

worth while, than drawing crowds!"

She stopped, her eyes sparkling, her lips tremulous. Strangely moved, the minister drew her closer. His pulses thrilled. A great rush of relief came at her words. Of a sudden, the haunting sense of failure—at least of the smallness of numbers that had seemed to spell failure—fell away from him. An oppression seemed to lift from off his soul.

But was it possible that his had been a mere sordid, worldly ambition, after all? Was it possible that self had so blocked his clearer outlook on things—so blinded his vision—that what he had cloaked beneath the name of a "divine discontent" was nothing more than a very human vanity?—British Weekly.

#### DOING GOOD BY STEALTH.

He kept his soul unspotted

As he went upon his way,

And he tried to do some service

For God's people day by day;

He had time to enter the doubter

Who complained that hope was dead;

He had time to help the cripple

When the way was rough ahead;

He had time to guard the orphan, and

one day, well satisfied

With the talents God had given him, he

closed his eyes and died.

He had time to see the beauty

That the Lord spread all round;

He had time to hear the music

In the shells the children found;

He had time to keep repeating

As he bravely worked away;

"It is splendid to be living"

In the splendid world to-day!"

But the crowds—the crowds that hurry

After golden prizes—said

That he never had succeeded,

When the clouds lay o'er his head—

He had dreamed—"He was a failure,"

they compassionately sighed.

For the man had little money in his

pockets when he died.

#### DELIGHTFULNESS OF "DAUGHTERS."

Here is a recent sketch that appeared in a New York daily:

"Sit here, daughter!" The dignified elderly father designated a seat to the quiet, middle-aged woman who came with him into the somewhat crowded railway suburban train. Something in the gentle authority and kindness of the tone caused two of the nearby passengers to look up interestedly.

The fine-faced woman—as dignified as was the father—seated herself at his suggestion. A moment later the father, from his seat just behind, across the aisle, leaned forward to make some remark about the crowded conditions.

It was a slight and passing incident. Yet there was that degree of deference and direction on the one hand and of delicate acquiescence on the other, which gave to the relationship of the white-haired father and gray-haired daughter thoroughly unmistakable distinction.

"I wish my father would call me 'daughter' in that way. There is a delightfulness in it that gives me a positive new sensation," said one of the two young women passengers who had heard and observed. "I could obey any man—father, husband, brother, son—who would take care of me in that tone of voice."

No wrong can come by doing right

If right be rightly done;

But if the right by wrong prevail

The wrong the day has won.

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the infinite—of the ideal made real.—Carlyle.

#### THE NEW NEIGHBOR.

By Sarah N. McCreery.

Arthur Ingram looked resentfully at the big house next door. One glance at his face showed he was angry. Passion had been smoldering for two or three days, and it promised to get the better of him.

"I think the new boy next door is just horrid," he said finally. "He has lived there three weeks, and I don't know him yet. He doesn't give a fellow a chance to get acquainted. I guess he's awful stuck up. He never walks; he always goes about in that pony cart. He don't play on this side of the yard, either. I guess he's afraid I would speak to him. He needn't be—I would just pretend I didn't see him. I wish Walter Harris would move back there; he was rich, but he wasn't proud."

"Why, Arthur, I am surprised at you!" Mrs. Ingram exclaimed. She had never heard her son speak so about any one. "You have not gone to see the new boy, and perhaps he thinks you are 'stuck up,' too. You should wait until you know him before you decide what he is like."

"He doesn't give me a chance to speak; he just drives by and looks straight ahead. I think he would like company to ride with him, and I am the only boy on this street. I wish I had a pony cart, but I always have to walk every place I go. I intend to show that boy I can have a good time without being friendly with him." And Arthur left the room before his mother could make any more excuses for the new boy.

Every evening the next week, Arthur brought some boys home from school with him. Mrs. Ingram noticed they played on the side of the yard next to the Peyton's. Once she saw Robert Peyton, peeping slyly out of the window, watching the boys at play. She imagined there was a wistful look on his face.

"I will call there to-morrow," she said to herself, "and perhaps I can find out why Robert is so distant. I want my boy to be friendly with his neighbors."

