

Childrens' Department.

THE BOY WHO WAS A GREAT TEASE; AND HOW HE WAS CURED.

Little Ellen Young was one day sitting quietly at work in the corner of the room, while her mother and some lady visitors talked of a gentleman, who had, during his life-time, been very kind to the poor, and brought comfort to many a home. During the conversation the word "charity" was often used, and after the departure of the ladies, Ellen began to tell her mother how charitable she would be if she were rich.

"So you think only rich people can be charitable?" said her mother. "You are mistaken, my dear. To exercise true charity lies within the power of all."

Ellen was but a child, and she therefore did not know much of that other and better kind of charity which consists, not in alms giving, but in being gentle, forgiving, merciful and forbearing to all around us. The little girl was however fortunate in having a good mother, and when the subject of charity was started, Mrs. Young did all she could to make the child understand in what it really consists. Beside, she read and explained to Ellen that 18th chapter of 1st Corinthians, in which St. Paul's shews the difference between mere alms-giving and real Christian love. I shall not repeat the lesson, but will try to shew how Ellen reduced it to practice.

The following day Ellen was to spend with a large party of her companions in the country. The young people were first to dine at Highfield Farm, and then under the guidance of Mr. Grantley, the master of the house, to go on a nutting expedition to Briery Wood. The parents always gave consent for such parties as these, for while Mr. Grantley was as merry as a boy, yet his strong arm was ever near to protect and guide his young visitors. The mistress of the farm, too, played the part of a careful mother to the guests so long as they were under her roof.

There was, however, one drawback to Ellen Young's delight when the invitation arrived, for she dreaded that James Gardiner, Mrs. Grantley's nephew, would go and be, as usual, a hindrance to the enjoyment of the rest of the party. She spoke of him in no gentle terms to her mother; but Mrs. Young smilingly reminded her of their conversation about true charity, and said, "If James should be at Highfield, try to practise towards him the charity which 'suffereth long and is kind,' is tender-hearted and forgiving."

Ellen said she would try, but in her heart she wished that James might not be there. At ten the next morning two of the little girl's companions called for her, and they urged their young friend to make haste lest they should meet with James Gardiner on the road, because if that happened the pleasure of the walk would be lost. "But," said Julia Warner, "he is so lazy that I doubt whether he is up yet, so we may miss him."

The children were all eager to set out, but, as they were leaving the house, Mrs. Young called Ellen back and advised her to substitute a little neckerchief for a pretty scarf she had

round her throat. But Ellen was unwilling to make the exchange; for she was rather fond of dress, and wished to exhibit to the admiring eyes of her young companions the handsome scarf—her father's last present. She gained her point, however, and in a few minutes she and her companions, Julia and Annette Warner, were in the fields. But Ellen did not observe that in her haste she had left her scarf unfastened, and that one of the ends was already streaming across her shoulder.

When the children reached the end of the second field, they found James Gardiner was there before them. "Now," said he, "If you girls expect to have the gate opened, you will be disappointed. You must climb." Then he bounded over the gate and stood laughing on the other side.

On looking closely the little girl's found the gate firmly tied with a strong cord, and, after making useless attempts to loose the knots, they were compelled to climb. The two Warners got safely over, but poor Ellen fell and rolled on the grass, to James' great amusement. Much annoyed, the child started up and ran away as fast as possible, for she was not hurt; and James, satisfied at having teased the girls, turned leisurely round to cut the cord off the gate, when lo! streaming from it, was Ellen's new scarf, the fringe of which had been caught by a splinter of wood and been jerked from her neck by her fall forward. Of course the temptation to tease the owner by retaining it was too strong for James to resist, and it was soon folded and deposited in his pocket.

When the little girls reached Highfield Farm, they found quite a large party of youngsters. Some were in the harvest field, others amongst the poultry, and a chosen few of the steady ones were pulling apples and carrying them to the house in large baskets. The trees soon changed their appearance under these busy hands, and became bare of all except their leaves, already turning yellow under the autumn sky.

