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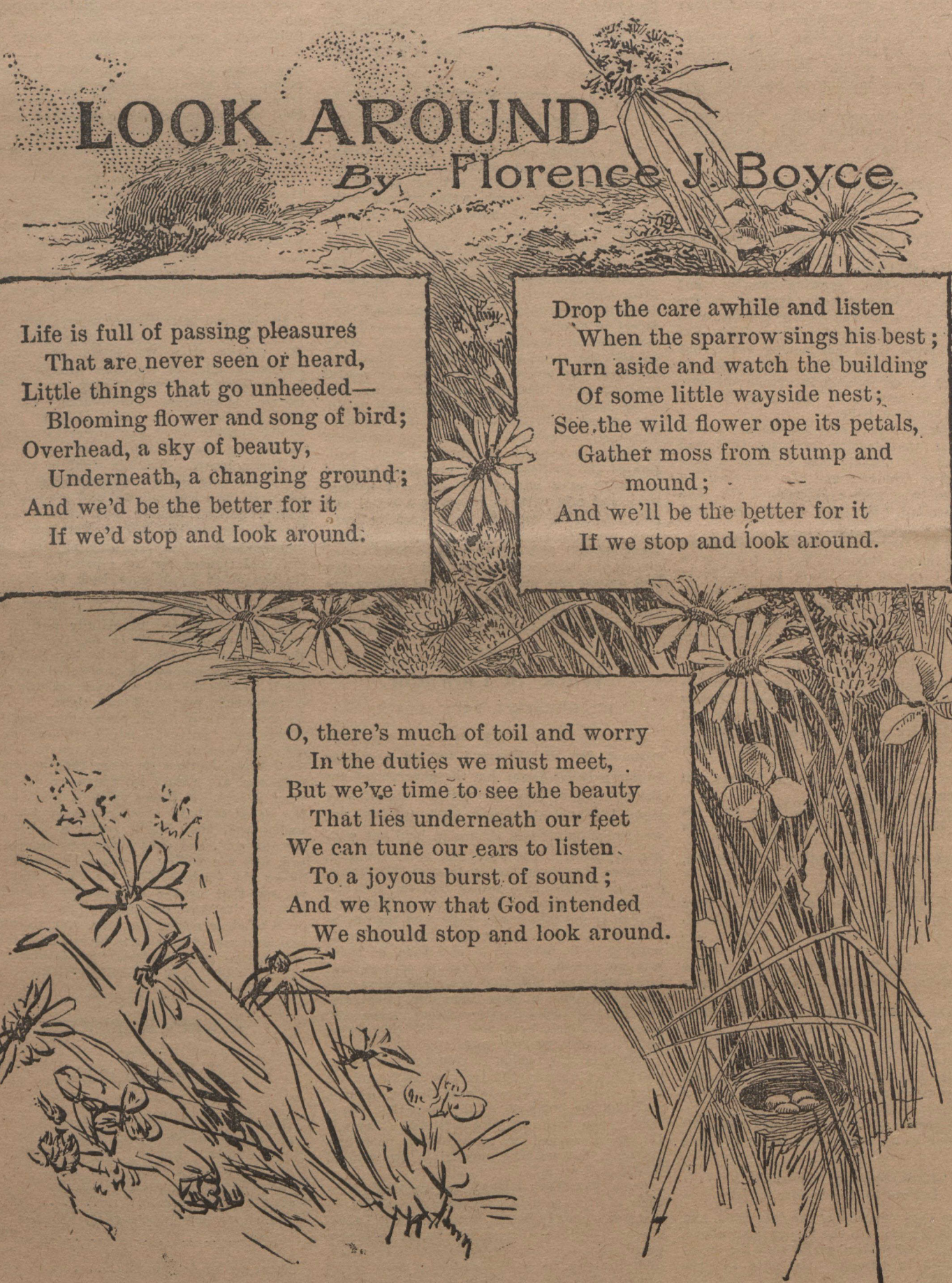
MONTREAL, JULY 9, 1909.

40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

LOOK AROUND

By Florence J. Boyce



Life is full of passing pleasures
That are never seen or heard,
Little things that go unheeded—
Blooming flower and song of bird;
Overhead, a sky of beauty,
Underneath, a changing ground;
And we'd be the better for it
If we'd stop and look around.

Drop the care awhile and listen
When the sparrow sings his best;
Turn aside and watch the building
Of some little wayside nest;
See the wild flower ope its petals,
Gather moss from stump and
mound;
And we'll be the better for it
If we stop and look around.

O, there's much of toil and worry
In the duties we must meet,
But we've time to see the beauty
That lies underneath our feet
We can tune our ears to listen
To a joyous burst of sound;
And we know that God intended
We should stop and look around.

Lend a Hand.

Lend a hand to the tempted.
Lend a hand to souls in the shadow.
Lend a hand to the student at school.
Lend a hand to those who are often misjudged.
Lend a hand to the soul crushed with unspeakable loss.
Lend a hand to the poor fighting the wolf from the door.
Lend a hand to those whose lives are narrow and cramped.
Lend a hand to the boy struggling bravely to culture his mind.
Lend a hand to young people whose homes are cold and repelling.
Lend a hand to those whose surroundings are steadily pulling them down.
Lend a hand to the prodigal sister—her life is as precious as that of the prodigal brother.
Lend a hand to the girl who works, works, works, and knows nothing of recreation and rest.
Lend a hand—an open hand, a warm hand, a strong hand, an uplifting hand, a hand filled with mercy and help.—'The Silver Cross.'

Two Pictures From Life.

I.

A black-eyed baby lay moaning its young life away on the brick bed of a dreary mud house in Pekin, China.

The feeble voice, growing weaker and weaker, was now and then drowned in the sobs and groans of the young mother, who gazed in despair upon her dying child. She longed to press it to her aching heart, but she had always heard that demons are all around the dying, waiting to snatch the soul away, and so because it was dying she was afraid of her own baby.

'It is almost time,' said the mother-in-law, glancing at the slanting sunbeam that had stolen into the dismal room through a hole in the paper window; and she snatched up the helpless baby with a determined air. The mother shrieked, 'My baby is not dead yet! My baby is not dead yet!'

'But it has only one mouthful of breath left,' said the old woman; 'the cart will soon pass, and then we shall have to keep it in the house all night. There is no help for it; the gods are angry with you.'

The mother dared not resist, and her baby was carried from her sight. She never saw it again.

An old black cart drawn by a black cow passed down slowly down the street; the little body was laid among the others already gathered there, and the carter drove on through the city gate. Outside the city wall he laid them all in a common pit, buried them in lime, and drove on.

No stone marked the spot; no flowers will ever bloom on that grave.

The desolate woman wails, 'My baby is lost; my baby is lost; I can never find him again.'

The black-eyed baby's mother is a heathen.

II.

A blue-eyed baby lay moaning on the downy pillows of its dainty crib, and it was whispered softly through the mission, 'Baby is dying.'

With sorrowing hearts we gathered in the stricken room, but the Comforter had come before us.

'Our baby is going home,' said the mother, and, though her voice trembled, she smiled bravely and sweetly upon the little sufferer.

'We gave her to the Lord when she came to us. He has but come for His own,' said the father reverently, as he threw his arms lovingly around his wife.

As we watched through our tears the little life slipping away, some one began to sing softly:

'Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.'

The blue eyes opened for the last time, and with one long gaze into the loving faces above, closed again, and with a gentle sigh the sweet child passed in through the gate to the heavenly fold.

'Let us pray,' said a low voice. We knelt together, and heaven came so near we could almost see the white-robed ones and hear their songs of welcome.

There are no baby coffins to be bought in

Pekin, so a box was made; we lined it with soft white silk from a Chinese store. We dressed baby in her snowy robes and laid her lovingly in her last resting place. We decked the room with flowers, and strewed them over the little one.

The next day we followed the tiny coffin to the cemetery.

With a song of hope and words of cheer and trust, and a prayer of faith, we comforted the sorrowing hearts.

Now a white stone marks the sacred spot where we laid her, and flowers blossom on the grave that is visited often and tended with loving care.

'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord,' says the baby's father, while baby's mother answers, 'Our baby is safe; we shall find her and have her, some glad day.'

The blue-eyed baby's mother is a Christian.—'Gospel in All Lands.'

Religious News.

In a recent contribution to the Mysore 'Review' these unqualified words of commendation are bestowed without solicitation by an Indian gentleman, which certain critics will do well to read, note, mark, and inwardly digest. He says:

We take this opportunity of entreating our countrymen not to misunderstand our European missionary friends, and to impute to them sinister motives for the work they are doing in our midst. 'They do not mask their object in coming to India. It is avowedly to evangelize her children by conviction.' They do not use force or compulsion. They are, however, the great pioneers and successful prosecutors of Western higher education, and, being divested of official prestige, give us object-lessons of British home life and 'morals.' They are sincere in their beliefs and enable us to correctly appraise the intrinsic social position of the Britishers, who are drest in brief authority over us. They moreover sympathize and mix with us in many a social and public function, and we have much to learn from them to improve our general condition. Their colleges and high-schools hold their own among the best in the land, and some of the best among our men of light and leading are the 'alumni' of these institutions. We ought always to look upon these unselfish workers as India's real friends.—'C. M. S. Gazette.'

