

and of even greater intensity had by this time invaded the heart of the young man playing with his baby on the sands. He had not been sitting there long—so he told his wife later—and had but just taken off baby's shoes and socks, than he noticed a little old lady in shabby widow's dress standing near to him, gazing at the sea with a face of serene joy. Baby having now toddled seaward, he ventured to address her. "Beautiful morning," he said, smiling.

The little old lady turned round. "It is," she answered. Then, discerning evidently a sympathetic soul, she went on: "I've never seen the sea before this week, and shouldn't have seen it at all before I die, I expect, but for the kindness of a friend of mine."

"I'm very glad to hear it," smiled the young man. "You are fortunate to have such a friend."

"I am, indeed," continued the little old lady. "She lives near me, and often brings me things I couldn't afford to get myself, for I am very poor, you know. She has a son up in London who is every well off, and he sent her a lot of money the other day to go for a holiday with, and she came and said that if I would go with her—I haven't been well all winter—she would go for just three days, and so the money for a week for one of us would pay for half a week for us both. wasn't it good of her? But here she is," and she broke off abruptly.

"Granny!"

Most householders have some family story or other that never loses its flavor and salt, no matter how many years glide by. And the young man of my story tell to this day, and every time with fresh pleasure and humor—though Granny has gone to Heaven these many years—the story of the holiday to Margate which he and his wife handed on to his old mother, and which she in her turn passed on, at least half of it, to her needier friend.—The young man is able to take a whole fortnight now with his wife and son, and he does so. But he often wonders whether he will ever get as much pleasure out of a holiday again as he got out of the one which he did not have.—British Monthly.

### Faithfulness Rewarded.

It is said that Josiah Quincy was at one time conversing with Daniel Webster upon the importance of doing even the smallest thing thoroughly and well, when the great man related an incident concerning a petty insurance case which was brought to him while a young lawyer. The fee promised was only twenty dollars. Yet to do his client full justice, Webster found that he must journey to Boston and consult the law library. This involved the expense of about the amount of his fee, but after hesitating a little, he decided to go to Boston and consult the authorities, let the cost be what it might. He gained the case. Years after this Webster was passing through the city of New York. An important insurance case was to be tried that day, and one of the counsel had been suddenly prostrated by illness. Money was no object, and Webster was asked to name his terms and conduct the case.

"It is preposterous," he said "to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice."

But when they insisted that he should look at the papers, he consented. It was his old twenty-dollar case over again, and, having a remarkable memory, he had all the authorities in his mind, and he took the case and won it. The court knew he had

had no time for preparation and was astonished at the skill with which he handled the case.

"So you see, I was handsomely paid, both in fame and money, for that journey to Boston."

Faithfulness in spiritual things corresponds to thoroughness in material things, and has its own rewards.

Faithfulness in little thing brings rule over great things. Faithfulness in the least leads to faithfulness in the most. Faithfulness on earth gives us a place "with Him" over the earth. Faithfulness unto death wins the crown of life.—*Word and Work.*

### To the Fringed Gentian.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,  
And colored with heaven's own blue,  
That openest when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night;

Thou comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,  
Or columbines, in purple dressed,  
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,  
When woods are bare and birds are flown,  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
The hour of death draw near to me,  
Hope, blossoming within my heart,  
May look to heaven as I depart.

### What Makes a Life Great.

Do not try to do a great thing; you may waste all your life waiting for an opportunity which may never come. But since little things are always claiming your attention do them as they come, from a great motive, for the glory of God, to win his smile of approval and to do good to men. It is harder to plod on in obscurity, acting thus, than to stand on the high places of the field, within the view of all, and no deed of valor at which rival armies stand still to gaze. But no such act goes without the swift recompense of Christ. To fulfil faithfully the duties of your station, to use to the utmost the gifts of your ministry, to bear chafing and trial irritations as martyrs bore the pillory and stake, to find the one noble trait in people who try to molest you, to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words, to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil, to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wild flowers, or now and again a thirsty sheep; and to do this always and not for the praise of men, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life.—*F. B. Meyer.*

### Letters Should Reflect Writers.

It is a gift to be "like yourself" in your letters. Some people write as if they were talking, and their letters are always welcome to their friends, because of their strong individuality. For this reason it is a disastrous mistake to cultivate a "style" in letter writing. Your letter should be a true likeness of your own mind, even if you have to make it brief. The genuine truth of your few lines will carry a message of reality to whomever they are sent.

Never write letters in anger; this is always a mistake. You may have righteous cause for anger, but do not write until the blaze has cooled, and your temper has recovered

### Don'ts for Young Mothers.

Don't give medicine to check the soothing mixture or opiate of any kind except by the order of a competent doctor who has seen the child. Remember that all so-called soothing mixtures contain dangerous opiates. If your child is restless give it Baby's Own Tablets, as they are absolutely harmless and in a natural way promote health-giving sleep.

Don't give medicine to check the movement of baby's bowels in diarrhoea except on the advice of a doctor. Feed the child sparingly and give Baby's Own Tablets to cleanse the bowels of irritating secretions. Keep the abdomen warm. This treatment will cure diarrhoea.

Don't give a young child harsh cathartics, such as castor oil, which gripe and torture. Baby's Own Tablets have a gentle laxative action and never fail to cure constipation.

Mrs. D. J. Cilly, Heatherton, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles and have always found them a most satisfactory medicine."

Don't fail to keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

its normal serenity. It is quite bad enough to say angry words, they may be forgotten, or fall upon unheeded ears. Written words last.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

### Who Found the Baby

There was great excitement among the little Periwinkles. Everybody hurried and scurried about, looking into all the "tight places," as if the littlest, fattest Periwinkle of all could possibly squeeze into any of these.

For ten long minutes nobody had seen the baby, and how homesick it made everybody.

"I've looked in the coal bin!" cried Polly. "He isn't in the preserve closet!" cried her sister.

"He isn't in the sugar firkin!" said another.

"He isn't anywhere!" cried all in a chorus.

Then they stopped joking, and for ten more long minutes the hunt went on. All the little Periwinkles began to look very sober, and five little homesick spots in five little hearts grew bigger. They ran round the house and over the house and under the house. They called till they were hoarse: And just when they could not bear it any longer who should suddenly appear, trudging calmly round the house, but the lost Periwinkle baby! His eyes shone like stars.

"I found myself!" he said, smiling serenely.—*The Youth's Companion.*

### A Drag, or an Uplift?

Is religion ever a drag on us? Some people make it so. The Christian who is trying to get along with just as little religion as conscience will permit, finds that little a burden. Religion will not be treated that way without protesting. If we do not give it first place, it is likely to remind us unpleasantly of its presence. As a preacher recently put it, "Some people try to carry their religion; others let their religion carry them." The per on who has given the second plan a fair trial wonders why he ever staggered along under the old load. It is like carrying the weight of a heavy deflated balloon on our backs when we might let the balloon carry its own weight and ourselves besides. Seeking God first never made life harder for any one. If our religion is burdensome, let us try lightening it by adding to it.