

"The Sabbath day He rested from makin' the world. What is the world, Auntie Kate?"

"Why, it's the sky, and the clouds, and the trees, and the green grass and everything you see around you."

"Is dat spider the world, Auntie Kate?"

"Part of the world, dear."

"Did God make it?"

"Yes."

"I wish I had been there to see Him makin' it. Did he make bumble bees, too?"

"Yes."

"They stinged me."

"Perhaps you touched them."

"I did Auntie Kate. I was pickin' dandelions."

"Then perhaps the poor little bee was frightened. Your hand dear is so big, it would cover him right up and he would try to get out of that dark place, and he would think, 'I shall just sting and may be I'll get out,' and he did, and away he flew."

His teacher told us afterwards that he found the page in his green Catechism, with great satisfaction, but he could remember but two answers—"God made the world," and "The rest day was the Sabbath."

His head was full of the wonderful things of creation—spiders, sting bees and humming-birds.

And that night, as I listened to him, repeating in a clear high voice, after his mother, that sweet old Common Prayer of childhood "Now I lay me down to sleep" and finishing with an extempore prayer of his own "God bless Daddy and Mammie, God bless Auntie Kate and Deordie, God bless Grannyma and make 'em a good boy. Amen." and heard him murmur as he fell asleep "be good even to sting bees."

I thought that perhaps after all, his childish heart was learning from the world about him, the truths which we would have him know, but which seemed as yet too difficult, even in that delightful book with the green "cubber."

GRACE'S PROFESSION.

By Sarah N. McCreery.

"I am glad school is out. You can take care of Hetty while I go to the party," remarked Mrs. Dreyer to her daughter. "I expect Mrs. Lyon will have to stay at home with Julia, for Elizabeth has gone for a visit."

The last remark gave Grace an idea and she ran away to think it over. "There are eight children in these three blocks, and they are too little to leave alone," she said to herself. "Their mothers will want to go to the party; they would be glad to have me do it."

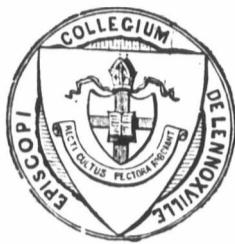
She went to the kitchen, where her mother was busy. "May I use the attic this afternoon?" she asked eagerly.

"You know you may play in the attic; I always allow you to do it."

"But I want it for something special this time," insisted Grace. "I can't tell you what it is, it's to be a secret for a little while."

"If you don't get into mischief, I don't care." Mrs. Dreyer felt she

UNIVERSITY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE
LENNOXVILLE, P. Q.



Residential College for Men; Women admitted to Lectures and Degrees. Beautifully situated in the heart of the Eastern Townships. Michaelmas Term opens Saturday Sept. 11, 1909. Matriculation 14th. Lectures begin 16th.

Numerous Scholarships and Exhibitions. For information relating to the Arts and Divinity Faculties application should be made to the Vice-Principal and Dean of the Faculty of Divinity, Rev. F. J. B. Allnatt, D.D., D.C.L., Cap à l'Aigle, P.Q. For Calendars apply to

F. W. FRITH, M.A., Registrar
Lennoxville, P.Q.

ROTHERSAY COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, ROTHERSAY, N.B.

Headmaster: Rev. W. R. Hibbard, M.A.

Fredericton Diocesan School for Boys, situated 9 miles from St. John, N.B., on the Main Line of the C.P.R. and I.C.R.

Preparation for the Universities, R.M.C. and for business. **Special Feature**—The School is conducted on what is known as the House System, i.e., the boarding houses are quite separate from the main school building, each accommodating about thirty pupils. Each house is in the charge of two masters. Next term begins September 14th. For calendar containing full information, views of buildings, grounds, etc., apply to the Headmaster.

KING'S HALL
COMPTON, P. Q.

This School for Girls re-opens on

Wednesday, Sept. 15th

There are a few vacancies and any one wishing to apply should do so without delay. For calendar and form of application address, The Lady Principal

THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
Chelsea Square, NEW YORK.

The Academic Year begins on **Wednesday, the first Ember Day in September**. Special Students admitted and Graduate course for Graduates of other Theological seminaries.—The requirements for admission and other particulars can be had from The Very Rev. W. L. R. OBBINS, D.D., Dean

could trust her, but the warning would do no harm.

Grace ran back to her room again, and at the end of half an hour she was reading the following with knitted brows: "Grace Dreyer, child amuser. From two o'clock until six. Terms, ten cents. Child called for and delivered." She looked thoughtfully at the last word. "They always say 'deliver' when they send anything from the stores. It don't sound quite right to use for children, but I like it better than 'brought home,'" and it was settled.

