

a mist before them, while his grave lips trembled.

The Laird was equally moved.

"John, I can't take this: I will not, no, I will not! Give it to your mother."

"I have enough, and my father and mother will not want, Sir Robert. They need not work another hand's turn. I have been writing things, too, and it is astonishing what they will pay for the things a man can write. Please take it."

"I will on one condition only, that it goes to help someone else. When I look at you, John Sellars, I am prouder of my share in you than I can tell. Etta, come here!"

He called to a slim young girl feeding the peacocks at the far end of the terrace, and she, a radiant vision, came at his bidding.

"Etta, let me introduce you to John Sellars, an honest man. Look at him well; there are not many like him in this world, more's the pity for the world. My granddaughter, John, Etta Cadwardine."

She laughed, and offered a frank, slim white hand.

John took it, and his face reddened, and the desperate look, almost forgotten, rushed into his eyes.

As he walked home in the silver gloaming, he took another vow, a mighty one, that some day, if stupendous effort should avail him, he would come back and seek further speech with the vision in white.

And that, too, came to pass, and now John Sellars is as a son at home in the old house of Fantowie, when he can be spared from the high position to which he has been called.

It is the John Sellars that make history, and who know but that you, following at the "plough-tail," as old David Sellars had it, may be one, too. But it is only to some that the gift has been given.—British Weekly.

WHEN BUILDING CHARACTER.

No one can do his best work for those who lack confidence in him. Therefore we shall never draw out from any one the best possibilities that are there while we have, or show that we have, lack of confidence in that one. Human nature is chilled and stunted by distrust; it is aroused, inspired, and developed by expressed trust and confidence. Jesus himself, with all the powers of heaven at his disposal, was so subject to this universal law of hindrance and help that when he was among people who, because of unbelief, "took no stock in him, he "could there do no mighty work." We ought not to expect those for whose growth and efficiency we feel any responsibility to show themselves superior to the limitations that the Son of God recognized. It will not help our children, or other members of our family, or fellow-workers in home or shop or office, to be so often reminded by us of their shortcomings that they will feel that we have little confidence in anything save their ability to fail. It will put strength and power into their hearts and lives to be reminded by us of our genuine admiration for the things that they do well. Character-building, like all other structures, is carried on by building upon what is already there, not upon what is lacking.—Sunday School Times.

The true secret of happiness is not to escape toil and affliction, but to meet them with the faith that through them the destiny of man is fulfilled.

Since I cannot govern my own tongue, though within my own teeth, how can I hope to govern the tongues of others?—Franklin.

We should often have reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions, if the world could see the motives from which they spring.

A LESSON TO THE CLERK.

A clothing dealer in an interior town, says the Dry Goods Chronicle, had occasion to visit the city to purchase goods. While he was gone a young man entered his store to buy a coat. A salesman waited upon the customer and showed him a coat plainly marked \$7. The customer tried it on and said in a pleasant, confiding way: "I want a good article, and I can afford to pay a little more." The salesman showed him many coats, and, finally, having removed the tag, again offered him the \$7 coat which had fitted him at first, and said: "Here is a coat, a fine article, just your fit, which I can sell you for \$12." The coat was again tried on, the young man seemed pleased, paid his money and went away. On the merchant's return the salesman, with a smile of triumph all over his countenance, rushed up to him and boasted of what he had done. The merchant looked grave. He only asked: "Does any one know who the customer was?" A little boy had recognised him as a work man in a neighboring factory and remembered his name. The merchant sent for the young man, told him of his mortification, gave him back \$5 and the privilege of returning the coat if he chose, and then said to the salesman: "Now, sir, I will pay you your week's salary, and I wish you to go. If you cheat my customers you have not principle enough not to cheat me. If I can't have my people sell goods honestly I will go out of business. Good day, sir."

MEMORY.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

I see a schooner in the bay
Cutting the current into foam.
One day she flies, and then one day
Comes like a swallow veering home.

