

Love's Sweet Lesson.

Saviour! teach me, day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,—
Loving Him who first loved me.

With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teach me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace;
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Love in loving finds employ,
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing till Thy Face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

What is a Saint?

There are boys and men who would resent to be called saints. Many people, indeed, have a prejudice against the word because they do not understand its meaning. They associate it exclusively with the under-fed, emaciated figures seen in the stained glass windows of some churches. Nor is a saint one who is always on his knees praying. He may be, and often is, a full-blooded, athletic man in some active business or profession. There are saints in the army and navy, in shops, at public schools, and in the most stirring scenes of life. A saint is not a man without faults, for no such being exists. St. Paul generally addressed his letters to the saints at such and such a place; but some of them, notably the Corinthians, he had to rebuke sharply. No, a saint is simply one who tries to be and to do good. Those who do what they can, resist evil, and try their best faithfully to serve God and man, are saints. The Lord did not say of the woman who anointed his feet that she was faultless or even good, but that she did what she could.

Billy.

The clerk at the general delivery window in a city post-office is usually a pretty busy individual, but on rare occasions he has his moments of leisure. It was such a time one summer afternoon, when active business seemed entirely suspended, that the young man who presided over the general delivery was startled out of a comfortable doze by the sound of a piping voice issuing from some invisible quarter:

"Say, Mister, is der a letter fer me?"

The clerk stared out across his little corner, but failed to secure the owner of the voice. Then he poked his head half way out of the narrow window, and, glancing down, saw a little mite of a ragged fellow with a bootblack's kit swung round his shoulders.

"A letter for you?" he echoed with a smile. "Don't know. What's your name?"

"Billy."

"Billy—What else?"

The little fellow shifted from one foot to the other, but his clear, blue eyes looked steadily at the clerk.

"Nothin' else," he said, "jes' Billy."

"I guess not," the clerk replied.

"Were you expecting a letter?"

"Yes, sir."

There was an expression of faith in his errand in the little fellow's face, and the clerk racked his brain for a simple explanation to offer him.

"Mebbe," said the boy, "if I told yer why I was a-lookin' fer a letter, yo' ou'd find it for me?"

"Perhaps I could," said the clerk. "It won't do any harm to try, anyway."

The little fellow set down his bootblack's kit.

"It was like dis," he said. "Last Sunday mornin' I was at d' Mission Sunday School uptown, an' on my way back I walked wid Miss Rogers. You know her?"

"No," replied the clerk, still smiling.

"Yo' orter. She's d' teacher uv our class. She was a-tellin' me about d' lesson, an' when I left her by her house, I jes' knowed it all. Well, I walked on down d' street, an' pretty soon I seen an old gent in front of me drop a pocketbook, when I picked it up and tuck it over t' the alley where I live. I seen it wuz full o' money, but I never touched none uv it. Long erbout night-time I begun t' think o' the Sunday School lesson, an' the more I thought of it the more I got worried. D' next mornin' I put on my good clothes again, an' I wuz agoin' t' take d' pocketbook up t' Miss Rogers. I knowed she'd feel bad's I did, an' so I thought I'd send the money back on my own accord. D' wuz some cards an' things in it, tellin' d' name o' d' man what dropped it, an' I writ a letter to him, splanin' how I wuz sorry I'd kept it, and signed my name—jes' Billy. Den I wrapped it up, an' sent it to him by mail."

The clerk had ceased smiling by this time, and he looked into the boy's sober face as he asked:

"Did you tell the man where to reply to your letter?"

"Nusser; I said I'd come here an' ask to see ef d' pocketbook got to him, dat's all."

"I see," replied the clerk. "If you'll wait a minute, I'll see if I can find anything."

Without any hope of success, he went over to the "B" box and ran quickly over the letters it contained. In the centre of the pack he found one addressed: "Billy; to be called for."

"Here it is," he said. "This must be for you."

Billy took the letter, turned it over once or twice, and then handed it back.

"Read it for me," he said. "I ain' much on makin' out writin'."

The clerk opened the envelope and extracted the contents. In a business hand was written a kindly letter to "My honest little Billy," and the writer asked that he call to see him at an address which he gave. The letter closed with the familiar words that "honesty was the best policy al-

ways; but I feel in this case that a reward of another sort is called for." The latter referred to a neatly folded greenback which was enclosed.