Work in Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL BACK AGAIN.

Dear Mr. Editor,—On April 22, my little steamer, the 'Strathcona,' secured a charter to carry ballot boxes for the government for the election of May 8. As she cannot ever begin her season's proper work till May 25, we gladly hail this chance to help out with her expenses. The late and severe winter, however, has kept ice so late on the coast, she was caught in a heavy floe and lost the blades of her propeller, but has been fortunate enough to get into a safe harbor on the north-east coast, where she is repairing. There is nothing to be ashamed of this time, as there was no possible way of escape, and several large steamers, including the 'Mongolian,' of the Allan Line, a large Dominion Liner, and the SS. 'Briardene,' have been among the lame ducks that have met trouble this spring with the icebergs and floes.

Some of the summer volunteers for our work have already left for the coast, and we have heard of some belated in St. John's, awaiting the break up of the ice-pack. Meanwhile, from both side of the Straits stray letters have reached us, all reporting poor fur-trapping, but nothing unusual in the general health and outlook.

From New York I learn that another syndicate of lumber and pulp men are about to commence operations at Sandwich Bay, Labrador. They have secured a most generous grant of timber-bearing land in that safe bay, and all along the courses of five or more rivers—which should enable them to bring their logs to the mill cheaply and easily. The main object is professedly to make pulp, rather than paper, and the situation of the flumes and power houses are to be below the splendid waterfall on the White Bear river. A second

large lumber and pulp company is organized and trying to secure the necessary capital in London. The area secured by this English syndicate is on the north side of the head waters of the great Hamilton Inlet. There is undoubtedly a great deal of pulp wood on this large grant north of Grand river, as far as Mulligan's—an area as large as a small kingdom. There should be also all the power needed at the Musk Rat Falls. But these are a long way distant and the power would have to be converted into electricity, I should suppose, and carried by cable. The promoters seem confident in its feasibility, but as I have no experience in these matters, I was unfortunately unable to in any way assist them. I should prefer to see first that the magnificent preparations made by the Hatmworths, for not only making pulp, but paper also, on their 2,300 square miles concession in North Newfoundland, justifies their great outlay. Needless to say, as far as we in Labrador are concerned, we should welcome any new industries, more especially as the government has been careful to include precautions for the people's welfare in guarding the future of the timber lands and in securing a preference for the employment of the natives.

I have also had sent me from the owners of the Labradorite Island, near Nain, the information that they intend to reopen work at that long abandoned concession. This 'bluestone,' which is only a peculiarly stratified felspar, has undoubtedly a future for ornamental work, and I have often wondered that no more practical interest has been shown in it hitherto.

Having just left 'Home' myself, for my return to Labrador, I am writing this to you, Mr. Editor, from the broad Atlantic. A strange conflict of emotions always goes on in the hearts of those leaving home. Here, on this magnificent 'Mauretania,' the beautiful precautions for one's physical comfort would entirely allay any unworthy regret at exchanging the comforts of the land for those of the journey. But the sight of those one loves standing on the landing stage, waving adieu till the last minute, and gradually, but surely, getting smaller and smaller as the gap widens, makes one realize how utterly impossible it is for anything physical to fill the void created by the separation of souls. On the other hand, once back to work, the calls for the exercise of body, soul and spirit, together, do afford a solace that is, as Dr. Van Dyke has so beautifully put it, the 'blessing of earth.' With us, the very fact that we are deprived of the luxuries of life paradoxically becomes a soul-satisfying asset, for it assures the real self that the unwelcome estrangement was good and right. It helps to put in their right places once again all things that relate to our brief stay on the stage of human life. We learn that sentimental satisfactions no more than sensual indulgences are values by which we can grade what is best. It forces upon us the lesson so few seem to have eyes to see or hearts to understand, that life is really a battle field for the soul, and only those can be real victors who are willing to efface themselves and follow the Christ's ideal for every man, and we see that as the salt dissolving itself to sweeten its environment, or light diffusing itself to show others the way, only so can the real purpose of existence be worked out, or we hope to taste the real 'joie de vivre.'

WILFRED GRENFELL.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Mary A. Rutherford, Sarnia, \$1.00; Chas. Bieler, \$1.00; Mrs. Mary Conlin, Regina, Sask., \$1.00; Total \$ 3.00

Received for the cots:—I. M. B., W. R. B., Sask. \$ 1.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes \$400.48

Total on hand June 22 \$404.48

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.



LESSON,—SUNDAY, JULY 18, 1909.

Paul's Second Missionary Journey—Thessalonica and Berea.

Acts xvii., 1-15. Memory verse 11.

Golden Text.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart that I might not sin against thee. Psal. cix., 11.

Home Readings.

- Monday, July 12.—Acts xvii., 1-15.
- Tuesday, July 13.—I. Thessalonians iii.
- Wednesday, July 14.—Deut. vi., 1-9.
- Thursday, July 15.—Psal. cix., 97-104.
- Friday, July 16.—John v., 31-39.
- Saturday, July 17.—II. Tim. iii., 10-17
- Sunday, July 18.—Luke xxiv., 13-32.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

What does your father do to earn his living, Willie? He is a farmer you say. Do all your fathers have to work to get the money to buy food and clothes and all the other things you need? Of course they do. Everybody ought to be doing some work in the world. Do you know what Paul thought about that? He said 'If any will not work, neither shall he eat.' Then what kind of work did Paul do? He was a missionary, you say, and that's true enough, and we all know that a missionary or a preacher has enough work to do studying and teaching the Bible and helping people when they need him. That is what we pay them to do and we don't want them to do any other kind of work to earn their living by. But when Paul went out as a missionary there was no one to pay him any salary, and although several churches used to send him money sometimes, he often had to work hard as well preach to the people. Who knows what he worked at? He was a tentmaker, a man who weaved the coarse rough cloth that they made tents out of in those days. One city that Paul came to where he tells us that he had to work very hard at this tentmaking (II. Thess. iii., 8), was called Thessalonica. He had just come from the city of Philippi where he had been put in jail. Can any one of you tell me how he got out of jail in Philippi? God sent an earthquake that opened up the doors of the prison, and God made the magistrates see that they had done wrong in putting Paul in prison, so the magistrates let Paul and Silas go free, but sent them out of the city. So Paul came to Thessalonica and started out preaching there.

FOR THE SENIORS.

Our lesson for to-day takes Paul and his companions from Philippi past two little towns which apparently had no synagogue to use as a centre of work, about a hundred miles westward to Thessalonica. Covering very briefly the work there and the cause of Paul's leaving the city, it states still more briefly the chief points in the Berean work and finally leaves Paul alone in Athens the capital of Greece, awaiting the arrival of Silas and Timothy, whom he had left at Berea. It was from Athens during his stay in the city at this time that Paul wrote the two letters to the Thessalonians which have come down to us, and these should be read in connection with the home study of the lesson. From them we gather that the three weeks mentioned in the lesson (verse 2), were not the limit of his stay, but appeared to be the time that he devoted to the work among the Jews and Jewish proselytes, many of whom believed on him and worked with him. But finding that the Jews generally remained obdurate, he turned to broader work among the Gentiles, which act of his, he seems to suggest, was one of the causes for their angry opposi-

tion (I. Thess. ii., 16). From the numbers who joined the church at this time and from the fact that he speaks of twice receiving aid from Philippi during his stay (Phil. iv., 16), help which came in times of need in spite of the fact that he worked continuously at his trade (I. Thess. ii., 9; II. Thess. iii., 8), it seems evident that he spent quite a time there, several months in all probability, before the Jewish opposition broke out into open hostility. The security that Jason and the other Christians had to furnish necessitated Paul's leaving the city at once, and the very feasible suggestion is made that it was this binding over of Jason and other brethren to maintain peace which prevented Paul from returning to Thessalonica, and was the hindrance which he considered to be of Satan's contriving (I. Thess. ii., 17, 18). The very different atmosphere into which he entered in Berea has given the broad-minded Jews of the synagogue there, an honorable name throughout the centuries, and they in their earnest search of the Scriptures should serve as examples to us. The need and value of Bible study is one of the chief lessons of to-day's story. Paul's own account of his coming to Thessalonica and the manner of his work there (I. Thess. ii., 1-13), should certainly be read in class. Verse 10 of this portion of his epistle is not any mere self-glorification, but his calling them to witness that he was not in any way to blame for the rioting and trouble which the Jews brought about (verse 15), and also a statement of the fact that he set before them an example of the kind of busy Christian life that all should lead.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

In a luxurious home of Thessalonica about one hundred years before Paul came to Jason's home there, a guest sat writing letters. He was a most famous man, the author of books that are read to-day, which in classic Latin tell us how to endure calmly all the ills that may befall us, how to trust our friends, how to grow old gracefully. He was among devoted friends whose wealth was at his disposal. But some of the ills of life had come to him. His office had been taken from him, part of his wealth was gone, the people no longer flattered him, and he was banished from Rome. How did he bear these troubles, he who could so well tell others how theirs should be borne? He has been walking the floor, wringing his hands and sobbing, he writes; there is no hope left for him. 'If you saw me, you would not see me,' is the translation of the words his pen was tracing, 'You would not see even a trace of me, not a shadow, but the image of a breathing corpse. Would that before this you had seen me dead!' Those of you who have studied Latin recognize in this weak man Marcus Tullius Cicero, one of the most celebrated orators of all the ages.

