

much church-work to do. She was almost at the point of nervous prostration. Yet Horace, coming home unexpectedly one evening not long afterward, found her actually in tears.

'What's the matter, sis?' he asked in brotherly solicitude.

'O, Horace,' said Katherine miserably, 'I've just been to annual church meeting, and Mrs. Gray, our Sabbath-school superintendent, got up and made us a speech about how badly she needs two more teachers in the Sabbath school. She said she couldn't get anybody to take the classes, and some one must, or she can't possibly hold the scholars. And one of them is a class of boys, and she asked me to take it. And they all think I ought to. They say I'm the best teacher for that class in the whole congregation, and the only one who can hold them—they're just the scatterage, you know. And I can't! I can't! I have to come home and get dinner at the Sabbath-school hour! There's nobody else to get it. I've thought of every way to arrange it differently, but I can't find any that will do. And so nobody will take the class, and the boys will just leave Sunday school—and we need boys so much. O, dear, dear! Isn't it a shame to be tied by a dinner when there's such a work going undone because I can't do it?'

'Fiddlesticks! It's an imposition to ask you to do it!' These were the words on Horace's tongue, but he checked them before he said them. (He was certainly the dearest fellow in the world.) 'Do you really want to teach that class?' he asked.

'There's nobody else to do it,' answered Katherine.

'Well,' said Horace like the man and brother he was, 'I'll get the Sunday dinner, and let you go. A fellow ought to do something besides lounging on Sunday morning.'

And so the queer arrangement was made. Horace had no fear for his skill as a cook. He had Katherine's own knack of doing things right, and had often compounded oyster stews and such delectable messes. Once in his boyhood he had even made doughnuts. The story was still told in the home how, as a boy of ten, he had said, 'Mother, won't you make some doughnuts to-day?' and the busy mother had answered: 'No, I haven't time. Make them yourself, if you want them very much.'

Nothing daunted, the boy had donned an apron and hunted up a receipt, and, under indulgent motherly advice, made a batch of doughnuts so good that they remained the family tradition for years. (No one ever mentioned, when the story was told, that he had never attempted doughnuts again.) Horace, forgetting how much motherly direction had been given that day, had no doubt that in getting a dinner he would be equally successful.

'What time do you begin getting it?' he asked.

'At twelve o'clock, when I get home from church,' answered Katherine.

Then Horace scorned all further instructions. 'I can tend to it. Run along,' he said graciously to Katherine.

Katherine had meant to set the table for him before she went; but the family was late for breakfast, and various other complications arose, so that it was all that she could do to finish the morning work and get off on time. At twelve o'clock, in dressing-gown and slippers, Horace sauntered into the kitchen.

Unfortunately he had too great an estimation of his own ability. His father wanted baking-powder biscuits for Sunday dinner.

'I can make them if Katherine can,' said Horace rashly, remembering his doughnuts; and he got the receipt-book, and set to work.

But biscuits are the stickiest things on earth to handle if you don't know how to do it. The dough stuck to his fingers in a way that was maddening. The flour-board was a sight. The floor was worse. It was half-past twelve before Horace got those remarkable-looking biscuits into the oven. In the meantime the aforesaid oven had become cold. Horace made up the fire after his own fashion—an efficient one, you may be sure.

Then he started to wash and prepare the potatoes, which he had forgotten before. It takes a longer time to prepare potatoes than

one unskilled would dream. Before he had them in the kettle he smelled an appalling smell. The biscuits were burnt black with the sudden heat. He flung them out of sight in haste.

Then he discovered to his surprise how many things there are to do about housework. Long before dinner was ready he realized that making oyster stews with an adoring sister to hand you milk, butter, saucepan, salt, and pepper, or even making doughnuts with a mother to help and advise you, is very different from getting a meal alone and attending to a dozen things at once. It was one o'clock before he went to the ice-box for the steak, and began pounding it vigorously. When it was once sizzling over the coals, he found to his surprise that he could not leave it a moment without disasters following. At a quarter past one the children came bursting in from Sabbath school ravenously hungry, of course.

'Where's dinner?' they cried in disappointed tones, and then Horace remembered for the first time that he had forgotten to set the table. No wonder they looked hopeless.

