

GROUND FLOOR PLAN OF CHENTU HOSPITAL.

What a comfort it will be, if you are sick yourselves and need a physician's care, to know that you have a share in bringing the same benefit to some suffering child or man or woman in far-off China. It will make your own bed the softer, your own pain more easy to bear. In your hours of play, or work or study, will it not give greater zest to your games or studies to know that through your aid some one who cannot share these pleasures or duties is being nursed back to health?

Take a share. The hospital will cost \$25,000. This sum is divided into 1,000 shares of \$25 each.

The best way, it seems to us, to organize this great movement for our missionary hospital is for as many schools as possible to take one or more shares. One of our smaller schools, at Mimico, has already done this. Others are following. Scarcely any school is so small that it cannot during the year raise at least \$25 to pay for one of these shares. Some possibly could not do this much. Let them at least do as much as they can in this glorious work. All our larger schools could easily take a full share at \$25, and some two or three.

We will have great pleasure in personally taking one share, amounting to \$25. Other teachers or officers may wish to do the same. But, above all, we want each boy and each girl to have the chance of giving something, however small, and let the money be your own, not what you beg from parents or friends, but your own, something earned by your own hands or gained by your own self-denial. Better do without the candy or the chewing-gum or toys to help those children in that far-off land. See the picture on page 4, of the sick children in the hospital in China, and try to do something to help them.

Address all correspondence to the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto.

SURE IT WAS RIGHT.

"If I only was sure that is right!" whispered Sam to himself, after he had finished his sum and was about to take it up to the teacher.

"Pooh!" whispered Dick over his

shoulder, "take it up; she's too busy to look at it closely, and won't know whether it is right or not."

"What did you tell me that for?" Sam demanded of Dick when they went to recess.

"That's the way to get along easy," answered Sam.

"But it isn't getting along easy that I'm after; it's being and doing right. If my work isn't done right, it won't do me any good to have it passed by the teacher. I want to be sure I'm right."

A great man once said, "I would rather be right than king. A small man—I mean in spirit—would have said, 'I would rather get along easy than be right.'" The boy who looks at getting through more closely than he does at being exactly right, is apt to make a small, mean man in character, however much money or success he may gain.

MILLY'S REWARD.

BY SUSIE E. KENNEDY.

"O, mamma, I dusted grandpa's room, straightened the chairs, wiped his glasses, and made everything neat and nice for him, but he didn't give me any pennies."

"I am afraid my little girl is getting to care more for the pennies than for helping grandpa," said mamma, drawing Milly beside her.

"But mamma, he always does, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"But Grandpa York never does, so I don't go to his room every morning."

"Don't you suppose Grandpa York cares just as much as Grandpa Raymond for the nice little things you can do?"

"Perhaps."

"Grandpa Raymond told me the other day he would rather have Milly tidy up his room than the housemaid. He said you had a finer touch."

"Grandpa York never says anything nice. He just reads and reads, and never seems to know that I'm there, but Grandpa Raymond kisses me and says, 'Ah, here comes my little girl to make things nice for me.'"

"Another case of loaves and fishes," laughed papa, from behind his paper.

"What does he mean, mamma?" asked Milly, an aggrieved look passing over her face, for she felt that in some way she was being laughed at, but could not quite understand how.

"He means, dearie, that the little attentions which you pay your grandfathers seem to be for the sake of the reward. I want you to learn that the greatest reward of working is the pleasure in the work. Does my girlie understand?"

"No, mamma."

"I mean that when you wipe grandpa's glasses, I want you to enjoy doing it, because they are brighter, and because grandpa can see better to read his paper. And when you tidy his room I want you to look over your work and be able to say, 'I am so glad that I am able to do a little to make the world a pleasant place to live in.'"

Milly dropped her eyes. She knew that she had not been working for that kind of a reward.

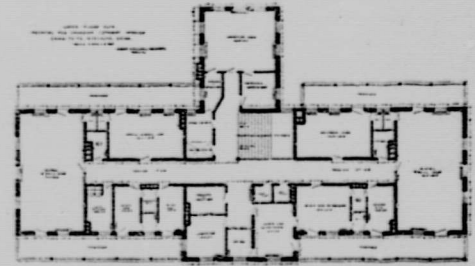
"I think," mamma went on, "that I must ask Grandpa Raymond not to give you any more pennies for the little kindnesses you do him, and besides, I must ask you to do just the same for Grandpa York."

Milly looked up quickly. "I don't like him so well as I do Grandpa Raymond."

"I know you do not, but I think you will learn to like him. Do everything well, and try to find your reward in the pleasure of doing your best."

Do you think that Milly learned this lesson in a day? No, it was weeks, months, and even years before she learned it perfectly. But she had perfect confidence in her mother, and believed that she would only advise what was best. So she set to work, learning a little each day, growing more and more in love with her little tasks, whatever they might be.

"Mamma, did I tell you once, a long time ago, that I did not like Grandpa York?" Milly asked her mother one day, after she had been trying the new plan about two years.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF CHENTU HOSPITAL.

"I think you did, dearie."

"What do you suppose made me say it? I do love him dearly."

ALWAYS BE OCCUPIED.

"Always be occupied" was one of the maxims of William H. Prescott. It is a good rule. "Now don't shrug your shoulders at that and repeat the lines about 'All work and no play,' for the rule is not 'Always be at work;' it means simply that we are to be doing something, whether at work or at play, every moment of our waking hours. The great foe of an active, —letting time slip by in a vacuous, empty way—day-dreaming, or whatever you choose to call it. Always be occupied."