

"I'm not a baby," faltered the child, lifting his beseeching eyes to the speaker's face. "And I'm working for mammy."

"Just the size our Hughie would have been," whispered the lady, and the gentleman, pressing a sixpence into the little hand, bade Willie run home to his mother.

With his heart full of delight and pride, the child ran along the busy streets, clasping his first earnings in his hand. "How pleased mother would be," he thought, as he treaded his way amid the throng of foot passengers and vehicles. "She would know he was not too little to work for her now," and then there came a sharp, sudden blow, a child's cry of pain, and Willie knew no more.

"It is a doctor," said the crowd, and made way for the gentleman who had bestowed the sixpence on Willie. He pressed towards the quiet little form, and, raising it tenderly in his arms, stroked back the clustering curls that concealed the cruel mark left by the horse's hoofs on the white forehead. Then slowly the blue eyes unclosed and the tiny hand unclasped, revealing the treasured coin it had held safely through all. "For mammy," came the whispered words, then the white lids fluttered down, and Willie was with God.

Brighter days have dawned for Willie's mother, help, of which he never knew on earth came to her through the carol her darling sang, and she treasures that sixpence still—the first and last earnings of her angel child.

#### In a Strong Financial Position.

A concern can produce its best work only when it is in a strong financial position, out of debt and free from worry. Our contemporary, the *Family Herald and Weekly Star* of Montreal, is in just such a position. It is firmly established in magnificent new buildings, equipped with splendid new plant, costing quarter of a million of dollars, the result of years of increasing prosperity. The *Family Herald and Weekly Star* is a great paper, and deserves its gigantic success.

#### Hidden Carving.

That is an old story of the Grecian sculptor, who, charged with adorning a lofty temple, was chided by his employers because he fashioned the upper surface of the capitals which surmounted his pillars with the same exquisite handiwork and elaborate care which he bestowed on the carvings within reach of every visitor who might stand on the pavement.

They said to him, "Why do you waste your skill where no human eye can ever behold it? Only the birds of the air can perch in such a place."

The sculptor raised his eyes, lifted for a moment his chisel from the stone, and replied, "The gods will see it," and resumed his task.

Old story as it is, it carries a lesson to those who are beginning their life work. Not only is God's-eye watching your hidden carving; some day it may—yes, it will—stand forth in full light to your honour or confusion.

#### Work Away.

Jim was a poor newsboy. He wanted to buy a cake for his little sister, because it was her birthday. But if he sold all his papers, he would not have any money to spare; his mother needed it, for she was poor.

"I wish I could raise three cents extra," he said to Will, his little comrade.

"Work away, then," answered Will, and ran off crying his papers.

Jim ran off shouting his also. He sold a good many of them, and when he was tired, Will's words, "Work away," would come back to him, and he would go on again.

It was beginning to grow dark when he went into a horse-car. All the people in it had papers or shook their heads at him, except one young lady. She looked at the little boy and bought a paper of him. It cost one cent. She handed him a five-cent piece. Jim was going to hand her the change when she smiled at him and said:—

"The rest is for you."

Then he ran to buy the little frosted cake for his sister. Kitty gave him some of it, and as they were eating it, he said:

"I wish that lady knew."

And then he thought how glad he was that he had "worked away," instead of giving up.

#### On a Child's Prayer.

"Now I lay me," Thought how sweet  
In weakness is His strength complete!  
"Down to sleep." Heaven's hosts are nigh,  
Angel of God encampeth by.  
"I pray Thee, Lord," Attent His ear;  
The God of Samuel waiteth near.  
"My soul to keep." What can compare  
With this committed to His care?

Thus in sweet faith the child-form kneels  
A hallowed hush the heart o'er steals.  
The Shepherd bends from throne above  
This lamb to guard in fold of love.

"If I should die." To one and all,  
Or young, or old—will come Death's call.  
"Before I wake." Sweet, blest repose,  
Resting pillowed on "Jesus knows."  
"I pray Thee, Lord." He would be sought;  
"Who early seek, will find," He taught.  
"My soul to take." 'Twill ever be,  
"Suffer the children to come to Me."

We almost hear the Christ-voice teach  
We almost see His arms outreach—  
Love, might and majesty divine,  
That with this child-prayer intertwine.

