

side. But, as Hannah left the room, she saw something in his face which she had never seen in all the years she had done silent battle with him, and raged against him in her honest soul, while preserving for her mistress's sake, the outward semblance of respect. It was an awakened look, the look of the man who has at last come face to face with himself. A long time after, she was summoned to her mistress's room, and found her sitting on the end of the couch near the fire, with her hands clasped on her knee, and the drawn anguish gone out of her face.

"Hannah, you were right when you said things happened for the best. There is more hope in my heart than there has been in it for many a day."

"An' they ain't coo-pin' Marster 'arry, then," said Hannah desperately, for she loved the wild youth that she had crooned to sleep, a baby on her breast, and many a sleepless night had she wept on her pillow for his misdeeds.

"No, they have accepted the money which Repworth can bring, and we shall have to leave it immediately, and go to London to live in a very small house."

"That's the best news I've 'eard for ever so long. London's the place—so lively an' cheery, wiv the 'buses an' trams an' the bobbies at every corner. We ain't got time to be dull there. When do we begin to pack up?"

"Immediately. You will go with us, Hannah. It may even be that we shall not be able to keep anybody else. Doesn't that frighten you?"

Hannah stretched out her firm and bony arm and laughed in glee. "Gimme plenty ter do, an' I ain't got no time to be tired. I'll be thankful to get through wiv the sinful waste of them rubbish in the kitchen, and haves me little plice all to meself."

After a moment, and just as she was about to leave the room, she drew something very shamefacedly from her pocket.

"Me benk book, Mam, what yer gave me when I come fust. It's full; I ain't never spent a penny on meself. Something told me as 'ow you'd need it again. It's yours, an' proud I ham to give it back. No, no, don't; it would 'urt me crooil!"

End Lacy took the bank book as if it had been a gift beyond all price, and, bending forward, kissed the forehead of the faithful servant who had been her shield and buttress through all the trying years. She repaid her by one word of confidence and hope.

"Hannah," she said brokenly, "you deserve to know. I—I think this has shown Mr. Lacy actually how we stand. He was on his knees at my side after you left me. Please God, out of the depths we shall yet be lifted up."

Hannah went singing to her work. And for twenty more years she slaved for the Findon Lacys, standing by them in the dark days of obscurity, and living to see them come to their own again, and to share the deep peace of her mistress's later life.

After forty-seven years' faithful service, her eyes were closed by the children she had loved, and for whom she had given her life, and she sleeps beside the lords and ladies of Repworth, honoured in her death as one whose price was above rubies.—British Weekly.

There is always room at the top, but the only elevator thither is toil and self-effort.

Better methods may simplify the social question, it can be solved by nothing less than better men.

Church-going, the keeping of the Sabbath, are not religion; but religion hardly lives without them.—F. W. Robertson.

Keep your eyes open to your merits. The man who forgets to be thankful has fallen asleep in life.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

There is that in man which sooner or later is awakened to dissatisfaction with the gods of his own choosing.—W. Boyd Carpenter.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

THE LOWER ROAD.

BY DESTA E. BROWN WOODS.

My friend is toiling up the hill,
Where Fame and Wealth make their abode.
Men work and strive her purse to fill,
While I am walking the lower road.

Bright gems and pearls to her are sold,
Her gowns are cut in Fashion's mode;
My wealth is found in hearts of gold,
For I am walking the lower road.

Her ear is filled with all sweet sounds,
That music-halls of earth afford;
To me the robins sing their rounds,
For I am walking the lower road.

She travels far, for works of art,
And Masters old to her are showed;
But Nature thrills my inmost heart,
As I am walking the lower road.

A flattering crowd near her is found,
Who never yet with friendship gloved;
Few friends but true my path surround,
For I am walking the lower road.

I do not envy you, my friend,
You struggle up with weary load;
While simple joys from Heaven descend
To cheer me on the lower road.
CHESTERTVILLE, ONT.

A QUEER NAME.

A boy, on returning from a trip to another town, said to his mother, "O mamma, I met a boy with the queerest name I ever heard, but his folks said they found it in the old Testament. It was Father William, or William Father, or something of that sort."

"But, Donald," said his mother, "there is no such name as Father William or William Father in the Old Testament."

