

we promised.

"Well, don't let her see hide or hair of these things this day. She'll be weary enough when she gets home, without this worry, and I think she'll feel better tomorrow. Carry it all out to the woodshed; they probably won't be home till dusk. I am going now. I have some errands to do, but if I decide to stay in town over night, I'll come in this evening and see your mother. Here is a little jar of butter, and a couple of pounds of honey, and some of my fresh lard and sausage. I want you all to taste them. We think the sausage unusually good this year. Keep up good heart, my dears. God has not forgotten you, even if some of his children seem to have done so."

I felt very meek and subdued as I folded the despised things, and Jack's attempt to whistle died in two minutes. I knew mother would think we had done wrong, first, about the things themselves, and secondly (as father says in his sermons), in complaining to Mrs. Edmunds. Mother never tells anybody about our trials. "They all have enough of their own, dears," she says. "Let us try to scatter sunshine instead of shadows," which is all very easy for mother, but awfully hard for me. If we were objects of charity, it might be different, though even then I don't see much benevolence in high-heeled slippers burst out at the side. But we are self-respecting people, able and willing to earn our living, and mercy knows we earn it, too, whether we get it or not.

We had a dismal afternoon after all, and were glad when it was time to begin supper. I made some hot corn pone to go with the goodies Mrs. Edmunds had brought, and set the table as carefully as if for a feast. My conscience felt very uncomfortable, and I suppose I thought by taking extra pains with everything, I could make amends for my naughtiness.

They came just at twilight, and ate enough to satisfy even the cook, after their long ride in the nipping wind. Jack and I avoided looking at each other, for we felt as if the word "box" was written in our eyes. But nobody suspected anything, and no troublesome questions were asked, and after a while the guilty feeling began to wear off.

At seven o'clock we were all gathered around our "economical" fire when another rap came—not gentle like Mrs. Edmunds' but a great thundering knock that shook the door. When father opened it Mr. Jenkins stepped in, and Mr. Gillespie and some more of the church men. Father looked worried, and mother turned pale. Was some new trouble coming? It didn't take long to find out, for Mr. Gillespie always goes straight to the point. "Parson," he said "we haven't done you fair, and we've come to say we're sorry. We aren't none of us what could be called rich, but we've concluded that we're not poor enough to let our good pastor and his family wear rich folks' cast offs that they couldn't give to their servants. No sirree! And we've also decided that it ought to be just as easy to pay our debts when they come due as later and we brought along the little matter of salary that's owing, and here's a few provisions that you may be able to use, not on subscription, but just as a little present from them you've stood by through thick and thin.

"May the Lord bless you and yours, parson, and forgive us poor, inconsiderate beins' who have been so busy filling our own store-houses and barns that we didn't even take time to be honest." Mr. Gillespie blew his nose loud and shook hands so

hard that I forgave him for his good breakfast on the spot. The rest of the men crowded around father, and as he only had two hands to shake they caught hold of his shoulders or patted his back, and mother stood with her head held up like a queen, and her dear face beaming to see father being appreciated.

They only stayed a few minutes, but they left the kitchen nearly full of things they brought—potatoes, turnips, apples, pork, beans, flour and roast—but, best of all, in father's hand a big envelope holding his quarter's salary.

Before we had time to explain about the box, Mrs. Edmunds came with some of the other ladies, and they brought jellies and preserves, and they said things to mother that made us children's cheeks glow, while father took his turn at standing with his chin in the air and looking proud.

Even Jack and I can't afford to hold enmity against that box, for we never had one that did us as much good, not counting the rag rug that we made to lay in front of mother's bed.

Mrs. Edmunds had spent the whole afternoon going about among our church people telling them "the straight truth," as she said, and they certainly did respond well. But Mrs. Edmunds wouldn't have known about things if it hadn't been for that box, and if she hadn't found out, I don't suppose our salary would have been paid up yet. But now Mr. Gillespie has promised father that it'll never fall behind again while he is church treasurer, and as for Mr. Jenkins, he sent us a big load of wood the very next day without a knot in it.

It was after we got up from the table Thanksgiving day, and mother and Marion were fixing some turkey and jelly to send out to some sick folks, that Jack said to me solemnly, "Nan, we might as well own that Mrs. Edmunds was right. I thought that God had forgotten us, or else didn't care about us, but I guess he hasn't."

The fire crackled and snapped as if "economy" had never been heard of, and father stood with his back to it, humming, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." I looked at mother's happy face, and Marion's serene smile, and I said, "Yes, Jack, Mrs. Edmunds was right, and God is good to us, and I'm just as thankful to him as I can be, and I'm willing to own that the box did a great deal of good, but Jack, I don't think the people that sent it deserve one bit of the credit."—Christian Observer.

When Baby Came.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

When baby came, she brought with her
A lot of treight the angels carried;
New joys within our breasts to stir,
New blessedness that long has tarried:
Her father felt his arm grow strong,
Another life on his depending;
Her mother's heart was full of song,
From dawn until the daylight's ending.

When baby came, the purse was lean,
And small the home, the roof but lowly,
But wealth was brought by hands unseen,
And all the place grew bright and holy;
A wealth of love, of truth, of hope,
Those tiny fingers clasped, possessing
A secret, heaven had deigned to open
And pour on us in rains of blessing.

When baby came, we proudly walked,
Our house was fairer than a palace,
And inly as we thought and talked
We sipped life's cup, a honeyed calice.
We had no fear, we had no grief.
The millionaire was poor beside us,
So glad were we, beyond belief,
At this great gift that did betide us.

BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

A Family Event That Does Not Always Bring Unmixed Joy.

Baby's first tooth does not come unannounced. Inflamed gums and impaired digestion produce a feverish and fretful condition about which the mother often feels concern. The baby boy of Mrs. George McGregor, of Hamilton, Ont., was troubled with diarrhoea while teething and was cross and restless. He did not sleep well and matters became serious. The mother writes as follows: "My sister had used Baby's Own Tablets for her baby and advised me to try them. I got a box and after giving the Tablets to the baby a few times he began to improve and was soon well. He is now a big, healthy baby and whenever he gets fretful or does not feel well I give him a Tablet and he is soon all right again."

Baby's Own Tablets replace with great advantage castor oil and other nauseous, griping drugs. They sweeten the stomach, quiet the nerves and promote healthful sleep. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and to be absolutely harmless. If your druggist does not keep them you can obtain a full-size box by mail, post paid, by sending 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Hints to Girls.

The next time you have a bouquet of flowers to keep, add a very little camphor to the water in the vase, and see how much longer its freshness will be retained.

Do you know that a few drops of good perfume extract on a bit of pumice-stone, the bits slipped in bureau drawers or among gowns in a wardrobe, will perfume belongings delightfully?

For the young woman who sings and who occasionally finds herself hoarse at a critical moment the remedy used by a famous prima donna is suggested—the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth. This is much better than the oft-prescribed lemon juice, whose effect is but temporary.

Here is a sandwich filling that may prove available with a cup of hot chocolate at a divan gossip. Use one part chopped almonds and two parts shredded or grated celery, with a little salt. The mixture is moistened with mayonnaise and spread between thin round slices of sandwich bread or oblongs of brown bread from which the crust has been cut.

A fairly sizable piece of black velvet, perhaps a quarter of a yard, makes the most satisfactory brush for silk that can be had. It removes the dust perfectly, and yet does not injure the fabric.

Four rather small fern-dishes filled with growing-ferns sometimes occupy the central square of a dinner or luncheon table, in which case the actual centre is prettiest filled with a few flowers arranged in a rather tall vase.—Harper's Bazar.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptation—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.

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