Dreaming and Doing.

Dreaming is pleasant, I know, my boy;
Dreaming is pleasant, I know,
To dream of that wonderful far off day
When you'll be a man and have only to say
To this one and that one, do that and do this,
While your wishes fulfilment never shall miss,
May fill you with pleasure; but deeper the joy
Of doing a thing yourself, my boy.
Of doing a thing yourself.

Dreaming is pleasant. I know my girl;
Dreaming is pleasant, I know.
To dream of that far off wonderful day
When you'll be queen, and hold full sway
Over hearts that are loyal, and kind and just,
While your sweet "If you please" will mean "You must!"
May fill you with joy; but you'll find pleasure's pearl
In doing for others yourself, my girl,
In doing for others yourself.

The Day That Wasn't Lonesome.

Joanna and Jim sat on the front doorstep, their round chins resting in their fat little palms, their dimpled elbows on their knees.

They looked with squinted-up eyes at that big traveler the sun; he was only a few hours high, and they thought mournfully of the long, long time it would take for him to get round to his go-to-bed place, the ridge of Jump Mountain.

'Hello, Tom and Dick! what's happened at your house?' Old Dr. Thornton stopped his bay mare and his dusty rockaway in front of the children. He knew well enough their names were not Tom and Dick, but he was always pretending not to know.

'My name ain't Tom, insisted the little girl; 'my name is Joanna, and—'

'Oho!' said the merry old doctor, 'little gals have long curls,—they do; you can't fool me, because I've vaccinated too many of 'em; but where's your mother, John—anna?'

'Mother's gone away to spring-clean for Mrs. Haxall,' said Joanna, dolefully; 'she's got to, 'cause it's 'most time to buy another bag of flour.'

'And some more 'lasses,' prompted Jim; 'and she won't be back till sundown.'

'Poor babies!' said the good old doctor to himself, 'that is hard on you, but it's a good deal harder on her. Here, you little colts, have you got any dinner?'

'Oh, yes indeedy!' cried Joanna, looking more cheerful at the thought; 'there's two big pieces of bread and 'lasses in the cupboard, but mother said we mustn't eat it till the sun shined in the kitchen window.'

'Well, here's a little picnic for you to eat right now,' said the doctor; 'and mind you have every crumb of it eaten up, and the napkin shaken out clean, before I come back; do you hear?' He drew out a little covered basket from under his seat, and handed it down to the little people on the doorstep.

It was the doctors own dinner, which his wife had put up for him; a good dinner, I can tell you,—chicken-pie, and tongue, and buttered rolls, and hard-boiled eggs. She often made him promise not to give his dinner away; but fortunately for Joanna and Jim, he hadn't promised this day.

I'll be near Mr. Thomas Martin's about dinner-time,' said this good country doctor, as he touched up the bay mare, and left the children speechless with surprise, 'and I'll just stop and get a bite there. Poor lonesome little chicks! life's mighty hard on some folks.'

Often and often during the day the doctor sighed to think of the two unprotected children on the lonesome country roadside; sometimes there would be something in the corners of his eyes like teardrops, and the only thing that kept them from falling was the thought of how good Mother Thornton's chicken-pie would taste to them.

When he asked for some dinner at Mr. Martin's and owned up where his had gone to, Mrs. Martin's motherly eyes could not hide her teardrops; and when the doctor went to step in his buggy, there was a half-bushel basket on the seat beside him, for Joanna and Jim.

'Oh, look here now!' he cried, pretending to grumble, but looking as pleased as anything, 'do you take me for a market-wagon?'

'You seem mighty fond of givin' away your own dinner, doctor,' chuckled Mrs. Martin, 'I want you to try how it feels to give away some of other folk's.'

The bay mare must have wondered what put her master in such a hurry to get back over the road that day; she could not know how his kind old heart ached at the remembrance of Joanna and Jim, and the lonesome look in their eyes.

Up hill and down, at a good stiff trot, went the bay mare, until the doctor whoa-ed to her in front of the cottage door; there were no children in sight, but merry sounds came from the back yard, and there Dr. Thornton found the little forlornities he had been thinking about all day.

Sad? Lonely? Not a bit of it. For as soon as they had received such a fortune as the doctor's dinner-basket they began at once to think of sharing it with somebody.

Now their only neighbors were Dan Tinsley's children, poorer than themselves—oh, much poorer!—in that they had no mother, only a cross old woman who kept house for their drunken father.

They were not good children; poor things, how could they be? And Joanna's and Jim's mother was not anxious to have them about much.

'But mother would let us give them some of our goodies,' argued Joanna, 'cause mother is always wishing she had something to give 'em.'

So the three dirty, ragged Tinsleys were invited to the feast; and when the doctor came for his basket, he thought he had never seen two happier little people than Joanna and Jim. They had not missed mother a bit, nor been lonesome nor down-hearted; they had divided out even all round the bread and 'lasses too (when the sun got round to the kitchen window), and their little faces were fairly shining with the joy of hospitality.

'Well, well, well!' said the old doctor; 'the next time I see anybody having the blues, Tom and Dick, I'll send 'em to you for a prescription; one ounce of dividing what you've got with people who have less, dissolved in a whole day of spring sunshine, well shaken with romping—that's about it, hey?'

