who bids the sun warm just and unjust. Put yourself away. Live to help your neighbor, who is the person happening to be next to you at the moment. Resolve that no day shall pass wherein you have not tried to perform an unselfish and kindly deed. It is an old secret this, but a true one—Confessions of a Poor Woman.

**The Garden of Canada.**

The waters of St. Catharines Well are of the mineral saline order and a great specific for rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, or a splendid tonic for those affected with nervous prostration. The use of the waters is accompanied by massage, electricity, etc., given by skilled attendants. Situated on the southern slope of Lake Ontario, the climatic conditions and environment are excellent for recuperating. This region is known as the Garden of Canada, and a happy hunting ground for health or pleasure seekers. Guard against the ills of modern life by visiting these famous springs. The Welland will be found a comfortable, homelike, rest cure establishment, with sun rooms, library, music room, roof promenade, and a corps of skilled attendants. For further particulars apply to G. T. Bell, G. P. & T. A., Grand Trunk Railway System, Montreal.

**The Same Old Cat.**

James Whitcombe Riley tells the story of a "much aggrieved and unappreciated lad" who made up his mind that he "could not stand the tyranny of home longer," so early one morning he put a long-contemplated plan into execution and ran away.

All day long he played down at the old "swimming-hole" with the other boys, making a raid on an orchard at noon to sully the pangs of hunger. At night when his companions went home, he was left alone, "with a lump in his throat that hurt worse when he didn't notice than when he did." As it grew dark, he "oozed" toward home. He climbed the back fence into the big backyard, which had such a "homey" look that he had never noticed before. After roaming around getting acquainted with his home that he had left so long ago, about twelve hours since, he wandered into the sitting room where father was reading the evening paper and mother was sewing. They took no notice of him, and he sat down on the remote edge of a chair and waited to be recognized. He could hear the boys playing their nightly game of "town-fox" but he did not want to join them. He just wanted to stay right there at home forever. The clock ticked, oh! so loudly, but otherwise the silence was so deep that it was painful. Finally when it became more than he could bear, he cleared his throat and mustered up courage enough to say, "Well, I see you've got the same old cat."

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you. It is while you are resisting little temptations that you are growing stronger.—Philip Brooks.

Every duty which is hidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.—Charles Kingsley.