The clerk read the letter over to Billy and then handed it to him with the enclosure.

"Go up to Miss Rogers," he said, "and tell her the whole story; she will advise you what to do."

Little Billy's eyes sparkled as he thanked the clerk. Then he swung his kit over his shoulder again, and, promising to return to explain the rest of the adventure, he trudged out into the street.

It was a week later when he came back to see the clerk. His clothes were new, and fitted him somewhat better than his old ones, and the bootblack kit was not visible. He reached up and shook hands with his friend as he said: "I ain't a shinin' shoes no more. D' gentleman that writ me the letter has given me a place in his office, an' I'm agoin' to night school now."

He said more than this, and the two had a chat during the first lull in business. But we have told enough of little Billy's story to show how true—always true—is that saying about honesty is the best policy. And even if there had been no letter for Billy, the policy would have been the same.

The Birds' Ball.

Spring said, "I have decided, Mother Nature, to give the birds a ball."

"What a good time they will have!" exclaimed Dame Nature.

"There ought to be flowers everywhere," suggested Spring.

"Yes, indeed," said Dame Nature, "we will have flowers and refreshments everywhere."

And then Dame Nature and Spring went to work; and such a busy, joyous time as they had getting ready for the Birds' Ball. It was no trouble either, for all things wanted to help.

"What can we do?" said the Breezes.

"Carry the word to the flowers," said Dame Nature, "and ask them to have their fairest and largest blossoms ready to open on the day of the ball."

"Can we do anything?" said the Rain Clouds.

"Yes, indeed, you can," said Dame Nature. "I want you to send down gentle little showers to water the flowers and grass."

"We are sure it will not do to have it rain all the time," said the Sunbeams, quickly. "We want to help, too."

"We can't get on without the bright Sunbeams," said Dame Nature. "You must shine and shine, and do your best to help everything grow."

Then Spring said, "As we have no nightingales, how are we to send out the invitations? You know the song says:

GEORGE EAKIN,
Issuer of Marriage Licenses. County Clerk. Office—Court House, 51 Adelaide Street East. House—299 Gerard St. East, Toronto.

BIRTH

On Tuesday, 15th September, at "Davenport," Wells' Hill, Toronto, the wife of Rev. A. U. de Pencier, of a son.

"Spring once said to the nightingale,
'I wish to give you birds a ball!
Pray, now ask the birdies all,
The birds and birdies, great and small.'"

"We have no nightingales in America, but we do have carrier-pigeons, who know how to carry messages and can fly very swiftly. We can send them," said Dame Nature.

So the carrier-pigeons took the invitations to the birds. Not one was overlooked, although some lived high up in the trees, some low down among the bushes, some in the deep forests, and others near the houses.

At last the day of the ball arrived; and, as the sun came up above the horizon, he shone upon an earth decked with flowers that were jeweled with dewdrops which sparkled in the sunlight like diamonds.

And the birds were singing—hundreds and hundreds of them, each his own song, with all his might and main, and making all together a most jubilant chorus.

As the sun came up higher Dame Nature was heard to say, "I have provided refreshments of every kind. I hope the birds will help themselves to whatever they like best to eat."

And then such a twittering and chirruping as was heard. The robins went after worms; the hummingbirds sipped nectar from the flowers; the woodpeckers ran up and down the trees after grubs; the flycatchers darted around in the air after insects—and they all found that Dame Nature had done just what she said she would, and each bird had what he liked best to eat.

Then they danced. How long? All day. That is what the song says:

"They danced all day till the sun was low;
The mother-birds prepared to go;
Then one and all, both great and small,
Flew home to their nests from the birdies' ball."

Spring was happy as he traveled farther north that night, for nothing pleased him more than to make the world a gay and cheerful place.

But the owl was not happy. "Why didn't you ask me to your ball?" hooted he, crossly.

"We tried to," said Spring, "but you were sound asleep. Why didn't you give one yourself at night, when you are awake?"

"That is just what I will do," said the owl, so pleased with the suggestion that he forgot to be cross. "I will give a midsummer-night's ball just as soon as the frogs begin to croak and the fireflies come."

Best for
Wash Day

makes clothes
sweet, clean,
white, with
the least
labor.

USE
SURPRISE
SOAP

Its
remarkable
lasting
and cleansing
properties make
SURPRISE most
economical and

Best for
Every Day