

While he was speaking those plain and strong truths, Bell's thoughts reverted promptly to her difficulty. "Does he mean," she said to herself "that I am to thank God for that class?" The more she thought of it, the more clearly she saw that that was exactly what he did mean, and, moreover, what the text he was preaching from meant too. Then she looked at that ever blessed assurance, true as the everlasting Jehovah whose word it is, "*all things work together for good to them that love God.*" Then she saw clearly in the light of that word, that it was nothing more than counting God true to count that class a blessing, and the present perplexity a blessing too. If they were blessings could she not thank Him who had given them to her? It was all quite clear. Then she did as she was told. She looked up as it were in God's face, and thanked Him for that class, and for the difficulty that was weighing her heart down with heaviness.

Now there was one instantaneous result. No sooner had she thanked God for her difficulty than she saw that the whole situation was changed. At God's word she had counted this thing a blessing, and she saw the hold she now had upon Him—it was *for Him to make it a blessing*. It was no clearer than before what was to be done; but this was clear—the responsibility was now moved over upon God. She had counted her troubled a blessing, and it was for God to make it such to her. What a rest it was! "He says it shall all work blessing, I have believed Him and thanked Him for it, and now it is for Him to do it, *and I know he will*." It was faith in the dark, it was songs in the night, but these are the richest songs of all.

No light as to the management of the difficulty came that day; but by Monday morning when she met her class again it had become quite plain to her what to do. She taught the half hour without referring to the matter, and the class behaved remarkably well. At its close, after recording their recitations, she made them a very short speech. She told them they knew what had occurred last Friday,—that the matter had perplexed her a good deal;—that she was unwilling to spoil some honor cards that would, she was persuaded, have no other demerit to mar them;—and that she had finally decided to "hold over" the marks given last Friday. In cases where there was no further misdemeanor, the matter would be dropped altogether, but in cases where there was any further breach of rule both marks would go in together.

The effect upon the class was most salutary. No trouble was afterwards experienced that has made any mark upon memory. And the effect upon Bell's life has been like the letting in of a flood of sunshine,—a flood, like the holy river in Ezekiel, growing ever broader and deeper. In thanking God that Sabbath in church for her troublesome class, she was thanking Him for what has actually proved to be one of the richest blessings of a life that has been full of blessings.

(While this story was in type, a few copies were struck off in tract form. They can be supplied to anyone wishing them at 20 cents per doz. Apply DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN, 370 Bank Street.)

Puss Duncan.

BY ALIX THORNE.

Margery's curly head could not reach the high desk, and it was not strange, so busily

was he writing, that Mr. Duncan should not hear her soft, little "please," sir, but at last the busy pen ceased its scratching. He looked sharply over his glasses, and said, "Hey, what did you say, little girl? Want some candy, do you? No? Raisins, I'll be bound. Something for ma, then?"

Margery shook her head, and answered, "It is the kitten, Sir." "The what?"

"I want—I want" murmured the little girl in a very low voice, "to hold—your—your kitten."

Mr. Duncan smiled all over his broad, good-natured face at the funny ways of these little city girls, and handed down to two, loving, waiting arms a little, round, striped kitten, that purred loudly, and then cuddled down in the most contented fashion.

It was only yesterday that Margery had first seen the kitten in the little country store, and what place do you think it had chosen in which to take a nap? What but the big ledger always lying open on the desk. The store, which was also the post office, was always an interesting place from the queer little pigeon-holes, that held the letters to jars of many-colored stick candy on the shelves. But the kitten was the best of all.

"It's our new store cat," Mr. Duncan had explained, "its mother, Old Jane, is a splendid mouser—reckon this one will be too—has monstrous big paws for such a little fellow."

Margery walked slowly back to Maple Farm, looking unusually sober, so Uncle Alfred thought, "Why girly!" he cried, "I know a small someone who had her sixth birthday only yesterday, and I remember some very nice presents, not to mention a lovely birthday cake."

"Course you mean me," broke in Margery, "and I did have just the beautifullest time—now I'm thinking about a kitten, Uncle Alfred, O, the dearest kitten! I don't believe you ever saw such a pretty one."

