



A greeting to you, children dear, At last my face you see...

Where did I "get the bonnet?" Eh! That's rather rude, you know...

My dear, you're welcome to your joke. The fact is—don't you tell—

Oh, don't you love the attic, chicks? It's great fun, is it not? In grandma's hoops to play wild tricks...

Did some small boy say, very low, "You never got the chance?" Oh, well, perhaps it may be so...

The Sick Fairy.

(Continued from page 191.)

The Countess, or as we may as well call her, the fairy Chrysanthemum, was sitting in her pleasant drawing-room entertaining the mayor's wife...

"Pray, Countess, are you aware that this house is haunted?" Mrs. Jones was saying. "I have heard it said," replied the Countess...

"Ah, Countess, if we all had your nerves of iron! It is my duty to tell you that I don't think you will be able to keep your servants much longer...

"You amaze and distress me very much," said the Countess, looking really concerned. "But I have not told you half all," went on Mrs. Jones...

"Then I am indebted to the ghosts," observed the Countess, who could not restrain a smile, "for the greater attention to their duties shown lately by the servants engaged in the neighborhood...

"Oh, no doubt, Countess," said her humble and admiring friend, "any mortal would obey but a sign of your finger, but with ghosts, alas! I fear me that even you are powerless."

The accusation of being unable to deal with such poor things as ghosts seemed such an affront to the fairy as caused her to flush with anger, but, remembering her assumed character, she drew herself up with all the dignity of a haughty old mortal lady...

"Mrs. Jones, the ghosts shall be exorcised. You need not doubt my word, for I repeat that I am accustomed to be obeyed."

Mrs. Jones' back was scarcely turned before the old lady rang the bell and summoned into her presence the butler, lady's-maid, and all the pages—the servants, in short, that she had brought with her from Fairyland.

"What did I enjoin upon you before I left home?" she asked, sternly. "Did I or did I not tell you to abjure all magic arts, and behave exactly like the human beings we have come to live amongst?"

"You did ma'am, and we endeavor to obey, but we are always forgetting," they replied in chorus.

"One can't always be creeping along as if one hadn't got wings," muttered Mr. Parakeet, echoed by Peacock and Firefly.

"And we can't always be standing up on our hind legs," said Creepy and Crawley, "it's so fatiguing."

It was at this moment that a ring at the front-door bell summoned Mr. Parakeet to his post, and the fairy, having dismissed the servants with a severe rebuke, awaited her next visitor.

It was no other than Charley Morton, who, hearing how kind the Countess had been to his sisters, was bent upon trying his own luck with her; but his reception was not equally gracious.

"Well, what do you want, child?" asked the Countess, sharply, as Charley came in bowing, with his hat in his hand, for he had very good manners when he liked.

"Please, noble lady—" "Never mind about all that." "I think you know my sisters?"

"Yes; and nothing good of you, Charles Morton. I wonder you are not ashamed to come into my presence, reminding me as you do of my—humph—I mean, after your conduct to your brother."

"It wasn't my fault that he disappeared, ma'am."

"It wasn't your fault that he cried, I suppose? You never ate any strawberries when you had been told not? You never sneered at the poor child? I wish you were in his place, with all my heart, and I've a good mind—"

The enraged fairy seized the poker in temporary forgetfulness that it was not a wand, but remembered in time and put it down.

"Oh, don't hit me, ma'am!" cried Charley, "I'm very sorry I behaved so badly, I am indeed, and I came to ask you to help me to find Ernest."

"You must go home then and look in the kitchen garden for a turnip-top which has not yet flowered, and that turnip-top must be watered with your tears."

"But, oh! ma'am," said Charley, in perplexity, "how can I cry over a turnip? Do you want to make a laughing-stock of me?"

"Well, and if I do, what then?" retorted the fairy. "Don't you think you deserve to be one? Go home and do as I tell you, or, mark my words, you will rue it!"

"And if I do, ma'am, will you help me find my little brother?"