'Show me some one person formed according to the principles he professes,' exclaimed Epictetus; 'show me one who is sick and happy; disgraced and happy.' Such an one was our hero Paul. Like Cicero he was an exile from home, self-exiled for the love of the gospel he was proclaiming; like him, too, he was poor, so poor that he gladly received contributions from his friends at Philippi; like him, too, he was a guest in a friend's home at Thessalonica, but, unlike him, he labored with his own hands for his support; and instead of having every wish supplied, he was persecuted and driven from the city. Cicero knew how ills should be borne, but could not bear them; Paul bore them triumphantly.

Verse 5.—The Greek word *agoraisi*, translated 'baser sort,' comes from the word *agora*, 'market-place'; they were men of the market-place, a crowd of market loafers, idlers who had no business of their own, and were ready for any excitement or mischief that might turn up. An idle hanger-on of the streets may not intend any evil course, and may, indeed, escape from committing evil, but he is certain to deteriorate sadly. 'Believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after-life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams,' said Mr. Gladstone, 'and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and moral stature, beyond your darkest reckoning.'

Verse 6.—'The rulers of the city.' chief magistrates were called *Politarchs*, i.e.,

City-rulers. This title has not been found in classical literature, and so it was once quoted as a proof of Luke's inaccuracy, not to say powers of invention. The scholars who made that criticism were unaware that, at the very time they were writing, there was standing at Saloniki (the modern Thessalonica) a Roman triumphal arch, erected probably in the first century after Christ, on which the word *Politarchs* was engraved in large letters. Unfortunately the arch was destroyed in 1876, but the block containing the word was rescued and is now to be seen in the British Museum. Since then it has been found in inscriptions elsewhere in Macedonia: so it would appear to be a word of especial Macedonian use.—R. B. Rackham, 'The Acts.'

Verse 6.—These that have turned the world upside down.—Wherever the gospel is preached this is the result, old customs give place to new, the life is wholly changed. When Alexander Mackay went to Uganda he found the natives in the habit of offering human victims to propitiate the evil spirits, and when Suma their king died two thousand men were killed that he might not go into the other world unattended. When Mtesa, that king's son and successor died, not one life was sacrificed. Christianity had turned their superstitions and cruel practices upside down.

The testimony borne by Sir Bartle Frere while governor of Bombay as to the effects there of Christianity is most convincing: 'I speak simply as to matter of experience and observation, just as a Roman prefect might have reported to Trajan, and I assure you that the teachings of Christianity among one hundred and sixty millions of civilized, industrious Hindus and Mohammedans in India are effecting changes moral, social and political which, for extent and rapidity of effect, are far more extraordinary than anything you or your fathers have witnessed in modern Europe.'

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 18.—Topic—My whole life for God. I. Cor. x., 31.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, July 12.—Lions in the way. Dan. vi., 16-23; Ps. xci., 13.

Tuesday, July 13.—In good company. Col. iv., 2-6.

Wednesday, July 14.—How to overcome the flesh. Heb. xii., 1-3.

Thursday, July 15.—The peace-chamber. Isa. xxvi., 1-4.

Friday, July 16.—Divine provision. Matt. xxii., 1-14.

Saturday, July 17.—Armor for the fray. I. Thess. v., 8.

Sunday, July 18.—Topic—Pilgrim's Progress Series. VII. The Palace Beautiful. Eph. iv., 7-16; vi., 10-17.

Ideal Teaching.

Ideal teaching must have a definite aim. A professor of homiletics, in criticising preachers for the benefit of his students, remarked that 'many preachers aim at nothing, and succeed in hitting it.' The same thing holds true of far too many Sunday School teachers. Aimlessness robs their work of permanent value and results. They either lose sight of the goal toward which they ought to press, or they forget its existence altogether. To talk to a class of boys and girls for twenty-five minutes is not to teach them. To say that talking is teaching is just as sensible as to say that throwing balls is catching them. Pouring out knowledge from the teacher's brain and mouth is a very different thing from taking it into the pupil's mind and heart. To find a door through which truth shall enter should be the supreme anxiety of every teacher, and that door must remain closed until the child is taught in some way to think.—Rev. D. Sutherland.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.



I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready

she thought. 'Why, how foolish I am, I believe she's a fairy.' She had read 'Grimm's Fairy Tales' and was a great admirer of them.

'I guess, little girl, you don't know my name,' said the stranger, with a laugh like the tinkle of a bell.

'Well, I'm Fairy Starlight and I've come to tell you a story.'

'Oh, I love stories,' said Edith, and she looked so eager and interested that the fairy lady began at once as follows:—

'There was once a little girl named—we'll call her Eva, to whom a kind friend gave a beautiful garden in which bloomed lilies, roses, daffodils, tulips and many other lovely flowers. Eva was delighted and thought she could never tire of watering and caring for her flowers and keeping away the weeds and bugs. But, after a time, she grew careless and allowed the weeds to grow up and choke the beautiful flowers, and she forgot to water them, so that the ground became dry and the blossoms faded away.'

'Is that all?' asked Edith thoughtfully.

heart is the garden, the flowers are kind and gentle acts and words, and the weeds are naughty deeds.'

'Exactly so, my dear, when you scolded baby brother to-day, for breaking your glass cup, which you foolishly left at his elbow, that was a bad weed, but, when you helped your tired mamma to wash the dishes, that was a beautiful flower.'

The last words had just fallen from the fairy's lips, when Edith felt her arm gently shaken, and opening her eyes she met her mamma's.

'Why, dear, you've been asleep, said mamma, come away into the house with me now.'

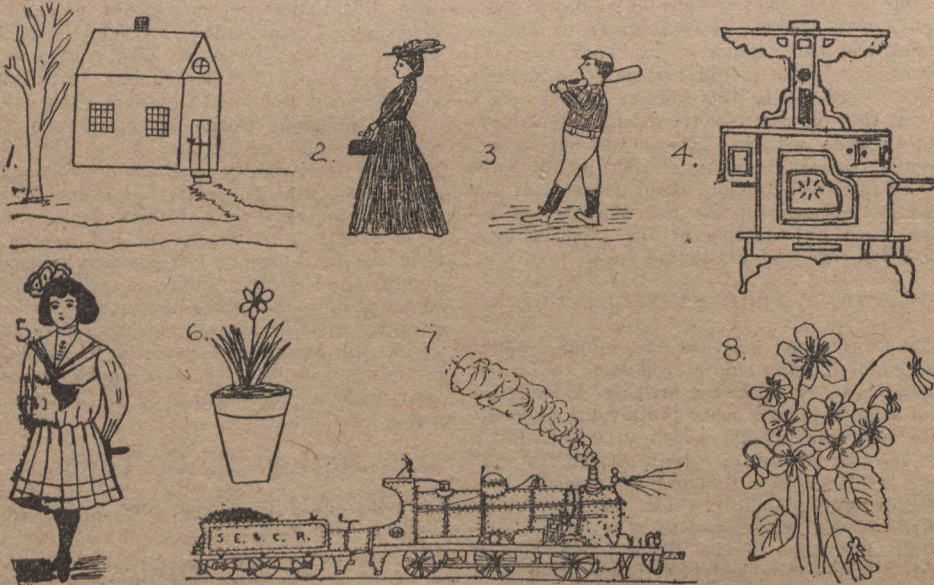
Edith obeyed at once, without a murmur, and when she told her mamma the dream she had about the fairy, she added—and I'm going to have only roses and other lovely flowers in my Heart-Garden.'

Composed by Aileen M. Hanna, aged ten years, P., Ont.

Chippenham, England.

Dear Editor,—It is raining very hard here to-day, and so I am about to write my second letter to the 'Messenger.' My aunty who lives at Dundas sends it to us every week, and I send her a paper in return. The town that I live in is a very pretty place, and the various places near it are very picturesque. It is also very historical, for it was formerly the dwelling place of 'Alfred the Great' and his friends. I don't think you have many letters from this part of the world (at least not in Wiltshire, so many miles away. The first letter I sent was in print, so if this is worthy of being printed on the correspondence page, I am sure I shall be very pleased. We are still having our 'Whitsuntide Holidays,' and I do wish it would clear up, but as we want some rain very badly, I suppose we must be thankful. We have a very nice garden here attached to the house, and I think it is nearly full of rose trees. My father takes an interest in rose-growing and has won many prizes for his flowers. Chippenham has been greatly improved lately by the addition of new houses and shops, and really it is quite growing. We have a milk factory here, and every morning much milk is taken there to be condensed. Secondly we have the bacon factory, and this is of great importance, as Wiltshire is noted for its bacon and daily produce. I have another aunty living in Philadelphia (America), besides one in Canada. I have only one aunty and uncle living here, and uncle was the 'Mayor' a few years ago. I attend the High School and learn French. Perhaps when I write again I will write in French, as I see someone else wrote in another language. I think it was written very well, I am afraid my mistakes would be too numerous.