They had not the least idea what this queer old doctor meant, but they fell upon Mother Martin's big basket as if they knew mighty well what that meant, and the tired sun got to the ridge of Jump Mountain before Joanna or Jim had spent a lonesome hour.

The Power of Appetite.

A few years ago a noted wild beast trainer gave a performance with his pets in one of the leading London theatres. He took his lions, tigers, leopards and hyenas through their part of the entertainment, awing the audience by his wonderful nerve and his control over it. As a closing act to the performance, he was to introduce an enormous boa constrictor, thirty-five feet long. He had bought it when it was only two or three days old, and for twenty-five years he had handled it daily, so that it was considered perfectly harmless and completely under his control. He had seen it grow from a tiny reptile, which he had often carried in his bosom, into a fearful monster.

The curtain rises on an Indian woodland scene. The weird strains of an oriental band steal through the trees. A rustling noise is heard, and a huge serpent is seen winding its way through the undergrowth. It stops. Its head is erect. Its bright eyes sparkle. Its whole body seems animated. A man emerges from the heavy foliage, and their eyes meet. The serpent quails before the man—man is victor. The serpent is under the control of a master. Under his guidance and direction it performs a series of frightful feats. At a signal from the man it slowly approaches him and begins to coil its heavy folds around him. Higher and higher do they rise, until man and serpent seem blended into one. Its hideous head is reared aloft above the mass. The man gives a little scream, and the audience unites in a thunderous burst of applause, but it freezes upon their lips. The trainer's scream was a wail of death agony. Those cold, slimy folds had embraced him for the last time. They had crushed the life out of him, and the horror-stricken audience heard bone after bone crack, as those powerful folds tightened upon him. Man's plaything had become his master. His slave for twenty-five years had enslaved him.

In this horrible incident is portrayed the whole story of intemperance. The man who has taken the first glass of intoxicating liquor has the boa of intemperance in his bosom. If he throttles the monster now, it is easily done. But if he permits it to live, feeds and nourishes it, he may control it for even twenty-five years; but it is continually growing, and some day its soul-destroying folds will encircle his soul and bear it to those regions of woe "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." The unchangeable decree of Almighty God is: "No drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of God."—*Bible Teacher.*

What He Supposed.

The efforts of a certain literary man to turn himself into a successful "hen farmer," on an estate of two acres, affords his agricultural neighbors some excitement and no end of amusement. It is credibly related that, during the first year of his poultering, the amateur farmer discovered that all his little chickens, which were confined in coops, were languishing and dying. He went over all his books to see if he could find what ailed them, but in vain.

At last he called in one of his neighbors, and, showing him the thin and weak surviving chicks, asked:—

'What do you suppose is the matter with those chickens?'

'Well, I dunno,' said the farmer; 'what do you feed 'em?'

'Feed them? Why, I don't feed them anything!'

Then how did you expect they were goin' to live?'

'Why, I supposed the old hens had milk enough for them now.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Made-Over Gown.

'How do I look, grandma?'

Grandma White now turned around and looked at shy little Ruth in her pink wool gown. 'You look good enough to eat,' she said; 'just as pretty as a pink.'

'Does the dress really look well? asked Ruth, earnestly. 'Wouldn't you know that it was Aunt Mary's old dress that she had made over twice for herself? And it's pieced and pieced, O you don't know!'

'Dear me! I never should dream of it. Your mother has pieced it so nicely it doesn't show at all.'

'I'm so glad,' sighed Ruth. 'I wouldn't care if it wasn't for Belle Brooks, but she always has such nice clothes, and always makes fun of mine. The other girls laugh at the things she says, though sometimes they tell me afterward that they are sorry.'

'Never mind Belle Brooks,' said grandma. 'Be kind and pleasant to everyone, and pay no attention to rude speeches; that's the best way.'

'I know it, and I try to do so; but when Belle says such thingr I can't help crying sometimes.'

Grandma kissed the little girl goodbye. 'I hope you'll have a good time at the party,' she said.

When Ruth reached Mrs. Rand's where the party was, she was sent upstairs to take off her wraps; then she came down to the parlor, and there was Belle Brooks in a gay new silk gown, the only silk among all the girls. She did not speak to Ruth or appear to notice her, but presently said loud enough for all to hear: 'If I I had come to a party in my Aunt Mary's gown, I should expect they'd think I was Aunt Mary herself.

Some of the girls looked shocked, some laughed. Poor Ruth's cheeks flamed up as pink as her gown, and she went quickly out of the room and upstairs.

Mrs. Rand was in the back parlor and heard Belle's cruel speech, but the girls did not know it. She came now, opened the *portiere*, and said very quietly, and without looking at Belle: 'If I had come to a party in a dress once worn by worms, I would try and not act so people would think I was a mean little worm myself.' Then she went upstairs to find Ruth.

The girls all looked scared, and no one said anything. Belle's face was very red at first; then I think her good angel must have whispered to her, for she arose and went upstairs too.

