

She did not look at Effie, who had sunk down on a bench by the sink.

"Mamma, I want to tell you something," said Effie after a little struggle with the inclination to keep the story of her wrong-doing a secret.

"Well, what is it, my dear?"

"I didn't go to Jenny's after all, mamma. I went to Uncle Frank's."

"Yes I know you did," said Mrs. Dent. "Jenny's father came over here after you about eight o'clock. Jenny thought something must have happened to you."

"Mr. Gray came for me!"

Effie stopped crying in her surprise. "Yes, they had a little party over there last night. It was Louise's birthday, you know. And Mrs. Gray let Jenny invite about twenty girls and boys. She asked you to stay all night because there was no one to bring you home."

"Why didn't Jenny tell me they were going to have a party?"

"She wanted to give you a surprise. She told me of it several days ago, and asked me to make you wear your red dress."

Effie put her head down on the edge of the sink, and began to sob.

"It made me feel very badly to know that I have a little girl who can't be trusted to keep a promise," said Mrs. Dent.

Effie sprang up and ran to her mother with the tears streaming down her face.

"Mamma, if you'll only forgive me about this, I will never, never break a promise again," she cried.

"This is a promise you are making now, Effie."

"Yes, and I'll keep it, mamma," said Effie; and half the pain in her heavy little heart went away as if by magic, as her mother bent down and kissed her, whispering,—

"I think you will, dear. I think I shall be able to trust my little daughter after this."

A Morning Prayer.

Jesus, keep me all this day,
When at school and when at play;
When I work and when I rest,
Bless me, and I shall be blest.

May I do all things as I ought,
May I hate each evil thought;
Let no false or angry word
From my lips this day be heard.

An Idle Day.

"If I could only have one whole day to do nothing but play in, how happy I should be!" said Rosie to her mother at breakfast time.

"Try it," said her mother. "Play as much as you like. Try it to-day."

How the children going to school envied Rosie, as she swung on the gate and watched them go by. No hard, long lesson for her. When they were gone, she ran into the garden, picked some gooseberries for pudding, and took them into the kitchen.

"No, Rosie! That is work. Take them away."

Rosie looked serious. She got her doll and played with it, but soon tired; her shuttlecock, but did not care for it; her ball, it bounced into the kitchen window. Rosie peeped in after it. Mother was shelling peas.

"May I help you, mother?"

"No, Rosie, this isn't play."

Rosie strolled away with slow, lagging footsteps to the garden again. She leaned against the fence and watched the chickens. Soon she heard her mother setting the table for

LADIES

We invite you to inspect our samples in

Fur Capes,
Circulars, Etc.,
For Early Autumn Wear.

MR. JOHN LUGSDIN has just returned from Europe with a full line of well selected styles for a Canadian Autumn and Winter.

J. & J. LUGSDIN,
101 Yonge Street, Toronto.
Telephone 2575.

Gas and Electric Fixtures

LARGE STOCK OF NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS IN

Gas, Electric & Combination
Fixtures and Globes

Which we are offering at very low prices.

BENNETT & WRIGHT
72 Queen St. East, Toronto

Ryrie's Autumn Opening

Is now recognized as one of the events of the season. We are sending out no personal invitations for it this year, but our request is none the less cordial that all lovers of the beautiful may honor us with a visit

On and after
Saturday next.

We have visited and made selections in Rome, Genoa, Florence, Paris and other centres of England and America, but cannot begin to do them justice in cold type.

RYRIE BROS.

Importers of Gems and Fine
Art Goods . . .

N. B.—It's not a question of your buying now. It's simply one of admiring.

WOOD CARVING.—Ladies desirous of taking lessons in the ART of Carving, can join classes I am now forming. Private tuition if desired. Terms reasonable. Call or address T.M. CONNELL, 13 Richmond St. E.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING
CHURCH BELLS & PEALS
Send for Price and Catalogue.
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD

dinner, and longed to help. After dinner Rosie took her little patchwork and stole away to the barn with it, for she could stand idleness no longer.

"Mother," said she, as she gave her a goodnight kiss, "I understand now what the teacher meant when she said, 'He has hard work who has nothing to do.'"

The Spice of Life.

A dear little boy of five brought me these thoughts. A silent step behind me, and then into my lap would fall a quantity of day lilies; then a sweet, musical voice would say:

"I thought I'd 'sprise you."

