

ing brought it out purposely for the 'dress-maker.'

It seemed wonderful to little Helen the amount of work accomplished in one hour. Kathryn was gifted in the line of sewing, consequently she knew at a glance the trouble with the refractory dress and remedied it at once, to Helen's relief and joy. She made a gay red ridinghood cloak, trimmed with gilt braid for one of the dolls, a short silk apron for another and a lace bonnet for the third, after which the tall clock in the hall struck three. At that moment the soft tinkle of a little silver bell was heard.

'No more sewing for dollies to-day,' exclaimed Kathryn, starting up, 'the dressmaker has earned a rest, if I do say it myself,' smiling. 'I'm going after grandma.'

She kissed grandma's sweet, expectant face as she gave the needed touches to the soft, silvery hair.

Presently the trio (grandma, little Helen and Kathryn) were seated under the maple tree in the balmy yard having a happy time, notwithstanding the fact that the dear mother was absent. Grandma was seated in a comfortable rocker with soft cushions, arranged by Kathryn, underneath and behind her. She crocheted on the fleecy pink shawl sometimes, talked sometimes, rested her head back against the cushions sometimes and—all the time—enjoyed the scent of blooming roses in the yard, the soft, sweet air and the song of birds.

'Afternoon Tea' was served at four o'clock and instead of being 'tea' consisted of some deliciously cool lemonade and some equally delicious sugared fresh 'patty-pans' that Peggy had made.

When Mr. Duncan returned from business in time for the six o'clock dinner he was agreeably surprised at the atmosphere of the household. Having left Kathryn in tears, he had not expected the smiling greeting which he received. He missed his wife, but he appreciated the thoughtfulness of his daughter. His dressing gown was laid out for his evening's comfort, his slippers were at hand, there were sweet flowers in the centre of the table and a fragrant rosebud at his own place.

As the good work began—so it continued. The days were alike and yet not alike—alike in the loving kindness that pervaded the household, and unlike in the varied 'doings' and 'happenings.'

Kathryn had never kept a diary until the day her mother left. She began it that night just before retiring. She sent bulletins—copied from her diary to her mother. 'I will record one of these.'

First Day.—This was a dark morning for me without mamma. I lost my bearings somehow, and drifted. I didn't do anything all morning except brood because I was left behind. A fifteen-year-old baby, that's what I was. I tried to read, but my reading was a failure. I must have read one page over a dozen times and then I didn't know what it was about. At noon something occurred to open my eyes and I turned around 'right about face.' I gave Peggy a little lift with the housework. I arranged grandma's hair and gave her some other touches here and there and I made little cousin Helen very happy.

Second Day.—I gave grandma a surprise to-day. There is an old lady, Mrs. Swift, visiting in town. She and grandma have been friends ever since they were girls. I invited Mrs. Swift to luncheon and I helped Peggy to get it, and oh, what a good time those two dear old souls had together!

Third Day.—It was Helen's turn to have company to-day. I told her to choose the little girl she'd rather have and she said immediately, 'I'll choose Susie Hill because she hasn't any mamma either.' So Susie was invited and came. She said it was the happiest day she'd ever had. Where she lives there are no flowers and green grass—no birds and 'no out-of-doors,' as she said. All day long the children played out of doors. They even had their meals there—dinner and tea—on my little round table, under the maple.

Fourth Day.—This is Peggy's birthday. I found the date in an old book of Peggy's that laid on the kitchen shelf. We put our heads together, Grandma, Helen and I, and the result was that Peggy was delighted. I gave her a lace-edged handkerchief and a small bottle of perfumery. Grandma's contribution was a gay neck ribbon that had been given to her-

self. Cousin Helen's gift was a small red leather purse in which were ten shining new pennies and two bright nickels. 'This, perhaps, pleased Peggy most and it made her laugh and cry. When papa came home and found out about Peggy's birthday, he said to me with a laugh, 'Where my little girl leads I'll follow,' and he took out a brand span new bill and gave it to Peggy, who declared then and there that 'she never did see such good folks.'

Fifth day.—We all worked for the 'least of these' to-day—even Peggy did her share. They have a little new baby over to the Hills, and the mother is very nervous. The Hills are poor, too, and things go hard with them. Mrs. Hill had a nervous headache to-day, and we brought the children over here so that she could be quiet. There was Percy, three years old; Mollie, five, and Edith, the little lame one, seven. They were here from ten until five and had such a happy time. Grandma, Helen and I took care of them. And Peggy made a bowl of delicious chicken soup with rice in it for the sick mother.

