the flesh she's got that makes her so trying now. What would any of us be if we'd been bed-ridden ten years? It takes more strength of character and Christian grace to have staying power than it does going power, sometimes, child. Hadn't you better get right off here and run back to your work, cross the lots, step up the back stairs and take off your Sunday clothes, put on your work a day dress again, and kneel down and ask the Lord to give you staying power? There are lots of folks in heaven who never took any of this world's prizes—folks like you that are set off in corners and lonely places doing some important work for the Lord of a kind that don't set 'em up much now, maybe, but it will be better known by and by. Want to get off, Delsie?"

"Yes, Mr. Davis, I guess I'd better go back and try to stick to my place a spell longer."

"Pray for staying power, Delsie. I'll bring your bag around when I come back from the station to-night."

Two years passed. Aunt 'Mandy had accomplished her warfare with the ills of the flesh. The small amount of property left had been willed to Delsie, but it was going to be necessary for her to earn something to add to it. The place was advertised to be sold at auction and Delsie sat alone the evening before the sale, wondering what she was going to do. A knock at the door caused her to look up and see the old stage-driver standing on thethreshold.

"Good evening, Delsie. I came round to tell you about two lady passengers I had to-day. They came from the city, and are going to bid off this place to-morrow and make what they call 'A Working Girls' Rest' of it. They asked me if I could recommend any good young woman about here to take charge of it for 'em; somebody, they said, that would have a faculty for getting along with folks' odd ways and peculiarities. I told 'em, Delsie Downs is just the one for that place. She's got lots of staying power in her."

And that is the way that Delsie Downs has become so sweet to many a weary city worker who found strength and cheer by a few weeks' stay at "Good Rest."

## WHICH WAS RIGHT?

There lived in Germany a little girl named Else. She had many brothers, and with one of them she used to play from morning to night.

There was one field of grain in

"My way is best," said her brother, stubbornly.

Else got a rattle and settled herself in the shade of some trees on the edge of the field. She rattled vigourously for a long time, and no bird dared come near. Then the warm air made her drowsy, and before she knew it she was fast asleep. What a fine feast the sparrows had then, to be sure!

William laughed at Else's efforts, and made his scarecrow. It was a terrible looking creature.

"I'd like to see any bird dare come near that," he said, proudly. "Now we may play in peace."

Other things filled the children's minds, and it was a week before they went again to the field. There stood the fierce old scarecrow keeping guard, and—what do you think? A sparrow had built its nest in his coat pocket!

## IN THE FLOOD.

It had been a stormy day. Dark clouds chased each other in quick succession across the sky; gusts of wind swept over the country-side, heavy rain fell, and in the middle of it all, with a terrible roar and rumble, which might have been heard for miles, the reservoir had burst. It was a good thing it had not taken place at night, for then many, many lives would have been lost; as it was, it was quite bad enough, late afternoon and growing dark. Down came the water, roaring and tumbling over the hill, sweeping away with resistless force everything in its path; past the church, through the churchyard, over the cottages; tearing up the trees, down it came—rushing, eddying, hurrying past.

Now it had reached the low-lying farms, and though a great deal of its force was spent by this time, still, when it poured into Farmer Dobson's yard great anxiety was felt; all hands were wanted to look after the cows and horses, and no one thought of Nellie's pets. Nellie was the farmer's little daughter, and her pet dog, Jill, had got three little puppies. In the excitement of the moment the puppies were forgotten, except by the poor mother. There she is, you see, swimming along with the tub, which had been used for their kennel. Look at her anxious face! it shows us what a wonderful thing a mother's love is.

Now, I must tell you what happened, for, of course, you want to know the end of the story. After the tub had been knocked up against several trees and houses and nearly upset a great many

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The readers of the Canadian Churchman are appealed to to use every effort this year to double the circulation of the Canadian Churchman as a testimonial to Mr. Frank Wootten, the proprietor, to show their appreciation of his very arduous and self-denying work in this his twenty-fifth year of conducting this paper. Let each subscriber do his best to get one or more additional subscribers, and they will earn the gratitude not merely of the proprietor, but of the true friends of the Church of England in Canada. For sample copies, &c., address

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