

a little later, when his eyes met mine and I could lean forward and speak to him:

"Did you wish to have the window open for any special reason?"

His face lighted up, and coming over to me so that he could better show me his camera, he exhibited a small kodak which had evidently been a recent gift.

"Yes'm, I did, but it don't matter much," he answered. "You see I want to get some views as we slow up, and I thought if the window was open I could take anything the moment I saw it, without waiting to open the window. We are going along so fast, that I might miss something while I was getting the window open, but it don't matter. I guess I will have time enough if I see anything. It won't take long to open the window. That will be all right."

Such a cheery voice, one that made you feel as if the very spirit of Christmas was in the boy's heart, and as if the whole world was full of peace and good will.

He was a little fellow, though he must have been at least fourteen years old, judging from his face. It was a frail, slender body, which held the brave sunshiny little soul, and the poor back was sadly mishapen and crooked. There were lines upon his face which told of suffering, but there was also the expression of patience that told of brave uncomplaining endurance. One could not be anything but overwhelmed with pity for the boy who had to go through life handicapped at the very outset by lameness and weakness. Yet looking into his clear blue eyes, one forgot to pity him, when one saw his bright happy spirit shining in his face and making his voice so joyous.

"Have you got a camera?" he asked, and he launched out into an eager explanation of his instrument, telling me how successful he had been with his last pictures, and how he intended to get a splendid view of the river when we should cross the bridge a little later.

"And you see that's why I was so anxious about the window," he concluded. "I got on the train early, so that we could get a seat on the right side for the sun, but I shall know before we get to it, and I am sure the gentleman won't mind its being up just for a minute or two."

"Suppose you change places with me," I suggested, "and then you can keep the window up without the air blowing against any one."

He was delighted to make the proposed exchange, and soon was happily watching for the river, keeping a watch at the same time for any other good views which might present themselves. Presently I heard a click, and the winding up of the film, and I knew he had taken one shot with his camera.

He came over to tell me about it, and we had another pleasant chat, and then he went back to be ready for the special view that he was so anxious to take.

As we rushed along we began to leave the brightness of the sunshine behind us. The sky was slightly overcast, and finally the sun suddenly hid itself behind a bank of clouds, and looked as if it had bidden farewell to us for the day.

"How disappointed my boy friend will be," I thought as I looked up at the sky to see if there was any hope of the sun coming out again in time to let him take his picture. The

clouds were completely concealing it, and I knew his cherished plan would have to be given up.

He put the camera back into its case, and looked over at me for sympathy, still smiling and cheery.

"I am so sorry the sun went under just then," I said as we came to the river and swept across the bridge from which he could have taken a fine view if the tricky sun-beams would only have peeped from behind the clouds.

"There, I meant to take it just here," he said, coming over to make another little visit. "You see how the train slows up here, and there is such a beautiful chance. Wouldn't that make a pretty picture?"

"Yes, indeed," I answered. "I wish the sun had lasted just ten minutes longer. It is almost more disappointing than if had been cloudy from the start, isn't it?"

"Yes," he admitted; "but then," and there was a whole world of cheeriness in the bright boy face and the happy tones, "maybe the sun will be out when we come back again, and I can get my picture then. It will be all right. The sun always does come out again, you know, and it isn't likely that it will cloud over again just here. It will be sure to come out again presently. The clouds will be gone by and by."

"There will always be sunshine where you are; of that I am sure," I answered, marvelling at the cheery hopefulness with which he had borne what was a very considerable disappointment. Dear brave little heart!

His words flashed a bit of sunshine into my heart, which will linger there for many a day. "The sun always does come out again, you know."

Dear boy, with your patient endurance of pain and weakness, with your cheery acceptance of disappointments, and your hopeful prophecy of sunshine to come, you helped me, as many another boy has done, where those who count themselves wise in earthly love have failed. Through the cloud of disappointment I shall always hear the cheery ring of your joyous voice, and I shall know that for me as well as for my boy friend, "the clouds will be gone by and by."

Speaking Twice.

Grandma sat in the shaded parlor hushing Richard to sleep on her lap. Philip came under the portiere. His eyes were large with a hint of wet in them: he walked on his toes, and held out his hands with all the fingers spread. This was a way he had, when distressed. He said in a lamentable voice:

"I b'lieve I'm going to cry!"