MAUDE TANNER.



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Our Schoolhouse.' Jessie L. Hamblin (age 12), D., N.S.
2. 'A Lady.' Iva Wallace (age 7), Winnipeg.
3. 'Batter's Position.' Norman Stonehouse, B., Ont.
4. 'Range.' Maggie Acton, S., Ont.

5. 'Hazel.' Lela S. A. (age 14), Mill View, P.E.I.
6. 'Plant in a Flower Pot.' Dorothy Edith Wightman (age 8), Toronto.
7. 'Engine.' Francis T. Fraser (age 13), Montreal.
8. 'Violets.' Hayzell Potter, S., Ont.

to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar. Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

'Received your letter also the pledges and badges,' says a letter from Toronto. 'We all think the badges are very pretty, and we shall like to wear them all the time.' This is from the ten young friends who all joined the League together some weeks ago, and we are glad to hear from them.

THE HEART GARDEN.

[We have had this little story for some time. It was written by a little invalid who has spent nearly four years of her life on her back. We have heard from little Aileen before this, and hope to hear again. Perhaps this bright summer weather will do her so much good that she will be able soon to send us better news. We sincerely hope so. Ed.]

Little Edith was resting under the plum trees in the orchard. The sun was very hot that day, causing her to feel drowsy while she enjoyed the shade of the beautiful green trees.

She closed her eyes and soon dropped into a delicious slumber, when she imagined she heard a rustling sound which startled her, and suddenly there appeared before her a most beautiful lady, dressed richly, and with a crown on her head which glistened like the very sun.

Edith felt a little frightened at first, then

'That is all, child, do you understand my meaning?'

'Why, yes, I think you mean, that the

BOYS! A CHANCE TO PROFIT

THE PRIZE WINNERS AND A NEW COMPETITION

A new set of prizes for the best sales of the 'Canadian Pictorial' during July, August, September and October months are to be given. Particulars later. Suffice it here to say, the prizes will be generous. Get to work NOW. Lose no time at the start. Sell all you can in July, and it gives you a good foundation. The June Number was very greatly admired. The July Number is just as good, but quite different. Splendid value at 10 cents.

Boys who live where summer visitors come and go, or boys who themselves go to summer resorts, can make good profits in the summer, too, with but little extra trouble. Don't forget that one new subscription at \$1.00 counts as ten sold.

Prize Winners in the last Competition, for Biggest Sales in April, May and June.

CITY DIVISION—First prize, Muriel Eggleton, Hamilton; second prize, Geo. Kennedy, Ottawa.

TOWN DIVISION—First prize, Willie Baker, Man.; second prize, Gerald Black, N.S.

COUNTRY DIVISION—First prize, H. Baird Cairns, Sask.; second prize, Harold McAdie, Ont.

The last two boys really led the Nets, though Baird lives in a place of only 1,000 inhabitants, and Harold of 700. Baird is only about nine years (his picture was in June 'Pictorial'), and Harold is about 14 years old. They won prizes worth \$4.00 and \$3.00 each OVER and ABOVE all cash profits of premiums they secured by their sales. The prizes were a choice of a Fine Football, a Fishing Rod and Tackle, a Baseball Outfit, a Camera, a Watch, or a Cash Prize.

YOU want your share in these good things—and YOU can have them. Send us your name and address, and let us tell you all about it and send you a package to start your sales on.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial,' Witness' Block, Montreal.

N.B.—Don't forget those "Waterwings"—our new summer premium—for selling only 8 'Pictorials' at 10 cents. Will support a heavy person in the water. Marvellous help in learning to swim, as well as the greatest fun for all.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Priscilla's Letter.

(By Hilda Richmond, in 'The Wellspring.')

(Concluded.)

'She can't have that coffee,' said Priscilla to herself after a glance at the clock. 'The waggon is making its last round and won't be here again, for the store will close in ten minutes.' Mr. Smith often delivered parcels after hours to careless and inconsiderate housekeepers, but to-day he was half sick, and Priscilla determined not to tell him about the belated order. 'She isn't one of our customers, anyway,' she thought as she looked up the number in the book, 'so it doesn't make any difference. Why shouldn't I take it?' The question came so suddenly to her mind that she fairly gasped. Mrs. Malcolm lived only two blocks beyond her home, and she might as well help the firm that much. Two minutes later she was weighing out the coffee and shortly after started home.

'You brought it, Priscilla!' said Mrs. Malcolm. 'Well, now, I call that downright mean of Mr. Forges to get you to carry that big parcel away down here. If I had thought for a single minute that they would get you to deliver it, I never would have ordered it. I'm astonished beyond all measures.'

'I did it of my own accord, Mrs. Malcolm. Your order was too late for the delivery and I didn't mention it to anyone. It's only a few blocks out of my way and I need the exercise. How pretty your tables look.'

'They do look nice,' said Mrs. Malcolm, 'but we are sadly disappointed in our helpers. Several of the girls are out of town and two are sick, so we feel doubtful about the success of the social.'

'Maybe I could help. Lately I've been helping mother wash dishes, and I could make sandwiches or cut cakes. I'd be glad to do it if you care to have me try.'

'Of course, I'd like to have you, Priscilla. You used to be one of our best workers before—' She hesitated and turned red as if treading on dangerous ground, but Priscilla broke the awkward pause by saying cheerfully: 'I'll consider it settled then, that I'm to help to-night. I'll get mother to come with me.'

'By all means. I don't know when I've seen your mother. We used to be together so much and now I seldom get a glimpse of her.'

Priscilla hurried home and began searching in the closet for her old white dress. At last she found it hanging limp and forlorn under a lot of discarded garments, but the buckle to the belt was missing. She remembered that it was tucked away in her desk, so she hurriedly rummaged it out. In doing so she came across the envelope for Cousin Amanda with the words 'To be delivered after my death,' and a hearty laugh rang through the room. 'I hope that won't be for a long time,' she said happily as she put the buckle on the belt. 'I wonder if pressing this will do any good.'

'Mother,' she said, going to the kitchen where her tired mother in a faded dress was trying to finish the ironing by daylight, 'are you going to Mrs. Malcolm's social to-night?'

'Why no, dear,' said her mother in surprise. 'What made you think of such a thing?'

'Because I want to go,' said Priscilla, taking possession of the iron. 'You sit down and rest a little so I can have the board. No, it won't hurt my limb a bit. I'll sit down to it if that will please you. I'm going to help Mrs. Malcolm and she wants you to come, too. Next week I'm going to hire somebody to do this washing and the ironing, too. Mark and Janet and you and father are not going to do everything. I know Mary and Janet are both working after hours to pay up old debts, and I'm going to help you.'

Mrs. Harvey's dress was decidedly out of style that evening and Priscilla's lacked the crisp newness of the frocks worn by the other girls, but both were so busy and happy they had no time to think of clothes. Priscilla, taking tickets, was welcomed so heartily by her friends that the soft red glowed in her cheeks, and Mrs. Harvey, buttering rolls in a corner of the big kitchen with some friends, forgot all about her household cares and her

long absence from such gatherings, as she laughed and chatted. Altogether it was a delightful evening, and the Harvey family had a little private celebration after Priscilla had gone to bed that night, over the cake and orange custard she and her mother had brought home to them.

'I'll tell you what it is, Priscilla,' said Mr. Smith suddenly one day late in the next autumn, 'I have a cousin I wish you could be with, or rather I wish she could be with you for a little while. She is the most discontented, selfish, morbid unreasonable creature you ever saw, and I know if she could see how bravely you go about your work every day, it would do her a world of good. She is—is lame, too, but nothing at all like you. Mrs. Smith and I often invite her to visit us just so she could get acquainted with you, but she won't stir out of her room.'

'You'll have to get some one to write her a letter,' said Priscilla, turning as red as the scarlet bow on her trim white shirt waist. Then she told for the first time of the letter sealed up at home that had done so much for her. 'I've had it in my hands time and again to burn it,' she confessed, 'but somehow it's too precious. I'm never going to ask Cousin Amanda if she did it on purpose or by accident, for it doesn't make a bit of difference. I think I'll keep it always for fear I might sometime have a relapse. I almost cheated Mark out of his college course—he's going next year—and the rest of the family out of all their good times, so there's no telling what I might do again, if the letter wasn't in my desk always to remind me. You'll never tell, will you?'

'Indeed I won't!' said Mr. Smith, taking the firm white fingers into his big hand for a hearty shake. Then looking at the trim figure in the pretty and sensible new dress, he said fervently: 'You'll never have a relapse. You're not the relapsing kind.'

Good-by! God Bless You!

(By Eugene Field.)

