

# THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

## "Grandmother's Pets."

Do you know what it is to have a dear grandmother to visit? These little girls, Gladys and Nan, are perfectly happy when they are allowed to visit "Dear Granny" for a few days. Grandmother has a lot of chickens and little yellow ducks, and there are generally kittens too. When the eggs are gathered, and the chickens frightened out of their wits by their devoted admirers, the children nestle up to grandma and beg for a story.

"Here are some flowers, grandma," cries little Nan. "Now please tell us about mother when she was a little girl."

Gladys knows how to coax, too, doesn't she? When any of you little ones want anything, don't storm and cry for it, but try her plan. Grandmother, I am sure, will never be able to resist the tender pressure of those soft little fingers. Children have a great deal of power, and can influence grown-up people far more than they think, but they must go the right way about it. Never scream and scold when you want anything. Take my advice and copy Gladys and Nan.

Did you ever hear the old story about the argument between the Sun and Wind as to which of them was the strongest? The Wind said he could blow the cloak off a man who was walking along; but the harder he blew the more closely the man wrapped his cloak about him. The Sun shone brightly down, and the man soon took off his cloak, because he found it too hot. Sunshiny ways have far more influence than rude or angry words.

"If only you'll think of it, dearie,  
When people are vexing and rude,  
And be pleasant for two,  
When one's scolding at you,  
You will conquer the opposite mood."

"If only you'll think of it, dearie,  
When a certain troublesome elf,  
With pens in his shoes,  
And a look of the blues,  
Comes calling upon you himself—"

"If only you'll think of it, dearie,  
And laugh, like the sun, in his face,  
He will sweep away  
You'll be happy all day;  
And I'd like to be in your place."

COUSIN DOROTHY.

## The Son of His Father.

"I shall have to make a lawyer out of that boy of mine. I don't see any other way out of it," declared a well-known lawyer with a laugh. He came into my office the other day on his way home from school and laid a threepenny bit down on the desk before me.

"What is this for, son?" I asked.

"Retainer," he answered, soberly.

"Very well," said I, entering into the joke. "What have I been retained upon?"

My boy dug down into his pockets and produced a note from his teacher, and placed it before me without comment. It was to the effect that he had been "cutting up," and advised a whipping.

"Now, what would you advise?" asked he in a businesslike voice after I had read the note and saw the trap that the young rascal had led me into.

"I think that our first move should be to apply for a change of venue," said I.

"Very well," he answered, "you're handling the case."

"Then we will turn the note over to your mother," said I.

I saw the young imp's face fall at this, but he braced up and said:—

"See here, dad, you're bound to see me through on this 'cause you've accepted my retainer, you know!"

"I'll argue your case before the court," I answered, "but you will have to accept the decision. I would not dare to attempt to influence the court."

Well, I pleaded the boy's case, promptly had it thrown out of court, and the boy got what he deserved—a good whipping.

It was the first time I ever played false to a client.

## A Secret.

Shall I be like grandma when I am old?  
Shall I wear such a queer little bonnet—  
No feathers, no posies, but just a plain fold,  
With a little white edging upon it?  
Shall I sit in the easy-chair all day long,  
With a great ball of wool and a stocking?  
Shall I think it quite dreadful for folks to do wrong,  
And dirt and disorder quite shocking?

Just wait till I tell you what grandma once said—  
I hope you won't think me quite crazy—  
It happened one day when they sent me to bed  
For being ill-tempered and lazy.  
She came and sat by me, and patted my hand,  
And told me, "There's no use crying;  
It's by stumbling, my pet, that we know how to stand,  
And we always grow better by trying."

"Was anyone ever so wicked as me?"  
I asked her between my sobbing.  
Then grandma laughed just as hard as could be,  
And her little white curls went bobbing.

"Was any one ever so naughty as you?"  
I'm sure that I know of one other.  
"Who was it?" I asked. "O please tell me, do."  
She whispered, "Your own grandmother."

Now isn't it strange? But of course it's true.  
I can tell you just one thing about it—  
She'd not tell a story, whatever she'd do,  
And we'd only be silly to doubt it.  
But, of course, I feel certain you never will tell,  
For how perfectly dreadful 'twould be  
To have people know, who all love her so well,  
That grandma was ever like me.

## Dress for Elderly Women.

How often do we find the notion fixed in people's heads that because women are middle-aged, beyond that period, say elderly, they should not dress well. We do not put it quite so crudely as that, but we expect them to quietly retire into a permanent uniform of dead black. Now, of course, elderly women should not dress the same as young people, but they should certainly as well, always having in view, of course, the existing circumstances. It is a mistake for a woman to say: "I am not as young as I used to be: it doesn't matter much what I look like now."

One should give enough thought to determine what one may and what one may not wear to advantage, and after that, one can effect a great saving in time by not needing to bother further with what one should not wear.

The woman who no longer has the girlish contours of her younger years should frankly recognize this in her dress, and select for gowns and wraps such designs as are not constantly at war with her figure, as is the case when the woman of sixty years and two hundred pounds dresses in clothes designed for twenty years and one hundred and twenty-five pounds. To be beauti-



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ful in the true sense, a dress should hide all departure from beautiful outlines, and not call attention to them. When a woman who at twenty had a waist measure of twenty-six inches finds herself at fifty with a waist measuring thirty-six inches, she is not so gracefully proportioned as she was at twenty; therefore, she must take the more pains to add grace to her attire.

