

thought into his work, too, and plans it so that his brains may save his hands and feet. And he does not limit himself to doing just what his father has asked of him and no more, but always gives a generous measure of work.

These are Mr. Kent's reasons for calling Malcolm his right-hand man, and for his confidence that Malcolm will prove a reliable man of business. Are they not good ones?

THE WIND AND THE SUN.

A dispute once arose between the north wind and the sun, as to which was the stronger of the two. Seeing a traveller on his way, they agreed to try which could the sooner get his cloak off him. The north wind began, and sent a furious blast, which, at the onset, nearly tore the cloak from its fastenings; but the traveller, seizing the garment with a firm grip, held it round his body so tightly that Boreas spent his remaining force in vain. The sun, dispelling the clouds that had gathered, then darted his most sultry beams on the traveller's head. Growing faint with the heat, the man flung off his cloak and ran for protection to the nearest shade.

A TRUE BOY.

One cold, dreary day in winter, a lad stood at the door of a hut in Norway. The snow had been falling all day, and the poor boy looked cold and hungry. "Can't I stay, ma'am?" he said to the lady who had opened the door. "I'll cut wood, go for water, and do all your errands." "You may come in until my husband comes home," she replied. Presently came the sound of tramping, and the husband entered, very much fatigued from his day's work. He looked at the poor boy and did not seem well pleased; nevertheless he bade him come to the table, and enjoyed seeing him eat a hearty supper. Day after day passed, and still the boy remained, till after due consideration the people concluded that he was such a good boy they would keep him. About the middle of the winter a strange man called at the hut, and when he was preparing to go, said to the woman, "You have a boy out there splitting wood, I see," pointing to the wood-pile. "Yes; have you ever seen him before?" "I have only seen him once before," replied the stranger. "Where? What is his name?" "That boy has been in jail, and even as young as he is, was sentenced there ten months."

There was something awful in the very word jail to the woman, and she was not satisfied until she had called the boy to her, and kindly talked to him, and assured him she knew the dark part of his history. Ashamed, the boy hung his head: "Well," he murmured, "there's no use in my trying to be a good boy, everybody is against me." "Tell me," replied the

woman, "how came you to go to that awful place so young?" "Oh," cried the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible, "Oh, I hadn't any mother. If I only had a mother," he continued, while tears gushed from his eyes, "I wouldn't have been treated so cruelly. I wouldn't have been bad, and got knocked down, and then stolen because I was hungry. Oh, if I only had a dear mother." The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees, sobbing and rubbing his eyes with the sleeves of his jacket. The woman was a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, she was a mother still. She threw her arms around the neck of that poor, forsaken, deserted child, and said that from that time on he would find her a mother to him. She poured from her heart sweet, kind words, words of counsel and tenderness. How sweet was sleep to her that night—how soft her pillow. She had plucked a thorn from the path of a little sinner but striving mortal. That poor boy is now a promising man. He is the help and comfort of the old lady, who is aged and sickly. That "poor outcast" is her main support. Nobly does he repay the trust reposed in him. For the Bible says: "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

MAYSIE'S WISE THOUGHT.

It was a raw spring morning, one of those mornings when the wind seems to go right through you, no matter how warm and thick your clothes are. Maysie, on her way to school, began to shiver before she had gone a block and wished that it was Saturday, so she could stay at home by the bright fire.

All at once Maysie came to a standstill; she had just remembered something. That very morning her mother had said to her, "I want you to go around to Mrs.

BIRTH.

At St. Andrews, N. B., the wife of Rev. E. W. Simonson, on Jan. 15th, 1900, of a daughter—Margaret Medley.

DEATH.

At Goodwood, South Orillia, on January 23rd, Caroline Jane, widow of Basil R. Rowe, and youngest and latest surviving daughter of the late James Matthew Hamilton, born 28th of March, 1817.

WANTED—Consecrated men and women for rescue and pioneer work in the Church Army. Training free. Address Col. J. A. Stanfield, 299 George St., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.