I like the Anglo-Saxon speech
So straight in all its dealings,
It takes a hold and seems to reach
Way down into your feelings.
That some folks deem it rude I know
And therefore they abuse it,
But I have never found it so:
Before all else I choose it.
I don't object that men should air
The Gallic they have paid for.
With 'Au revoir,' 'Adieu, ma chere,'
For that's what French was made for.
But when a crouny takes your hand
At parting to address you
He drops all foreign lingo and
He says: 'Good-by! God bless you!'

I love the words perhaps because
When I was leaving mother
Standing at last in solemn pause
We looked at one another,
And I—I saw in mother's eyes
The love she could not tell me—
A love eternal as the skies,
Whatever fate befel me.
She put her arms about my neck
And soothed the pain of leaving,
And though her heart was like to break,
She spoke no word of grieving,
She let no tears bedim her eyes;
For fear that might distress me;
But kissing me she said good-by
And asked our God to bless me.

What Shall the Day Bring Forth?

(Mary Joanna Porter, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The great event was past. Oakton High School had had its graduating exercises. Through the weeks of preparation, writing of essays, practicing of declamations, rehearsals of songs, gathering of ferns and flowers, decorations of the Town Hall—all these had received attention.

Then the eventful evening had arrived. Ten boys and girls had graduated with honor. The official who presented the diplo-

mas had announced: 'Mary Somers, fitted for Bryn Mawr; Margaret Upton, fitted for Vassar; Emily Dcland, fitted for Wellesley; Harriet Jones, fitted for Mt. Holyoke; Bessie Stevens, general English course.' The names of the boy graduates followed. It is with Bessie Stevens that we have to do. How was it that, when the other girls of her class were preparing for college, she took the simple course in English? This question was whispered about through the hall. Certainly it was not for lack of means that she was about to drop from the list of enrolled students, for her father, Mr. Stevens, was one of the wealthy men of Oakton.

Yet Bessie had no mother. An energetic, kindly housekeeper regulated matters in the Stevens mansion. Bessie understood thoroughly how much her father needed her companionship and sympathy, while her younger brothers required sisterly guardianship. So that, although naturally fond of study and altogether filled with girlish ambitions, she unselfishly decided that she would remain at home after her course in the High School was concluded. It had cost her a struggle to make this decision, but she felt that it was for the best.

The first two weeks after the graduation exercises passed along quietly enough. Bessie enjoyed the freedom of vacation, it is true. Yet she missed the routine of school duties and the companionship of her young friends, most of whom had left town for the summer. Mr. Stevens' business required his presence in the city and he thought it best to keep his family with him. They were not deprived of fresh air, nor of exercise, for they had carriages a' command, and they all rode wheels, and played tennis and sometimes went rowing.

So Bessie planned to have a happy summer in the society of those who were dearest to her. She decided to make bouquets every week for the Flower Mission. Had she not a large garden to choose flowers from? And would it not be delightful work when she thought that she was gladdening sad lives? Then she would devote an hour each day to reading to lively little Fred, who could be kept quiet in no other way, but who appeared to be happiest when some one was reading to him. She would take another hour for practising; not only because she was fond of music herself, but because her father dearly loved to listen to her as she played for him in the twilight. It reminded him, he said, of her mother's playing in the days when he was courting. Then, in the early autumn, the King's Daughters Circle, to which Bessie belonged, was to hold a sale, and Bessie was to have charge of the fancy table; so she must do considerable for that. Thus, between work and play, she hoped for a summer both happy and useful. But who can tell what shall be on the morrow?

Bessie and her brother James were wheeling quietly along one afternoon on the avenue running past their home when a man recklessly speeding an automobile overtook them. There was a sudden jar and rush, Bessie was unconscious of anything more until she awoke, on her own bed, feeling very feeble and languid, and with two surgeons carefully examining her. 'There are no bones broken,' was the verdict. 'The patient has had a wonderful escape from death. She must lie perfectly still for some time.'

Bessie was not told all of this. She was told only that she had had an accident and would soon be better, but meanwhile she must lie still and rest. Nothing seemed to her then more desirable; but as the hours grew into days and the days into weeks, and the weeks into months, the resting became very tedious. All through that long, beautiful summer, when everything out of doors was full of life and charm, Bessie had to stay in her own room.

'Just keep quiet. Just keep quiet.' This the doctor said day after day, until it seem-

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BOYS

ed to the young girl that keeping quiet was the most difficult thing in the world. Every one loved Bessie, and everything possible was done for her. But the one thing she longed for was to escape from her bondage, and that had to be denied her.

Bessie was a Christian girl, and she prayed for patience. The answer came, as it always does to those who ask earnestly for the best gifts. When at length the time of imprisonment had expired, and James, thoughtful James, was for the first time helping her down to supper, he whispered in her ear: 'Bessie, you're a brick. You've shown me what a good thing it is to be a Christian. I mean to try to be one, too.'

Tears of thankfulness came to Bessie's eyes; but she brushed them away, for it would not do to make her first appearance at the table in tears. Yet the thankfulness stayed in her heart, for the long, tedious summer had brought forth precious fruit.

The Operation.

(The Rev. J. G. Stevenson, in the 'Christian World'.)

What do you know about George Grenfell? He was a great missionary in Africa, and much about him can be read in a splendid book just published and written by the Rev. George Hawker. In far away countries missionaries have to act as doctors, and when he was in the Cameroons Mr. Grenfell found that some of the black people pretended to be ill just because they liked medicine. But one day there came to him a man called Ewangi, who was not pretending and who really needed a doctor. Ewangi had got a big splinter in his foot. It was nearly three inches long. It was broken, and it hurt him very much. Poor Ewangi! Still, he did not cry. I know some children who when they get a little splinter in their finger make enough noise for— Never mind! Ewangi asked Mr. Grenfell to remove the splinter. The missionary got out part of it without much trouble, but the rest was very far in.

Mr. Grenfell at once realised that all he could do was to cut the rest of the splinter out with his knife. This did not seem likely to be very nice; and I expect Ewangi made a face when he was told about it. But he did not run away. He and Mr. Grenfell went into an old schoolroom. It was not a very nice room, and the floor was not very strong. But it was the only suitable place near, for Mr. Grenfell had no hospital. Once inside, the next thing the missionary did was to tie Ewangi's leg to a bench so that he should not jump too much when the knife hurt. Soon everything was ready; and in went Mr. Grenfell's knife. The noise Ewangi made sounded like three hoarse boys trying to sing Christmas carols backwards. But the missionary cut the splinter out; and just as he was feeling pleased with the success of the operation the floor gave way under him. Had Mr. Grenfell's foot not been resting on a beam he would have been very much hurt. As it was he was all right, and Ewangi soon felt better, and went home again to the distant place in which he lived.

Three months later Mr. Grenfell had forgotten all about Ewangi and his splinter. But one day he was in a place called Dido's town: and to his surprise a black man came up, very pleased, white teeth showing and smiling all over. He was both pleased and excited; and shaking Mr. Grenfell very hard by the hand he called out. "You do him good! You do him well!" And he danced round to show how happy he really was. The missionary was glad the black man was happy but he was puzzled to know why; and especially was he surprised to be greeted so warmly. The negro noticed his bewilderment; and to explain he pointed to his foot. "You do him good! You do him well!" he repeated. Then Mr. Grenfell understood. The black man was Ewangi; and this was his way of showing he appreciated kindness.

Jesus Christ is always pleased when we show real appreciation of those who have been kind to us. What about you? Do you take everything people do for you as a matter of course, or do you say, 'Thank you!' And talking about missionaries, what about the missionary box? Some of the money that goes into

them helps to provide hospitals so that unfortunate negroes like Ewangi are able to have real doctors to look after them; and some of those who understand that it is your pennies that helps keep missionary hospitals going, are very grateful. You have often put a shell to your ear and heard the sound of waves, have you not? Try dropping money into the missionary box and putting your ear to the crack and shaking and listening to try whether you cannot hear someone say, 'You do him good! You do him well!'

One Stone.

A Story of the Alps

More than forty years ago, there worked among the neglected and heathenish peasantry of the high Alps, near the French river Durance, a noble-minded and heroic pastor named Felix Neff. His was no easy missionary work; and while he preached to the people the Gospel of Christ with an ardor and amongst difficulties which brought him to an early grave, he showed them with his own

ed, and then fresh heaps appeared; and when all was ready, the foundations were laid deep, and the walls were made strong, and the school-church at last crowned at once the labors and hopes of the builders, and the steep ascent overlooking the valley of Dormilleuse.

Now you may already have guessed why I have told you this; you will have said, 'I see what it is. Clergymen, missionaries, school teachers, and other good people are trying to build up churches, and to work for God in all sorts of ways, and there are all sorts of difficulties and dangers. There are snow-falls of indifference or coldness—that must be it—which require that the foundations be laid very deep, even in the love of the Lord Jesus Christ Himself. And there are winds and torrents sometimes of persecution and opposition. But at last those who are really in earnest overcome every difficulty, and the Church is built up, and the laborers are rewarded.'

