

## Caring for Papa.

"When papa comes home, I am going to ask him to put legs on this and make a table," said little Louise, patting a small board that lay across her lap.

"Don't do that, dear," answered her mother. "You have enough things to play with without that."

"But I want a table," said Louise.

"Papa does so many things for you, dear, that mamma does not want you to ask anything more of him when he is tired. Besides a good many things have been done to please my little girl to-day. Mamma got the board for you to have for a lap board to sew on. You know mamma has a lap board and it hasn't any legs."

Louise looked disappointed for a moment, then she said sweetly, "I won't ask papa, mamma. I will play that it's a lap board," and she spread out her bits of sewing and tiny thimble and scissors, and soon her mother heard her singing a little song.

Presently Louise had an idea and she suddenly stopped singing.

"My papa does so many things for me," she thought. "I wonder if I can't do something for him."

She thought so much about it that she could not sew any more that afternoon. At last she went to the window to watch for papa, and when she saw him coming she threw kisses till he came to the steps, and then she opened the door for him. How pleased papa looked!

She pulled his easy-chair up near the light and brought the paper and his slippers.

"Well, well!" said papa. "I have worked hard to-day and am so tired; but home is the very best place in all the world to get rested in, especially when my little girl takes care of me."

And dear little Louise knew for the very first time how pleasant it is to do something for those whom we love.

## Storm Contrasted with Sunshine.

A thunderstorm is very short when measured against the long summer day in which it crashes; and very few days have them. It must be a bad climate where half the days are rainy. If we were to take the chart and prick out upon it the line of our voyage, we should find that the spaces in which the weather was tempestuous were brief and few indeed as compared with those in which it was sunny and calm.

## "Waiting for Him."

During a social evening spent together, the young people grew tired of the lively games, and began to wonder when the master of the house, who is a famous story-teller, would come to redeem the promise made, to entertain them with a story.

"Let us all get our places and be ready for Mr. Baker when he comes in," said one; and the others, approving, acted upon the suggestion.

Presently Mr. Baker appeared, and was greeted with welcoming smiles.

"This is pleasant," he exclaimed, "everything seems ready for me to begin without loss of time."

"We're all waiting for you," said a young voice, "just waiting for you to come."

Ah, how easy it is to interest people who are ready to listen! How delightful it is to speak to those who are waiting to hear! It is told of one particular time in the life of our Lord, that

"The people gladly received him, for they were all waiting for him."

If Sunday school teachers always found their classes thus eagerly waiting, would they not teach better, and would not the scholars find the lessons more helpful? There can be no doubt about it. Ministers and teachers are ambassadors for Christ, and should be heard for their Lord's sake.

Jesus himself comes to meet his people in the church and Sunday-school. He is so sure to come, according to his promise, that the thing to do is to "wait for him," ready to "hear what God the Lord will speak." And this is very certain: "The Lord is good to them that wait for him." Test it, and see.

## The King of D. C.

Rev. T. Leishman, Angus, Ont., writes: "It gives me much pleasure to testify to the excellency of K. D. C. as a cure for dyspepsia. I have recommended it here widely, and in every case it has proved successful. It is the very best remedy for that frightful trouble that I know of, and never fails to help or cure when used as you direct. It deserves the name 'King of Dyspepsia Cures.'"

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## "Whom God Helps."

Once, in Rome, there were two blind men, one of whom cried in the streets of the city, "He is helped whom God helps;" the other, on the contrary, cried, "He is helped whom the emperor helps." This they did every day, and the emperor heard it so often that he had a loaf of bread baked and filled with gold pieces.

This gold-filled loaf he sent to the blind man who appealed to the emperor's help. When he felt the heavy weight of the bread, he sold it to the other beggar as soon as he met him. The blind man who bought the bread carried it home. When he had broken it and found the gold, he thanked God, and from that day ceased to beg. But the other continued to beg through the city. The emperor summoned him to his presence and asked him, "What hast thou done with the loaf that I lately sent thee?"

"I sold it to my friend because it was heavy and did not seem well risen."

Then the emperor said, "Truly, he whom God helps is helped indeed," and turned the blind man from him.

