

on his mother's grave, and yet he knew he had done the better thing. "She'll understand," he said to himself, "I know this will please her most."

YOUR CHURCH HOME.

Do you realize that there is a difference between attending a church regularly and having a church home? Just the same difference as there is between boarding and living in a home of your own—no slight matter either, as those who have tried it will testify.

A great many well-meaning young people look upon the church they attend from the standpoint of outsiders. "I wonder why they are not more cordial to strangers in this church," a young lady said to her pastor. And the good man surprised her by replying, "I guess you mean 'we,' don't you?" It is this use of the pronoun of the third person, instead of the first that destroys the home feeling. It is so easy to criticize "their" faults and failings, but the discovery of "our" weaknesses is likely to result in vigorous efforts to correct them.

The young people in a home do not occupy the position of lookers on. They are interested in everything, from the way the house is furnished up to the entertainment of guests. Anything criticized in "our home" is a criticism of ourselves. And the same feeling must be transferred to the church before it becomes a home to us in any true sense of the word. Though we may take upon ourselves in this connection burdens and responsibilities by no means light, that is more than compensated for by the warm, helpful fellowship of the home circle, a fellowship which those who stand outside can never know.

HORNED TOADS.

Toads sometimes live thirty-five, even forty years.

In the west I once found a horned toad. Though it is so called and has the habits of the toad, the horned toad is not properly a toad. It is shaped and walks like a little turtle, though the naturalists class it with the lizard. The warts on its back end in a hard point, making the toad look as though it were covered with little horns.

For a time, to study its ways, I kept the toad on the floor in my bed-room, for it soon would have been out of sight if it once reached the ground. Horned toads are expert diggers.

These toads have a very quiet disposition, are seldom cross and soon become accustomed to domestic life. They are of a brown color, walk instead of jump, and are just as fond of getting wet as any other toad. They are soon tamed and take flies and insects from the hand.

Horned toads do not like dogs. At the sight of one the toad will puff up its body, lower its head and hiss. The house cat made friends

with my toad. The toad would inflate itself until it was nearly round, and the cat would push it gently about on the floor. The toad must have enjoyed it for it often crept up to the cat and invited the fun. A pet magpie, a frequent visitor to my room, enjoyed the fun too. Once when the cat was sleeping on the floor the magpie hopped about and chattered loudly. Failing to arouse the cat she approached the toad, seized it by one of its little horns, carried it across the room and dropped it beside the cat. This manner of conveyance startled the toad, which immediately hid itself under the cat, and as the latter was in no way disturbed, the magpie's plan of obtaining amusement proved a failure.

Horned toads are very bashful animals, and conscious of being watched. When ill-treated they pretend to be dead. They love to be tickled and will lie for an hour with their bodies puffed out while a finger is passed gently back and forth along the side.

They pass the winter in holes in the ground, generally holes dug by other animals.

NAT'S NUGGET.

Nat Holden took a twenty minute ride on the suburban train each morning to reach the school he attended in the city. One morning when he got into the car, which was unusually crowded, the first vacant seat he could find was next to Mr. Lee, an elderly gentleman who was a friend of the family. He nodded pleasantly and went on reading his morning paper.

Presently one of the big sheets fell out from the rest as Mr. Lee turned them, and dropped across Nat's knee. He began to read some staring headlines about the Klondyke mines and was bending his curly head over them when Mr. Lee glanced down at him.

"Don't read on the cars, my boy," he said. "I've set you a bad example, I know, but don't begin it now. Time enough for it when you must—if you ever must. It's bad for the eyes. What were you reading so intently?"

"About the gold mines," said Nat modestly. "My! but wouldn't I like to find a nugget of gold myself!"

Would you be willing to risk starving to death for it?" asked the older friend smiling.

"Oh, no, indeed!" cried Nat. "I'd rather get it some easier way."

"Would you be willing to take a nugget of wisdom now, since you really must wait awhile before you can possibly pick up a nugget of gold? Boys haven't much sense, I'm afraid,"—here Lee gave his small companion a droll look—"but I know you could use this nugget if you would take it."

"Of course I'll take it, Mr. Lee, if I can get it. Will you give it to me?"

Yes, I will, Nat. I would like to give it to you, for your grandfather gave it to me. It would be a good way to pay him back for his good deed, I'm sure, to pass on this nugget of wisdom to his grandson. It will not be robbing myself either, which is a comfort. But stop a minute. I'll give it to you to-morrow in a way to help you remember it. We'll ride in together in the morn-

ing, very likely. Look for me when you get in. Here's my station. Good-by Nat," and the pleasant-faced gentleman who was not too busy to give a boy a good word when he could, left the car.

"Well Nat, I remember what I promised," was Mr. Lee's greeting the next morning, and he drew a lumpy-looking little parcel from his pocket. Unwrapping this he took out a metal paper weight in the shape of a nugget, or the supposed shape, and gilded to look like gold. Around the base were engraved these words: "Make a business of doing your best."

"Keep this on your desk as a reminder, and let the sight of it make you think of this wise saying of your grandfather's which he once spoke to me. I had a way of trifling," Mr. Lee went on, and letting things go without putting my best work on them, and this good friend took me to task about it. He said to me, 'you will never gain success in anything if you don't, make a real business of doing your best in everything. You are not here just to play. God wants your best and man wants it; and you ought to give it, whatever you do,' that nugget of wisdom was worth more than gold to me, Nat. It lasted much longer, and helped me more. I want to pass it on to you."

"Thank you ever so much, Mr. Lee," said Nat, as the pretty paper weight was put into his hand. "I'm sure it will do me good too," he added.

But won't somebody besides Nat take the wise advice.

A QUICK REPLY.

That quick wit is not confined to cities, was proved the other day by a young woman who was rambling along one of our roads.

She was dressed smartly, and when she met a small, bare-legged urchin carrying a bird's nest with eggs in it, she did not hesitate to stop him.

"You are a wicked boy," she said. "How could you rob that nest? No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs."

"Oh, she don't care," said the boy, edging away; "she's on your hat!"

—Many things happen which we cannot understand, but if we love God, we have a right to believe that He is in all of them; and just as surely as we have that belief, it will give us constant and perfect peace. Not a trouble can come to us in this life while we are trusting in God that we will not thank Him for when we get to heaven.

—"He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything."

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after the FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November, inclusive. By order of the Board. S. C. WOOD, Managing Director. Toronto, 26th October, 1898.

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