Sixth day.—It rained to-day and I thought we'd have a dreary time, but we didn't. I helped Peggy quite a little because she had considerable to do. I made a 'floating island' custard for grandma, who is very fond of it, and I helped little Helen with some sewing for her dolls. Grandma told us the dearest old-time story.

Seventh day.—Such a happy Sunday! Papa was home all day, except when we all went to church together, that is, all but Peggy, who remained at home to get the dinner and went this evening instead. It was lovely after the rain. We spent most of the day outside, talking, reading, listening to the birds singing in the trees and having a happy, restful time. We talked more than usual about mamma to-day, and all felt so happy and thankful that mamma was improving every day. Papa put his arm around me once and held me close. He said, oh, so tenderly, 'My blessed little girl!'

Men do not object to a battle if they are confident that they will have victory; and, thank God, every one of us may have the victory if he will.—D. L. Moody.

Only One More.

'I cannot sing; I cannot play; I cannot even tell a story particularly well,' said a young girl despondently enumerating her own deficiencies. 'Wherever I go I am of no special value, except to count one more.'

'In some places one more holds the deciding vote,' laughed a companion. 'Many of us feel that simply being one more is about all our presence amounts to anywhere. We have no special gift or talent to contribute to the world's work or pleasure, no particular endowment for leadership or service; we can count one more in whatever is going on and that is all. It was Lincoln who remarked that he thought that 'the Lord must love common people because he had made so many of them.' For the same reason, it would seem that he must have use for the people of only ordinary endowment—they are so greatly in the majority. And the 'counting one more,' which the young girl mentioned so scornfully, may, after all, mean a great deal; it all depends upon where we are counted.'

There are many times and places where the added one means much of help and encouragement—in the too often slender, mid-week prayer meeting, in the rainy-day service, or the occasions when an unpopular topic or a prosy speaker furnishes the many an excuse for absence. There are struggling causes and needed philanthropies not a few where the additional number, even without a full purse or great talent of any sort, can yet add welcome strength and support. If it really seems to us that our ability along all life's great lines is limited to only counting one more, let us resolve that that one shall be on hand to be counted. The governor of a great state found himself rather unexpectedly, one day, in the midst of a Sunday School convention. As soon as it was known that he was in the house there was a desire to have him address the meeting, and he was called upon. But he felt himself utterly unprepared; he had no speech ready, and he simply responded: 'Friends, I really have nothing to say, but I am heartily in sympathy with your work, and I can at least stand up and be counted.' Standing up to be counted.

DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE

JUNE NUMBER

OF THE

'Canadian Pictorial.'

'He cometh not, she said' might easily be the title of the charming cover picture, showing a maiden in white silhouetted against a huge tree. The frontispiece is a portrait of the Hon. L. J. Tweedie, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of New Brunswick. Typical Canadian spring scenes, orchards in full bloom, etc., are sensorable. Some capital pictures are shown of the thrilling incidents connected with the recent disaster to H.M.S. 'Gladiator,' while a page of pictures, specially taken for the 'Pictorial' by a Canadian in Calcutta, gives some interesting glimpses of Britain's Indian troops. The Canadian Building at the Franco-British Exhibition in London will be of interest, also the

room at 10 Downing Street, where the Cabinet meets; and the funeral of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and portraits of Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill. A timely article deals with the new system of providing playgrounds for children. Very quaint and interesting is the old fashioned brick oven still in use by many a French-Canadian housewife. Other pictures are: Doukhobors farming in the West; Characters from the Merchant of Venice, Revival of Coaching in England, etc., etc. The Woman's Dept. contains a portrait of Mrs. Tweedie, wife of Lieut.-Governor Tweedie, also its usual quota of fashion and household hints, patterns, etc., the whole making up a delightful number that any home would enjoy.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' is at once an education and a delight.

Every home should have it.

Ask to see it at your library. Buy a copy from your news-dealer, or send direct to this office.

Ten Cents a Copy.

One Dollar a Year.

Anywhere in Canada (outside of Montreal and suburbs), Newfoundland or Great Britain, three NEW subscribers at just half rates.

The Pictorial Publishing Co.,

142 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

The 'Northern Messenger'
The 'Canadian Pictorial'

Both for
one year
for only

\$1.00

(For 'Special Family Club,' see page 15)