She put on her hat and slipped out of the house. She left the notes, saying an answer would be called for in an hour. The telephones were kept busy for a time, and when Grace returned every mother said, "Yes." The rest of the morning was spent in preparation. At fifteen minutes after two she had all her charges in the attic. First she read some delightful stories; after that games and dolls followed. The last thing was a tea party with real bread, butter and cookies. The children were sorry when it was finished and it was time to be taken home.

Grace felt very rich when she returned home with eighty cents in her pocket, and the promise that she could keep the children again the next week.

"What is this Hetty is trying to tell me about 'chillerns' being here, and lots of them?" was Mrs. Dreyer's greeting.

Then the whole story came out. "Papa talks about his profesison, and now I have one," she said proudly.

Trinity College School

Residential Church School for Boys

Visitor The Lord Bishop of Toronto

Port Hope, Ont. Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business. Special attention given to the younger boys. Religious training throughout the course. 20 Bursaries for sons of Canadian Clergy. Next terms begins Tuesday, Sept. 14

For Calendar and all information apply to the Headmaster

Rev. Oswald Rigby (Cambridge), LL.D., PORT HOPE, ONT.

"Our Little Helpers' Circle want to buy a wheel chair for Miss Mercy Lewis, and we were to each get a dollar for it. I just wondered and wondered how I would get mine, and now I know. It will be really mine when I earn it; but it wouldn't have been if you and papa had just given it to me."—Southern Churchman.

WHICH WAS THE WISER.

"Two years ago," said a clergyman, "I conducted the funeral services of one of my parishioners. He had been a farmer. Forty years ago he commenced work with one hundred acres of land, and he ended with the same hundred. He was a skilful, industrious workman, but he had laid by no money in the bank. I understood the reason as I listened to the comments of his neighbors.

"It was always a hospitable house, said one. 'The poor man was never turned away. His sons and daughters received the best education which his means could command, and all are leading useful and happy lives.'

"Said another: 'Those children sitting there weeping are the orphans of a friend. He gave them a home. That crippled girl is his wife's niece. She lived with them for years. The young fellow who is weeping so bitterly was a waif that he rescued from the slums of the city.'

"And so the story went on—not of a miser who had heaped riches together, but of a servant of God who had helped many lives, and had lifted many of them out of misery and ignorance.

"On my way home from the funeral I stopped at the house of another farmer, who said to me in a shrill, rasping tone:

"So poor Gould is dead! He left a poor account—not a penny more than he got from his father; now I started with nothing; and look here," pointing to his broad fields, 'I own down to the stream.'

"And on the thin, hard lips were a wretched attempt to laugh. The house was bare and comfortless; his wife, worn out with work, had long ago gone to her grave. Of his children, one daughter was still drudging in the kitchen; one son had taken to drink and died in prison. The other, a harder miser than his father, remained at home to fight with him over every penny wrung out of their fertile fields.

"And yesterday I buried this man," continued the clergyman. Neither neighbor nor friend, son or daughter shed a tear over him. His children were eager to begin the quarrel for his ground he had sacrificed his life to earn. Of it all he had now only enough to cover his decaying body.

"Economy to a noble purpose is a virtue, but miserliness devours intelligence, religion, hope and life itself." —'Herald and Presbyter.'

THE FRIENDSHIP OF A DOG.

Have you ever been so fortunate as to have the friendship of a dog? The feeling of love and friendship is attributed usually to human beings alone, but anyone who has ever been loved by a dog will bear me out in the statement that there is no tenderer development than this, no deeper affection or more unselfish attachment. He obeys like a child, defends like a tiger, is happy when you are happy and miserable when you are sad. Look at him as he lies there at your feet while you read your evening paper. He watches every motion with those steadfast, beautiful eyes. He is on the alert for any order you may give, sensitive to your slightest movement. You go away and leave him, he waits patiently your return. A long separation breaks his heart. He even refuses food and is restless and unhappy until your face smiles down upon him again. And when you meet once more with what unchecked enthusiasm, what frank and innocent delight, he greets you! Suppose misfortune overtakes your pathway, friends forsake you at the lowering of the cloud, you may be in disgrace with all the world, but your dog still loves, still trusts, still abides in friendship as firm as the everlasting hills. You can never be quite forsaken while he lives. Oh, this is something worth the having, is it not? Do you think the earth holds any reasoning friendship half so noble, so fine or so pure as the unreasoning affection of your dog?

Cowan's
Perfection
Cocoa

Is absolutely pure, strong and healthful. Delightful in flavor, nourishing, economical. Cocoa should be boiled three or four minutes in either milk or water to produce best results.

The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto. 88