Very well indeed, so far as it goes! But you have left out something. 'Who are to



hands how to make roads, build churches, cultivate their plots of ground, and live as orderly and civilized men and women.

In a wild and elevated village called Dormilleuse, which was one of the principal scenes of his labors—a village so bleak and exposed that the snows of the month of June sometimes lie long and thick—he saw it necessary to erect a building in which the religion of Christ might be taught, and worship conducted.

'Impossible!' was the exclamation; 'the snow-fall will sweep it away.'

'Then we must lay the foundations deep.'

'The torrents of winter will overthrow it.'

'Then we must make the walls strong and firm.'

'It is useless to think of building when there are no materials at hand. Where will you get the stone?'

'Let every family give a man for the building, and let each man take one stone on his shoulder, and follow me,' was the answer of Felix Neff, the pastor. 'And whoever from the valley passes up the mountain side, be he old or young, let him take one stone and add it to the heap ere he go on his way, and there will be enough.'

With which words the pastor placed one of the heaviest stones on his own shoulders, the others did the same, and away they went with their burdens up the steep mountain side, until the bleak spot was reached, to which in time, from many Alpine villages, the children and their parents would wend their way for instruction in the religion of Jesus.

And for a long time every traveller who went that way—the father with his little son, and the young Alpine girls following their cows to pasture—remembered to carry up, sometimes, perhaps, with some difficulty, the 'one stone.' And the heap grew and increas-

furnish the stones?' The missionary-builders, like Neff and his men, have gone before, and are doing the hardest part of the business, but you and I mustn't travel on our way through the world, and forget that we may give our hands to the work as well. They may not be very strong hands, and they may not be able to take hold of very large or heavy stones; but we may each cast 'one stone' on the heap, as yet sadly too small a one, of help in loving Christian effort, and so feel that we 'have a share in the concern.'

Some very nice histories are told of the manner in which a number of such 'one stones' (this may be bad grammar, but it makes very good sense, all the same) have been piled up for the general buildings, of how tiny hands have brought tiny penny and halfpenny stones, and have done little bits of work which have made a good heap altogether.

I hope that boys as well as girls who read this story will become more earnest than ever in 'putting the stone,' in doing their best by daily efforts, daily prayers, daily little self-denials, to add something to the materials with which the head workers must be supplied who want to build up churches and do God's biddings at home and afar off.

Every family may not, like those of Dormilleuse, be able to furnish a man to go forth, and, as a Missionary himself, help in the building; but at all events we may each determine to contribute 'one stone.'—From 'Stories for Workers.'—Seeley, Jackson and Halliday, London.

The mind that is truly cheerful to-day will have no solicitude for to-morrow, and will meet the bitter occurrences of life as they come, with a smile.

The Knight.

No longer on the battlefield,
In glancing helm, and sword and shield,
And panoplied array,
I charge the paynim Saracen,
And write my name with the blood of men,
In many a mortal fray.

No longer 'mid the tournament,
With sparkling eyes upon me bent,
And loving smiles to greet,
I flaunt the claims of my Ladye Fair;
And the spoils of the best and the bravest
there
I lay them at her feet.

No longer thro' the land I rove:
An errant knight, to prove my love,
And succor the distrest;
No more o'er mountain moor and vale,
I ride in search of the Holy Grail
That I see in vision blest:

Yet tho' my helm is rusted o'er,
And tho' I charge the foe no more,
Encased in armor bright,
Within my soul the fire still glows,
Nor rest my wandering spirit knows
For still I am a knight.

Still, in the fight I hold aloft,
My Lady's favor, silken soft.
And still the glamorous light
That gleams in eyes of darkest hue,
To love and honor keeps me true
A pure and stainless knight.

So living, live I, that when I
Forsake this scene and upward fly
To the eternal light.
The Master shall pronounce my name
And heaven's heralds shall proclaim
Behold a gentle knight!

—U. U.

Never Put Off.

(The Rev. J. Arthur Alderson, in the 'Young Man.')

'Never put off till to-morrow that which ought to be done to-day.'

Sound, excellent advice, and a sure remedy for the cure of idle, lazy habits.

It is strange what a propensity there is, especially amongst young people, to put off the performance of any duty, and to make excuses for delay, when there is really no occasion. If there are lessons to be learnt, instead of learning them overnight, they are often put off and learnt on the way to school in the morning. If told to perform some little matter at home, fifty reasons are generally ready for putting off; and when presently reminded that it is not done, 'I haven't had time yet,' or 'I am just going to do it,' are offered as excuses, which, however, if enquired into, it would be difficult to support by satisfactory evidence.

Very much of this arises, perhaps, from thoughtlessness and carelessness; but the habit is bad, and should be guarded against, for if it becomes confirmed, it may stamp your character and blight your prospects.

Arthur Doubleday, one of my school-fellows, was a high-spirited, intelligent boy, but sadly addicted to putting off everything for present enjoyment. As a consequence, he could seldom repeat his lessons correctly, made but little progress at school, and when he left, though he was a sharp lad, was certainly not a good scholar.

An opportunity offered for getting him into a London warehouse, and, furnished with a strong letter of recommendation, he went to town, with instructions to present the letter immediately on his arrival; but, delighted at the wonders of the great city, he thought there could be no hurry for a day or two. He should like to see a little before he settled down to business. So he put off his application till some four days after his arrival, and then learnt that the place had been filled up the previous day.

Another, but inferior, situation was obtained for him, but here he was constantly behind with his work, doing to-day what ought to have been done yesterday, until one day, having been sent with some money for the immediate payment of a bill, he met a friend and stayed talking so long, that the time he ought to have returned being past, he put off paying the bill till next day, and without any dis-

honest intention, kept the money in his pocket. But the next day and the next, some other excuse was found for putting it off, and, in the meanwhile, the party to whom the money was owing applied to his master for it. This, of course, caused enquiries to be made, and, though Arthur at once handed the money over, and tried to explain why he had not paid it, his master dismissed him on the spot, and refused to give him a character.

In despair, he enlisted for a soldier, got into evil company, and went to the bad. His lot might have been very different if, in early life, he had learnt that he should 'never put off until to-morrow what he ought to do to-day.'

You will find it greatly advantageous to get into the habit of letting each day do its own work.

There are some occasions when young people are willing enough to carry out the principle of the proverb. If opportunity occurs for a game of cricket, or there is an interesting book to read, or a party to go to, then they are quite ready to cry, 'Never put off till to-morrow that which ought to be done to-day.' But when you do this, you must take care to ascertain that these are the things that ought to be done to-day. There are times and seasons for all things. If to-day you ought to work, then work cheerfully; but, if to-day you feel honestly that you can and ought to seek recreation, then I would heartily recommend you to go in for it.

I remember to have read somewhere that on an ancient sun-dial was inscribed these words:—

'Take time in time, while time lasts;
All time's no time, when time's past.'

This is an important truth in a few words. To-day is yours, use it—

'Seize the minutes as they fly';

for, once past, they cannot be recalled, and to-day will never be yours again.

Let, then, each day have its appointed duties, whether those duties appertain to in-

struction, to recreation, or to work; whether they relate to your welfare in this world, or to your eternal welfare in the next.

'Never put off till to-morrow that which ought to be done to-day.'

The Boy Who 'Holds On.'

(By H. Margaret Fairlie.)

'Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yard arm, if he lets go he'll drown,' said a ship's passenger to Rudyard Kipling's father, twenty-five years ago. But his father, who knew his son, was not alarmed. 'Yes, if he lets go, he'll drown,' he said, 'but he won't let go.'

Rudyard Kipling 'held on,' even when a boy, to the things that were hardest, and when other boys were deep in the tales of pirates bold, he was holding to his Chaucer or Shakespeare. He 'held on' long enough in India, when friends urged him back to greater things in London, to write 'Plain Tales from the Hills,' and no boy but will agree that if these stirring stories were the result, it was worth while holding on.

The battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift, but for the boy who has determination to 'hold on' when the climb is hardest, the ladder will soon be scaled, even if the top is hidden in the cloud.

The boy who is looking out for a 'soft spot,' or the one who was born under a 'lucky star,' are mostly the boys who sit later on at the foot of the ladder, while the boys who have found their way into history, are those who have worked their way there.

Difficulties are to test the metal you are made of, and the result will only ring true if you know no such thing as fear, or the inclination to 'let go.'—Selected.

The best help is not to bear the troubles of others for them, but to inspire them with courage and energy to bear their burdens for themselves and meet the difficulties of life bravely.—Lubbock.

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LITTLE FOLKS

To the Little Children.

(By Marian F. Stringer.)

Little children, little children,
Do you like this world of ours
Do you think it very lovely,
With its birds and trees and flowers?
With the soft, blue sky above you,
And the kindly friends who love you?
Little children, little children,
Do you like the quiet night,
When the stars look down upon you,
And the moon sheds silver light?
When the angels seem most near you
In the darkness sent to cheer you?
Little children, little children,
With your love so true and free,
With your voices, sweet and joyous,
And your laughter full of glee,
It is you who make the gladness
Of this world of care and sadness.
When at night you kiss us fondly—
Trusting us, you know not why—
When our names in prayer you murmur,
Ere in peaceful sleep you lie,
We, too, feel God's angels near us—
Little children sent to cheer us.

