

the stitching on my sail with the force she's wasted, couldn't she? Wish I'd stopped her before."

By the time Mr. Harrison had put his horse up, Frank was finishing the work over which Bertha had laboured so hard, and the girl was fanning herself with her hat, still flushed and breathing hard from her exertion. Frank was laughing yet over her "wasted energy."

"She's not the only one who wastes force, Frank," said Mr. Harrison, with sudden gravity. "I knew a boy to spend all his spare time for several days, in complaining over a dreaded examination, when he might in that time have fully prepared himself for it. Didn't I hear you say you envied your Cousin Bert his ability to give so much pleasure by his fine recitations?"

"But that's a talent father," Frank. "He learns so easily and takes such a pleasure in it."

"Yes, I admit that," replied Mr. Harrison. "But it's a cultivated talent. Now, I've heard you recite strings of doggerel that it must have taken hours to memorize. Don't you think that was misdirected energy?"

"I shouldn't wonder if it was," said Frank honestly.

Bertha looked up as if she, too, had gained a new idea. "Is that what you think is wrong with my piano practice, father? I suppose I do spend too much time over popular songs that no one ever wants to hear twice, when, with the same amount of practice, I could learn the good music you and mother are so fond of."

"That certainly is another case of wasted power."

"You hit the nail on the head that time, Bertha," laughed Frank. "Well, we'll both try to make our blows tell better in the future, won't we?"

Mr Harrison smiled, well satisfied.

"BE YE GLAD."

"How fortunate your daughter is in having such a bright, cheerful disposition, when she is sick and helpless so much of the time," remarked a young girl to an elderly woman.

Mrs. Birrell smiled gently. "And so you think Hester's cheerfulness a mere matter of disposition? Why, my dear, all the natural gaiety in the world wouldn't carry one joyfully, or even patiently, through the days and nights of suffering and disappointment which Hester has had to bear. You must go deeper than that for the reason for her bright courage."

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Letty humbly. "But if it isn't just her natural disposition, what is the secret of it?"

Mrs. Birrell's motherly love shone out from her face as she replied:

"Long ago, when Hester was first injured by that fall from her horse, she happened to overhear a few words of some callers who had

just left her. One of them said sympathetically, 'How sad it makes one feel to see poor Hester Birrell injured for life, all her ambitions and hopes dashed, in such constant pain, and so unhappy. It makes one wonder if God really is good, after all.' 'Yes,' the other lady replied, 'It is impossible not to be saddened.'

"When I went into Hester's room a few minutes later she was lying so still that I thought she was asleep. But after a little she called me. 'Mother,' she said, with such a remorseful look on her face, 'did you hear them say that the sight of me was a sad one, and made them doubt God's goodness? Oh, I don't mean that anyone shall ever say that again! If you see me growing fretful and despondent, remind me of what they said. I am 'glad in the Lord' in my heart, and with his help, I want to live so that everyone I know shall be happier and surer of His love and goodness whenever they meet me!'"

Mrs. Birrell paused, her voice trembling.

Letty's eyes were blurred with tears as she kissed the elder woman impulsively, and then went on her way. "Hester Birrell has fulfilled her promise," she thought. "Whoever spends even a few minutes with her comes away cheered and more hopeful. And—what am I doing, well and strong as I am, and with so much to enjoy? I wonder if people who are not Christians are more ready to put their trust in our Elder Brother, when they have come in contact with me? Oh, I'm afraid not. But I will try to make Hester's rule my own, and make it evident that I have the best of reasons for being cheerful and confident."

ATTENTION, BOYS!

If there is a being in this world interesting to your friend, the writer, it is a boy. There may be good reasons for this interest; the writer himself was once a boy, and even now, when he goes to New York City, where his mother lives, loves to hear her say, "Well, my boy, what good news do you bring your mother to day?" Do you know boys, there is nothing that cheers our mother's heart more than to hear good of her boy. Sometimes we fail to realize what mother really is to us; we think her peculiar, strict, and sometimes even severe, but after all, when we look around for the dearest friend on earth, we turn toward mother. She will listen patiently to our tales of joy and woe when father has no time to do so. When sickness lays us upon the bed no one is wanted so much by the boy as mother. Mother's voice may not sound as sweet as the young girl's in the next house, but it is music to the sick boy's ears; mother's hands may be hardened by work, but they are softer than velvet upon a boy's fevered brow. Everybody in the world may turn from us, but we know full well that our dear mother is not going to forget her boy nor even turn from him. Yes, let me emphasize it—mother is a boy's best friend. And now I repeat again, nothing cheers a mother's heart as much as to hear good news of her boy.

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Now, why would it not be a good thing to go to mother at the close of each day and tell her what we have done and left undone during the hours which passed since we opened our eyes in the morning and beheld the dawn of day? Do you not see at once what a change that would make in the way we live day by day—how much nobler our lives would be and what better men we would be? I have great faith in boys; I do not think that any one of us wants to be purposely bad; the only trouble we experience is to always know just what to do at the proper time. We sometimes forget by Monday what we heard in Sunday-school and church on Sunday. But if we ask ourselves every day whenever we intend to do something, "Now, will mother be glad to hear of this to-night?" It will soon become part of ourselves to ever be alert, or on the "lookout," as we say, to do only that which mother will be glad to hear about.

Certainly, at first it may be hard for us to act on this principle; when Charley gets angry at us we may feel like getting angry at him, even though we know mother would not want to hear that we could not control our temper; when Mary speaks a sharp word we may feel like "answering back" in the same way, although mother would say, "No, my boy, do not." The first few evenings we shall say to mother, "I knew you would not like it, but it seemed as if I could not help it; I'll try to do better next time," and mother will say, gently stroking our hair, "do not be discouraged, my boy; the hardest rock is broken, the thickest iron melted, the longest walk ended and the farthest point reached by keeping at it; don't be discouraged."

And sure enough, soon we find that every day our mistakes are fewer, our victories more numerous, and as we keep the practice up year

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DIVIDEND NO. 79.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the capital stock of the company has been declared for the two months ending 31st December, 1898, payable on and after the First day of February, 1899, at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 31st January, inclusive. Notice is hereby given that the General Annual Meeting of the company will be held at 2 p.m. on Wednesday, February the 15th, 1899, at the office of the company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.

By order of the Board. S. C. WOOD, Managing Director. Toronto, December 21st, 1898.

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after year, what joys dwell in our hearts! What a noble feeling abides within our breasts! And even when, like myself, you are so far from mother that you cannot go to her every evening, but only write to her from time to time, by acting on this principle you will find life worth more to you every day. And even if mother cannot hear it, God, in your evening prayer, will listen to you with the same interest and delight. Tell Him.

Yes, boys, mother loves us better than anyone else on earth. Just let us ask, whenever we do something, "Would mother be pleased to hear of it?" If we feel the answer is "No," then say firmly, "I'll not do it."

By doing this you will be doing at least one thing that will be ever helpful, living according to some good principle.

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