—What we all want is inward rest—rest of heart and brain; the calm, strong, self-contained, self-denying character; which needs no stimulants, for it has no fits of depression; which needs no narcotics, for it has no fits of excitement; which needs no ascetic restraints, for it is strong enough to use God's gifts without abusing them; the character, in a word, which is truly temperate in all desires, thoughts and actions.—*Canon Kingsley.*

## Things to Forget.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbour's faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make

you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or worse still, malice, would only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable.

## The Blue Birds.

When Bessie first went to live in the country it was quite cold, and there was deep snow on the ground. But it was getting warmer every day.

One morning she saw her father putting up on the trees some nice little boxes, each one with a round hole in its side.

"What are those for?" asked Bessie.

"For the blue birds," said he.

"There are no blue birds here," said Bessie.

"It will soon be spring," said her father, "then they will come and build their nests in the boxes."

## Ned and the Chickens.

Ned was a donkey. Some donkeys are cross and bad. They will kick and bite you, if you go near them. But Ned was a very good donkey, and had no bad tricks.

Frank Foster first saw Ned at the fair, and he was so kind and gentle, that he asked his father to buy him.

"Where shall we keep him?" asked his father.

"Let him stay in the barn with the chickens," said Frank; "he will not hurt them, and they will be glad to have him to play with."

Frank's father laughed at this. "It would be a funny sight," said he, "to see the chickens playing with a donkey."

But he bought Ned for his little boy, and they took him home and put him in the barn. They made him a nice bed of straw, and he lay down quite contented with his new home.

When the chickens woke up in the morning, and went to the barn to find seeds in the straw, they were much surprised to find Ned there. They had never seen a donkey before, and they were afraid to go near him.

Frank thought they were very silly to be afraid of Ned, and he told them so, but they did not know what he said.

The chickens soon found that Ned did not try to harm them, but would lie quite still and let them peck at the straw. Then they became bolder and would jump on his back. Ned was quite pleased to have them with him, and they soon became good friends.

## My Way.

"It is my way," said a boy who came in from school, and threw his cap and coat in a heap on the floor. "Now, mother, please don't scold a fellow for being careless, but remember it is only my way."

"It is my way; you must excuse me," said a young girl to her classmate, after a hasty show of temper. "You must never mind what I say, but remember it is only my way."

"Oh, Miss Evans, I forgot to return

the book I borrowed of you last week! Yes, I remember you asked me for it yesterday, and I intended to bear it in mind, but you must excuse me; it is only my way."

Harry came down stairs this morning in a very bad humour; nothing suited him; he snarled and snapped at every one who addressed a word to him; but after breakfast, his temper being restored to its normal condition, he said they must excuse him, it was only his way.

Dear children, never use the expression, when speaking of a fault, "It is only my way." Have no such ways; but if you find them growling on you, ask God for strength, and become cured of them. "It is my way," will never excuse you of a wrong action in the sight of God, or your fellow-men.

—For sake yourself, resign yourself, and you shall enjoy great inward peace. Give all for all, Ask for nothing, desire none turn. . . . You shall be free in heart, and darkness shall not cover you.—*Thomas a Kempis.*

## The Soul's Resurrection.

Some day we are to go forth in our spiritual responsibility and to meet the demands of our spiritual existence. The soul, buried under the cares of life, thrills when it hears such tidings as that. Is it ready—is it any way getting ready—for such resurrection? See how the whole evangelical experience starts with such an intelligence. The soul, brought face to face with its destiny, feels its utter unfitness for it. Sin and stain are on its garments. It must have some deliverer. It must find its Deliverer there whither it is going, in that spiritual world for which it feels its unfitness, for which it must be fit. It cries out for Christ. Christ comes, and the mysterious work of pardon and regeneration passes between him and the soul; and then the soul, with a spiritual immortality now set clearly before it, goes to work to struggle with itself, to conquer down its yet remaining sin, to win Christ perfectly, to be good, pure, and holy.—*Bishop Brooks.*

—We have but to name God before sorrow, and it changes colour; name Him before burdens and they grow less; name Him before the vanity of life and it disappears.

## Notice

Something we all need but seldom get is Good Coffee.

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