

the little bird in the cage twittered, "That's so, just so."

"I've been dreadfully cross," thought Vivian. "Everything seems to go wrong with mother away. Oh dear! I wish she would come home, but the doctor said father was to have a month's rest, and of course, mother must stay in Muskoka to take care of him. If it wasn't for Harold I believe I could manage, but he is the plague of my life. I never saw such a boy. Why, just this morning he upset a pitcher of cream and didn't he use my freshly ironed blouse to mop the floor. Then he took Ellen's doll and scraped the wax off its face for fun, and because Ellen cried, he tried to pacify her by showing her how funny a cat acted when it had paper tied around its feet. It really did act funny, but I guess Harold will never try that game again, for the cat knocked over a little table and broke mother's pretty vase that Uncle Jack brought all the way from Germany. It didn't hinder Harold from eating a good, hearty meal, but I couldn't eat a bite. Then, just when I had baby asleep, he had to make more trouble. He's just as hateful as he can be."

In an hour the work was done and Vivian sat down to rest for a few minutes while baby Clarence and four-year-old Ellen played on the floor.

"I've been dreadfully cross," thought Vivian. "Harold does try me so much, but after all he is only a boy, and I ought to be more patient with him. I wonder if other Epworth Leaguers have as bad days as I. I do try so hard to be good."

The door opened and closed with a bang and someone came rushing into the dining-room.

"I'll soon have supper ready, Harold," said Vivian, without turning around.

"It isn't Harold, he's in the river and we can't find him," said Leslie, who hurried away immediately.

Vivian was stunned. Harold in the river! Harold drowned! He would never bother her any more. Then she remembered what she had said at noon—that she hoped she would never see him again.

"I didn't mean it. I didn't mean it," she sobbed. "O God, I didn't mean it. Bring him back to me and I'll never be cross with him again."

It grew dark. The baby cried. Vivian shivered as she picked him up, for she remembered what she had said to Harold—before he fell into the river. They were going to have pumpkin pie for tea, and Harold was very fond of it. She would never make any more. No one would want to taste it again.

The door opened once more. Perhaps they had found him and were carrying him home.

"I say, Viv, where are you? I want my supper."

Vivian dropped the baby and burst into tears.

"O Harold, is it you?"

"Well, I guess so. Why, what's the matter Vivian?"

"O Harold, I thought you were drowned," and Vivian sobbed as if her heart would break.

Such a supper as they had! Vivian couldn't eat a bite. She just stood and waited on Harold.

"And weren't you in the river at all?" she asked, as she passed him the third dish of raspberry jam.

"Why, yes, of course I was in the river. I went there to swim, but I got ahead of them all and came home through the meadow."

"Harold," said Vivian, putting her arm around his neck and kissing his freckled face, "I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you. I'll never be cross with you again, not even if you take my silk dress to mop up the floor."

And Harold smiled,—and helped himself to the third piece of pie.

Junior Topics

JAN. 19.—CHRISTIAN COURTESY. Romans 12: 10.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another."

Tell the story of the good Samaritan as found in Luke 10: 27-37, bringing out the thought as expressed in our topic. The week before select a few Juniors who will agree to come prepared to give definite illustrations of Christian courtesy. Suggest to one that he find his neighbor in his own home, to another that he find his neighbor in a stranger, etc. Ask them to keep a list of those to whom they exercise the graces of true Christian courtesy the week prior to the meeting at which the topic will be discussed. Having supplied slips on which the following texts had been written, have the passages of Scripture read or recited by Juniors, who will give the thought contained in each: 1 Pet. 3: 8; Mark 12: 31; Gal. 6: 10; 1 Cor. 16: 14; Rom. 15: 2; 1 Pet. 4: 8.

This definition might be recited in concert until committed to memory.

"Politeness is to do and say,
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

As followers of Christ do we find Him always courteous? See Luke 4: 40; Mark 4: 38; Mark 6: 30-43; Matt. 19: 13-15.

In Trinity churchyard, Boston, there is a beautiful statue of Phillips Brooks. Just back of Phillips Brooks is the figure of Christ with hand uplifted in blessing, as though "in honor preferring" the man who in his life had so fully represented his Master.

Who does mother use oil on her sewing machine? Courtesy is like oil in the machinery of life. Politeness makes things run smoothly. The superintendent might tell a story emphasizing the truth of the topic.

"Father, make us loving,
Gentle, thoughtful, kind;
Fill us with thy Spirit,
Make us of thy mind.
Help us love each other
More and more each day,
Help us follow Jesus
In the narrow way."

FOR THE JUNIOR LEADER.

I saw a prince to-day on ——— Street, in the crowded downtown district, at the busy hour of noon. He wasn't a prince from over the sea—just a Canadian prince, if you please. As he came to an alley crossing, two steps down, littered with trash because of repairs going on near by, he met an old lady, poorly clad, crippled, wrinkled, feeble, and tottering. This young prince in smart business clothes stopped, turned around, and took her tenderly by the arm, and with all the affectionate consideration which could be shown to a queen helped her down and up on the other side, lifted his hat, and was caught up again in the fevered current of broad winners. As we touched elbows for a moment, I said, "Young man, your soul has grown a foot taller in the last minute." He looked about with a suggestive moisture in his eyes, and only answered, "Oh, we've all got mothers at home." To-morrow a prince will be walking in the streets of ——— about noon. You may not see him. He wears no crown on his head, but on his heart rests a diadem that outshines all the stars.—*Adapted from Girlhood Days.*

JAN. 26.—OUR OWN MISSION IN WEST CHINA — HOSPITALS, SCHOOLS AND ORPHANAGES. Luke 18: 15-23.

"Measured by commercial possibilities, no country has such a future before her as China. She has rich natural resources; an abundance of cheap labor, which is at the same time intelligent and hard-working." "In the twentieth century commerce, not war will decide which shall be the dominant nations." "Does it mean nothing to Canada whether or not the greatest nation of business men the world has seen and our next-door neighbor across the Pacific is Christian? Is it conceivable that with the future of Canada and of China bound up commercially, as it must be, she will not profoundly influence us? We must Christianize her, or she will paganize us."

In our text-books and periodicals the superintendent will find much giving her an insight into the Chinese character, the weakness of China, China's need of the Gospel, etc.

Our mission has carried on extensive medical work for the Chinese. In Chengtu Dr. Sheridan has carried on dispensary and hospital work. In Chungking work has been opened up. In



WINTER FUN (See Article).