CLEVELE A FREENASSINGLOD

CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

JOHN HOWELL'S GIFT.

A shaft of golden light fell through a window of the old church. It gleamed softly on the bare floor and lighted the faded pew-cushions until they looked new and beautiful. And it lingered most lovingly of all on the head of the little organist, surrounding her as with a glorious halo.

But the organist was not playing. Her hands were resting idly in her lap, and her brown eyes looked wistfully through the darkened church.

Up to this time, Miss Morris had been able to practice every day, hoping in time to be able to play well enough to accept the permanent position of organist in the village church. But to-day her hopes and aspirations so long cherished were crushed ruthlessly down, for Jim was sick. Jim, the brother who had been her stay and comfort : who had cheerfully given up an hour's play every day to blow the organ for her.

tively of the doctor, " how long before an hour every morning ? " I will be able to pump for Ruth again ?'

The kind-hearted doctor gave a sympathetic smile. "A long time, I'm afraid, my boy. Rheumatism is loath to take its leave after once visiting a person."

So Ruth went alone to the church that day. Not to practice as usual, but to pray quietly for the grace of patience. If only she could afford the small sum needed to pay some boy every day ! But that was out of the they smiled among themselves, wonquestion. She must wait until Jim dering why the rich boy should want should get well; wait and hope.

Ruth was aroused from all these reveries by hearing footsteps, and, turning, she saw John Howell walking up the aisle. John was the richest, most spoiled boy in Plattesville. He had always seemed cold and proud to her, and she somewhat dreaded his speaking now. But he had seen her there, and came up with a smile on his boyish face.

"I saw the church door open, so



doing real good to take me in hand stantly and told her, you were sowing

some work.

do it why can't I? I'm considerable little girl has been planting the great stronger. Suppose we begin right away."

And begin they did, and for one precious hour Ruth played steadily.

When some of John's friends found throne." what his work was every morning, to earn money during his vacation. And only the little organist and John himself knew what prompted the service.

-The confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla is due to its unequalled record of wonderful cures.

SOWING LITTLE SEEDS.

and help me give pleasure to some one seeds of truth. When you took the "How long," asked the lad plain- beside myself. May I pump for you cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing seeds of "You are very good," said Ruth, mercy. These are all beautiful flowflushing. "But I couldn't think of ers, Bessie, and will grow up brightly imposing on you so, John. It is tire and sweetly, if you water them well by a constant repetition of these acts. "Well," said John. "If Jim can But more than all, I hope that my tree of 'love to God,' and that she will tend and watch it, and allow it to grow and spread, until its branches reach the skies, and meet before His

"And the weeds, father?"

"When you were impatient while baby was cross, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you spoke crossly to Robert, you planted anger. When you waited some time after your mother called ycu, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up by the root, my child. Do not suffer them to grow in your garden, or they will completely overrun it."

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise, Defer LAUNDRY



[Sept. 2, 1897.

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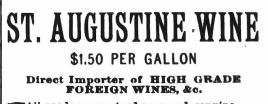
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came in," he said, sitting on a bench near. "Don't let me disturb you in	Little Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it	rise.	COMPANY Goods called for and delivered
your practising, Miss Morris; I'd like to listen to you if I may.'' "I am not practising to-day," Ruth answered. Then seeing his look of	to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into	-No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.	E.M. MOFFATT, MANAGER.
surprise, she added, "Jim is sick, you know, so I must wait awhile until my helper is well." "Oh, I see." said John. "He blew	the water. "I wonder what this picture is about," said she; "why does the boy throw seeds into the water?" "Oh, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the		Photographing ! By our methods is real art - Artistic in pose and superb
a few minutes. Any of the young fellows around here would be glad to do it."	book, "he is sowing the seeds of water- lilies." "But how small the seeds look," said Bessie. "It seems strange to	misrepresented, maligned, without complaint; to smile for the the joys of others when the heart is aching; to	in the Printing and Emboss- ing of the finished picture
Ruth gave a little laugh. "Well, you see, John," she said frankly, "I really cannot afford to pay for one	think that large plants should grow from such little things."	banish all ambition, all pride, and all restlessness in a single regard to our Saviour's work; he who does this for	The Bryce Studio 107 King St. West,
every day, so I must wait, and in time Jim will get well." Her companion said nothing, though his mind was busy thinking of money	seeds every day, Bessie; and they will come up large strong plants after awhile," said her father.	one hour is a greater hero than he who for one hour storms a breach, or for one day rushes forward undaunted in the flaming front of shot and shell.	Toronto
he had wasted on trifling things- money which this young girl would have spent to great advantage and profited by the spending. The want	any seeds for a long time." "I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."	MONUMENTS	The old-established firm F. B. GULLETT, Sculptor
of money had never come home to him so plainly before.	father smiled, and said, "Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and	524 Yonge St., Toronto. Granite and Marble Monuments. Largest	for 21 years on Church St. Now at 740-742 Yonge Street. Few doors south of Bloor street.
Yet what could he do? He vaguely felt that he must in some way make up for his past extravagance, and help	"Now I know that you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."	and best stock in the city to choose from,	
boy for her. And then clear as the	(I aball barre to tall 1 - t T	A BIISHAILER	The Bassinette, 11 King St. West, Toronto.
came into John Howell's heart. "Miss Morris," he said laughingly,		CANAL DHOT OF AU BEST WORK	Ladies' Underclothing, Baby Linen and Children's Clothing in stock, and made to or- der, of finest quality and latest styles. Fine Corsets a specialty, including Ferris Good Sense French woven "P. N." "O. B.," D. Watch Spring and others. Mail Orders
many hours a day that you will be	you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came in-	1 Standard Toronto	P. D., Watch Spring and others. Mail orders solicited.