

## LITTLE OPPORTUNITIES.

Zoa Rodman, as she practiced her music day after day, noticed a tiny, poorly-clad child hanging around the gate.

"Who is it?" she asked; "and why does she come?"

"She is charmed, I think," replied her aunt, laughing. "Her name is Maggie Sherman, and her father is one of the victims of drink," she added more soberly. "Poor little thing! it is too bad."

Zoa went to the door.

"Come in, little Maggie," she said kindly.

The child could hardly credit her senses. The beautiful young lady, who sang like an angel, had spoken to her—had asked her to come in!

She entered shyly!

"Are you fond of music?" Zoa asked.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "I do love it so."

"And can you sing?"

"A little—some of the pretty songs you sing," said the child.

"I am glad to sing for you; won't you let me hear you sing?" said the beautiful young lady.

Little Maggie commenced with a trembling voice, for she felt like one in a dream; but as she sang on the music took possession of her, and she thrilled and warbled like a bird.

"Thank you," said Zoa. "Would you like to have me teach you to sing and play, Maggie?"

"Oh! oh! would you? But I have no money."

"No; and I do not offer to teach you for money. Only come to me every day, and I will teach you what I can."

When Maggie Sherman, a few years later, became a noted singer and musician, and lifted her father's family to respectability and comfort, it was not generally known that all their happiness arose from the kindness of Zoa Rodman.

A GREAT OFFER.—No matter in what part you live, you had better write to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, without delay; they will send you free information about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. A number have earned over \$50 in a day. Both sexes. All ages. You are started in business free. Capital not needed. Every worker who takes hold at once is absolutely sure of a snug little fortune. Now is the time.

## ONE USE OF BIRTHDAYS.

You know that birthdays are the days that our friends remember, and tell us they do by sending us presents. Now, these presents should always mean this: "I send you this, to tell you how glad I am that you were born. You have made me happier because you live in this world." I wonder if we are all trying to make our friends feel this.

There is a blue-eyed little girl living not a thousand miles from New York who calls her birthdays "worth days." She is so sweet and lovable that every day she lives is a "worth day" to those about her. We can all make our days "worth days" to our friends, each day richer and more happy because we live here, if we try.

There are different ways of celebrating our birthdays, but those that are

most desired are thanksgiving birthdays. Last winter there was such a pretty birthday celebration not far from Boston, that 'I know you will enjoy hearing about it.

The little girl was twelve years old. She had been receiving presents and birthday letters all day. When night came and the family were all at dinner—a dinner prepared especially to suit this little girl—she came into the dining-room carrying a tray, on which were a number of paper parcels, neatly tied. Each parcel had on it a white card, with the name of some member of the family and contained a gift. These she gave to each one, to remember her birthday by, she said, and had been purchased by saving her own pocket money. That certainly was a pretty way of keeping a birthday. Giving, you will find, makes you just as happy as receiving, and sometimes more happy. In a small Sunday-school room in New York State there is a pretty money jug standing on the desk. On the Sunday after each teacher's and scholar's birthday they put into the jug a penny for each year they have lived. Johnny, who is five years old, brings five pennies; Johnny's father, who is thirty-eight years old, brings thirty-eight pennies—one for each year. This money goes to the missionary society of the church.

These pennies must be thank-offerings. You might try it in your family. Have a money jug on the dining-room mantel, and use the pennies to buy Christmas presents for some one who would not have any Christmas if you did not remember him. Call the jug, "The Birthday Jug."

HIS LAST RESORT.—Mr. Richard Rowe, of Harley, Ont., was afflicted for four years with dyspepsia. Two experienced doctors treated him. Getting discouraged, he tried Burdock Blood Bitters. He states that two bottles cured him. He is now doing heavy work and as well as ever.

## HOME DUTIES FIRST.

A girl of fourteen, who had lately been converted, asked God to show her what she could do for Him, and what was her special work. After praying for some time, the thought came to her mind that she could take her baby brother, only a few months old, and nurse him for the Lord. So she took charge of the child, and relieved her mother in the work and care of the little one. This was godly and Christ-like. Home duties and fireside responsibilities have the first claim upon every child of God. We need not go abroad for work when God places work within our reach.

"The daily round, the common task," provides ample opportunities for serving God, doing whatsoever our hands find to do.

"Little words, not eloquent speeches; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom, make up the Christian life."

WELL SPOKEN OF.—"I can recommend Hagar's Yellow Oil very highly. It cured me of rheumatism in my fingers when I could not bend them." Ida Plank, Strathroy, Ont. A medicine for internal and external use in all painful complaints.

## BOBBY'S FIVE SHILLINGS.

A TRUE STORY.

Of all the little boys who attend the grand new board-school in our village, Tom and Bobby B— appear to be among the brightest and merriest. Owing to their good mother's care of them they leave home in the morning with clean, shining faces, well brushed hair, their clothing in good order, finished off by the whitest of collars, and the corner of a handkerchief sticking out of the little breast-pocket. We sometimes think their mother (who is a coachman's wife) must be quite extravagant in the matter of soap. The boys enjoy themselves on the road to school in running races and many a bit of fun.

But Tom as the oldest of four little sons, has been taught to set a good example to the younger ones, so he takes care to be at the school punctually by nine o'clock. At the door he parts from Bobby, who takes his place in a lower class room, with directions to him to be sure and not get into mischief. The boys are helped every night by their father in preparing their lessons for the next day, so they are among the scholars who by their diligence give real pleasure to the teachers. On returning to school after the Christmas holidays, Tom became ambitious to learn Latin, but was told by his father he could not afford to buy him a new lesson-book at that time, having a doctor's bill to pay, and other extra expenses. So on this occasion Tom received a little lesson in patience.

Very earnestly do the parents of these dear boys train them from God's own word to love and trust Him, to give them all that is good for them, and they are taught also from the same holy book to love one another. I think you will say they have learned this lesson very well, when I tell you the voice of quarreling is never heard in their little cottage, and every night and morning the voice of prayer is heard, going up to the Father in heaven, who gives his blessing.

Tom and Bobby were returning from school one day lately, when a very ill-behaved, cross little dog ran barking towards them, and tried to bite a piece out of Bobby's leg. The lady who owned the dog was much distressed, for though Bobby was not much hurt, he was terribly frightened, and began to scream loudly. The lady followed the boys home, saw there was not much injury done to the leg, and on going away presented Bobby with five shillings. The gift caused great excitement and pleasure, making the little wounded man quite forget his pain. All the little brothers handled the money in turn, but to Bobby was given the honor of deciding how it should be spent. On this point he had made up his mind before bed-time. "Father," he said, "please buy Tom a Latin grammar, and a pair of shoes for Jimmy, you know his are quite done; and if there's any money left, I should like a new slate." These three purchases have been made, and dear, unselfish little Bobby seems to have forgotten the fright and the pain caused by the dog, and only to remember the pleasure he had in receiving that wonderful present of five shillings.

GRETA.

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## LOVE.

Little Alice Lee was playing with her doll while her mother was writing. When her mother had finished the writing, she told Alice she could come and sit in her lap, and Alice said:—"I'm so glad; I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling?" and she clasped her tenderly. "I am very glad my Alice loves me so; but I fancy you were not very lonely while I wrote, you and dolly seemed to be having a happy time together."

"Yes, we had, mamma; but I got tired after a while of loving her."

"And why?"

"Oh, because she never loves me back!"

"And that is why you love me?"

"That is one why, mamma, but not the first one or the best."

"And what is the first and best?"

"Why, mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes grew very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so."

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