"Where can this wonderful cat be seen?" inquired Uncle Alfred.

"It's a store kitten—Mr. Duncan owns it," exclaimed the little girl, "and I don't know how it gets anything to eat. It wouldn't like raisins and sticks of candy, nor coffee and brown sugar—I don't see a bit of milk," and the red lips quivered.

Uncle Alfred smiled down at his little, motherless niece, whose guardian he was. "Margery," he said, "We'll go down and see it, you and I. Who knows? Perhaps we can buy it, and as we leave for home day after to-morrow, I suppose you might take it with you."

"Praps it would cost a good deal," suggested Margery, "maybe five or seven dollars."

"Well," answered Uncle Alfred, his eyes twinkling, "at any rate we'll have a look at it"—which is just what they did.

In a round, blue ball in a great armchair, this time, perched the malted kitten. "It is very nice," Margery, said Uncle Alfred. "You make friends with it while I talk to Mr. Duncan."

"Sell it!" cried the jolly store man, "good land! the little girl is welcome to it—why, there's three more of them out in the barn."

And so it was that Margery, beside a bunch of wild flowers, one September morning, carried safely in a dainty little wicker basket the striped kitten.

Uncle Alfred and the little girl had decided on the name, which was Puss Duncan, as Margery said it ought to have a last name just like other folks.

"I wonder," said Margery as they rushed along through the green country past quiet little villages, and busy towns. "I wonder

A BABY CHANGED.

THE MOTHER TELLS HOW IT WAS

ACCOMPLISHED.

"A wonderful change," is the verdict of a lady correspondent who writes us about her little one. "I take pleasure," writes Mrs. R. B. Bickford, of Glen Sutton, Que., "in certifying to the merits of Baby's Own Tablets, as I have found them a sure and reliable remedy. My baby was troubled with indigestion, and was teething and cross and restless, and the use of the Tablets made a wonderful change. I think the timely use of Baby's Own Tablets might save many a dear little life, and I would recommend mothers to keep them in the house."

The opinion of this wise mother is echoed by other correspondents. Baby's Own Tablets give such comfort and relief to a sick baby, they so infallibly produce calm peaceful sleep, that you would almost think them a narcotic. But they are not. They are only a health giver for children of any age. They cannot possibly do harm—they always do good. May be had from druggists, or by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

how a little country kitten will get along in the city. You see the electric cars run right past our house, and then there's Don, the dog."

Fortunately there were large grounds around Margery's city home, so Puss Duncan had ample playground. Through the golden autumn days he frisked, and grew rounder and rounder, making friends in the sauciest little ways with Don, the great Newfoundland, trying wild dashes at him, rolling suddenly at his broad, black feet, and purring wildly whenever the dignified fellow came near. Very soon the kitten knew the cars, and would sit with widening eyes, watching them fly past. They were a never failing interest.

One morning Margery hurried off to the primary school, three blocks down the street, trying to catch up with her little friend, Ruth, who was just ahead. So busily were they both talking that they did not notice a quiet little figure that stole after them. Puss Duncan had evidently decided that it was time he should attend school.

Into the dressing room flocked the children, laughing and talking. Now the first bell had rung, and every little hand was in position, when a soft "meau, meau," sounded through the quiet room, and a striped kitten walked slowly down the middle aisle, looking from side to side for a familiar face. Margery looked up suddenly—her pink cheeks grew pinker still. Then her head drooped. "Whose kitten is that?" inquired the teacher. "It's mine, it's Puss Duncan," cried its little mistress, and gathering it up in her arms she hurried off home with her pet.

When Uncle Alfred heard about it he only laughed and said, "Well, well, I must own our little country kitten has very soon learned city ways. If we had left him in the village, Puss Duncan would have been tending store by this time."

JESSOP'S BELL'S CHURCH
SWEET TONED •
HAR SOUNDING
DURABLE
CATALOGUE FREE
AMERICAN BELL & FOUNDRY CO. NICHOLS