When Mary Dolly Stirred Up the Beehive.

(Helen M. Richardson, in the 'Child's Hour.')
Hour.'

'Don't stir up that beehive, Mary Dolly, if you do you'll surely get stung,' cautioned Aunt Jane Sanderson, as her restless niece poked two or three lazy bees from the side of the hive, for the pleasure of seeing them 'glue themselves on again,' which was Mary Dolly's quaint way of putting it. 'Why not, Aunt Jane? I've done it lots of times. The bees don't seem to care,' carelessly answered Mary Dolly as she poked another bee from its resting place.

'The bees will let you know why, in a minute or two, if you keep on,' Aunt Jane replied grimly.

'But I've done it lots of times, Aunt Jane, and the bees don't care a mite, truly they don't. Why should they make a fuss about it now?' persisted the little girl.

'Because the hive is nearly empty and the sentries are all on guard. When the hive is full there is not nearly as much danger from angry bees,' her aunt replied as she quietly took the stick from Mary Dolly's hand; not a moment too soon, either, as an angry buzzing above their heads warned them.

'Come right into the house and let me put some salt and vinegar on it,' Aunt Jane commanded, as Mary Dolly suddenly cried out and brought her hand down upon a bee that had left its sting in her forehead.

'Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I'd minded you and let 'em alone, Aunt Jane!' she moaned as another bee left its mark of indignation upon her neck. 'Salt and vinegar'll fix it all right,'

What The Birds Sang.

'Hark to the birds!' said Lilla, as she leant back on the low stone wall and looked up to the blue sky, where the birds were gaily singing. 'They are so glad Spring has come, they are singing "Spring is here! Spring is here!"'

'Not a bit of it!' said her little brother

so much of eating,' said Lilla, trying to make John feel ashamed of himself for his greedy speech. 'Grown up birds and gentle little girl-birds like the Spring because of the sunshine and flowers—at least, that is what I do. I love primroses;' and Lilla looked at the big basket of fresh, sweet primroses she



John. 'That is not what the birds are saying! Don't you see them looking at the plough yonder? They are saying, "Make haste, farmer; plough the fields and sow the corn, and then we will come and eat a good lot of it before you take it to the mill on the hill to be ground into flour."'

'It's only the boy-birds who sing that. Boy-birds are like real boys, and think

assured her aunt. 'But the next time I caution you against stirring up a beehive with a stick, perhaps you'll remember how it feels to be stung,' was her grimly humorous suggestion.

Mary Dolly cried out again when the salt and vinegar was applied, but Aunt Jane assured her that it was the best thing she knew of to take away the poison from the sting, and that it would

had just gathered, and which lay on the grass at her feet.

'I like apples better!' said that dreadful John. 'You can eat apples, and you cannot eat primroses!'

'Oh, John!' laughed Lilla, 'you are really too greedy;' and John laughed too, for he was half in fun, after all, and not really greedy.—From Darton's 'Leading Strings.'

'feel better after it had done aching.'

Mary Dolly always liked to learn about things; so as she lay on the couch being doctored she asked her aunt to explain to her why a crowded beehive should be more peaceful than one that was not thickly inhabited.

'Well, you see every hive of bees has a number of sentries to guard it,' explained Aunt Jane. 'These are the

bees to be feared. The rest are cowardly, and when alarmed they always fly to their storehouses and gorge themselves with honey. When full, a bee cannot bend its body to sting. I have seen your uncle puff smoke into a hive that was full of bees and thus stupify the sentries. He could then take the other bees in his hand as if they were so many beans, and the bees would never harm him. He could then take away the combs that were full of honey; but he had to work rapidly, for if the stupified sentries had suddenly come to, they would have been apt to have made it pretty lively for him.

'I never knew that bees were so wise,' said Mary Dolly, for the moment forgetting the pain of her stings in her interest in what her aunt was telling her.

'Far too wise to be pestered with sticks,' her aunt assured her. At which reminder Mary Dolly blushed guiltily.

'I never shall do it again, Aunt Jane,' she declared; and then she hastened to say, lest her aunt might misunderstand her, 'because — because — well, I guess it's because you have taught me better than to do it,' concluded the little girl.

It was not many weeks before Mary Dolly had grown as expert at handling bees as was her Uncle James. Aunt Jane made her a bee mask so that if by chance one of the sentries should happen to recover before the laden honeycombs had been removed, it could not sting her face; and her hands were also protected by thick leather gloves.

'It's lots more fun than pestering them with sticks,' she confided to her uncle, one day, as she held in her hand several bees so gorged with honey that all they could manage to do was to roll around and tumble over each other.

'Yes, we always get more pleasure out of kindness than from pestering creatures weaker than ourselves,' her uncle answered, as he picked up a little bee from the ground where it had fallen in its stupified helplessness. 'My bees all seem to know me, and I never remember to have been stung by one.'

'I mean to teach them to know me, too,' asserted Mary Dolly. 'It is so nice to have even bees friendly. But if Aunt Jane hadn't caught me poking a stick into the beehive, that day, I don't suppose I ever should have found it out, though,' she confessed.

Our New Friend.

(Edna Holman, in the 'Youth's Companion'.)

We have a new playmate at our house who comes every evening. He began by quietly taking a seat in the corner by the begonia pots. He had nothing to say, and as I am always a little shy about talking to anybody who makes no remarks himself, we sat in an interested silence through a whole evening. The next night, when we came out from

supper, he was in the same corner, awaiting us. This time the children were at home. They tried to get him to talking, but he would answer none of their questions.

The next evening we found him in his accustomed seat.

'Look here, old chap,' said Jack, rather boldly, considering the visitor's dignified manners, 'aren't you hungry? I've never seen you eat a bite yet. Can I bring you something from the supper-table?'

At this our silent friend moved never a muscle. But to our surprise, a minute after, out of his mouth darted his tongue, and that very instant a fly that had been roosting on the nearest begonia pot suddenly disappeared.

'He meant that for an answer! He answered me! He's beginning to get acquainted!' cried Jack, jubilantly.

'Pooh! Probably he just happened to do that then!' said Ruth. 'And anyway, I don't suppose it's the same toad that was here the other night!'

'You don't? Well, I mean to find out whether this one comes again, anyhow!' said Jack. He ran into the house, but was soon out, with something in his hand. 'Could I have one of your doll's hair ribbons, please, Ruth?'

Our friend's skill at catching flies was certainly remarkable.

As soon as she could get her fascinated eyes off the toad's little swift tongue, Ruth hunted up a bit of blue ribbon out of her doll carriage.

'See now!' said Jack. 'This rubber band is so soft that it can't hurt him. And it isn't tight. Before it got to bothering him at all, it would break, you see. I'll tie an end of this ribbon to it and put it round his neck for a collar. He won't mind.'

And he did not. He turned up, cravat and all, the next evening, and has visited us every night since. The children 'help him.' They move him up and down, from place to place, wherever his sticky tongue can find good hunting. It will shoot to the left, or the right, or straight up, so quickly that we can scarcely see it.

Ada's Lesson.

(Hilda Richmond, in 'Sunday School Times'.)

'We have drawing and music, writing and spelling and 'rithmetic and ever so many other things in our school,' said Ada, who was checking them off on her fingers as she spoke.

'What do you and Fred study at your school, Ella?' she went on.

'We've never been to school,' said Fred and Ella together. 'Mamma teaches us at home.'

'Never been to school, and you're eight years old!' said Ada, in surprise. 'Isn't that awful!'

'Our school house burned down just before school commenced,' said Ella. 'We'll go next term.'

'I suppose you don't know very much

then,' said Ada. 'Of course, your mamma hasn't much time to hear your lessons. We have a drawing teacher and a regular teacher and a music teacher, besides a superintendent. It keeps us just awful busy.'

Fred and Ella looked very sober after that. They loved their mamma and thought she knew everything without looking in any book, but she was very busy and some days they had very short lessons. They had no drawing nor music, and they did not even know what Ada meant when she talked about 'nature study.' They were sorry their mamma had said their lessons should go right on during their cousin's visit, for she would find out how little they knew.

'Mr. Masters wants six and one-half dozen of eggs at sixteen cents a dozen,' said Mr. Forbes, coming in just then. 'Which of you children can tell me how much that would be?'

'Where is a pencil?' said Ada, looking around for a piece of paper. 'I know I can tell quicker than anybody.'

'One dollar and four cents!' cried Fred, and a minute later Ella said it, too.

'How do you know?' asked Ada, in surprise, dropping her paper. 'You have had that problem before!'

'No, we haven't,' said Fred; 'but every time we gather the eggs mamma asks us how much they will bring in market. She makes problems out of everything and won't let us take a pencil to work them.'

'I never get my highest grades in 'rithmetic,' said Ada, 'but in Nature Study I often get one hundred.'

Fred and Ella asked what Nature Study meant.

