

looked out of the window at the sky, bright with stars, and said with great glee, "Oh, mother, see! there shine the stars and stripes!"

Dear little John!

After a long, sweet sleep, when the sun was once more shining, John awakened, and after his mother had dressed him, and he had eaten a warm breakfast, he went out to his play.

Happy little John.

The morning had seemed so short for so much fun, and mother had promised her little boy that he might play one more hour before his afternoon nap. So John was still playing.

But mother, in the nursery, thought she heard a cry, and went to find her darling, and she found him lying on the grass, so faint and white. He had had a dreadful fall, and when the doctor came he looked very grave.

Poor little John!

The morning had been so bright from the stars he had seen the night before, and now he was going to feel some of the stripes he thought he had seen with the stars.

For a great many weeks he was ill, and suffered such dreadful pain, but he was very patient, and at night would look out of the window and watch the sky. And once he said, "Mother, dear, those stripes have all blown away; I can only see stars now."

And the next morning wee John had been taken up to the angels, and his mother knew that the stripes of his suffering had all vanished, and that her dear little boy was then seeing only God's beautiful stars of happiness and peace.

Blessed little John!—St. Mark's Rubric.

A WRONG SPIRIT.

It was a warm afternoon the sidewalks were dry and clean, and a number of girls were getting ready to jump rope. Suddenly there was a chorus of exclamations, "No end! No end!" "First end! First end!" As I recalled my rope-jumping days, the meaning of these rather mysterious expressions became clear to me. "No end," meant that the girls who had been quick enough to call it out would not have to turn the rope until they had tripped in jumping, while the girl who had called "First end," would be the first one to be relieved when some one of the jumpers stumbled.

Most girls will admit that there is something rather fascinating about rope-jumping. Those who enjoy the sport want to keep at it all the time. They begrudge every minute spent in turning the rope, and so hail with delight anybody who is good-natured enough to "turn for nothing." It is this feeling that they want to spend every minute in jumping which prompts them to call, "No end," or "First end," when they begin the sport.

There is an old saying that "Those who dance must pay the piper." That means simply that those who enjoy a sport should

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bear their share of the work or expense which it costs. Almost every sport or enjoyment calls for a certain amount of work on the part of somebody. If some shirk, then this work falls upon a few. Suppose, when jumping rope, every girl should call, "No end!" and refuse to turn the rope. There could be no sport till some were willing to give up. If we enjoy a sport, we ought to be willing, glad indeed, to do our share of the work that it calls for, without any thought of shirking.

This is one of the forms in which our great enemy, selfishness, comes to us. When we try to shirk what is rightfully our share of any effort, or try to get the most fun with the least work, by securing for ourselves the easiest place, we may not realize that we are giving way to selfishness, but that is the case. The girl who tries to get out of turning the rope may not mean to be selfish, but she has planted the seed, and the harvest will surely follow, unless her eyes are opened to what she has done,

and she uproots the habit before it grows too large and strong. Selfishness attacks us at so many different points that we need to be always alert and on the look-out. Let us guard this avenue, so that the enemy may not steal upon us through our fondness for sports, and our wish to get from them as much pleasure as we can.

REVERENCE FOR OLD FOLKS.

The car was crowded, when an old man, leaning on a cane, entered, groping along with the aid of his cane for a seat. He had gone more than half way without finding one, when a boy, of about ten years old, caught sight of him and was on his feet in a moment.

"Here, sir," he said kindly, "take this seat, sir, if you please."

"But what will you do?" the old man asked.

"I'll stand," was the smiling answer, which he did.

"Well, bless you, my lad!" said the old man, as he sat down in the comfortable seat. "I'm a thousand times obliged, and I'm sure when you get lame and old, there'll be a seat for you."

A Greek historian tells how, in the pure and early and most virtuous days of the republic, if an old man entered the crowded assembly, all ranks rose to give room and place to him. In the "Iliad" the respect for the aged is prominently portrayed.

In company with several young friends, a boy was hurrying along the walk of a busy street. Suddenly he stopped with a glad exclamation, took off his hat and bowed, while his face grew radiant. A country carriage, in which sat an old-fashioned, but smiling old lady, went rolling swiftly by.

"Who's that old lady that you're so mighty polite to?" asked one of the boys.

"That's the best and dearest old lady in the whole world," was the quick, proud answer. "That's my grandmother."

BLOWS THAT TELL.

As Mr. Harrison drove his horse into the barn, late one afternoon, he saw his son Frank, fairly doubled up with laughter, crouched near a door which led into another room, from this other room, which the boys used as a work-shop, came the sound of quick blows of a hammer on wood.

"What's the matter, Frank?" asked Mr. Harrison.

The boy beckoned to him, and, alighting from the buggy, the gentleman looked through the half-open door at a girl, who, with flushed face, was raining down blows on what looked like a clumsy pine box.

"Isn't it fun to see Bertha trying to drive a nail? She hits it about once in ten times, and every other time she pounds the boards until I should think they'd be all split up."

Mr. Harrison smiled. "Suppose you stop laughing at all that misdirected energy, and go and do the work."

"Misdirected energy! That's good! She could have done all

the stitching force she's worth. Wish I'd sto!

By the time his horse up, the work of laboured so h fanning hers flushed and l exertion. F over her "wz

"She's no wastes force Harrison, w! knew a boy time for seve ing over a when he mig fully prepared I hear you Cousin Bert much pleast ions?"

"But tha Frank. "I takes such a

"Yes, I ad Harrison. " talent. No strings of dog taken hours you think energy?"

"I should said Frank h

Bertha lo had gained. ; what you th piano practic do spend too songs that hear twice, amount of pr good music y fond of."

"That cer wasted powe

"You hit that time, B

"Well, we' our blows te won't we?"

Mr Harris

"B

"How for in having suc position, who less so mu h a young girl

Mrs. Birre so you think mere matter my dear, all 1 world would or even patie and nights c pointment w bear. You that for the courage.

"Yes, I Letty humbl her natural secret of it?"

Mrs. Birre out from her

"Long ag first injured horse, she h few words of

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