#### Receipts for Sunshine in the Soul.

1. Look at your mercies with both eyes, and at your troubles and trials with only half an eye.
2. Study contentment. Keep down the accursed spirit of grasping; "what they don't have" makes thousands wretched.
3. Keep at some work of usefulness. Work for Christ brings heart health.
4. Keep your heart's windows always open towards heaven. Let the blessed light of Jesus' countenance shine in. It will turn tears to rain-bows. This last receipt is the best one. It is all very well to say, "Do right and you'll be happy," but there is something more than that needed. We must let the spring of our lives be in Christ, letting His Spirit guide us in all we do.—*Theodore L. Cuyler.*

#### Give Home Your Best.

The responsibility of giving the best of one's self to the home does not devolve solely upon the parents, but upon the older children as well. A daughter has no right to be full of animation when invited to tea at a friend's house, and to indulge only in monosyllables at the home table whenever she happens "not to feel like talking." She is bound to contribute something to the pleasure of the family circle, those whom she really loves better than anybody in the wide world, but for whose pleasure she is too indolent, or thoughtless, to bestir herself. There are boys who are the "life" of social gatherings, yet who never deign to entertain father and mother, or brothers and sisters, with an account of their good times. Only by dint of persistent questioning can the lips of these mutes at home be unsealed. They never proffer any racy recital of experiences to the household. They neglect to say "good night" or "good morning." They do not think it "worth while" to show any affection to other members of the family. The parents are not always to blame for this unsocial spirit. Perhaps they are making great sacrifices to win a son or daughter to express more love and interest for the home. The matter should be laid upon the consciences of these older boys and girls. They must bring themselves out of this essentially selfish attitude.

—Let kindness and patience and all charity rule in all the departments of our work. If there is any excellence of character or sweetness of spirit, let it shine forth from the young. Who says that these are the peculiar virtues of age? Was it a young man or an old that Paul set forth as "an example of the believer in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity"?

#### Hints to Housekeepers.

OLD VIRGINIA WAFFLES.—Mix a quart of milk and six tablespoonfuls of flour with two tablespoonfuls of sifted corn-meal; add a tablespoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of melted butter. Lastly add three eggs, beaten very light. Bake immediately in well greased waffle-irons.

SALLY LUNN.—Mix a quart of flour with a tablespoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of sugar, in which rub a tablespoonful of butter and an Irish potato, mashed fine; add half a teacup of yeast and three well beaten eggs, with warm water to make a soft dough. Knead half an hour. Let rise, handle lightly, put in a cake mould and bake in a hot oven.

IT SELDOM FAILS.—*Dear Sirs,*—I took two bottles of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and it cured me of hoarseness and tightness of the chest after other things had failed. I have also tried B.B.B.; it works splendidly for weakness and headache. Samuel Maddock, Beamsville, Ont.

DELICIOUS CREAM MUFFINS.—Beat the whites and yolks of four eggs separately. Mix half a pint of cream and an ounce of butter. Add slowly one pint of flour, pour in muffin-rings, and bake very quickly.

NEW SARUM NOTES.—*Dear Sirs,*—I have used six bottles of B.B.B. I took it for liver complaint. Before I took it I had headache and felt stupid all the time, but now I am healthy and entirely well. In addition I have a good appetite, which I did not have previously. Libbie Pound, New Sarum, Ontario.

FRAGRANT SOUTHERN RUSKS.—Sift a quart of flour; in the centre of it put two cups of sugar, one of lard and butter each; two beaten eggs, two cups of milk, a pint of yeast, and one grated nutmeg. Mix all together, work well, and set to rise. When light make in small rolls, work over with butter and sugar, let rise again and bake.

OLD VIRGINIA LOAF BREAD.—Boil one large Irish potato until done, peel and mash fine, add a little cold water to soften it, stir into it a teaspoonful of brown sugar, a tablespoonful of lard and three-tablespoonfuls of hop yeast. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly, and put the sponge in a close jar, cover and let stand several hours to rise. Sift into the tray three pints of flour, to which add a spoonful of salt, then pour the sponge in, with enough cold water to work into a stiff dough; knead until smooth, and let stand over night to rise. In the morning work in flour to keep from sticking to the hands. Allow it to rise one hour, and bake.

SALT RISEN BREAD.—Into a pitcher, put one teacupful of milk fresh from the cow, two teacupfuls of boiling water, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt; into this stir a little less than a quart of flour. Set the pitcher in a kettle of moderately warm water and keep it at a uniform temperature; cover the mouth of the pitcher with a towel. Set the kettle where the water will keep warm. Let it stand three hours, then beat up well, after which do not disturb it. In two hours it should be light. Have ready two quarts of flour, half a tablespoonful of lard, and a teaspoonful of salt. Pour in the yeast, to which, if not sufficient, add warm water to make dough. Knead well, mould in loaves, put in greased pan, set in a warm oven to rise; after which bake slowly.

FOR PAIN OR COLDS.—*Gents,*—Fifteen months ago I had a healing breast. I tried a number of remedies but got no relief. I then tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which gave me instant relief. It is the best thing I ever used for all kinds of pain or cold. Mrs. John Corbett, St. Marys, Ont.

—An old man once said that it took him forty years to learn three simple things. The first was that he couldn't do anything to save himself; the second was, that God didn't expect him to; and the third was that Christ had done it all, and all he had to do was to accept of the accomplished fact.