

Mother had had a visitor. A kindly old clergyman, who, as Louie stood before him, had passed a tender arm around the little girl, asking gently—

"Is Louie a little Home Sunbeam?"

And with all her heart, Louie had felt she wanted to be just that. And then the kind voice had said a little about the work which sunbeams do. How useful it is. How beautiful! Had pointed out how each little sunbeam quietly does its own life-giving work, in brightening, helping, comforting, shining just where the great sun sends it, just doing what it can. Perhaps it was this thought which had brought a Home Sunbeam to little Kate and Willie, yesterday afternoon, when Louie had built that grand brick castle and laid aside for it the finish of a very interesting book.

And now, here was a poor, forlorn, little creature, far more in need of warm love sunbeams than the children in their cosy, pretty nursery at home.

"Don't cry, Nellie!" said Louie, brightly, opening the basket, "Look here! This is my share of the lunch. Cook divided the nice things into two parcels so that we might each have one. There now! Wipe your eyes, and eat one of these nice sandwiches, and you'll feel ever so much better. We mustn't touch Eric's; but you shall take the rest of my packet to your grannie, when we have had a good hunt for that dollar."

Did the real sunbeams strive to help, do you think? How was it?

After a long and patient search, at the end of the wood nearest to Norton Corner, just where the trees are not quite so thick, a merry sunbeam had forced its way between them, and, shining full upon a snow-bank at the edge of the path, sparkled upon the lost coin.

With a cry of joy, Nellie pounced upon it.

"Now you come with me and dry your boots, miss. You'll skate ever so much more comfortabler if you do. Dr. Oldroyd he sent us in some coals yesterday, so there is a fire. I made it up beautiful before I come out."

And so, in her poverty, Nellie passed on a sunbeam of comfort to the child who had been kind to her.

What deplorable figures met her gaze when, after having taken care of Grannie until Nellie returned from her shopping, with a light heart and a much lightened basket, Louie at last found herself at the pond!

Covered to the very shoulders with black mud, Eric and Teddie sat shivering on the bank, trying with icy, benumbed fingers, to unbuckle their skates.

"Good job you didn't come, Loo!" cried her brother, ruefully.

"Snow made the ice rotten at the south end," shouted Ted, "and so we both went through."

"Oh, be quick!" cried Louie. "I can take you to a lovely fire, and Nellie Powell will be pleased to dry your clothes. I know she will! Make haste! Let me help you, Eric! My hands are warm."

It was the good warm fire and getting their wet clothes so nicely dried that probably saved the boys a serious illness, said Dr. Oldroyd,

when he was told all about it next day.

"All owing to Louie, and her sunbeam of kindness to Nellie Powell, which had won them so warm a welcome at the cottage," said Eric and Teddie.

Louie did not say much. Perhaps she thought the more. One thought has certainly been constant in her mind. Each little sunbeam shines where it is sent, and shines its best and brightest. How much sunnier, brighter, and happier would our beautiful world become if every boy and girl, man and woman, beamed love's sunshine; if every heart and life sent forth a warm and loving radiance, gleaming brighter and more bright, pointing forward to Eternal Day, leading back upon a shining pathway to the one, true, only Source of Love and Light.

"IT BEAN'T WINGS AS MAKES ANGELS."

"Well, Meg, I never thought as 'ow I'd bring yer to this!" And the old blind fiddler sat down despondently on a box by the window.

"If they turns us out o' this 'ere basement-to-morrer, an' takes our bits o' sticks, there's nought for it but the 'ouse, as I can see, my poor Meg!"

"Don't be down-hearted, Jim; it bean't your fault no 'ow! We'd 'ave been there long ago if it 'adn't been for your fiddlin'. It wur that fall from the scaffolding wot broke us first, an' wot wi' the fever an' cateraks a'top o' that, it's not to be thought as a man could stand agin' it."

