

Our Boys and Girls.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

"I hate this little, low-roofed house,
This hill-bound valley home;
I long to see the glorious world
And 'mid new scenes to roam.

"The sun just rises here and sets,
The days are all the same;
There's nothing grand to do or see,
And everything is tame."

Years passed. The boy of restless
heart
Had wandered far and wide;
Had tossed upon the ocean wave,
And climbed the Jungfrau's side.

Had journeyed from the Golden Gate
To storied Eastern lands,
And pitched his tent where Afric's
streams
"Roll down their golden sands;"

Had glided through the Grand Canal
'Neath soft Venetian skies;
And in strange Northern lands had seen
The sun at midnight rise.

Through many cities grand and great
In wonder he had trod,
And on historic battlefields
His feet had pressed the sod.

He roamed through galleries of art
And palaces of kings,
And filled his memory with store
Of rare and wondrous things;

And then he came to that small vale,
Content no more to roam,
And said, "There's not in all the world
So sweet a place as home!"

—Selected.

LITTLE MR. BRAG.

"Been out in the woods yet?" Ned
Gray asked Johnny Lee.

"No-o-o," said Johnny, looking doubt-
fully at the timber-clad hill opposite.
He had lived all his life on the bright,
breezy, open prairie, where he could see
for miles and miles around, and he was
half-afraid of the dusky, whispering
woods. He was just getting acquainted
with Ned Gray, and liked him, but he
was not at all sure that he wanted to
get acquainted with the trees, or would
like them.

"I have," said Ned. "I've been out
there alone many a time. The trees
come right up to the back of our house.
You come with me and I'll show you
the way. You go between our house
and Wilson's. There's Rosy Wilson at
the gate. Rosy, do you want to go to
the woods?"

Johnny slowly followed Ned to Rosy's
gate. "I don't know," said Rosy.
"They say there's a mad dog around."
"Ho, I'm not afraid of mad dogs.
If I saw a mad dog coming, I'd take a
big stick and whack him over the nose.
No dog can stand that, and 'specially a
mad dog. I'm not afraid of mad dogs,
are you, Johnny? You come along,
Rosy, and I'll keep 'em off."

Johnny did not say anything. He
had never met a mad dog, and he had a
strong suspicion that he would be very
much frightened if he should meet one.
His knees shook at the very thought.

Rosy came, and Ned strutted along be-
side her with a very important air, while
Johnny meekly walked behind and look-
ed admiringly at them. He thought

Ned the bravest boy he had ever seen,
and Rosy the prettiest girl.

At the edge of the woods they stop-
ped to cut some sticks. Ned knew
exactly how, and he cut two—long,
stout sticks, with a little knob at the
end where the spreading branches were
trimmed off.

"I'm pretty brave, I guess," said Ned,
as they walked on. "I'm not afraid of
anything. Why, if a runaway team
should come tearing down the road, I'd
as lief run out in the road in front of
'em as not; and if a bear should come
growling out of those bushes, I'd hit
him over the head, and he'd drop dead,
I s'pect."

Johnny looked tearfully at the bushes,
and a prickly feeling crept from the top
of his head down his back.

Now, it happened that Mr. Green,
who lived just over the hill, had gone
to town that day, and left poor old Bose
shut up in the woodshed. Bose howled
and growled, and flung himself against
the door, until the latch gave way; then
the big dog darted out the door and joy-
fully flew toward—not round by the
road, but straight through the woods.—
straight toward two little boys and a lit-
tle girl who were gathering acorn cups
under a big burr oak. Down the hill
he tore, with his tongue hanging out
and his eyes fixed, a fearful thing to see.
He scarcely noticed the children. He
was thinking only of overtaking the
wagon as quickly as possible; but they
saw him.

Johnny was so scared that he never
knew how it happened, but when he
came to himself he found that he was
standing in front of Rosy with his stick
raised, and Bose was gone—and Ned,
too.

Ned crawled out of the bushes pres-
ently, looking very white and shame-
faced. "You see, I didn't know
whether he as a m-mad or not," he
stammered. "If I'd been sure he was
mad, I'd have—I'd have"—

They strolled on again, with their
faces toward home, and Rosy walked by
Johnny this time, and Ned walked alone
a little ahead, and strutting more than
ever. Just to show that he was not
afraid of anything, not he, he ran up
and thrust his stick into a clump of
bushes. With a thump and a bump and
a snort, a dreadful creature sprang out.
For a moment Rosy and Johnny clung
together, with their eyes shut, too
frightened to speak or move.