And I think they must have had a peacemaking up there, for when the girls came down soon after they came smiling, hand in hand.—*The Mayflower.*

The Golden Rule.

'What a funny old umbrella! and big enough for a soldiers tent; I say, Marjory, did it come out of the ark?'

Now it was rather a large umbrella for so small a girl, and Marjory did look funny walking along with it in her hand, for the top of the handle reached to her shoulder; but no one knew or felt that fact more keenly than Marjory herself, and it was very rude of Harold to speak in such a way. But then I suppose that Harold must have forgotten that a brave, manly boy is always polite to girls. He had hurt Marjory's feelings, and, what was far worse, had roused the temper with which the little girl had so many hard struggles.

'We've just moved, and everything is tumbled about, and this is the only one we could find. It was grandpapa's long ago, and you're the *unpolitest* boy in the world, and I'm not going to speak to you any more forever; so there! Harold Gray.' And then angry little Marjory ran off to school as fast as the big umbrella would let her; and naughty Harold only laughed.

But he didn't laugh that afternoon when, on going to the door to go home from school, he found the rain pouring down. Not a light rain, but 'enough to wet a fellow through in three minutes,' thought Harold dolefully; for he had brought no umbrella. Marjory saw him standing there as she gathered up her books, and said to herself that "it served him just exactly right for making fun.' Marjory was the only one who lived anywhere near Harold; there would be no one else to offer him an umbrella, and she wouldn't. Oh, no indeed!

'Marjory, Marjory,' something seemed saying in her ear, 'what about that 'doing unto others' text that you learned this morning? See! he is just going to start.'

But only one foot was over the door sill, when Harold heard a voice beside him saying, 'Come home under my umbrella; there's plenty of room for both.'

'I say, Marjory,' said Harold, as they trudged away with bent heads each giving a hand to steady the great umbrella, 'I'm awfully sorry that I laughed at you; and I think you're just the forgivingest girl I ever saw. I'm going to give you a ride on my sled the first time it snows.'—*Sunbeam.*

Be Courteous, Boys.

'I treat him as well as he treats me,' said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had just gone home.

'I often go in there, and he doesn't notice me,' said Hal again.

'Do you enjoy that?'

'Oh, I don't mind! I don't stay long!'

'I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them.

'Well, that's different; you're grown up.'

'Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are needed among boys?'

Hal thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father who had listened, now spoke:

'A boy or a man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him, has no character of his own. He will never be kind, or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature.' And very earnestly the father added: 'Remember this, my boy, you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down.'

Home Hints.

To remove stains from silverware that has been long unused, place the article in soapy water, into which a tablespoonful of spirits or ammonia has been added, and there leave it for three or four hours. Then cover it thickly with a paste made with whiting wet with vinegar, and dry it in the sun or by a fire, after which rub off the whiting, and sift dry, warm bran over the silver, when the stains will disappear, and the silver will be extremely bright.

For painful sore feet caused by excessive walking, long standing or constant movement, as in the use of the sewing machine, a dusting powder of equal parts of precipitated chalk and tannin, or the tannin alone will be of much service. Apply twice daily after bathing the feet in warm water.

Physicians claim that sleep is more refreshing in a darkened room, therefore it is best to have inside shades of dark green holland under the ordinary shades. These are more easily adjusted than blinds. It is well to accustom children from infancy to sleep in the dark.

All Sorts.

According to latest statistics the women of Sweeden outnumbered the men by 148,639.

That tired feeling, loss of appetite, and nervous prostration are driven away by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which makes pure blood.

An Irishman, comparing his watch with the clock of St. Paul's burst into a fit of laughter. Being asked what tickled him, he answered: 'An' how can I help it? Here is my little watch that was made by Paddy O'Flaherty, what cost me five guineas, has beat your town clock there a full hour and a quarter since yesterday mornin'.'

It is a great mistake to suppose that a simple tonic gives strength; it only stimulates the stomach to renewed action. To impart real strength, the blood must be purified and enriched and this can only be done by such a standard alterative as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The story is told an English magazine of a rat which had become blind, but two of his family are his guides. He goes about with a piece of stick in his mouth, and the younger rats, each with an end of the stick in their mouths steer the blind rat about the region where he lives. People have become so interested in them that they are never disturbed.

Food, when it sours on the stomach, becomes innutritive and unwholesome. It poisons the blood, and both mind and body suffer in consequence. What is needed to restore perfect digestion is a dose or two of Ayer's Pills. They never fail to relieve.

He who defers his charities till his death is rather liberal of another man's goods than his own.

Justice.

Rev. Thomas Cumming, Truro, N. S.:—It is only justice to say that your K. D. C. has been several times used by members of my family, and always with good results.

These burdens of life, palpitation of the heart, nervousness, headache, and gloomy forbodings, will quickly disappear if you use K. D. C. The Greatest Cure of the Age in all forms of Indigestion.

He that has a pure heart will never cease to pray; and he who will be constant in prayer, shall know what it is to have a pure heart.

'In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus, concerning you.'

Prayer is the pulse of the renewed soul, and the constancy of its beat is the test and measure of the spiritual life.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

A dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into health nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

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