When Ellen Young arrived at Highfield, Mrs. Grantley asked if she had seen her nephew James. Of course she answered in the affirmative, and she felt tempted to tell of the trick he had played her; but she had resolved to bear and forbear. And when the boy arrived, though the Warner's refused to speak to him, Ellen made no difference between him and the other young guests, but was kind and obliging to all.

Unfortunately her patience made him more determined to tease her, and he followed her continually for that purpose. When she, to escape him, went into a shady part of the orchard and sat on the trunk of a tree with one of her companions, to whom she was saying something she did not wish all to know, she suddenly heard a loud laugh, and heard James exclaim from among the branches, "There, Miss Ellen, I have heard your secrets, and I shall tell them to everybody."

It would not be pleasant to tell all the tricks James Gardiner played that morning—how he drove away the chickens Ellen wanted to feed, hid her heap of gleaned corn in a ditch, and afterward, when pretending to help her to carry a basket of apples, how he suddenly left hold, let all the fruit roll on the grass, and left the

child to pick them up as best she could.

And all the while poor Ellen found it no easy task to practise that charity which "suffereth long and is kind; is not easily provoked." Her patience however stood the test, and really made James half-ashamed of himself. Perhaps he would have endeavoured to make friends; but Ellen at length managed to escape him, and they met no more from the time the apples were upset, until Farmer Grantley's voice summoned them to the dinner table. Then it was that Ellen discovered the loss of her scarf, and, after vainly hunting for it in all directions, found out—as most children do—that it would have been better for her to listen to her mother's advice than to suffer her love of dress to risk the loss of her father's pretty gift.

And all the while it was in James Gardiner's pocket. He did not intend to keep it; but he had no wish to relieve Ellen's anxiety so soon; consequently the pleasure of the little girl's holiday was greatly lessened by the thoughts of her loss, and the feeling that she alone was to blame for it.

When they got to Briery Wood, the impetuous James rushed at once to climb, and in his rash haste fell from a bough, where the ground beneath was rough and stony. He was in pain but too proud to complain, and thinking nobody would care for him, he knotted his handkerchief round the wounded palm, and followed. But he could not gather nuts. He sat down at the foot of a tree and let the rest pass by, while he bitterly murmured to himself, "Nobody ever cared to ask if I were hurt." Yes, there was one who cared. Ellen Young saw the tears trickling down his cheeks, dropped behind her companions, and kindly asked James if his hand was much hurt.

He did not speak, but he held it for her to look at.

"Oh dear, poor boy," she exclaimed. And well she might, for the hand was swollen, bruised, and bleeding. "It must pain you sadly," she added.

James nodded assent, and, fairly overcome by suffering, he sobbed aloud, though he felt ashamed that Ellen should see his tears. "Never mind me. Go after the rest," he said, and made as if he would return to the farm.

Here was a chance for Ellen. She had shown something of the charity which "suffereth long;" she could do a kindness in return for opposite conduct. And it was a right feeling in the child's breast, which urged that it would not be kind, or show true charity to leave James in tears, in pain, and loneliness. Yet she was but a child, and no doubt she could not help thinking that he had merited his punishment.

Ay, but charity "rejoiceth not in iniquity." It never faileth. It shines all the more brightly in seasons of trouble, teaching us to forgive others, even as "God for Christ's sake forgiveth us."

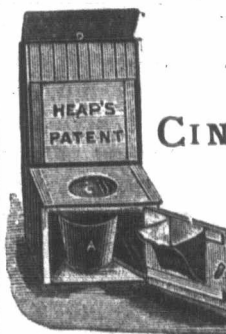
Again, there were selfish thoughts to contend against. Ellen's satchel was lying empty on the ground, and she could hear in the distance the laughter of her young friends, and knew that they were shaking the nut trees and filling their bags with ripe fruit. The contest, however, ended in forgetfulness of self. Ellen went to James again and said, "Come with

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