Elderly women may wear almost any color if it is deftly combined. Nothing is so attractive for the old lady with white hair as some shades of pink, when worn as roses placed among velvet or lace in a bonnet. Dull browns and lifeless grays are too cold for women with colorless faces and hair. The dark, rich purple-reds and red-purples especially suit elderly women with clear skins, and all the softened colorings that seem to be one color overspread with a haze, in the manner of so many colors now in vogue, are becoming to age. Wraps should invariably have irregular and not stiff and set outlines. Brims of bonnets should be draped about the face, and not laid in plain folds. When faces and necks show time's irresistible impress, bonnet strings and neckwear alike should be of pliable and fluffy fabrics, as of lace, chiffon, mousseline, nets and so on; plain ribbon strings on a bonnet and a plain linen collar are too severe for the face that should be dealt with gently.

It takes no more time and costs no more money to look well than to look ill, once one knows what to select and what to let alone.—(Ladies' Journal.)

# THE QUIET HOUR.

## Go Forward.

Hearing so much in these days of the comfortable doctrine, that "we can do nothing, God will do all," we are apt to sit down complacently with folded hands—leaving everything for Him to do. It is true enough that without His help we are powerless, it is just as true that we are allowed and commanded to be workers together with God. Faith can remove mountains of difficulty, but it must be an active faith, faith which worketh by love. The disciples who were commanded to feed the multitudes knew that the task was far beyond their strength. Did they, therefore, sit idly down, leaving Christ to do all the work? No, they brought their small supply of food for His blessing, and went quietly on with their preparations for the meal, trusting to Him to provide necessary help. He did not multiply the loaves and fishes until they had begun their apparently hopeless task. Lazarus was not raised from the dead until willing hands had prepared the way by opening the tomb—doing what they could. The ten lepers were not healed until they had started to show themselves to the priests. The widow's meal and oil were not renewed until she had taken of her scanty store to feed the prophet. The miraculous supply of oil was not provided for another poor widow until she had borrowed vessels to contain it. It is the same with our duties, God will not supply the needed strength for any task unless we do what we can ourselves. That would only encourage idleness. I read a little poem on this subject the other day, and as it expresses more forcibly than any words of mine can do the possibility of trusting too much of our work to God, I will insert it here.

"For a web begun God sends the thread,"  
Over and over these words I read;  
And I said to myself with an easy air,  
'What need to burden myself with care  
If this be true,  
Or attempt to do  
More than my duty? For here is proof  
That we are to hold ourselves aloof  
Until from the Master we receive  
The thread for the web we are to weave!'

"So day after day I sat beside  
The loom, as if both my hands were tied,  
With idle shuttle and slackened warp,  
Useless as strings of an untuned harp;  
For I took no part  
With hand or heart  
In the work of the world. To the cry of need,  
The voice of the children, I gave no heed.  
'When the task is ready for me,' I said,  
'God will be sure to supply the thread.'

"Others might go in cellars and slums,  
And weave a web out of scraps and thrums,  
Finding excuse for the daily toll,  
The reckless waste of life's precious oil,  
But as for me,  
I could not see  
How I was to follow them, or believe  
That the needed strength I should receive,  
Unless I waited, howe'er time sped,  
For God to send me the promised thread."

"I had no strength of my own, I knew,  
No wisdom to guide, no skill to do,  
And must wait at ease for the word of command,  
For the message I surely should understand,  
Else all in vain  
Were the stress and strain  
For the thread would break, and the web be  
spoiled—  
A poor result for the hours I'd toiled;  
And my heart and my conscience would be  
at strife  
O'er the broken threads of a wasted life."

"But all at once, like a gem exhumed,  
The word 'begin'—by a light illumed—  
From the rest of the text stood boldly out,  
By the finger of God revealed, no doubt;  
And shocked and dazed,  
Ashamed, amazed,  
I saw as I had not seen before  
The truer meaning the sentence bore,  
And read as Belshazzar might have read:  
'For a web begun God sends the thread.'

"The man himself, with his mind and heart,  
Toward the Holy City must make a start,  
Ere he finds in his hands the mystic clew  
That shall lead him life's mazes safely through.  
And if loom and reel  
And spinning-wheel  
Idle and empty stand to-day,  
We must reason give for the long delay,  
Since the voice of the Master has plainly said,  
'For a web begun God sends the thread.'"

Like the Israelites who stood on the shore of the Red Sea, our orders are to "Go forward!" The path may look difficult or even impossible, but if we take the first step, trusting our Leader, the next will become possible. Difficulties melt away if we advance boldly: the troubles we dreaded are found to be bearable. I do not write this from hearsay only. A few days ago two bright boys—my nephews—who were as dear to me as any young brothers could be, were laid side by side in one grave. They were here to dinner, and then went merrily off with a party of young people for a swim. When I next saw those dear lads they were lying side by side with peaceful faces and hands quietly folded. We might have expected that such a sudden and overwhelming sorrow would have almost broken the hearts of those who loved them so dearly, but when it came God's comfort came with it. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided," were the words of peace that seemed to come instinctively to our lips. God's heaviest blows never crush those who trust in Him. HOPE.