CÁNADIAN CHURCHMAN.

knots and strings she was battling with as she dressed the baby.

Things went on so day after day till Sunday came around. When the again, Biddy's radiant little face, as the child ran to meet her, spoke volumes for the effect of her words. For it is true, as the lady said, and as we may all find out for ourselves if we choose, that we are never so happy as when we are trying to make other people happy. And though Biddy was not old enough to do more than little things, in the long run it is the little things that tell; they are by no means the easiest either, as Biddy had discovered half-a-dozen times in the week.

" But you must never leave off trying, dear," said the lady, as she said goodbye at the end of the afternoon. "I am going away to-morrow, but you will remember all I have told you. And, see, here is a pretty verse I have brought you to pin up over your bed; it will remind you !"

When Biddy finds it hard to stay at home, and feels a longing to run away into the fields and play as she used the words of her little verse, and it is, somehow, easier to go on.

words? They are very simple and old-fashioned.

> "Do the thing that's nearest, Though it's dull at whiles; Helping, when you meet them, Lame dogs over stiles."

Dare to do the Right

One Saturday night a laborer was told to carry a sack of coals to a certain place the next morning.

The man was poor, but would not master that he did not mind how late he took the coals that night, but he could not take them next morning, for he would not disobey God's order to keep the Sabbath holy.

"Very well," said the gentleman, "if you do not carry that sack to-morrow, you need not come to work on Monday morning."

With a sad heart the poor man went home and told his wife, and they both knelt and prayed to God about it.

On the Monday morning, as the

Then sweet Spring dips her fair, cool hands into her treasures, and scatters them far and wide.

"It does one's heart good to feel the lady came down the quiet country road | Spring, and see and smell these delicious flowers," say the tired out city Bank-Holiday folk.

> "Quantities and quantities of primroses," joyfully shout the children.

"My little darling sleeps beneath the quiet she talked of, now." says the lonely mother.

And this is only a very little of her work!

"Do go on-is that all?" plead the children.

Sweet Spring moves slowly on, blush roses her parting presents, as bright Summer presses behind her.

The corn, flowers, fruit all grow under her blessed smile till Autumn pelts her away with roses.

When Autumn's ruddy fingers have done their work, she rests, crowned with purple and rosy fruit, and the crimson and golden leaves fall around her. But her rest is short.

"Away, idler," storms Father Winter, as he pours the rain from his to be always doing, her eyes fall upon floods, launches forth his wild and cleansing winds, and lays his bracing, icy touch on all. When tired, he care-Would you, too, like to know the fully covers everything with a thick. white, warm mantle, and peacefully rests.

Topsy, The Musical Cat

Many of our readers have heard of the wonderful tricks which cats have been able to perform. Here is a true story which deserves a place in our pages.

This cat's name was Topsy, and he fur was snowy white. While still quite a kitten, she was skipping about one do work on Sunday. So he told his day when she happened to alight on the key-board of the piano.

> It must have been very puzzling to poor playful puss to find a lot of sharp tinkling noises coming up from "the black and white things under her toes. Down she jumped in a great fright. But the next day, or soon after, she slipped and banged the keys again, and out came the same noises-no, not quite the same, but gruffer and deeper, like thunder, for she had got on to the bass notes.

> Puss had a long "think" over this strange adventure as she lay purring in front of the kitchen fire, and she made up her mind that there was really nothing to be frightened about-no more than when Carlo, the big dog in

Ayer's Hair Vigor Makes the hair soft and glossy.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty five years. -Wm. Henry Ott, alias " Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out.

"A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray. The first effects were most satisfactory. Occasional applications since have kept my hair thick and of a natural color. H. E. Basham, McKinney, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores hair after fevers.

"Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray. -1 tried various remedies, but without success, till at last I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and now my hair is growing rapidly and is restored to its original color."—Mrs. A. Collins, Dighton, Mass,

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray.

"My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Aver's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and full-ness."—B. Onkrupa, Cleveland, O. * Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers





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laborer was walking about to look for a new place, he met his old master.

"Take no notice of what I said on Saturday," he said; "go back to work. I am glad to have a servant who owns God for his master."

Sometimes you, my reader, may find it hard to do what you know is right, because you are afraid, or because you think you will lose by it. Depend upon it that here, or hereafter, God, the good Master, will make it up to you. His smile is the best of all rewards.

Spring.

"See' mother," gleefully said the children, "what a change since last Saturday!"

"Ah !" said mother, "the sweet spirit of Spring has been hard at work all the week."

"At lessons?" asked the boy who never knew his.

"No, teaching the birds their new Spring-song," said the little blind one; "do listen."

" Is earth ready for me?" she asks: and the rain-drops patter "Yes, yes, yes; we have softened the ground and the twigs, and filled the dykes and wells; come, come, come,''



We will send half a pound of Nestle's Food to any mother sending us her address. THOMAS LEEMING & CO., MONTREAL

prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

the yard, barked at her when he was chained up.

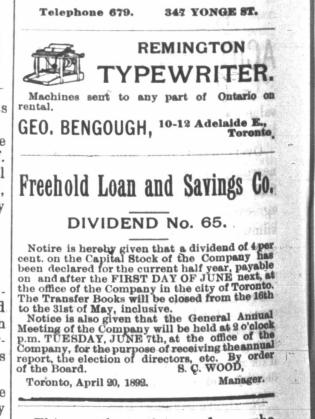
And, at last, puss got to make the noise on purpose, just to amuse herself. She would sit up on the music stool and pat the keys sharply with her paws, and think this musical fun was very good fun indeed.

The Bible Ever True.

An old saint, who had lived to an extreme age, and who greatly prized God's Word, was one day sitting with his Bible in hand, when a friend entered the room. Seeing the Bible, his friend said,-

"Well, father B., I suppose you have read that book through a great many times, haven't you ?''

"Yes," was the reply, "I have read it through three times every year for a great many years, and besides that miscellaneously, and I never read from it but I found something new in its pages."



UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER

This was the testimony of one who had read the Bible for eighty years. He had evidently done it with the prayer of the Psalmist, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." And one who will thus read it will reap like benefits.