

'But weren't you frightened?' asked her father.

'A little, at first.'

'How ever did you come here?' was Harold's wondering question. 'We looked almost everywhere for you.'

'God brought me, I guess,' she replied, gravely. 'There wasn't anybody else, you know.'

Big girl of eight years though Lulu was, her father carried her all the way home in his arms, and Harold, silent but light-hearted, walked beside them. It was all right now. God had taken care of Lulu; that was sure. And he had helped him in his trouble—just as the verse said that he would.

### Willie's Question.

Where do you go when you go to sleep?  
That's what I want to know.  
There's loads of things I can't find out,  
But nothing bothers me so.

Nurse puts me to bed in my little room  
And takes away the light;  
I cuddle down in the blankets warm  
And shut my eyes up tight.

Then off I go to the funniest place,  
Where everything seems queer;  
Though sometimes it is not funny at all,  
Just like the way it is here.

There's mountains made of candy there,  
Big fields covered with flowers,  
And lovely ponies, and birds and trees,  
A hundred times nicer than ours.

Often, dear mamma, I see you there,  
And sometimes papa, too;  
And last night the baby came back from heaven,  
And played like he used to do.

So all of this day I've been trying to think,  
O how I wish I could know  
Whereabouts that wonderful country is,  
Where sleepy little boys go.  
—'The Independent.'

### Grace before Meat.

One evening in September, 1814, two British men-of-war cruising in the waters of the southern Pacific came unexpectedly upon an unknown island, which proved to be the long-lost Pitcairn Island. After its discovery in 1767 no one had ever been able to find it.

Next morning a canoe with two fine-looking young Polynesians came alongside the vessel. They were at once taken on board and invited to partake of refreshments. Great was the amazement of the sailors when before eating they both arose reverently in their places at the table, and, clasping their hands in an attitude of devout supplication, said in very good English, 'For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful.'

From John Adams, the famous mutineer who had found a refuge on this isolated island, they had learned the story of the gospel. Far more faithful were they to its teachings than multitudes in Christian lands, who daily eat their bread with no word of thanksgiving to the bountiful Provider who giveth all.

### Be Sympathetic.

(Mrs. Chapman, in the 'American Mother.')

Let me tell you of an experience I once had. I was with a number of girls whom I knew but slightly, and I felt that they must have a very critical feeling toward me; I 'just knew it,' as we girls say sometimes. So, feeling sure of their attitude, I was very reserved and, I presume, almost cool in my manner toward them. A friend noticed this, and called my attention to it in such a way that I saw how unjust I had been. I decided to change my mental attitude. So I acted as though they were all friends of whose sympathy I could feel sure—and I was perfectly overwhelmed by the result. The very first time I manifested a different attitude toward them, they did toward me, and I discovered that they really were my friends. I saw, then, that I had been keeping them away from me by my own mental state; that I would not let them show their friendliness.

It had never occurred to me before that I might be depriving myself of much pleasant friendship by my own fears of the criticism of others; but the truth of this was borne in upon me later, when my own efforts to be kind were completely frustrated by the attitude of the very one whom I desired to befriend, and who persisted to the last in looking upon me as unkind and unsympathetic.

If you were sure of the loving sympathy and interest of those around you, you could be as much at ease as you are in the midst of your own home circle. Why not believe that you have this love and sympathy? Believe me, people are a great deal more kindly than you sometimes think; and every one responds to a loving smile and sincere interest.

Did it ever occur to you that the person with whom you were struggling to converse might be as hungry for love and for sympathy as you are? I tell you, there are more hungry people in this world than you think for. The very one who seems to you most critical, may be suffering from the greatest loneliness or sorrow. Instead of looking upon the people whom you meet as ogres, waiting for a mistake on your part, to gloat over it, see them, rather, as human beings whose hearts yearn for appreciation, and you will find your timidity leaving you. Your heart will go out to those who long for that which you desire, and you will want to see if you cannot do a little something to relieve their heart hunger. You have something they want and need; will you withhold it then through fear of them or of yourself? How selfish that would be, and how shortsighted! Joy may be given to them, and joy come into your own heart if you will but gladly contribute your mite.

### 'That's Done.'

What a gratifying thing it is satisfactorily to complete a task—to look at any finished bit of work and be able to say: 'There, that's done!' And the better it is done the greater is one's satisfaction.

There was a washerwoman at my house the other day and I chanced to be passing the laundry-door just as her task was completed. She came out, rolling her sleeves down over her strong, red arms, and, although she looked tired and hot, there was

a note of satisfaction in her voice as she said: 'There, that's done!'

'Is it well done?' I asked.

'If I thought it wasn't I'd pitch in and do it over again,' she said, stoutly. But her work was well and faithfully done and she had a right to feel satisfied over it.

There was a dressmaker at my house the same day, and when she had completed the dress-skirt on which she had been working all day, she stood up and held it out at arm's length and said: 'There, that's done!'

'Is it well done?' I asked, laughingly.

'I wouldn't want any pay for it if it were not well done,' she said.

I hired a stout boy of about fifteen years to rake up the dead leaves and rubbish that had accumulated on my grounds while I was away during the summer and early fall. I could see him from my study-window as he worked. He did not work very well. In fact, he dawdled. He would rake listlessly for a few minutes and then lean on the rake-handle, staring about idly. Then he would rake a little longer and finally drop the rake altogether and go and eat some pears from a tree near by. After he had spent three or four hours in this way, my servant-girl came up to my study and said: 'That boy is done, sir.'

When I went downstairs and out into the yard to pay him, he said: 'I'm done, sir,' but there was no note of satisfaction in his voice and he did not look me squarely in the face.

'Have you done it well?' I asked.

'I think so.'

But I did not think so, nor could he truly have thought so, either, for there were leaves in all the fence-corners and around the tree-trunks, while here and there were bits of paper which he had not picked up.

'It is not well done,' I said, frankly, but kindly. 'I am sure that you will feel far more as if you had earned your money if you go over the yard again and do your work properly. Don't you think so? Try it and see.'

An hour later, when I went downstairs again, there was not a leaf or bit of rubbish of any kind to be seen. The boy was hanging the hoe and the rake on the nails on which he had found them. He looked at me smilingly and said: 'There, sir, that's done.'

'And it is well done,' I said, approvingly. 'It pays to do a thing well; now, does it not?'

'Yes, sir.'

I am sure that it does. I am sure of the truth of these words: 'A good deal of the happiness of life comes from the sense of accomplishment. God has mixed a feeling of content with everything finished. Everyone enjoys an accomplishment.'

No matter how light or how heavy the task, you will experience this God-given feeling of content if you can say: 'That's done—and well done!'—'The Wellspring.'

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