

Minding Mother.

Listen for a moment! I have to say: I've been near you, day after day, while you are passing that intervening span, the boy who minds his mother makes a wicked man.

How They Helped.

Their first visit to the country, of twenty-four hours they spent that it should be their last. Father was a hale, energetic man, too busy to do more than tell to go ahead and have a good and grandmother was equally busy with her cooking, and dairy, and there were no boys in the neighborhood, and none of the amusement which they had been accustomed to.

you into the mysteries of horseback riding, and perhaps to show you a little something about drawing and picture-making. How does the proposition strike you? Actions are said to speak louder than words; and in this case Uncle Jack was perfectly satisfied to see Harry's hat go promptly into the air, and Ben's feet perform a wonderful impromptu dance above his head.

The next morning Uncle Jack was awakened by excited whispering in the hall. On going out, he found Harry and Ben waiting with expectant faces. 'We beat the sun up,' announced Harry, eagerly. 'First time since we've been here,' echoed Ben, grinning.

Uncle Jack's eyes twinkled. 'Good sign,' he said. 'Now we'll go down and get breakfast and have a good big luncheon put up. Probably we shall not return before dark.' That night the boys were 'tired all the way through,' as Ben expressed it, but there was not a shadow of discontent left on their faces.

As the days went by, their enthusiasm seemed to increase rather than diminish. Uncle Jack had such a way with him that between anticipation and fun, their spirits seemed bound to bubble over all the time. Within a week they could distinguish the call of a robin from that of a sparrow, or bluebird, or crow, and were beginning to know something about animals and insects and grasses, and about the leaves of the different trees.

Six Things Behind. BY SYDNEY DAYRE. 'Rufus,' said his mother, 'did you mail the letter I gave you last evening?' 'Oh, mother—I forgot it. I meant to, but just then I had to go and get some new shoe strings, so it went out of my mind.

'Didn't I speak of those strings yesterday morning?' 'Yes, but just then father had called me to ask if I had weeded the pansy bed the night before.' 'And had you?' 'No, mother, I was just then writing the letter you said must go to grandma—'

'I thought you were to write that on Saturday.' 'I meant to, but I had to do some examples that I didn't do on Friday, so I hadn't time.' 'Rufus,' called his brother, 'didn't you nail the broken slat on the rabbit pen yesterday?' 'Oh, Rufus sprang up in dismay, 'I was just going to, but I hadn't watered the house plants, and I went to do that, and then—'

'The rabbits are all out.' Rufus hastened to join in the hunt for the pets. In the course of his search he came upon two tennis racquets which he had meant to bring in the night before, and they were in bad condition.

live all the time under a burden of undone duties. 'Well, it does seem,' said Rufus reflectively, 'as though I was always about six things behind.' 'That is a poor way to get along.' 'I guess it is,' agreed Rufus, with energy. 'Then why don't you try a better way? It is a bad, bad habit. A habit clings to us, and grows stronger every time we yield to it. It is more brick added to the character we are building. A brick is a small thing, and they are laid one by one, but as a wall of habit rises day by day how fearfully strong it is, if the habit is a bad one. If you carry your habit into manhood—dragging along your burden of delayed or a man you will be.'

'I shouldn't like to be that,' said Rufus, soberly. 'I hope you will not.' 'But it does seem as though I never could get caught up.' 'Brace yourself to it, my boy. Ask for the help we all need, even in what we consider our smaller duties, and then be on the alert to do every duty in its proper time. Promptness and reliability are among the best foundation stones on which a boy can build character.'

Saturday in Holland. Saturday in Holland is exclusively devoted to house-cleaning, within and without. Early in the morning every stick of furniture is carefully rubbed and wiped and taken out of the house. Then the women, with their skirts tucked up, entirely flood the rooms with bucket after bucket of water, brought up from the canal by means of the shoulder yoke. With broom and brush they scour and scrub the red-tiled floor and finally pull up a plug in one corner to let the water flow out—let us hope into the canal.

While the floor is drying, a great polishing goes on in the street. Quaint old brass lamps and candlesticks, tobacco-boxes and ash-trays, huge milk cans—all are burnished until, like golden mirrors, they reflect the red-checked, white-capped faces bent over them. The lacquer man is busy on Saturday. He goes from house to house painting the bread-trays and honey-cake boxes with designs of gaudy birds and wondrous leaves and flowers.

The street is in a turmoil until noon, when order is partially restored and the scanty mid-day meal partaken of. In the afternoon washing is resumed. The exteriors of the cottages are scrubbed from room to pavement and every trace of mold removed, for in this low, wet air the green moss gathers very quickly. Then the bright pavements are drenched and carefully dried, and I have even seen the women slip off their sabots and tiptoe to their doorways in their wooden chaussons, so as not to soil the immaculate sidewalk.

Lastly, toward evening, the entire village goes to the canal and all the sabots are washed and whitened with pumice stone, spotless for the morrow. On Saturday evening all the pickets of the low back fences are decorated with rows of dripping foot-gear, carefully graduated in size from the big wooden shoes of the father down to the tiny sabots of the youngest born.—Mary A. Peixotto, in Scribner's.

The Best We Have. 'If I must needs glory, I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities.' The Jews' sacrifice was an animal, and it was not to be 'evil-favored.' Our sacrifice (and I am glad of it) is to take in our bodies as well as our souls; yet, if we could not offer to God these bodies of ours with all the infirmities and blemishes that have come upon us, not perhaps from a life of sinfulness, but of misfortune rather, where would we be? Paul here says, 'I will glory of the things which concern mine infirmities.'

I thank God that we can bring to him what sin has damaged, and what we have damaged! This consecration takes in the best we have got, whether body or soul or mind. If we could not glorify God in our infirmities, and give to the glory of God in our infirmities—all, some of us have almost nothing but infirmities to glory in.

BABY IN THE HOME.

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They cost 25 cents a box. You can find them at your druggist's or, if you do not, forward the money direct to us and we will send the tables prepaid. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Dept. T., Brockville, Ont. Story of The Boy Who said 'I Won't' The other day Freddy burst out crying in school, and he cried as if his heart would break. Did another boy pinch or hurt him? No. Was his spelling lesson too hard? What are those tears for? His teacher called him to her and asked Freddy what the matter was.

'I want to go home. Oh, do let me go!' sobbed Freddy. 'What for, dear child?' asked the teacher. 'Oh,' said Freddy, 'I said 'I won't to my mother before school, and I want to go home and tell her how sorry I am, and ask her to forgive me!'

The teacher let him go, and thought, as she watched his little form flying past the window in his haste, to get to the mother he had wronged, of the many heartaches caused by thoughtless words spoken in anger to dear ones then no longer living to hear the 'Forgive me.'—Minnie J. E. Muelles. CAN RECOMMEND IT.—Mr. Enos Bornberry, Tuscarora, writes: 'I am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it.'

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