

said he'd be home early this afternoon and take us for a walk."

"You and Reggie run up to the station and meet him," suggested their mother. "As he did not come by the 4.10 train, he is sure to arrive by the five minutes to five. May can go, too, if she likes."

"Where are Agnes and Lily?"

"They are busy watering father's fernery. Lily found the roots drooping dreadfully. I suppose father forgot them; but that seems strange, for he brought some choice ones home yesterday, and was particularly anxious that they should do well."

Reggie hung his head low as he tied up his shoes, but never a word said he.

The children were surprised to find quite a crowd of people round the entrance of the railway station.

"It's a 'scursion, I dare say," said little Claude.

"Or a school-treat," added May, neither of them noticing that the faces of the people were too anxious and sad for happy holiday-makers; besides, it was the wrong time of day.

"She might have been in it, or she might not," one woman was saying to another. "The Lord grant she may have missed it for once."

"Two miles the other side of Crumpton," was another remark the children overheard. "Regular smash-up; line won't be cleared to-night. Don't know how many are injured."

In a moment Reggie grasped the terrible truth. "Oh, please sir," he said, addressing a porter, "has anything happened?"

"An accident on the railway," replied the man, guessing from Reggie's frightened face that he did not ask out of mere curiosity. "The train that ought to have been here at 4.10 was run into by an express."

"Oh, my father!—oh, please, do you know if my father is hurt?" asked the boy, while his little sister and brother looked on in silence, only half understanding what it all might mean.

But the man shook his head. "Ain't heard no pertic'lers yet," he said and moved away.

Here was shocking news for those at home! Every minute added to the horror of suspense. Six o'clock, seven came, yet no father appeared. Poor Mrs. Hutton, half-distracted with anxiety, went backwards and forwards almost incessantly between their house and the station, but no definite news could she obtain. At last she could bear it no longer.

"Children, dear," she said, gather-



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ing them about her, "I am going to look for father. The up-line is clear, and a train will be starting almost directly. Go to bed all of you, and pray God to have mercy on us and help us, and pity all the poor folks who are in sorrow this night."

What an hour it was that followed! Reggie will remember it to his old age. They were all crying except brave Agnes, the little eldest sister, and she talked sweetly about the care of God, and tried to cheer the rest. But Reggie's was a grief that none of them could share. To think—only to think—that he had been unwilling to do, had even neglected, what perhaps would be the last thing father would ever ask of him; he had answered sullenly his last request! If only father would come back safe he felt he would joyfully carry cans of water for him the whole day, and every day for the remainder of his life, and never, never, would he be disobliging to anyone again.

Hark! What was that? A voice—a footstep on the stair. The girls came rushing into the boys' room, and a minute later, all five of them were swarming like bees round the dear traveller, preserved almost miraculously, and sent back to them safe and sound.

"I walked every step of the way from Crumpton," he said; "that's why I am so late. There was not a conveyance to be had. Oh, darlings, God has been good to us to-day! We must never cease to thank Him as long as we live. I wish your dear mother was here; but she must know before this that I am spared."

I think Agnes guessed something of Reggie's trouble, for she herself drew him, tearful and humble, to his father's knee, and there, with his face buried in that loving breast he told of his naughtiness and his sorrow and was forgiven.

But never once since that day, now many years ago, has he seen a fern-leaf without being instantly reminded of the anguish then endured, and of his merciful deliverance from a life-long and fruitless regret.

Never Out of Sight.

I know a little saying
That is altogether true;
My little boy, my little girl,
That saying is for you.
'Tis this, O blue and black eyes,
And gray, so deep and bright:
No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight.

No matter whether field or glen,
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh or labour's hum,
Entice your feet to stray;
Some one is always watching you,
And, whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you,
And marking what you do,
To see if all your childhood's acts
Are honest, brave and true;
And, watchful more than mortal kind,
God's angels pure and white,
In gladness or in sorrowing,
Are keeping you in sight.

Oh, bear in mind, my little one,
And let your mark be high;
You do whatever thing you do
Beneath some seeing eye.
Oh, bear in mind, my little one,
And keep your good name bright;
No child upon the round, round earth
Is ever out of sight.

Every Day a Little.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact. Only one. Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are no small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for.

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in the great deeds of philanthropy that the only blessing is found. In "little deeds of kindness," repeated every day, we find true happiness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the play ground, we shall find opportunity every day for usefulness.

Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day. What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume in twenty-five years!

Good for Evil.

"Pay him out for it, Fred—pay him out!"

So called a group of boys to a lad who had stumbled over a string fastened up by a mischievous schoolfellow. Fred Wilson did pay out Harold Wayne for that bit of mischief, which cost him a sprained foot and many a day on the sofa. He gave him the best possible payment for injuries—good for evil. There came a day when some lads were bathing in the river, and boastful Harold, who could swim but little, ventured too far into the stream. At that time of peril a boy plunged into the water and swam bravely to his rescue. His rescuer was the boy he had hurt a few weeks back, Fred Wilson. Harold felt more ashamed of himself than if Fred had conquered him in a fight. For once he felt himself a mean coward to have wilfully

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teased one who had never wronged him, and he could only thank Fred brokenly, and murmur, "I'm awfully sorry about the string I tied to trip you up with." I am glad to tell you, however, that Harold lived to show that Fred's generous and free forgiveness was not thrown away on him.

I read once of a great ruler who declared he would kill all his enemies. How did he kill them? By kindness. He treated them so justly that they all became his friends. If any of you have enemies, try killing them by kindness, for this is the Christian, and the surest and noblest way.

"Go Shares."

This is an excellent motto, and one we shall do well to remember. I heard of a boy once who spent his pocket-money in the sweets his companions liked least, so that he could enjoy his purchase by himself. I read a piece of poetry about a boy who feasted by himself off some beautiful peaches, and he hid the last away to devour it by-and-by; a wasp got in, and stung him when he went to eat it up. Everybody is sure to get some kind of a sting, who only thinks about gratifying self; I hope conscience will give a beneficial sting to every boy and girl who is forming habits of greed and selfishness. It is a pitiful sort of life that only cares about its own prosperity, and has no thought how others are feeling or getting on. Did you ever hear of the turkey that managed to get far more than its share of the daily food, so that it grew fatter and fatter, while the others were not in anything like the same prosperous condition? "Take care of number one," is my motto," said the selfish turkey, strutting about the yard; "through taking care of myself so diligently I have grown to a position of importance—I am certainly the finest turkey on the place." So thought the farmer's wife when she came down by-and-by to choose a turkey for the Christmas dinner; her decision was made in a moment. Mr. Plump was caught up and sacrificed, and his boasting came to an end! "Go shares," boys and girls; this is a motto none of you will ever repent, if you make it your own. M. S. H.