Katherine's coming a moment later was hailed with delight. She whisked on a big apron, and in an instant, seemingly, was here there, and everywhere. She set the table in a whiff. She skimmed the milk, and made the tea, and brought up the butter, and sent John after water, and cut the bread, and drained the potatoes, and arranged the dessert.

As for Horace, it took every bit of his attention to cook that beef steak, but really it was well cooked. Everything to which Horace gave his entire attention was sure to be well done, except perhaps biscuit and a few such concoctions too intricate for the unassisted masculine brain to master. It was really a surprisingly good dinner under the circumstances, and only three-quarters of an hour late; but Horace didn't feel proud of it.

Katherine had to go to the Junior meeting at a quarter to three. Because it was so late Horace helped her with the dishes. You see he really was one of the dearest, kindest brothers in the world. But Katherine's face was white, and her hands moved wearily. 'What's the matter, sis?' asked Horace.

'I'm afraid I'm all tired out,' answered Katherine with a sad little laugh. 'It was harder work to teach that class of boys than I thought it would be. I don't feel at all like going to manage those juniors now.'

But she piled up the unwashed dishes, dried her hands, and faithfully hurried off. Then Horace did some thinking, while, contrary to Katherine's commands, he finished the work alone. Perhaps he saw for the first time that his sister's daily work was hard. And how conscientiously she attended all these meetings and worked in them till she was tired enough to drop!

'It's a burning shame!' said Horace. 'What makes her do it?'

'But it must be done, and there's nobody else to do it,' he heard her tired voice in reply to his protests.

Must the church-work be done, every bit of it? Why, yes, if the gospel were true, and the work the thing that needed to be done. But why should such a good sister as Katherine be killing herself with doing it when her great, strong brother spent the Sabbath resting?

'Katherine,' he said the next day,—and he said it after a struggle, for it was no pleasure to give up his delightful Sunday ease,—'I'm not a brilliant success at getting dinner, and I've decided that it would be better for me to take that Sabbath-school class than for you to. Tell Mrs. Gray I'll take it if she has nobody else in view, and she thinks I could do it.'

Could he do it? Handsome, athletic, friendly Horace, with the clear eyes and the clean record, who held the hearts of all the boys in town in his hand, and was their ideal of everything that was manly. Why, he had more influence over them than the minister and all the other church members put together. Where he led, they followed like a flock of sheep. The boys' class in Sabbath school had never been so full or so successful. A young man has an influence over half-grown boys that the most attractive young woman fails to attain.

Then one after another of the men in the

congregation wheeled into line. Somehow it became popular to do church-work when Horace Walden, a university graduate and the most-sought-after young man in town, went into it. Before another year the church at Holly Centre had a man clerk, and a Sabbath school superintendent, and a men's financial committee, and even—wonder of wonders—a young man for Junior superintendent and a Junior society in which the majority were boys. And the women rested their tired hands, and grew fresh and unworried and companionable; and Katherine blossomed like a rose.

It might be so in every church. There is plenty of material among the members and those who might be brought in to fill every office that needs to be filled, so that no one need take two offices nor use up strength pulling at two loads at once. There are plenty to do all the work easily if they could only be roused. Yet over and over again the whole burden falls on a few faithful ones, who must carry on all the work of the church in every direction, lest it fail and be not carried on at all; and these are driven incessantly till they break down under the strain. Would that more of our young men—yes, and others beside young men—might be awakened to come to the rescue as did Horace!

One Star Differeth From Another.

Have you ever put forth distinct and specific personal effort which God blessed in the salvation of a fellow-mortal? If not, you have yet to learn what is most satisfactory and encouraging in Christian life and work. To hear somebody say, 'You were instrumental in God's hands in rescuing me from a life of sin; you were the occasion of my seriousness, of my seeking, of my believing, and finally of my salvation, is to hear the gladdest sound that can fall upon Christian ear. To save a soul is to do business for eternity. The time will never come throughout eternal ages when the immortal spirit will cease to be thankful to the agent of its conversion. Those who have turned many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever. They will be bright, conspicuous saints among the multitude of immortals. The souls they have rescued will regard them with deference and reward them with glowing love. 'One star differeth from another star in glory.' So also do the resurrection saints. Some will rise to distinguished dignity and honor because of their fidelity.

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