

"Good-will Service."

"Oh, Miss Mason, we're so glad to have you back again!"

"You were gone ever so long, seems to me."

"Did you have a good time?"

"We're going to get our lessons better after this. We felt ashamed while you were away."

"And Miss Mason, we have to get a name for our class. The superintendent said so."

These and other exclamations and pieces of information greeted Miss Mason on her return to the Sunday-school class from which she had been absent a short time.

The suggestion about a name for the class was one of the most important things that engaged the attention of the girls after the first greetings were over, and Miss Mason was deeply interested in it.

"I have thought of it before," she said, "and yesterday when I was coming home on the train, a little thing happened that suggests to me now a very good name. We stopped at a station at noon. I wished for a cup of coffee and looked about to find some one who could bring it to me. Near by, two boys were playing some game, and as one of them happened to look my way, I motioned to him to come to me. He got up slowly, looking very cross, and came near. When I asked him to get me a cup of coffee from the restaurant at the station, he scowled and said, 'How much'll you gimme?' I told him, and after a moment he took my cup, hurried away, came scampering back at such a pace that he spilled half the coffee, and handing it to me in the most grudging way, took the money he had been promised and hurried off. He showed so plainly that he did not want to serve me, that it quite spoiled the flavour of the coffee left in my cup."

"Soon after a lady behind me called a boy that had just come up, to do the same errand for her, and it was astonishing to see the difference in this boy's manner. He said, 'Of course I'll get it,' so cheerfully, and he came back carrying the cup so carefully, that it did me good to see him. I could not help thinking of the Bible words, 'With good will, doing service.' So much depends upon the willing spirit. What would you think of calling our class 'The Good-will Circle,' and striving to live up to our name? If we have nothing to give but good will, let us give that, and when we do any service, let it be with good will, so that it will not be spoiled in the doing. Does the name please you?"

"Ever so much."

"Yes, indeed."

"It is nice because it is new. Let us have it."

With these and other expressions, the girls agreed upon the name suggested, and, after impressing them with the duty and pleasure of doing everything heartily, willingly and cheerfully, Miss Mason took up the lesson.

As in most classes, there were some in Miss Mason's little band of scholars who remembered and tried to practice what she taught, some who meant to, but forgot, and some who were too careless to think anything about the teachings.

Among those who most earnestly tried to do as she was told, was Maggie Merrill. Her mother was a widow, who earned a comfortable living, though with little to spare. She lived, with her one child, near a very poor neigh-

bourhood, and lately Maggie had become much interested in a family that had come to live in a small house not far away. There were little children to support, and only a feeble mother to do it. Mrs. Merrill spared her neighbour such things as she could and tried to help her to find work, but she could not do much for her.

Winter was coming on, and Mrs. More's great anxiety was about fuel.

One day Maggie Merrill took a long walk to carry home some work for her mother. As she came through a piece of woodland, belonging to the house where she had left the finished work, she noticed a great many sticks and pieces of wood about on the ground. They looked dry, and ready for burning.

"I might carry home quite a load of sticks to Mrs. More," she thought quickly. "It would not last long, but it would show my good will;" and she smiled as she thought of the class name.

Running briskly back to the house she had left, Maggie made her request. "Might she gather as many sticks in the woods as she could carry, and take them to a poor woman who needed them?"

Mrs. Drake not only gave willing consent, but seemed much interested in Mrs. More, and much pleased with Maggie's desire to help her.

A bundle of sticks, too long to be laid in the basket, but well accommodated in Maggie's apron, was soon gathered. They grew troublesome to carry, before they were fairly delivered, but Maggie kept the good will fresh in her heart and made her humble little offering as pleasantly as she could. It was all she could do for her neighbour, but she did it heartily, and it proved her good feeling.

A grain of gold is not much, but it is gold, and shows what the lump is.

A day or two after this, something very surprising happened. A load of wood was deposited in Mrs. More's small yard, almost filling it up.