The next evening, when Arthur went to his room, Mrs. Ingram followed him. "I called on Mrs. Peyton to-day," she said.

"Did you?" Arthur remarked indifferently. "I bought a new baseball bat." He determined to change the subject.

Mrs. Ingram ignored the remark. "I found out why Robert always rides, and why you never see him playing. He is a cripple."

"A cripple!" Arthur exclaimed, with the first interest he had shown.

"Yes," was the answer, "he had a fall when he was a little fellow, and it injured the spine. He will never be able to walk again. Some bad boys made fun of him once, and he has been afraid to meet strange boys ever since. His mother said he cried when he saw you boys having such a good time, in the yard, the other day. It is lonesome and hard for him, but he tries to be very brave."

Arthur looked sober by this time. "We played on that side of the yard just for spite," he said. "We thought Robert didn't want to know us. I am sorry we did it. I would rather walk always, than ride because I was a cripple. I intend to show him I can be just as nice as I have been hateful. I'll take him over some of my books to read. Yes, and I'll come home after school to-morrow and play something with him. We can play a 'sitting' game. I ought to do something to make up for the way I have done."

"And the next time you will not say such unkind things of a boy until you know him," Mrs. Ingram added softly as she left the room.

#### INDISPENSABLE TO MOTHERS.

"I am satisfied that Baby's Own Tablets are indispensable to mothers," says Mrs. Abraham Boucher, Pierreville Mills, Que., and she adds—"Before using the Tablets my baby was cross, peevish and not thriving well; but the Tablets have worked a great change and my little one is well and happy." This is the verdict of all mothers who have used these Tablets. And better still, mothers have the guarantee of a Government analyst that Baby's Own Tablets are absolutely safe—that they contain not one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

#### THE UPWARD LOOK.

"It is of no use to tell me to look forward," said one in great trouble the other day to a friend. "The worst of my trouble, I know, lies ahead. To look back upon the past, before this shadow came, simply adds to my agony. I can only sit in the darkness and shut my eyes to everything, and bear as best I may."

"There is always one way left," said the friend, gently. "When we can not look forward nor backward, we can look upward. I have been in every whit as hard a place as you, and I sat a long while in the darkness before finding the way out. Try the upward look—it is meant for just such sorrows as this, which seem to shut in the soul inexorably. If we look up, we never look in vain."

It was the advice of a true friend. Yet how many friends fail to give it! When we sympathize with those we love in their trials and worries, how often we suggest that there is "hope ahead"; that they are "not so shut in as they seem"; that past and future should be dwelt upon rather than the present; and, saying all this, forget that we can give them a far truer comfort in teaching them to lift their eyes from themselves and their problems up to the eternal Father, who can give joy and peace to his children through all things.

"Time alone can help such sorrows as yours," said a woman who called herself a Christian, to a bereaved friend lately. There was no upward look suggested there. A heathen could have said as much. Time only can dull the edge of pain; the upward look rubs sunering of its sting surely and lastingly. It is always possible to lift our eyes to the sky, and though at first, perhaps, we see only the clouds, we shall find it true before long that "over all our tears God's rainbow bends."—Author unknown.

#### GRANDMA'S VACATION.

Sitting in the narrow gauge train that runs out to the beaches, the voice of an elderly woman floated across the aisle: "I'm sure I don't know where my vacation is coming in. The last fortnight in July Maud is going to leave her baby with me; then Joan's wife takes August for a trip—there are four of hers—and the first of September Bessie goes to Nova Scotia and her boy—well, I'd rather take care of any three of the others!" The tone wasn't complaining; it showed rather the cheerful attitude of one who likes to bear burdens and does, but the facts—yes the facts were clear. Grandma, whose early vigor had been spent in unremitting toil for her offspring, whose personal sacrifices had placed her own sons and daughters in positions where elaborate and expensive holidays were possible, Grandma, whose years had begun to make all labor difficult, was to have no vacation at all. As one of these aged mothers in Israel once remarked, this time with just a touch of bitterness, "Grandma makes an inexpensive and reliable nurse girl."