

future depended upon nothing but being true.

"I have no one to support me, and it's my duty to look out for myself," she said with unnecessary vehemence.

The beautiful mountain said not a word, but Gwen blushed. The words, "He that loveth his life shall lose it," came to her mind. "But I can do more good by staying at home and improving my talent," she urged. "I can reach a great many people with my music."

"Well, I can't go, it's impossible, and that is the end of it!" she said, walking very fast, and looking neither to the right nor the left. By and by she reached the corner where one road led to her brother's home, and the other to her own, she turned round and looked at the mountain.

The sun had set, and the beautiful veil on Monadnock had been changing from blue to pink, from pink to rose colour, and now, as Gwen looked at it, the radiant light was lingering on the summit. The rest of the mountain was deepening to purple. A moment more and the darkness would settle over it. The day would be done.

A moment more—but the girl did not wait. She started and ran down the street. Anna was at her own door, looking pale and weary.

"I'll come," began Gwen, hurriedly. "Dora told me you would like me to keep house for you while you go away."

"Oh Gwennie, thank you so much!" exclaimed Anna, joyfully. "I was thinking of giving up the visit; but really I'm so tired that I'm always cross, and the children get cross, too. I think your coming will be the saving of the family."

When Gwen started home, the light had disappeared from Monadnock but it was shining clear in the depths of her blue eyes.

On Sunday, after she had played the last voluntary, many of the congregation waited in the church to speak to her. One very old lady took her by the hand, and tried to say something, but the deep, sunken eyes filled with tears, and the hands that held the young organist's trembled. Then Gwen knew that her first Sunday had been a success.

On the way home she looked up at her mountain, and beautiful Monadnock looked down upon her, and they both smiled.

THE MAN WHO WROTE "TOM-BROWN."

When "Thomas Hughes, the English judge," died a little while ago, very few missed him; but when it was known that he was the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," the whole world knew and mourned the loss of a friend—the man who gives us a good book is a friend!

Hughes was a Berkshire boy, born and brought up in the country, and very proud of it. He used to pity the rich city lads who had to grow up in ignorance of the

beauties of rural life. When he was ten years old, he entered Rugby School, one of those ancient colleges which are the pride of England. He remained there nearly nine years, and his schoolmates report that he was more devoted to cricket and football than to his books. When he had been out of school nearly twenty years, he set to write out the history of a Rugby boy's school days. He has since said that the boy was not himself, but an imaginary character, "a much braver and nobler and purer fellow than ever I was." He wrote the story for his own boy as the most pleasant way of giving him advice before he went to school. There is preaching in "Tom Brown," but it is all palatable preaching; we go on reading without being aware that we are learning all the time to become pure, brave, and true; to do the right and to fight the wrong.

Many a boy, besides the one for whom the book was first written, has read it from cover to cover; has laughed over Martin and the addled egg which broke in his mouth; has followed Brown's fight with Slogger Williams with beating heart; has burned with indignation at the roasting of Tom Brown by Flashman and the other bullies; has exulted again at Brown's and East's victory over their tormentor; and has shut the book better and nobler, though unconsciously so, for its perusal.

"Tom Brown" has left the School of the World; but his book and his example will help many to do their task manfully in it.

THE FAIRY OF THE GLEN.

It was in the days of long, long ago, when fairies were common, and could change themselves into all kinds of forms, and grant all kinds of favours, that the thing is said to have happened about which I am going to tell you.

The place was a deep glen, known by the name of the "Fair Dell," partly because it was so beautiful in itself, with overhanging trees, trailing creepers, and waving ferns, while down in the depths ran a streamlet, sometimes quiet and smooth in shallow pools, sometimes falling in mimic waterfalls; and partly because there was seen at times a form, flitting here and there so wondrously lovely, that the country folks said it was the Fairy of the Glen.

Now it so happened that at the head of this glen there stood a small cottage, in which there lived a widow woman and her son. This son was the sole support of his mother, and he went out in the early morning, day after day, to his work, and returned in the evening, and his way led right through the Fair Dell. He was always bright and cheery, often whistling, or humming a tune, as he walked along. He was, moreover, kindness itself—kind to his aged mother, as many a story she told of him showed, kind to birds and beasts, and everything that lived. One evening, as he returned

home, he heard the sweet notes of a thrush, as it sang in a tree, under which he passed, and he stopped to listen. He stayed until the bird had finished its song; then went on. Again and again he heard it, and the bird seemed to know him, for when he whistled, it came near to him, and looked shyly at him. Soon they were friends, and their friendship deepened, one waited for the other, and as he talked, the bird would listen as if it knew all he said.

After a while, a great sorrow came to the youth, his mother died suddenly, and he was left alone in the world. It was so great a sorrow that it seemed almost to break his heart, and he thought the world would never be the same again, all the sunshine had gone out of it.

When next he passed down the glen, he heard the thrush's notes and the song was so plaintive and so sweet that it brought back all his sorrow and he bent his head, and wept. In the evening the thrush was waiting for him, and came down from the branches and let him take it up in his hands, and then he spoke endearing words, and stroked its feathers, and said he wished it would come home and live with him always, that his heart might be lightened by its song. The bird looked up at him so knowingly and roguishly that he smiled. Then he set the bird down and rose to go.

As he moved away he turned once again to look at the bird, when lo! it was gone, and there stood there, instead, a maiden so bright and beautiful, so bewilderingly lovely, that at first he could not speak for wonder. At length he stammered out the question: "Who art thou?"

And the maiden smiled and answered: "I am the fairy of the glen. I am here because of thy kindness and thy goodness. I knew thy love and devotion to thy mother, and then I wondered if thou wouldst be kind to birds, and all creatures God had made, and so I came to thee, day by day, and saw thy kindness to all things living. And now, because thou art gentle and tender-hearted, I can trust myself to thee, and I am thine."

The story has its meaning. Spring is coming round again, and the birds will be flitting here and there, building their nests in which to rear their young; then be ye also kind. Unknown to us, the Great Spirit is trying us by our daily actions, and with Him not a sparrow is without its value. If we are kind to the things His hands have fashioned so wondrously, He gives more of Himself to us; if we are unkind, He vanishes so that we cannot find Him.

—From the depths of despair to the heights of self-confidence—so we go; despondency, presuming; always losing our common sense on one side or another; happy if at last, through all, we can learn to spell out our lesson—"Ye are complete in Him."

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—Little misunderstandings often lead into everlasting alienations. It will not do to let them stand. A few words will sometimes explain and avert what might be serious trouble.

—We talk often of preparing to meet our God. Let us think of the other phrase of this same duty—preparing to leave our fellow-men. What sort of influence shall we leave behind us?

—It is always worth while to give help where you see it is needed. The one you help may not remember to thank you or show any appreciation, but God sees the deed, and is not that sufficient?