

village, and soon saw a buggy coming.

It was the doctor's she was sure, and soon the veranda was empty, and a hurried child was running across the fields toward the woods which skirted the pond.

What a hunt there was for Bertie when the buggy stopped before the gate! But she was not to be found.

It was more than two hours before she appeared, and, as soon as she was within doors, another buggy stopped before the house.

"The doctor! I'm very glad, for I was afraid he wouldn't come, and you cannot go to school until you are vaccinated," said mamma.

Bertie was silent.

She did not speak until the doctor had gone. Then she said slowly, with a deep flush upon her face:

"I thought the doctor was here a long while ago, mamma."

"Oh, no; Uncle Will came for you to ride out with him, but we could not find you," answered mamma, and there was a roguish gleam in her eyes. Did she know?

"Oh-h-h!" cried the dismayed Bertie; "Uncle Will's rides are just splendid. O mamma, I ran away to the woods, and almost fell into the pond. I missed that nice time, when vaccinating don't hurt a bit. Oh, dear me!"

"Remember it, deary," said mamma, significantly. "Never run away from a duty, no matter how hard it seems, for it sometimes brings an unexpected reward."

"You are right, mamma," smiled Bertie with tears in her eyes.

DAUGHTER'S PART AT HOME.

One of the sweetest things a girl can do is to receive friends graciously, particularly at home. In one's own house a cordial welcome is peculiarly fitting. Do not stand off in the middle of the room and bow coldly and formally to the friend who has called. Walk over to meet her; give her your hand and say pleasantly that you are very glad to see her again. Stiff, cold and formal ways of greeting acquaintances are not proper in a girl welcoming guests to her father's house.

But even more important than her manner to a guest who happens in for an hour or a day, is the manner of a daughter to her father and mother. The father returns to his home after a wearying day of business. He is tired in body and mind. Coming back, he throws off care; he is joyous at the thought of the dear ones he will meet after hours of absence. His young daughter, with the bloom and freshness only girlhood wears, should be ready to give him the attention he loves—the kiss, the cheery word—to help her mother and the rest in letting her father see how much he is loved at home. Men give up a great deal for their families—their time, their strength, the knowledge they have gained in life's experience. They spend everything freely for their home's sake, and the home should pay its debt in much outspoken love.

THE LOWER LIGHTS.

"I don't believe I'll go to church to-day," said Ruth, one Sunday

morning at the breakfast-table. "Somehow I don't feel like it, and nobody will ever know the difference, whether I'm there or not."

"My dear," said Aunt Margaret, "I've often heard you singing 'Let the lower lights be burning.' I wonder if you know the story that suggested it?"

"No," answered Ruth, "I never so much as heard that there was one."

"Some years ago a steamer in a terrific gale was trying to make the harbor. There were two lights at the entrance of the harbor—one, the upper light on the bluffs of the shore; the other, the lower light on a bar at the other side of the entrance. The pilot peered out anxiously to catch a glimpse of the friendly lights, and presently caught sight of the upper one. But that alone was not sufficient; he must see also the other to know just where to go. But for some reason it was not lighted on time. Beaten by wind and wave, the steamer staggered on as best she could, while the hearts of all on board trembled with fear. If she missed the entrance, there was little hope of her escaping the rocks. Suddenly the lower light appeared, but, alas! it was too late—the ship had missed the entrance, and, in the attempt to turn about, went down with all on board."

"I suppose," said Ruth, with a little laugh, "you mean that even if I am the most insignificant member of our church, and sit in the very back seat, it is my duty to be there in my place?"

Indications of Nerve Trouble.

Study these Symptoms and See if You Are in Need of the Great Nerve Restorative.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Restless, languid, weak and weary, no life, no energy, tired all the time, throbbing, palpitating heart, heart asthma, sleepless nights, sudden startings, morning languor, hot flushes, brain fag, inability to work or think, exhaustion on exertion, general numbness, dead all over, cold hands and feet, flagging appetite, slow digestion, food heavy, easily excited, nervous, muscles twitch, strength, fails, trembling hands and limbs, unsteady gait, limbs puff, loss of flesh, loss of muscular power, irritable, despondent, hysterical, cry or laugh at anything, settled melancholia, steady decline, complete prostration.

Mrs. Cline, 49 Canada street, Hamilton, states:—"For a number of years I have been a great sufferer from nervous headache and nervous dyspepsia. I had no appetite, and my whole nervous system seemed weak and exhausted. I have found Dr. Chase's Nerve Food very helpful. It seemed to go right to the seat of trouble, relieving the headache, improving digestion and toning up the system generally."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Object

OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS TO INDUCE YOU TO TRY

MONSOON

INDO-CEYLON TEA

Get a Package.

It Really Merits a Trial.

Lead Packets.

All Grocers.

BELLE EWART



THE BEST FOR HOUSEHOLD USE.

It is clear as crystal and entirely free from snow and all impurities, every block being specially treated after leaving the water.

Our Rates are Extremely Reasonable.

BELLE EWART ICE CO. Head Office, 18 Melinda St., Toronto. Telephones:—Main 1947 and 2993.

ADVERTISER

Do You Want Your Trade to Grow

In a good solid constituency?—in a community that when you've proved to their satisfaction that what you have to sell is a thing of merit, will stick to you like glue. If you do, put part of your advertising appropriation in space in

The Canadian Churchman

One of the brightest, newsiest and most up-to-date mediums in the field of religious journalism to day—and by far the largest circulation of any paper going into the Anglican homes of Canada.

Circulation Figures and Advertising Rates on Application.

ADDRESS

THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN, 1 Toronto St., TORONTO

"You remember George Eliot's poem of the violin-maker, who said if he did not make the very best violin possible for him to make, God would miss the music? If we are not each of us faithfully doing our duty, be it small or great, there is silence or discord where there might have been music. More than that, our lives are bound together—we must needs lift up those around about us or drag them down. We are bidden to sow our seed at all times, for we know not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good. The cobbler, as I once heard a minister say, could not paint a picture, but he could tell Apelles that the shoetie was not right, and so might help towards making the beautiful picture perfect."

"Oh, Auntie!" exclaimed Ruth, "why did I say anything? I might have known you would not let me stay at home in peace. Still, I will try to keep my wee, little lower light burning as brightly as possible hereafter."

THE DYING GIRL.

I went once to see a dying girl whom the world had roughly treated. She never had a father: she never knew her mother. Her home had been the poor-house; her couch the hospital cot; and yet, as she staggered in her weakness there, she picked up a little of the alphabet, enough to spell out the New Testament, and she had touched the hem of the Master's garment and had learned the new song. And I never trembled in the presence of majesty as I did in the majesty of her presence as she came near the crossing.

"Oh, sir," she said, "God sends his angels. I read in his Word: 'Are they not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be the heirs of salvation?' And when I am lying in my cot they stand about me on this floor, and when the heavy darkness comes and this poor side aches so severely, he comes, for he says, 'Lo! I am with you,' and I sleep, I rest."