"I wouldn't cry, not for a dollar!" said grandma cheerfully. "Come here, and tuck your head into my neck, and tell me all about it."

Philip ran on his tiptoes to put his head in what had seemed to him, since he was a day old, a very good refuge.

"Mamma speaked sharp to me," he mourned.

"Did she?" said grandma, sure that there must be very good reason for such conduct on mamma's part. "What were you doing?"

"Playing with the hydrant."

"Oh! Yes, I see; somebody's clean kilt is wet."

"And mamma's dress is wet, too!"

"Dear me!—mamma's nice new dress! And mamma said kindly, 'Don't do that, Philip,' didn't she?"

"Ye-e-e-s," admitted Philip.

"And you did not pay attention? You did not mind mamma; you went right on playing with the hydrant?"

"Ye-e-e-s," said the little boy.

"And then mamma spoke out, 'Philip! come away from there, instantly!'"

"Ye-e-e-s."

"If you do not wish mamma to speak so firmly, why don't you mind when she speaks softly?"

Philip did not answer.

"It is because, just then, you do not want to mind at all."

"Yes, I minded, gramma!"

"Because you had to, but not because you wanted to. When I was little, my grandpa used to tell me that waiting for two speakings was only half-minding. It shows that the little child would not mind at all if it did not have to: it is not glad-minding, love-minding, but must-minding, for fear you may be put to bed, or sent to a corner. To wait for two speakings is not honouring minding—and you have just learned, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.' That is what God says. Will you not mind God?"

"Oh, yes, I will," said Philip, smiling. Then hearing mamma in the hall, he ran to meet her.

"Here I am, mamma! I love you! I am a good boy now!"

How Edith's Vacation was Spoiled.

It was a bright, sunny afternoon, but the little girl who stood drumming on the window-panes was anything but bright and sunny. Her face looked as though a thunder storm were not far away, there was such a dark frown upon it. And sure enough, before long, the great tears began to roll down the rosy cheeks, while the frown grew darker and darker.

Perhaps you may wonder what dreadful thing had happened to cause all this sorrow. The trouble was this: Edith's mother had invited an old auntie of hers to come with her little granddaughter for a two weeks' visit.

Now, there were just two weeks of Edith's vacation left, and she had planned to have all sorts of frolics.

This troublesome little visitor, whom

she had never seen, would spoil everything—so Edith thought. Her mother tried to make Edith see that she could have just as good a time, by taking her little visitor to these frolics. But Edith shook her head. She didn't want to be bothered with a stranger.

When Emily and her grandmother reached the house, Edith was more sulky than ever. Emily was a plain little girl, very still and quiet. Romping Edith was sure she would never, never like Emily.

That night when the two little girls had been snugly tucked in Edith's bed and left to pleasant dreams, Edith turned her face to the wall and gave way to her disappointment in tears. The last two weeks of vacation spoiled! It seemed very hard.

Suddenly a smothered sob came from Emily's side of the bed. She was having a hard time, too, poor child! It was the first time she had ever been away from home, and she longed to see her father and mother. Then there was another trouble. She felt that Edith did not like her, and she couldn't bear the thought of staying two weeks with that pouting, sulky little girl. So you see, she, too, had a good reason for crying.

When Edith heard that sob, she sat up in the bed and looked at Emily. The tears rolling down the thin, pale face made Edith very uncomfortable.

She felt that she had not treated her visitor as her mamma treated those who came to see her. She remembered that her mother had said that Emily did not have nice dolls and toys, as Edith did. She began to feel very sorry for the poor little girl who was lonesome and homesick, and decided that Emily should have a good time even if her own vacation was spoiled.

Emily did have a good time. She soon got over her homesickness and romped and played as much as Edith could wish.

When Emily's visit was over and Edith was getting ready to go back to school, her mother said to her: "Well, dear, was your vacation entirely spoiled?"

"Oh, no, mamma," answered Edith: "it was much nicer than I thought it was going to be before Emily came."

"I'm glad of that, deary," said her mother, giving her a loving kiss. "And the reason it was so nice was because you unselfishly gave up your own plans and did all that you could to give Emily a good time."

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