"Yes," replied the Countess; "that's a promise, and I think you hardly know what a very powerful old lady I am."

(To be continued.)

The Great Canadian Puzzle.

What's this! Oh, no, it cannot be! And yet it is, a Gold Watch Free! A Silver Watch! and, best of all, A Prize which none can say is small...

A few Notes from a Sermon to Children on Thankfulness.

Comparing the conditions of life where there is home comforts and fresh air, to the misery witnessed in some of the great cities of the world: 3,000 boys and girls in London, England, sleep outdoors every night in the year...

Glen Oak P. O. J. W. MACKENZIE.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Fra Ildefonso's Guest.

Fra Ildefonso one spring evening stood Without the convent gate, and felt it good To watch the shadows steal with subtle grace...

"Thy cross, O Lord, o'ershadows everything, And the wide world is covered by Thy wing! Praise to Thy name!"

Then, while the light still burned Upon the far-off hills, the good man turned Within the gates, and in his lodge sat down, Hearing meanwhile the murmur of the town...

And only one in all I know of Him Whose light fills all the world and ne'er grows dim, Which I should like to alter, and 'tis this: That I might have the unutterable bliss Of seeing Him! Oh, that I had been Some humble Jew or lowly Nazarene...

In those old days when Eastern land He trod 'Mongst those who in His person saw not God! Am I so wrong in longing for a sight Of Him whose face I see by Faith's great light? Ah, Lord, I trust to see Thee in that day When earth and time shall both have passed away...

There came a ringing at the convent bell; And Ildefonso said: "I know full well That this is one who rings from want and need And seeks a night's repose; because, indeed, 'Tis only beggars ring so modestly."

Then, opening wide the door that he might see Who rang the bell, the good man saw outside A beggar, gaunt, and starved, and hollow-eyed, Who looked as though the world had used him ill For many days, and tossed him at its will About its byways.

"Come in, good man; for these is board and bed, Thou seem'st as one whose need is great, and we Who serve the Master, have a place for thee. Therewith he brought the weary man a chair, And made swift haste to place the convent fare Before him on the table, all the while Thinking unto himself with happy smile How good a thing it is to serve God's poor, And how God's glory is increased the more By little acts of tender love which flow From out the heart."

And, while he pondered so The stranger rose, and blessed and brake the bread; And suddenly around his tall, worn head A halo came, and all the place grew bright With radiance that was not of earthly light! Fra Ildefonso, falling on his knees, Heard a voice say: "In doing it to these Ye do it unto Me. Thou wishest well To see Me on this earth; but when the bell Tells thee some beggar stands outside the door, Know it is I, in person of My poor."

Fra Ildefonso raised again his reverent head And lo, the Lord had blessed him and was fled. I. S. FLETCHER.

Above all things, be kindly; kindness is a grace very near to the likeness of God, and one which disarms men above all else; gentle, charitable thoughts of others gradually stamp the countenance and help to win hearts.

Sympathy, love and unselfishness give happiness. It matters not what our physical condition, what our material surroundings. With these as our ingredients we shall extract the glorious elixir of life.

Do not be afraid of spoiling anyone with kindness. It can't be done. Instead of spoiling, it beautifies the character, cheers the heart, and helps to raise the burden from shoulders which, though brave, sometimes grow very, very tired. Let not a little adversity frighten you away, for under the most frigid exterior there is always to be found a tender chord which can be touched by kindness and which responds in beautiful harmonies to those little acts of courtesy that are as sunshine to a struggling plant.

Love is given us to help us onward nearer to God. The most blessed is that which draws us nearest to Him. The essence of true love is not its tenderness, but its strength, power of endurance, its purity, its self-renunciation. Never forget, a selfish heart desires love for itself—a Christian heart delights to love, without return.

He Whose loving care never fails His own is near. He holds all things in His power. He is at hand, watchful and ready to guide, to cheer, to help, to guard, to avenge. The time draws nigh when He shall make all know how close He has always been to every one, and shall set all wrongs right.