To one who has been long in a land where lilies were not common, what a sweet surprise it was to feel that a whole lapful was yours—fragrance and beauty, all their little life through. So, methought sweet surprises are the true spice of life: its frankincense and myrrh. Had the child said: "I am going for lilies for you," or "I'll bring you some lilies," I might have had the joy of anticipation; but it would not have brought the warm life current to the face, or the salt tears to the eyes, as did the sweet surprise which carried with it the surety that he had been thinking of and planning for my happiness, when I knew it not. I can never forget the happy look which illumined his face when he saw how sweet his "s'prise" was to me.

Over and over comes the thought, can I drop into some other life a smile, a word, a tear, a kindly look, a thoughtful act? Can I a self-forgetting moment spend for the happiness of another, so in some way to bring a sweet surprise and add a bit of spice, to give flavor to its plainness? If so, when? Now.

The Young Child—Jesus.

Year by year He sets himself before us, a little child, in great humility, and bids us become like Him, that when He appears again in His glorious majesty, we may again be made like Him. Year by year, through His holy Nativity, He calleth us to behold Him, and crieth by His very speechless infancy, "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and you shall find rest unto your souls."

This is the special festival of humility, as of joy—a lowly joy—a joy of the lowly. Our LORD from the manger where He deigns to lie preaches to us humility. This was the beginning and the end of His teaching. He taught it in action, by His birth. He taught it in all His life and suffering. He summed up His teaching in this a little while before His sufferings, when He washed His disciples' feet and said, "Know ye what I have done for you? If I, your LORD and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

He not merely, as in the days of His flesh, setteth before us a little child, and bids us become like it, if we would enter into the kingdom of heaven. He has become that little child.

Consistency.

Consistency does not mean that one holds the same opinions to-day that he did last month or last year, but it means that he does not entertain contrary opinions at the same time. One's

consistency is to be impeached, not by showing that he has changed his mind, but by showing that at the time he was professing his former opinion he was really entertaining its contrary.

ONE HONEST MAN.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

Please inform your readers that I will mail free to all sufferers the means by which I was restored to health and manly vigor after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thanks to heaven I am now well, vigorous and strong. I have nothing to sell and no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever, but being desirous to make this certain cure known to all, I will send free and confidential to anyone full particulars of just how I was cured. Address with stamps:

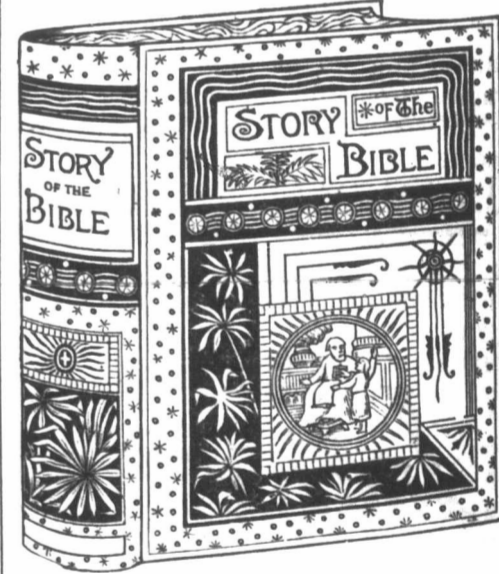
MR. EDWARD MARTIN, Teacher,
P.O. Box 143, Detroit, Mich

PREPARE FOR COOL WEATHER

If you want a Coal Scuttle, Coal Shovel, Cinder Sifter, Nonsuch Stove Polish for nine cents a bottle, or anything in that line, save money by buying it at the

AMERICAN FAIR,
334 Yonge Street, Toronto.
Open Evenings. Telephone 2033.

A
MARVELLOUS
BOOK
— AT A —
MARVELLOUS
PRICE ! . . .



Our
New
Premium
STORY
OF THE
BIBLE

We give this valuable book (which is sold by subscription only at \$3.75 per copy) and the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, one year, to subscribers, for the small sum of

\$2.00.

This offer is made to all subscribers renewing, as well as new subscribers. We want a reliable person in every parish in the Dominion to get subscribers for the CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

Size, 9x7 inches; weight, 4 lbs.

Write at once for particulars, giving references. Address

FRANK WOOTTEN,
Canadian Churchman,
TORONTO. - - ONT