

## Our Example.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,  
And dream we never shall see them  
more;  
But for a thousand years  
Their fruit appears.  
In weeds that mar the land,  
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say—  
Into still air they seem to fleet.  
We count them ever past;  
But they shall last,  
In the dread judgment they  
And we shall meet! —Kehle.

## Famous Boys.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was severely hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The King Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency, and so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and if you will read his life you will find that these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow patriots wish he was in Guinea, but so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it; I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

## Don't Tease.

There is a strange and unaccountable disposition on the part of some people to make others uncomfortable, which is too common and too far-reaching to be passed by unnoticed. Sometimes it shows itself in easy, bantering ways, sometimes in more cruel and deeper thrusts, which for the moment make the blood chill and the pulses cease to beat. Somebody knows your heart's secrets, or a hidden peculiarity or a life mistake, and, unexpectedly, when perhaps you have for the moment forgotten it, they amuse themselves by displaying such knowledge till you are ready to cry out:

"Take your beak from out my heart,  
And take your form from off my door."

This is wicked. Said a dying mother to her only daughter, "Don't be teased." Very well she knew the child's sensitive nature, and as she could not talk to all the world to be-

seech them to spare her, she tried to prepare her for what she would surely meet. She chose to have her clad in an invincible armour, rather than to writhe for somebody's amusement. But who's so mailed? Unexpected guests are those for whom we are not prepared.

Teasing, real wicked plaguing, is one kind of "wild oats" which yields a plentiful but not always a pleasant harvest: a book the leaves of which are sweet only in the mouth, but bitter afterwards.

Two young girls, sisters, sat together one lovely summer afternoon, one enjoying a magazine, the other a piece of fancy work. The one with the busy fingers was particularly averse to reptiles, especially serpents. Courageous in the highest degree to fight in the warfare of life, she would run and scream, pale with terror, for a "snake in the grass." The sister with the magazine, growing tired of the monotony of silence, thought she would change the programme, and after studying a full page and almost lifelike picture of an anaconda, she thrust the book between the eyes and the work of her sister. She gave one scream, a reproachful look at her laughing persecutor, let fall her work, put her hands over her face, and spoke not a word. Soon silent tears crept through the white fingers, and she arose and left the room.

Years passed away. Had an angry retort or a threat to "get even" been given, the incident would have been forgotten; but too deep and indelible was the impression made by patient endurance. More than three decades of years have gone into the past, and one sister will shed no more tears, the other will never cease to regret the cruel act till she too shall sleep the sleep that knows no waking.

## Going Out with Mother.

"Why, Edie, all dressed and ready? Where are you going?" asked Marion entering the almost empty nursery.

"I'm going out with mother."

"Are you? But why do you not go downstairs, then? She is in the dining-room waiting."

Edith looked up at her tall cousin with quiet rest in her eyes.

"She told me to stand here till she called."

"Aren't you afraid you'll be forgotten?" she asked, slowly.

"Mother never forgets me."

"Do you always do as she bids you?" asked Marion, pursuing her own thoughts.

"Yes," consideringly; "yes, I do; it's what I try to do always."

"There is the carriage," said Marion, looking down on the street.

Still Edie did not move; but she listened intently.

"There's aunt getting into the car-

riage?" exclaimed her cousin in dismay.

Edith's little face flushed beneath her broad hat, but that was all.

Marion looked out on the street with beating heart, and then back at the little waiting girl. Would this little child trust on, in spite of all evidence to the contrary?

"She is driving away!" burst from her lips almost involuntarily.

But Edie raised her head with sudden courage.

"She said she would not forget that I was waiting, and she will not. I can trust her."

The flush died out of her face, and a quiet patience came back to it.

Marion sat down by her side, and took her little hand almost reverently.

"Edie, dear, will you kiss me?" she asked.

The child stooped her head.

"What makes you cry, Marion," she asked, wistfully.

"Because—oh, Edie, if I could only wait like you."

"Don't you wait when your mother tells you?" she asked innocently.

"It is father this time," said Marion.

"Well, don't you?"

"Not always; but—but I will."

"Edie! Edie!" called a ringing voice up the stairs. "I'm ready now. Come, my child!"

"There!" said the little girl. And then only waiting to give her cousin another kiss, she flew down-stairs to her mother.

## The Baby Sparrow's Ride.

A TRUE STORY.

Once I was working in a law office away up in the seventh story of a big building down town. I used to write all the letters for the lawyer, and I used to write them with printed letters just like these, only bigger, on a machine that some little girls once called my piano. But it was not a piano, for it did not make any music. The windows of this office did not look out on green trees and fields; but all we could see were brick walls and telephone wires.

One day while I was busy writing I saw something fly through one of the open windows and cross the big office. When I went to the corner where it had fallen upon the dusty floor I found a baby sparrow. It had just been learning to fly, and its little downy breast was beating as if its heart was trying to jump out, and its little yellow beak was wide open and its black eyes (just like beads) looked so frightened that I took it up as kindly as I could and stood it outside on the broad window-sill, so it could fly away when it was rested.

After a while, Willie, the office boy, told me to look at the chick-sparrow, and sure enough it was a sight worth

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seeing, for another bigger sparrow had come to see him and was talking to him. The bigger sparrow must have been his mother, for she would go close to him and say "peep-peek, cheep-cheep," and then she would fly a little way from the window and then come back and talk more bird-talk, as if she said "Do not be afraid. See how easy it is. Do try, dearie; mother is here." At last the baby sparrow opened his little wings and flew out; but he did not go more than a yard before he became frightened and hung on a telephone wire that came down from the roof. He looked so funny with his head down and his tail in the air, and his wings fluttered so you could see he was frightened almost to death. But mother-sparrow flew over to him and talked some more "cheep-cheep." I think it meant "Let go, dearie, and come fly with me." But he only held on tighter, and seemed so frightened that I felt sorry for the poor little thing. Then what do you think the mother-sparrow did? She flew close up to him, under his head, and spread out her wings, and Chick-Sparrow, her baby birdie, jumped on, and she carried him up to the roof!

Was that not a jolly ride for a frightened bird? Now I want you to find and learn a text in the Bible which tells us that God will send His angels to watch us better than the mother-sparrow watched her baby. The text is found in Psalm xci. 11, 12.

## Something Worth Knowing.

Surely there is compensation or an antidote for every pain and sting which nature imposes upon us. The sharp bitter weather of our climate might seem unbearable, could we not find means of enjoying it without discomfort. It was long after wood was known to be a perfect non-conductor of heat and cold before any one thought of its possible uses in clothing, but now we take advantage of this fact. Wood is reduced to its strong silken fibres and then made into the fabric known as Fibre Chamois, which offers a perfect protection from wind, cold or sleet, that makes healthful warmth possible in all weather to everybody—and a durable protection that never fails till the garment is worn out.

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