

## A NOBLE VICTORY.

Bessie Bray stood on the door-step eating a large apple, which her Aunt Madge had just given her, when Kitty Jenks passed by. Kitty stopped, and looked long and wistfully at the pretty apple, with its rich yellow skin and round, rosy cheeks. Bessie still kept crunching and munching away, but did not offer to share her treasure with her friend and school-mate, Kitty Jenks.

Bessie's parents were quite well off in this world's goods, and so was her Aunt Madge, to whom she was paying a morning's visit—for it was Saturday, and of course a holiday. Poor Kitty had no parents, not even a kind auntie to provide her with apples and all nice things. Kitty lived in a small but neat house at the foot of the hill, with an old woman whom every one called Granny Brown, but, though old and poor, every one loved and respected this good dame, who had taken Kitty when a few months old and had fed, clothed and cared for her ever since. Kitty was a good, well-behaved child, and intelligent beyond her years. A kind lady who lived near by paid for Kitty's schooling, and this is how she came to be a school-mate of Bessie Bray's. After looking some time at the apple (for Kitty was not yet six years old) she at last said:

"Please, Bessie, won't you give me just one bite of your apple; it does look so good."

Bessie held the apple more tightly between her pretty white hands, and shook her head *no*, and said:

"Go 'way, Kitty Jenks, and ask your auntie for an apple for yourself."

Poor little Kitty's large brown eyes soon filled with tears as "she had no auntie to ask."

Then heartless Bessie, now holding her apple behind her:

"Why can't you go and ask Granny for one?"

"Because she hasn't got any," said Kitty. "Now do, Bessie; please do give me just one little bite."

But Bessie would not, and so the poor little orphan, finding she could make nothing by staying there, went slowly toward Granny's house; but, as she went, met the kind lady who paid her school bills.

"Why how is this, my dear little Kitty? What are you looking so downcast about, and tears in those brown eyes too? Come, tell me what is the matter?"

In a few words Kitty related what had happened, when Mrs. Young, for that was the kind lady's name, raised the lid of a small basket which she carried, and told Kitty to help herself, and if she would come to her house that afternoon she might have enough red apples for herself and Granny too. The basket out of which Kitty helped herself was filled with nice buns with plums in them. Kitty took one, and as she did so dropped a curtsey, and said:

"Thank you, Mrs. Young (for Granny though old and poor, knew how to teach Kitty politeness).

Soon Kitty was standing before Bessie again, who by this time had quite finished her apple. As soon as Bessie saw her with the nice bun, she ran forth most gladly to meet her. Kitty, although a very generous child, at first put her hands behind her back, and shook her head *no*, as Bessie had done to her a few moments before,

and then, suddenly pausing to think, broke the bun in two, and, as she gave the largest piece to Bessie, said:

"Yes, Bessie, take it; I can't be selfish, for Granny read to me out of God's Bible, only last night, that it was more blessed to give than to receive."

Now who was the happier, selfish Bessie Bray or generous Kitty Jenks?—*Aunt Sarah.*

## HOW DOLL GOT THROUGH THE SNOW.

Uncle Frank had to go up to Bear Valley. He was building a dam there. This was to hold water for the farms of Redlands.

What I am going to tell happened in California. There is little rain in that country. Water is carried in ditches and pipes to the farms and gardens.

There was snow upon the mountains, but Uncle Frank thought that he and Doll could get through very nicely.

Doll was the pony. She went like the wind when Uncle Frank sat in the saddle. She was very fond of him.

But the snow was deep, very deep, and soft. Doll pushed on with all her might, but it grew worse and worse. She began to puff. Uncle Frank threw away his saddle.

Doll struggled on bravely, but she was so tired that she would lean against the trees and pant. Uncle Frank had to walk and lead her. He threw away his coat and overcoat. When Doll leaned against the trees he would lay down by her side to get his breath.

They reached Bear Valley at last almost tired out. Uncle Frank had to return home in a day or two. He went down from the mountain on snow shoes.

But poor Doll had to be left behind. How she whined when her master left her! She was very lonesome, and she was hungry too. There was nothing for her to eat except some poor straw and crumbs from the bread which the men ate who worked on the dam.

"I know what I will do," cried one of the men, one day. "I will make Doll a pair of snow shoes."

Everybody laughed at this. But Doll was a wise pony. I believe she could have worn spectacles.

They made her a pair of shoes from round pieces of board. They were a foot across; how Doll did look at them, and pick up her feet, and straddle, when they were first tied on. But she practiced a little every day, and soon she could walk upon the snow as well as a man.

So one day, Uncle Frank was astonished to see his pet, Doll, come back to Redlands. She had marched down the mountain on her snow shoes. She was very proud of it I think.

Should you not like to see a pony walking on snow shoes! It is a funny sight, I can tell you. And Doll could not have done it if she had not tried.—*Kham, in Our Little Ones.*

"Little boy," said a gentleman, "why do you carry that umbrella over your head? It's not raining." "No." "And the sun is not shining." "No." "Then why do you carry it?" "'Cause when it rains, pa wants it; an' it's only this kinder weather that I kin git ter use it at all."

## BY THE SEA.

"I don't like such people! and I wish they would stay away!"

"The poor folks have a right to the sea-shore, the same as we have, Nelly. Don't you remember our last Sunday School lesson was about Jesus by the Sea?"

Yes, Nelly remembered it; but she did not want to think how Jesus cared for the poor, ragged, bare-footed ones, as much as He cared for those who were dressed well. She did not like to have the poor children stand about near her, when she was playing in the sand. But her friend Gerty was always gentle and kind to them.

"Why, Nelly, I expect there often were ragged boys and girls, with bare feet among the crowd on the sea-shore, where Jesus was!"

Nelly began to wonder about it. Why yes! the disciples of Jesus were only poor fishermen; and yet, how their Lord loved them!

Let's ask that poor girl to stay here, and dig with us; will you, Nelly?

"All right! You ask her." And often, after that day, we could see the poor children of fishermen, playing with Gerty and Nelly. And often, they all sat upon the rocks, and talked of That Dear Master Who had walked by the Sea of Galilee, and been kind to the poor and lonely. And the next winter, when their papas had a plan for building a little church by the sea, Nelly and Gerty saved their money, to help; and it made them very happy. *The Shepherd's Arms*

## SELF-DENIAL.

It requires self-denial to go to an early Celebration of the Holy Communion. Is self-denial no part of the modern Christian life? Is half an hour's more sleep better than the showing forth of that agonizing death on Calvary? Is sleep for the body better than faith and hope and love? So be it, if any man thinks so; only let there be no more wonderment that faith and hope and love are very weak—that earth is no more than heaven, and temptation stronger than resolution; let there be no more wonder that God's Providence seems so bitter, and the future so uncertain. Is it so necessary, then, to go to an early Celebration? The matter of an early or late has little to do with it, though an early Celebration has advantages; the quiet of the mind, secured by not having come in contact with the world is much. But we only speak, now, to those who are conscious that their spiritual life is not as deep as it should be, and of them we ask: Have you tried faithfully and devoutly all the means of grace? Here is one, the weekly Eucharist; have you tried that?—*Rev. T. N. Morrison.*

—There is a picture in *Punch* of a butler who threatened to resign because "the cook was 'igh Church and burus hincense, while "the 'ousemaid was Low Church and burned brown paper to counteract the smell, and between the two his life was unbearable.

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