

to-day thy mother put down her sewing to do it.

"I felt so ashamed that I never forgot about the thin places after that, though I'm afraid I did not always attend to them at once."

"Why, Aunt Mary! If you hadn't said grandma, I'd think you meant me! There are my rubbers under the stove, and I promised mamma to dust the sitting-room this very day! But I don't quite understand what holes she meant."

"If you can't find your things, and you are in a hurry, what might happen, Grace?"

Grace coloured, and her eyes fell.

"I did get real mad about my grammar. I was sure I had put it in my desk!"

"And you found it on the divan! Then if you promise and do not perform, does it not lower your notion of truthfulness, and so give Satan more power over you?"

"Why, aunt, I went up and tidied my room!"

"I don't understand, Grace."

"I thought you knew," said the girl in a shame-faced whisper, "I told mother I had tidied my room (for I promised I would) when I had forgotten it and was ashamed to own up. Oh, I see how thin places become holes, and I mean to look out."

"With God's help," said aunt, and Grace ran to put away her rubbers and dust the sitting-room.

How about your thin places?

Discovered Through a Child.

When Sir Humphry Davy was a boy about sixteen, a little girl came to him in great excitement:

"Humphry, do tell me why these two pieces of cane make a tiny spark of light when I rub them together."

Humphry was a studious boy, who spent hours in thinking out scientific problems. He patted the child's curly head, and said—

"I do not know, dear. Let us see if they really do make a light, and then we will try to find out why."

Humphry soon found that the little girl was right; the pieces of cane, if rubbed together quickly, did give a tiny light. Then he set to work to find out the reason, and after some time, thanks to the observing powers of his little friend, and his own kindness to her in not impatiently telling her not to "worry," as so many might have done, Humphry Davy made the first of his interesting discoveries. Every reed, cane, and grass has an outer skin of flinty stuff, which protects the inside from insects, and also helps the frail-looking leaves to stand upright.

Talking about children helping in discoveries, reminds us of another pretty tale.

In 1867, some children were playing near the Orange River, in Africa. They picked up a stone which they thought was only a very pretty pebble, far prettier than any they had found before.

A neighbour, seeing this stone, offered to buy it for a mere trifle. He, in his turn, sold it to someone else; and so the pebble changed hands, till at last it reached the governor of the colony, who paid two thousand five hundred dollars for it. This stone which the children had found was the first of the African diamonds.

Hood's Pills become the favourite cathartic with every one who tries them.

Be Content With Your Lot.

A swallow was building her nest under the eaves, and a jaunty, gossipy, little cock-sparrow perched above, was watching her with much curiosity.

"You are a fine builder, ma'am," said he; "and I am told that you are a great traveller."

"Yes, I am," replied the swallow. "But I am really very busy, and pray don't let me keep you from your own business."

"Oh! I've nothing to do at present," said the sparrow. "My wife is sitting on our eggs a few yards off, and as I cannot sing to amuse her, and it is not her dinner-time yet, I need not fetch any worms or caterpillars just now. And I should very much like to know, ma'am, why you cannot be content to remain all the year round in this beautiful country?"

"Well, sir, in the first place, I could never stand the cold winters here," answered the swallow; "and then I live upon gnats and flies, and in winter there would be none for me to catch."

"Oh, as to winter," replied the sparrow, "I really think I like cold weather best. For people are so kind, they throw us bread crumbs, and that saves a deal of trouble in hunting for food. And though there are no nice green leaves then to roost in, there are plenty of evergreens and warm chimney-stacks."

"Ah, dear me! I should never think of eating crumbs, or roosting in evergreens," said the swallow. "But there, it would not do for us all to be alike. Providence has wisely ordained that our tastes shall differ. For if we all fancied the same things, there would not be enough of them in the whole world to supply us."

"A Prominent Witness."

Rev. J. M. McLeod, pastor of Zion Church, Vancouver, B.C., writes, July 3rd, 1894: "It is nearly three months since I finished the package of K. D. C. which you sent me; and though I have for more than twenty years suffered from indigestion, that one package seems to have wrought a perfect cure. Since taking your remedy I have not had the slightest symptom of a return of my old enemy. It affords me much pleasure to recommend K. D. C. to the numerous family of dyspeptics as the best known remedy for that most distressing malady."

The Vine in the Cellar.