Meneely Bell Company,
CLINTON H. MENEELY, Gen. Man.
TRCY, N.Y., and NEW YORK CITY.
Manufacture superior Church Bells.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR
the grandest and fastest-selling book ever published,
Pulpit Echoes

OR LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART.
Containing Mr. MOODY'S best Sermons, with 500 Thrilling Stories, Incidents, Personal Experiences etc., as told
By D. L. Moody

himself. With a complete history of his life by Rev. CHAS. F. GONS, Pastor of Mr. Moody's Chicago Church for five years, and an Introduction by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D.
Brand new, 600 pp., beautifully illustrated. 75¢. 1,000 more immense—a harvest time for Agents. Send for terms to
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

Flynn's sister to-day, dear. Her husband is sick, and I have packed up some extra bed clothes, and a few little things for him to eat. She can send Johnny over with his little wagon to get the bundle."

"Shall I go this morning, mamma?" Maysie had asked, watching the branches of the trees as they whipped back and forth in the fierce wind.

Her mother was watching them, too. "Just as you choose, dearest. If it seems too cold and windy, you can wait until this noon, when you will be coming home and will have the wind behind you."

This is what Maysie had just remembered, and this is why she stopped so suddenly at the street corner. Mrs. Flynn's little cottage was out of her way, and to get to it would mean a struggle with the wind. On her way home at noon, the wind would be behind her and would help her along.

"Ugh!" Maysie shivered, as a strong blast almost took her from

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES of Boston
Relieve Coughs and Colds.
"Contain no opium, or anything injurious."—DR. A. A. HAYES, Chemist, Boston.
In boxes only—Avoid imitations.

LIFE AND WORK OF **DWIGHT L. MOODY**
Official and only authentic edition. Written by his son, Wm. R. Moody, and Ira D. Sankey, his life-long associate and friend. 100,000 agents wanted at once. Liberal terms. Freight paid. Credit given. A golden opportunity for you. Outfit free. Write to-day. P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 215 Locust St., Philada., Pa.

St. Augustine Wine
\$1.50 per Gallon
Direct Importer of High Grade Foreign Wines, &c.
All goods guaranteed pure and genuine.
J. C. MOOR 433 Yonge Street, Toronto. Tel. 626

The Canadian Churchman Illustrated Christmas Number will be sent to any place in Canada and the United States for 20c. To England, 25c.

Send in your orders at once.

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN
Box 2640, Toronto.

Six Reasons

FOR SUBSCRIBING TO THE **CANADIAN CHURCHMAN**

1. It is loyal to Church principles.
2. It has for twenty-five years steadfastly maintained them.
3. It is not a party paper.
4. It is the most extensively circulated Church paper in Canada.
5. Its Contributors are some of the most prominent Churchmen and best writers in the Dominion.
6. It is newsy, brightly written, well done, and it is what its name implies—A Family Church Paper.

SUBSCRIPTION:

\$2.00 per year,
but if paid strictly in advance,
One Dollar.

We should be pleased to have you become a subscriber, and also any of your friends.

Sample Copies sent free to any address.

ADDRESS

Canadian Churchman,

BOX 2640.

TORONTO, ONT.

Offices, 18 Court Street.

her feet make much Flynn, if I started along was still this

"Mamma bed-clothes he hasn't en warm, even remembered in bed one come a sud weather. pair of bla don't 'spose blankets." fully, and tl for her.

Her face those shiny time she go she was a g But it did n her errand.

"Ah, but Maysie!" A fully. "H cowl'd unde he's hunge an' tasty to mighty kin this cowl'd shall go rig "Ugh!"

second tim wind again see such a glad I did

if I had, N had his wa things to c he'd have hungry all be warm ; you have do that's ; happy, I tl soon as ev folks can so much s

It is no who think ene of Ma kind, and to practice would be place.

JOEY H

The tea in Maine minds me lamb, onl the dog.

Joe was old, and lank pupi boy and c Joe appa cile him leaving several n lowed the feet unde

Then the smal quiet, bu light of t of the te

"Joe," must tal Joe lo but pick his head ed for t