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require much effort now to go to her friend and say: "I'm sorry I spoke as I did about Alice. I was mistaken and I had no right to judge her harshly on such slight grounds." But many a time in after days, when some severe criticism rose to the lips of that friend, the remembrance of Katharine's words held it in check, and it died unspoken.

At home they noticed the change in Katharine. She went about her work as usual, but she had grown gentle, patient, more sympathetic. She always had time for loving talks with father and mother, time to help the children in their little difficulties, and to console them in their little sorrows. Three months of such peace and happiness the household had never known before.

But three months went by, the fourth passed and the fifth, and the change had not come. Katharine consulted another physician. After a careful entering into her case, the girl frankly told the other doctor's opinion. Very gently the physician heard her, then as frankly gave her his opinion that there had been a mistake. The case, it seemed to him, did not warrant such conclusions.

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The good news came to her with more of a shock than she had experienced over the grim warning of five months earlier. But happiness is seldom harmful, and it was not long before she regained her self-control. And as she made her way homeward, tremulous with untold joy, she knew that the discipline of those months had not been wasted. The secret of blessedness, after all, is to live each day as if it were the last.

A LABOUR OF LOVE.

"Knitting as usual, Grandma Kingsley!" said one of two young girls, who called to see a little old lady, who had greeted them with the utmost cordiality. "I told Edna that we'd be sure to find you knitting."

"Yes, I keep at it pretty stiddy. It's about all I can do, and I never was one who could bear to be idle, so I just set and knit. As I tell folks, I guess I've knit up two or three flocks of sheep; that is, I've knit the wool off their backs. I don't know what I'd do if I couldn't knit."

Grandma Kingsley was beyond threescore and ten, and she often said that she was living on "borrowed time." She had been for thirty years an invalid confined to a wheel-chair. Her husband and children had gone before her to the land to which she was patiently waiting to go. For ten years she had been the happiest and cheeriest of all the inmates of an Old Ladies' Home in a large city. Her friends supplied her with the yarn that her wrinkled and bent fingers knit into mittens and stockings, nearly all of which were given away to the poor and needy.

"Lots of 'em go into missionary boxes to be sent out West, or to some other place where the winters are long and cold. I had no less than ten pairs of mittens and stockings in a box the ladies of our church sent out to Dakota last winter to a poor missionary with a lot of little children. I tell you it was a real comfort to me to think of how much good them warm things must 'a' done them little boys and girls. They sent back a beautiful letter, saying how glad they was to get them, and that there wasn't a thing in the box more 'preciated. That paid me over and over for knittin' them, although I done it in love from the start."

"Then it was truly a labour of love," said Edna.

"Yes, it was. I try to knit love into ev'ry little pair of mittens I knit to give away, and I pray always that the little hands that are to wear them will never do anything wrong. This pair of little red mittens I'm at work on now is to go to the little girl of a poor minister away out in the Rocky Mountains, where her father is trying to do good in a little mining town. Some ladies are filling a barrel to send to him by the time the long, cold winter sets in, and they wanted me to knit a pair of

red mittens for a little girl of six years, and I was real pleased to do it. I'm making them real fancy to please the child, and I guess her eyes will sparkle when she sees them. Poor little dear! She's almost the only little girl there is in the town, and she must have a real lonesome time of it. I'm going to make her some fancy wristlets out of some bright odds and ends of yarn I've got, and send them to her. I know she'll be real tickled over them, and it'll do me good to think about how pleased she'll be. Yes, it's a real labour of love to do such things."

Could there be any more profitable labour than those feeble old hands were doing? Is any labour more profitable than the labour of love?

"SHE SPOILS OUR FUN."

"What a sweet girl Louise is!" exclaimed I, as she smilingly greeted me in passing. "I am sure you must love her very much."

"No; I don't like her!" said the child, who had joined me in my walk, in a spiteful tone.

"Not like Louise!" exclaimed I, in surprise. "Why, in my eyes, she is everything lovely. Pray, tell me why you do not agree with me, dear?"

"'Cause she spoils our fun!" was the emphatic answer. "We had a lot nicer time fore she moved here."

"Well, well, that surprises me!" was my rejoinder. "I have kept my eye on her, and I had come to the conclusion that the little folks were all happier because of her coming among us; she appears so unselfish and thoughtful."

"Y-e-s, but she spoils our fun, just the same," insisted the one who was not in a mood to be convinced against her will; or, mayhap, was a wee bit jealous at hearing her schoolmate thus praised.

"You must explain how she spoils your fun, before I can understand your meaning," replied I, looking down at the somewhat sullen face.

"Well, she has, for a fact, lots and lots of times," the child made haste to answer, determined to carry her point. "Yesterday, we'd got just the best joke you ever heard of fixed up, and she spoiled it all, the hateful thing! Mamie Jones isn't very bright, you know," continued she, as I questioned her further; "so we're always playing some prank off on her—we used to, anyhow, before Louise came to take her part, and spoil our fun."

"Well, Mamie hasn't any wheel, 'cause her folks are poor, and so she's crazy to ride ours; but none of us will let her, 'cept Louise. But, yesterday, I saw an old carriage-wheel back of our house, and I thought of a splendid joke. Then, at recess, I told Mamie if she'd come to my house after school, I'd furnish her a wheel to ride. She was so happy, she jumped up and down. She's such a simpleton! She might have known I did not mean my wheel.

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"Well, the minute school was out, a lot of us girls rushed to my house and got the wheel, and stood it against the front porch, with a big card tied to it, on which I wrote, 'The wheel for Mamie to ride.' Then we hid where we could see how she took it. She's such a baby, we knew she'd go off crying."

"But we waited, and waited, and she didn't come. So we went up the street, and the first thing we saw was Mamie, as happy as could be, riding Louise's wheel. My! how angry we were!"

"How did that happen?" queried I, as the child paused for breath.

"Oh, Louise had caught on to what we were up to, and so she told Mamie that there was some mistake about her having my wheel, and she could ride hers. Now, that's what I call being downright mean! But that's just the way she's always spoiling our fun."

I will not repeat what I said when it was my turn to talk; but I am very sure that a certain little girl will never again say of Louise, in my hearing, "She spoils our fun." Indeed, I doubt if she has occasion to say it again; for she was a sorry-looking child when made to realize that what brings pain to the heart of another is cruelty, instead of "fun."

"SPECTACLED" ANIMALS.

Birds are furnished with a peculiar membrane, which, in a state of repose, lies in the inner angle of the eye, but is movable by two distinct muscles, which draw it over the corner. It is, to a certain extent, transparent, for according to Cuvier, birds can look through it, as the eagle does when looking at the sun. This membrane forms a pair of spectacles, or, at least, answers the same purpose. The membrane is called the third eyelid. One of the most comical and grotesque animals is the "spectacled bear," (*Ursus ornatus*) which derives its attraction from the light-coloured rings around its eyes. These—the greater part of the face being like the body, black—have exactly the appearance of a pair of common "goggles," through which the beast seems to look with an air of mingled wisdom and imbecility. The "spectacled bear" is only found in the mountainous regions of Chili, South America.