"Ma-a-a," said the dreadful creature.

Then Rosy and Johnny opened their
eyes and saw the dearest little red-and-
white wobbly-legged calf that ever was.

On the way home Rosy and Johnny
met Ned, just at the edge of the woods,
coming slowly and fearfully back.

"W—what was it?" he gasped.

"A teeny, tinity calkie," cried Rosy,
rather severely.

They walked on, Ned a little behind
the others, with his hands thrust very
deep into his pockets, and his head
drooping.

After a little while he said, in a small
voice, "I guess I'm not very brave, after
all;" but surely that was a brave thing
to say, for it was always hard for Ned
to admit that he was in the wrong.

Johnny smiled. "Pshaw," he said,
"you're as brave as I am. I was awful
scared. I s'pect I'd have run, too, but
my feet wouldn't go." — *Lutheran
Evangelist.*

Difficulties are God's errands; and
when we are sent upon them we should
esteem it a proof of God's confidence.—
Beecher.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry

Is a Harmless, Reliable, Rapid and
Effectual Cure for

**Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic,
Cramps, Pain in the Stomach,
Cholera, Cholera Infantum,
Cholera Morbus, Sea Sickness,
Summer Complaint, and all
Fluxes of the Bowels in Children
or Adults.**

Don't experiment with new and untried
remedies when you can get Dr. Fowler's. It
has been used in thousands of homes in Canada
for nearly sixty years and has always given
satisfaction.

Every home should have a bottle so as to
be ready in case of emergency.

THE BOY THAT BETTED.

He was one of those jolly, sweet-
tempered, obliging boys whom every
one likes; and grandma declared that
he had but one fault, he would use
slang, and his pet verb was "bet."

"It is strange," grandma said, "that
a boy who has been brought up to use
good language, should form such a bad
habit."

He was seldom, if ever, heard to use
the verbs "think," "guess," "presume,"
or the adverbs "perhaps," or "pro-
bably." If he liked anything it was
"out of sight;" if not, he "bet" it
wasn't "worth a kick." He "bet" he
should miss in spelling, and he "bet" it
would rain great guns."

The whole family had tried to break
him of the habit, but it did no good.
After a time his brothers nicknamed
him "Betty," and then his friends
thought the name very appropriate, and
in a little while nearly every one except
his mother and grandmother seemed to
have forgotten that he had any other
name. But that didn't trouble him; he
seemed to like the name "Betty" just
as well as the name Henry, and he "bet-
ted" just as much as ever.

One day his brother Charles was at
the railway station, when quite a good
crowd of passengers were waiting for
a train which was late.

"Hello, Charles Spenser!" one of his
boy friends called.

Then a lady came to him, and asked:
"Was your mother Elizabeth Porter?
I used to know an Elizabeth Porter who
married a Charles Spenser, and I think
she lives in this place."

Yes, Charles' mother had been Eliza-
beth Porter, and the lady was one of
her old friends.

"When I found that I must change
cars in this place I thought of my old
friend, and should have tried to find her
if I had had the time. Tell your mother

that Mary Graham sends her love, and
will write soon. Now tell me how many
brothers and sisters you have."

"There are three of us," said Charles.
"Arthur is 15, I am 12, and Betty is 10.
Betty looks just like mother," he add-
ed.

"Dear little Betty! I'd like to see her.
I suppose she is named Elizabeth, after
her mother."

Just then the train whistled, and there
was no time to explain that Betty's real
name was Henry, instead of Elizabeth.

This happened in November, and at
Christmas a box came by express for
the Spensers. There were pleasing
things in that box. Mary Graham had
remembered them most, trying to make
up for the years in which she and her old
friend had lost sight of each other.

There were books for father and mo-
ther, a camera for Arthur, a magic
lantern, with some delightful views for
Charles, and for "dear little Betty"
there was a beautiful doll. Just think
of it! A doll for a big boy of ten!

Perhaps you can imagine how keen
"Betty's" disappointment was as he
looked at the presents, and wondered
what his present would have been if the
lady had known that she was buying a
present for Henry instead of an Eliza-
beth.

"I am sorry! It was my fault, and
you may have a claim on the lantern,"
Charles said.

But Henry shook his head. "It is
my own fault; but I wish that nobody
would ever call me 'Betty' again."

Of course he was called "Betty" a
good many times afterwards, and, of
course, it was a hard struggle to over-
come the bad habit, but the Christmas
box "did the business," as Henry
would have said.

Now grandma says proudly, "There
isn't a boy in town who uses better
language than our Henry."—*Sunday-
school Times.*