"It's seven and forty year come Monday," he continued, musingly, "since I led yer out o' the church. The gels all laughin' and cryin' an' the lads lookin' mighty glum, some on 'em, as I wur a carryin' yer off to London. D'yer mind that Ben Taylor wot wur allers a-followin' arter yer, Meg? He wur made 'ead keeper, he wur, soon arter we left, wi' a 'ouse an' a garden. He wur a bit close-fisted, but 'e'd 'ave taken better care on yer nor I've done!"

"Come, Jim!" she said; "just come an' eat this bit o' fish while it's 'ot," and she placed on the table a good-sized bloater.

"My word, Meg! I thought as I'd 'ad a whiff o' fish now an' agin, but then; thinks I, in course it must be a 'erring a-commin' in through the keyhole. Don't see quite as we orter afford no relishes, should us, Meg?"

"Don't yer go troublin' yer 'ead about that! My jet brooch went round the corner this mornin'. My poor mother's it wur, an' the last bit o' trinket I've got. I reckon it bean't so great a sin to spend jist one penny o' that like as I've a mind, so you set to, an' don't stand argifyin'."

Little loathe, the old man sat down to partake of the unwanted luxury, whilst his wife hovered near to see that he did full justice to his fare. "If some good angel," she said, "ud 'elp us wi' that back rent, Jim, I'd 'old my 'ead up yet wi' the best!"

"I'm afeared as there bean't much chance o' angels comin' our way, Meg. Seems as they've lost their wings these times!"

"It bean't wings as makes ang, l,

To Our Readers

The readers of the Canadian Churchman are appealed to to use every effort this year to double the circulation of the Canadian Churchman as a testimonial to Mr. Frank Wootten, the proprietor, to show their appreciation of his very arduous and self-denying work in this his twenty-fifth year of conducting this paper. Let each subscriber do his best to get one or more additional subscribers, and they will earn the gratitude not merely of the proprietor, but of the true friends of the Church of England in Canada. For sample copies, &c., address

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Jim. Can't yer 'terpret the Book better nor that? You jist play yer very best to-night, an' see if summut don't come of it."

His meal finished, the blind man took his fiddle, and made his way down some side streets till he reach-

ed Euston Road and St. Martin's Lane, pausing to play outside taverns, or in any nook or corner where he might escape, for a while the constant "Move on, there," of the policeman. Only an odd penny or two had been dropped into his tin mug,

and it was nearly midnight when he took up a final stand near the "pious portico" of St. Martin's Fields. He began playing "Sweet Home," but his tired shook, and the strains were to and uncertain to reach the many of the passers-by, from the life and stir of opera and

Across the road came a handsome men in evening which their light overcoats concealed. "You have made Jack," said the first. "You the succes of the season! never seen an audience so bound! The recitation was so and that last aria simply. And you were not in the heavens?"

"Never once. The appl grand. It stirred every fibr being. I could have sung ever."

"Well, if success is so w bitter must be failure! I contrast for you, Jack." An Fairburn motion'd towards blind fiddler, whose side t reached.

His companion paused, h then stepped up to the bli "Permit me," he said, an the instrument from his drew the bow across the str sang. The rich, full ve through the night air, and f falgar Square, from St. Lane, from Charing Cross, around the people crowded and operatic airs followed till the throng grew so de Police Constable A 74 longer listen and enjoy. "here; move on," he said fo way to the front. "Excus but we can't 'ave this 'ere see, sir."

"All right, Robert, do yourself," broke in Fairbur show you how to clear a and doffing his hat, he we with it. The crowd did but not till coppers, silver-gold, too—had been dropp hat, and emptied out into of the blind fiddler.

"Lord bless you, sirs," mured. "It's my 'ome ar as you've given back to night. An, as fur the mu born days I've never 'eered and the tears streamed poor sightless eyes.

"I wish as you could 'a im, Meg," he said, who once reached home, and h the whole story into his v lighted ears. "It was a voice like an angel's!"

"There, then," replied lady, drawing herself up tr ly; "didn't I tell yer as wings as makes angels?"

THE GIRL WHO IS WELCOME.

The welcome guest is th knowing the hour for bre pears at the proper time keep others waiting, and

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