'Why, it's about trees and flowers,' said Ada. 'It shows how to tell trees and plants.'

'Oh, is that it?' cried both children. 'Can you tell what every tree is by looking at it?'

'Our book shows every tree,' said Ada, positively. 'I know them all.'

'What is that one out there?' asked Mr. Forbes.

'I—I guess I'd have to look at my book to tell,' said Ada. 'Anyway, it's got the leaves all on, and our book shows the leaves. I think it must be an oak tree.'

'That's the tree we got our hickory nuts off of,' said Ella.

That day Mrs. Forbes cut her hand, and Fred and Ella got dinner. They had baked potatoes, fried eggs, baked apples and fried sausage all on the table when their papa came in, cold and hungry.

When her mamma came for her, Ada had learned many things. 'Mamma,' she said, 'Fred and Ella have never gone to school, and they know lots more than I do. And the worst of it all is that I told them how much I knew. I've told them how sorry and ashamed I am, and they have forgiven me, but I wish I hadn't talked that way.'

Temperance

Teddie.

(By Alice M. Guernsey.)

Ho, Johnnie, and Jackie, and Freddie,
And Katie, and Susie, and May,
I'll tell you the story of Teddie!
(Perhaps you have seen him already
He lives just adown by the Bay.)

Your homes are all sunny and cheery,
Your mamas are happy and glad,
But Teddie's mamma gets so weary
That sometimes her eyes are all teary,
Then Teddie looks lonely and sad.

She stitches away at her sewing
Till shadows creep over the earth,
And Teddie plays by her, unknowing
How fast he is stretching and growing,
As he's done every day since his birth.

But some time—and this is the pity,
Those little brown feet may not stay
At home. Up and down through the city
They'll hurry—most out of his wit, he
Will run upon errands all day.

And O! for the traps that await him,
All shining with silvery gleam!
With 'lunch' that is 'free' they will bait him,
With 'jolly good fellowship' mate him,
Till life seems a beautiful dream.

Alas for the waking! Must Teddie,
And other dear lads whom I know,
Thus wander with footsteps unsteady?
Or were it not better, my Freddie,
To destroy all these traps at a blow?
—Selected.

The Two Glasses.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.

Said the Glass of Wine to his paler brother,
'Let us tell tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might;
For the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch, as though struck with
blight.

From the heads of Kings I have torn the
crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men
down.

I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than any King am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail.
I have made the good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the host were sweet to me.

Fame, strength, wealth, genius before me fall;
And my might and power are over all.
Ho! ho! pale brother,' said the Wine,
'Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?'

Said the Water Glass: 'I cannot boast
Of a King dethroned, or a murdered host;
But I can tell of hearts that were sad
By my crystal drops made bright and glad;
Of thirsts I have quenched, and brows I have
laved,

Of hands I have cooled, and souls I have saved.
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down
the mountain,

Slept in the sunshine, and dripped from the
fountain.

I have burst my cloud fetters and dropped
from the sky,

And everywhere gladdened the prospect and
eye;

I have eased the hot forehead of fever and
pain;

I have made the parched meadows grow fer-
tile with grain.

I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour, and turned at my
will.

I can tell of manhood debased by you
That I have uplifted and crowned anew;

I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;

I set the wine-chained captive free,
And all are better for knowing me.'

These are the tales they told each other,
The Glass of Wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.

The Hero of the North Pole and Strong Drink.

All boys and girls have heard of the great
Norwegian explorer, who a few years ago got
nearer to the North Pole than anyone had
ever got before, and who, after untold suffer-
ings from frost and icebergs, returned in his
famous vessel the 'Fram.' Well, Dr. Nansen,
when a guest at a dinner of medical and
other scientists, held at Munich, was asked,
'Did you take any alcohol with you when
you left the 'Fram' to make your heroic ex-
pedition by sledges?' 'No,' said Nansen, 'for
if I had done so I should never have return-
ed.'

Drunkenness Among Women.

May S. Maloney, in an article in the Phila-
delphia 'North American' on drinking and
drunkenness among women, declares that 90
percent of the women arrested owe their
trouble to drink, that the evil is upon the
increase, that it is by no means confined to
the so-called 'lower classes,' but numbers
among its victims large numbers of 'respect-
able' women, and that the saloon is the
chief factor in the temptation of women. In
the articles Miss Mary Gallagher of the Ele-
venth-street Police Station is quoted as say-
ing: 'After all, the drink habit formed in
respectable social life is probably responsible
for the presence in the Tenderloin of more
women than any other one cause.' Mrs. Z.
P. Cavender, matron in the Twenty-eight Po-
lice District, is quoted as saying: 'There
wouldn't be even two drunken women in this
district if saloons weren't all about us, open
for business at all times.'

HOUSEHOLD.

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

The home dressmaker should keep a
little catalogue scrap book of the daily
pattern cuts. These will be found very
useful to refer to from time to time.



2000.—Childs' low-necked one-piece dress,
slipped on over the head.—Five sizes—1 to 9
years. For 5 years the dress needs $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards
of material 20 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36 or
42 inches wide.

1911.—Childs' round-yoked dress, with long
or short sleeves.—Four sizes— $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 years.
For a child of 3 years the dress requires $4\frac{1}{4}$
yards of material 20 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards
36 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 42 inches wide.

2641.—Ladies' tucked shirt-waist.—Six sizes
—32 to 42 bust. For 36 bust, the waist re-
quires 4 yards 20 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27
inches wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, or 2
yards 42 inches wide.

2440.—Ladies' shirt-waist.—Six sizes—32 to
42 bust. For 36 bust, the waist requires $4\frac{1}{2}$
yards 20 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches
wide, $2\frac{2}{3}$ yards 36 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards
42 inches wide.

Always give the size wanted as well as
number of the pattern, and mention the name
of the design or else cut out the illustration
and send with the order. Price of each num-
ber 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The
following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No., size
....., name of pattern,
as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10
cents.

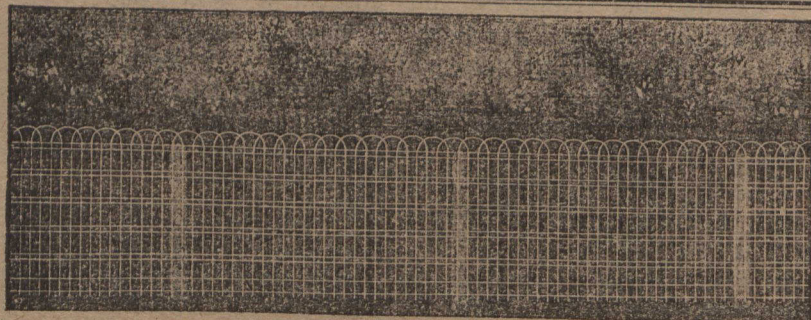
Be sure to give your name and address
clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messen-
ger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Mont-
real.

The Fragrance of a Gentle Life.

Once in crossing a meadow I came to a spot
that was filled with fragrance. Yet I could
see no flowers, and I wondered whence the
fragrance came. At last I found, low down,
close to the ground, hidden by the tall grass,
innumerable little flowers. It was from these
that the fragrance came.

I enter some homes. There is a rich per-
fume of love that pervades all the place. It
may be a home of wealth and luxury or it



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may be plain and bare. No matter; it is not the house, nor the furniture, nor the adornment that makes this air of sweetness. I look closely. It is a gentle woman-mother or daughter, quiet, hiding herself away from whose life the fragrance flows.

There is a wondrous charm in a gentle spirit. The gentle girl in a home may not be beautiful, may not be educated, may not be musical or an artist or 'clever' in any way, but wherever she moves she leaves a benediction. Her sweet patience is never disturbed by the sharp words that fall about her. The children love her because she never tires of them. She helps them with their lessons, listens to their frets and worries, mends their broken toys, makes dolls' dresses, straightens out the tangles and settles their little quarrels and finds time to play with them. When there is sickness in the house she is an angel of comfort. Her face is always bright with the outshining of love. Her voice has music in it as it falls in cheerful tenderness on the sufferer's ear. Her hands are wondrously gentle as their soothing touch rests on the aching head, as they minister in countless ways about the bed of pain.

The lives that make the world so sweet
Are shy, and hide like the humble flowers.
We pass them by with our careless feet,
Nor dream 'tis their fragrance fills the
bower
And cheers and comforts us hour by hour.

What are Yqur Marching Orders?

In the presence of the Duke of Wellington, some officers once spoke slightly of Christian missions. The old Iron Duke was mightily stirred.

'When the chief issues marching orders,' he demanded, 'what are you, the inferior officers of the army, to do?'

'Well, then, take the marching orders of your Chief—"Go ye into all the world and

preach." Your duty is to march and fight. The responsibility of success lies with the Commander, not with you.'

Thus did his clear and vigorous mind sufficiently dispose at once of a precious pair of objections that are even yet made to do service against foreign missions, viz., duty does not require it, and the time and money thus used are thrown away. It is only wilfulness that can still urge the first objection, and only ignorance that can even mention the



Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

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Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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