"Are you sure, mamma?"
"I certainly am, dear. I have read it through several times. William is a comparatively modern name. It isn't anywhere in the Bible."

"Well, but — oh, I remember now!" exclaimed Donald, "it was Bildad!"

This reminds one of the old conundrum familiar to the boys and girls of many years ago: "Who was the shortest man mentioned in the Bible?" Answer: "Bildad the Shubite."—The Child's Hour.

MY PICTURE BOOK.

The sky is the finest picture book,
Its pictures are all for me.
When ever I look into the blue
Most wonderful things I see.

On days when it is sunny
The fairies come to play.
They dance in magic circles,
Then quickly run away.

And when it's dark and cloudy
Away up in the sky,
The giants in their chariots
Go roaring, rumbling by.

But the time I like best of all
Is just before the night,
When the gates of heaven open
And I see the angels bright.

In the matter of some of their sense organs, the ants are more than ordinarily endowed. Strange as it may seem, each ant has at least six ears. Aside from this multiplicity of ears, they are located in just about the queerest place imaginable—on the legs.

They seem deaf to all sounds made by the vibration of the air, but detect the slightest possible variations of solid material. This is supposed to be to their advantage, in that such things as approaching footsteps tell more of the possibility of danger than such sounds as are transmitted through the air. So sensitive are their feet that they detect the impact of a small bird-shot dropped on the table from a height of about six inches and fourteen feet distant from an artificial nest placed at the other end of the article.—St. Nicholas.

A SAFE MEDICINE

FOR ALL CHILDREN.

The mothers whose little ones are ill not only wish for a medicine that will make their babies better but one that positively cannot do any harm. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. They are sold under the positive guarantee of a government analyst to contain no opiate, narcotic or other harmful drug. They always do good; they cannot possibly do harm—not even to the new born baby. Concerning them Mrs. J. E. Z. Marchand, Ste. Anne de la Perade, Que., writes:—"I find Baby's Own Tablets indispensable. As soon as I find one of my children not feeling well I administer the Tablets and I am never disappointed in the result. I would not be without them and an enclosing fifty cents for two more boxes." Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

CAUGHT IN A WEB.

One day in the old barn on the farm we witnessed a strange sight. A poor sparrow was fluttering about evincing such evident signs of distress that we resolved to know the nature of his discomfort. We found he had become entangled in one of the numerous webs built by the great barn spiders, and the meshes had inclosed him to such an alarming extent that he was unable to escape into the outer air. We took him tenderly in our hands and freed him, and felt certain that if he had been able to express gratitude he would have done so.

Later, in a thoughtful mood, we fell to wondering if there were not other webs than those built by the crafty spider and other victims than the poor bird we had helped to escape from entanglement.

For instance, not long ago a young man who had a loving mother whom he adored, thought he might venture into a little indiscretion such as others indulged in. It was just a glass of beer occasionally and a cigarette, but the habit grew on him with years, and the day arrived when he found he could not be comfortable or content without this sinful indulgence. He was caught in a web more destructive than that which ensnared the bird, since it possessed power to destroy body and soul. Not thinking it any great sin, a little girl spoke an untruth; but that night when she went to bed she could scarcely say her usual evening prayer. The sin did not seem so terrible by daylight; so she did not confess it as she had thought she would, and the meshes of the web closed more closely about her, leaving her less and still less power to escape. Then the dear ones at home wondered why Lucy was unhappy, and concluded that the child was sick or she would not be so depressed.

A boy, returning from the office, lost a valuable letter, and concluded not to say anything about it in order to escape punishment. The letter was not traced and found until long afterward, and the loss which resulted was of such a serious nature that the boy, who was really not bad at heart, and possessed many noble qualities, had cause to regret it the remainder of his life. He was caught in a web, and lacked strength to resist its fatal influence.

Have you ever watched a poor fly struggling to become free from the entangling web of the spider, and thought there were other webs likely to entangle you in their dreadful meshes?

SELECTED.

The Hauran, a most fertile hilly district south of Damascus, famous for its wheat, is being sold by its occupants, who are Druses, to Jewish syndicates. The wastes around the Sea of Galilee are getting into the hands of native Jews, who turn into farmers again. Ten years ago no Jew was allowed to live in Bethlehem, Nazareth and Gaza, and now each of these towns has its Jewish ward and pogues.