"O papa!" It was Fred's voice. It was not the cry of alarm or distress, but one of intense surprise. Mr. Darrell descended the steps which led into the cellar, and saw his son staring at a long, frail, whitish-yellow vine that had clambered across the floor.

"What is it, papa?" asked Fred, "and where did it come from?"

"We will soon see," replied the father. He lit a match, and followed

the vine to a dark corner; and Fred saw that it had grown out of a half decayed potato.

"Why, that is funny, is it not?" he asked.

"It is not unusual," said his father; the vine simply obeyed a law of its nature. In what direction does it creep?"

"Towards the cellar window," Freddy said, after a moment's hesitation.

"Attracted by what?" asked his father, "and to find what?"

"Sunshine, I expect," was Fred's answer.

"Yes, my son. And see how eagerly it has sought the light! The fireplace was in its way, and it crept around it; the vinegar barrel was in its way, and it crept over it. Now let us examine the end of the vine."

As he spoke he led the way to the window.

"See!" he said; "it has put out leaves at the point; and the ends of the leaves are tinted with a delicate green, a tint which it gets from the sunlight, and it will grow greener and stronger every day. If you turn the vine away from the window, and come and look at it to-morrow, you will find that it has set out for the light again."

"Would it?" asked Fred much surprised.

"Yes, my boy; I have tried the experiment. What does the plant seem to desire most?"

"Light," replied Fred.

"And what shall we learn from that?"

Fred thought for a moment. "That the plant needs light in order to live," he said; "and that we need sunshine as well as the plants."

"But there is a spiritual significance," his father gravely remarked.

A thoughtful look came into Fred's face.

"I know what you mean, papa," he said, "our hearts and souls need light."

"Or we shall not grow," added his father.

Catarrh in the Head

Is due to impure blood and cannot be cured with local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured hundreds of cases of catarrh because it purifies the blood and in this way removes the cause of the disease. It also builds up the system and prevents attacks of pneumonia, diphtheria and typhoid fever.

The Curtain.

Each of us is provided with one. Some of us rebel against it; others call it a great protection; while all have moments in which they wish to reach forward and lift it or rend it, but it ever swings a little beyond their reach.

The child seldom notices it because his life is full of play, and sometimes the asks mamma, "When will to-

\$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$1 for every day's work absolutely sure; write at once. Address, IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., BOX N 7, WINDSOR, ONT.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY
SOLE MAKERS OF THE **BLYMYER BELLS**
FOR CHURCH SCHOOL FIRE ALARM &c.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

morrow come?" The young girl is conscious of its folds when she unbinds her hair and brushes it out, sitting quietly by herself as she queries, "I wonder—when? Where?" And then yields to dreamy imaginings. The boy whose feet almost touch manhood asserts his imperious will and says, "I will have it as I have planned." The mother longs to peer by the curtain just enough to gain a few hints, but contents herself by saying, "Perhaps all will be as I wish."

The curtain is never in the way. One cannot stumble over it for it always swings far enough to allow just one step. The infidels say, "All is dark and uncertain behind the curtain, —stumbings, death, destruction." The pure-hearted say, "The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

"One step more, one step more, I ask but light for one step more."

"The Test of Folly."

"I'm in trouble again," said young John Forbes to an older and much trusted friend. "I broke the academy rules just as I did last month, and the professor is going to suspend me for a week, just as he said he would."

"How foolish of you, John, to repeat such an offence, when you knew the consequences. I am astonished at you," was the grave comment upon the confession.

John bore the penalty of his misdeeds and then lightly put away the remembrance of it, being just as "ready for fun," as he termed it, after as before the lesson received.

There were some problems and difficult translations to make up, and John yielded to the temptation to make use of help from a fellow-student, against the rules. His borrowed knowledge was of no use after the first exhibition of it, for as it was not his own, it failed him at examination time, and his record as a scholar was marred.

Yet later in his course the youth did the very same thing again with the same results. Was it not strange that experience, which is so severe a teacher, failed to impress so important a lesson? If one accounts for John's conduct, it will only be the beginning, for there are many like him, who are as astoundingly foolish.

It has been well said that "the test of folly is doing it again." The proof of repentance is reformation.

BEST FOR WASH DAY **USE SURPRISE SOAP** **BEST FOR EVERY DAY.**