CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

ting.' Then I must not cry if nothing could be done to set matters right. finished. "What's done is done,' she would say,

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and crying won't undo it.' " Then you might never cry at all!!" said Geoffrey with animation, "not said Tray, looking thoughtfully after even if you lost your white rabbit. But her. "I wasn't far wrong, it seems ; suppose you fell down and cut your head, and hurt yourself dreadfully !''

"She would have said, 'Run and get your head tied up, crying won't heal it.'

"I think she was horrid," said Geoffrey with energy. "I am glad I don't live with her. Weren't you very miserable ?'

"Not at all. I was very happy all the time I stayed with her, and I've often thanked her since for teaching me her two rules. To tell you the truth, Geoffrey dear, I think you would be all the happier if you learned them too. Instead of sitting down and fretting under misfortunes, we are happier as well as wiser if we meet them bravely."

Geoffrey said no more then, but Nurse, who had accidentally torn his kite, was beyond measure surprised when, instead of wailing and weeping, he asked her to make him some paste to mend it, muttering to himself, "Crying won't mend it," and I think he is going to learn the old lady's two rules.

Who Killed the Canary?

"I hear the grey kitten has got into trouble," said Tray, the old house dog, to a tabby cat who was lying on the doorstep.

"Indeed," said Tabby, demurely " what has she been doing ?'

"Haven't you heard ?" said Tray. "Why they say she has killed the canary ; but I don't believe it myself." "Why not? I shouldn't be at all

surprised," said Tabby. "Shouldn't you really, ma'am?

Well now, I should."

"Why ?" said Tabby, tuining her head away.

" I have one or two reasons, ma'am; in the first place, she's not big enough to jump so high as that cage.

"As for that," said Tabby, "I could jump twice that height at her age."

" Indeed, ma'am," said Tray don't say so."

tail was over the wall before he had

"Not such a bad jump that, for an old lady who has been obliged to give it up, because it doesn't suit her," and I fancy she and I both know who ought to have had the beating."

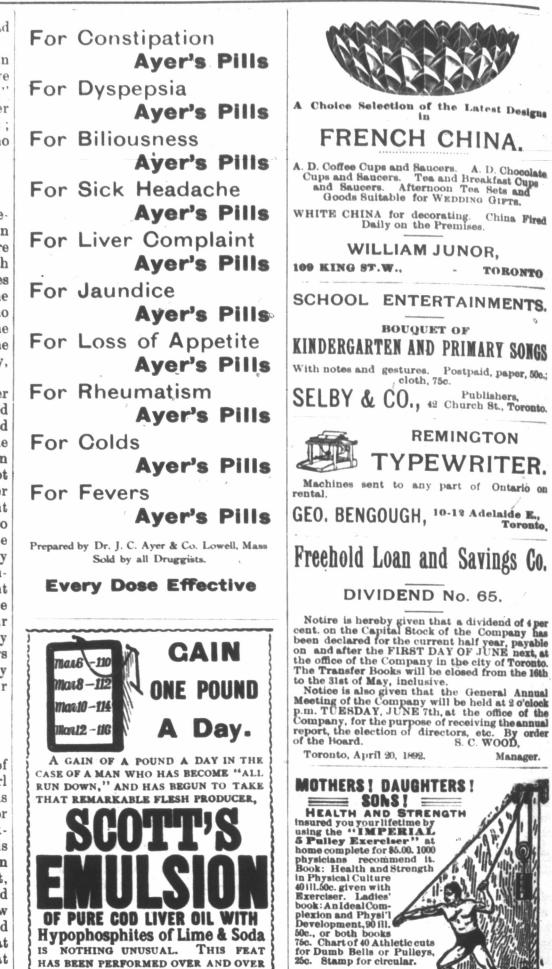
Keep in the Sunshine.

There had been a flower show some where, and many flowers had been sent to compete for prizes. There was one beautiful geranium which took a prize; and when the judges came to give out the prizes, this one was claimed by a poor little girl who lived in the east of London. The judges could scarcely believe that the plant was hers. She told her story, and it was something like this :

The flower had been given to her when it was very small, and they told her it could not live unless it had plenty of water and sunshine. She said the sun did not shine much in the court where she lived, but she got up early in the morning, and put her flower in the sun; and as the sun went round she moved her plant, and so kept it in the sunshine. And she won the prize. Our gift may be very small, but if we keep it in the sunshine it is sure to grow. We want to get near and to keep near to the Sun of Righteousness. If we do, our little gift will develop, and we may gain a prize by-and-by which others with a greater talent than ours may miss, because they did not keep their gift in the sunshine.—Moorhouse.

A Little Girl with Two Faces.

What a strange thing I heard of the other day! It was of a little girl who has two faces! When she is dressed up in her best clothes,-for instance, when some friends are expected to come to tea, or when she is going out with her mother to call on some neighbors,-she looks so bright, and sweet, and good, that you would like to kiss her. With a nice new dress on, and perhaps a blue sash, and pretty little shoes, she expects that her mother's friends will say, "What a little darling !" or "What a sweet face, let me kiss it!" And so she always has a sweet smile on her face, and when she is spoken to she says, "Yes ma'am," when she ought, and "Thank you," very sweetly when anything is given to her. But, do you know, when she is alone with her mother, and no company is expected, she does not look at all



Rye A. D. Chocolate Straw WILLIAM JUNOR, Dress TOBONTO BOUQUET OF Lamb REMINGTON PEWRITER DIVIDEND No. 65. Potat Carro Onio

[May 19th, 1892.



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Wheat Wheat Wheat Wheat Barley Oats .. Peas . Iay. Hay, Straw

Beef, Beef, Mutto Lamb Veal. Beef, Beef, Mutto Mutto Veal. Veal, Lamb

Butte lb. Butte Butte Eggs, Chick Chick Turk Géese

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"But, of course, I couldn't manage it now," added Tabby, hastily, as she saw his eyes fixed on her.

"I suppose not, ma'am. You see we are both getting into years; and I daresay, like me, you are beginning to feel a bit stiff in your joints."

"Indeed I'm not," said Tabby, her fur standing up, and her tail swelling with indignation.

" No offence, ma'am," said Tray, "I thought I understood you to say you couldn't jump, that was all."

"No more I can," said Tabby "but that's quite another thing. I gave it up because I found it did not agree with me."

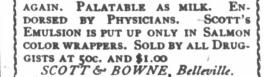
"I understand, ma'am. Well, we were speaking of the kitten. I know it has had a good beating, poor little thing, and I mean to find out who ought to have had the beating."

"Ah! I never interfere with other people's business myself," said Tabby indifferently.

"A wise rule, ma'am, in the general way; but there are times when-You'll excuse me, but isn't that a yellow feather sticking on to the end of your whisker? I thought soallow me-;" but the tip of Tabby's



NESTLE'S FOOD



like the same little girl. If she cannot have what she would like, or do just as she wishes, she will pout and scream and cry, and no one would ever think of kissing her at those times.

So you see, this little girl has two faces. One she uses in company, and puts it on like her best dress; and the other she wears when she is at home with her mother.

On the other hand, I know a little girl who has only one face : and that is always as sweet as a peach, and never sweeter than when she is at home, and her mother wants her to be as useful as she can and help her. I think I need scarcely ask you which of these little girls you would love best, or which of them you would most wish to be like.

-The Almighty sends none of you into the world without a work, and none of you without a capacity to perform that work with earnestness and diligence.—Gladstone.



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