Good-will is contagious—or as the children say, "catching,"—and Mrs. Drake had taken it from Maggie. She showed it by a load of wood, while Maggie could only carry a bundle of sticks. But although Mrs. Drake's service was a greater one than Maggie's, perhaps her good will was really no greater, and it was the bundle of sticks that led to the load of wood.

Why She was Afraid.

The story is told of a sweet little child who said to her mamma that she was afraid to go to heaven for fear she would fall out at the moon. To her it seemed an open window in the sky, and it suggested to her baby-mind the danger of falling.

But after thinking gravely a moment she looked up brightly, saying, "God knows that I'm afraid. He'll hold my hand."

Older ones smiled at the baby's thought of the moon, and the danger of falling out of the sky. They know better, of course, and would never imagine anything so foolish.

But the baby's trust overcame her fear of the fancied danger. God would hold her and then she would be safe. If those who fear to begin the Christian life, would trust God to hold them, they would not wait. Many of the difficulties are fancied difficulties, and should be put away. The real temptations along the heavenly way God can help his children to overcome. No one need fear or fall along that path, for if he trusts his Saviour, the Lord will hold his hand.

Learning to Walk.

Eddy is more than a year old now. He can say papa and mamma, and a good many other words. It is time he learned to walk.

He can almost stand alone, but not quite. Mamy puts a napkin under his arms to hold him up, and away he goes.

He feels quite grand to walk in this way.

Hold on tight, Mamy, or you will let him fall. He fell the other day, and hurt his nose, but he did not mind it much.

As soon as he can walk alone, Mamy will take him out daily.

"I's Sorry."

Ruth was a little girl full of life, who frequently got herself so much overheated in playing that mamma found it necessary sometimes to make her rest on the sofa for a while. To-day mamma had given her the toy farm to play with, which always amused her greatly; for there were trees and one or two fences, beside the shed in which she could put the animals and make them walk out. She had just begun to arrange the horses, cows, and fowls in a fine procession, which was to march around the barn, when her little sister came up to where she was lying.

"Let me play with this one and this one," she begged, pointing to a horse with a long mane, and a pretty spotted cow.

"No, sister, you can't have even one; it will spoil my procession," Ruth answered crossly.

Little sister turned away, and Ruthie could see how her little mouth was beginning fast to pucker at the corners, and how tears were filling the big baby eyes.

All the pleasure had flown from Ruthie's play now. She tossed over

Timely Warning.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 3 per cent. on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after the 2nd day of December next at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Sts., Toronto.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 31st November, inclusive.

By order of the Board,
S. C. WOOD, Managing Director.
Toronto, 28th October, 1895.

the two farmers who were to drive the procession, and the animals she had begun to arrange in line, and a little hand went up to her eye to brush away a tear that had quickly come there also.

"Come back, sister," Ruthie called, "come back. I's sorry. I's real sorry. Come and play with Ruthie."

Winter Sunshine.

I was sitting in my room looking out upon the dreary landscape. The day was a dark, cloudy one, and the sun was entirely hidden from sight. If that had only been shining, it would not have seemed so dreary. I really felt down-hearted and wished that the clouds would pass away and the sun shine out again.

I was startled a little by a quick rap at the door, and as I opened it a little girl stepped in with something wrapped up carefully in her hands.

"Why, Kitty, where did you come from this dark, stormy day?" I asked as I caught a glimpse of the child's face.

"Right from home, and I brought you a blossom from the geranium that you thought was so pretty," she answered. She gave me the bright, sweet flower, and as I stooped to kiss the fair face before me I asked:

"How could you bear to pluck the flower, when it would have remained fresh and sweet so much longer upon the green stem?"

"There are more flowers upon my geranium, and they made the room so bright and cheerful that I thought I could spare one at least—" And then she suddenly stopped while I added:

"To make my room bright also."

"Yes." And then my little visitor turned away, leaving behind something brighter than winter sunlight.

I did not feel lonely after she went away.

The place seemed full of sunlight all the day, although the clouds became thicker and darker and the storm more severe. It was not the little flower so much that made the sunlight, as the kindly deed of the sweet child. Surely a little deed of thoughtfulness will often carry sunlight to the soul.