I hear a water miles away
Go sobbing down the wooded glen.
One day it lulls, and then one day
Comes sobbing on the wind again.

Remembrance goes, but will not stay
That cry of unpermitted pain:
One day departs, and then one day
Comes sobbing to my heart again.

A SPRINGTIME WISH.*

O, to be a robin
In the spring!
When the fleeting days of April
Are a-wing,
And the air is sweet with knowing
Where the hidden buds are growing,
And the merry winds are going
Wandering!

O, to be a robin
With a nest
Built upon the budding branches—
East or West!
Just to swing and sway and dangle
Far from earth and all its tangle.
Joining in the gay bird jangle
With a zeal!

O, to be a robin—
Just to sing!
Not to have the pain of hating
Anything—
Just to race the foremost swallow
Over hill and over hollow—
And the joy of life to follow
Through the spring!

—(Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, in April St. Nicholas.

Great talkers are seldom great performers. There is much truth in the old adage, that a barking dog seldom bites. A man who is full of talk about what he can do seldom does it. He expends all his energies in talk. Self-praise is no recommendation. Let another praise thee and not thine own mouth, is wise counsel. If many persons would think more, talk less, and do something, it would be much better for themselves and others.—Methodist Recorder.

THE ILLS OF CHILDHOOD HOW TO CURE THEM.

In thousands of homes throughout Canada Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine used when the children are ailing, and the mother who keeps this medicine on hand may feel as safe as though there was a doctor constantly in the home. Baby's Own Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, destroy worms and make teething easy. Guaranteed free from opiates and poisonous drugs. Mrs. Geo. Wilson, Wilson's N.B., says:—"I began using Baby's Own Tablets about five years ago, and since then have used no other medicine for my children. They never fail to bring relief, and I would advise all mothers to try them." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE LATE MARION CRAWFORD.

A multitude of readers all over the world will feel as if they had lost a personal friend by the premature death of Mr. Marion Crawford. Since Henry Seton Merriman passed away, those who delight in a good, well-told story have had no greater loss. Mr. Crawford may not have been a genius, but he was an expert in the art of fiction, and those who do not owe him many hours of delight have missed their opportunities.

First and foremost, he was a cosmopolitan. Born in Italy, the son of American parents, a student in England, in Germany, and in America, an editor in India, ultimately resident in Sorrento, a convert to the Church of Rome, initiated into Roman mysteries, familiar with Constantinople, not ignorant of life in an English country parish—there was nothing Mr. Crawford did not seem to know, and few things he could not do. He caught the public by his stories, "Dr. Claudius" and "Mr. Isaacs," but I think his real work was done in his series of Roman stories, beginning with "A Roman Singer," and including "Sarcinesca." These were really wonderful books, and it would be very hard to name their rivals. Perhaps no English-speaking writer has ever entered so deeply into the actual life of Rome. They are in every way fine books, far above the average in point of style, and generally high and indeed noble in their tone. If any fault is to be found it is that they are cold. There is not too much heart in them. Indeed, it is only in one little book—"A Cigarette Maker's Romance"—that you hear the beating of Mr. Crawford's heart. Good critics have recognized this as a masterpiece, and it is the choicest thing Mr. Crawford ever wrote, though he himself, I believe, considered that his best book was "Pietro Ghisleri." His American books are not so interesting, though they are probably correct enough, and some failures must be admitted in the long list.—A Man of Kent, in the British Weekly.

BIRD FRIENDSHIP.

A curious case of friendship between birds most strangely assorted is reported in the London Globe, from Rosenberg, in Prussia. A hen had just hatched a single chicken, when one morning, nobody knows how, there appeared in the nest a young sparrow, just beginning to wear its first fluff of feather. The chick and the sparrow became fast friends at once, and the parent hen, taking kindly to the changeling, gave equal care to both alike, the sparrow hopping about the nest at first, and the hen never going far away, and sheltering both her young at night, until, as the sparrow's wings grew stronger, he at first indulged in little flights, returning to the sheltering wings at night, and finally disappeared altogether into the sparrow world.