

He is the dearest little fellow," she went on, "so cunning and not a bit afraid."

"But I don't understand," and Joseph Busby's arms closed tenderly around the little orphan.

The story was soon told.

"Of course, we'll keep him, and do the best we can by him," Mrs. Busby said by way of conclusion. "Dinner is ready, and the green peas and custard pie will taste good to little Joey. I guess you were right 'bout my idols, Joseph," stopping to fasten a towel around the child's neck in lieu of a bib, "but they are overthrown. Now I'll try and not make an idol of Joey."

"You air a remarkable woman, Mirandy," Mr. Busby said, wiping his eyes. "I have always said you was a remarkable woman, and I'm a leetle afraid I am maken an idol of you,"—Hope Daring in New York Observer.

### September Mottoes.

Just to be happy—'tis a fine thing to do,  
To look on the bright side rather than the blue.

Sad or sunny musing is largely to the choosing,  
And just being happy is brave work and true.

Just being happy helps other souls along,—  
Their burdens may be heavy, and they not strong;

Your own sky will lighten, if other skies you brighten  
With a heart full of song.

R. D. Saunders.

Motives count with God.

Though critics may bow to art  
(And I am its own true lover)  
It is not art, but heart  
which wins—the wide world over!

Ella W. Wilcox.

Spend as much time as you can  
With the trees and birds and flowers.

### The Popocatapetls.

"Two kittens! I thought Mrs. Bruce was to let you choose one."

"Yes, mamma," said Philip, "but we didn't know which to choose an Mrs. Bruce put them all on the floor, we called 'em to see which would come, and, every time we called, these two came running to us."

"Just the same two, mamma," chimed in Bessie, "and can't we keep them? Please, mamma?"

Who could resist such eager little faces? Not mamma Dale. "They are very pretty little maltees," she said, smiling. "How can you tell them apart?"

The children lifted the kittens' heads showing a white spot in the fur on each little neck.

"Breastpins," cried big sister Edith "and Bessie's has the larger. What shall you call them?"

"I'm going to call mine Popocatapetl said Philip, who was studying geography. What?" laughed mamma and Edith together.

"I want to call mine Popotopykettle, too!" cried Bessie.

"You might name them both Popocatapetl," said Edith, still laughing, "and call one by the first end, Popo, and the other by the last, Petl."

"And Pop and Pet for short," added mamma.

It was when the Popocatapetls had grown to be of good size that Philip and Bessie came in one day with a jet black kitten,

very glossy, very small, and very pretty.

"Children!"

"He was all lost, mamma!" cried Bess, breathless with excitement.

"And he followed us all the way home from school!" added Philip.

"Is he to be a Popocatapetl, too?" asked Edith, mischievously. "You can call him by the middle of the name, you know, and make it Cata."

"May we, mamma?"

Mamma was doubtful, but when papa came home he was positive.

"This is too much children," he said.

"You cannot have three cats; you must give one of them away."

"O, papa, 'course we can't spare Pop or Pet, and Cata is so cunning! Oh! look at him now, swinging on the chair!"

"Isn't he just the cutest—"

"You hear what I say?" interrupted papa.

"You may keep whichever two you choose, but the third you must give away in the morning."

Philip and Bessie retreated to the broad window seat in the hall. Their mournful voices now and then reached the sitting-room, where the elder ones sat reading, although all seemed uncomfortable because the little ones were unhappy.

Suddenly Edith put down her book and left the room. A few minutes later a peal of childish laughter rang out.

"What a way Edith has with the children!" said Mr. Dale, looking relieved as the laugh rang out again.

"She is a dear girl," said Mrs. Dale.

"I wonder what they are laughing at."

Now it so happened that the next day was Mr. Dale's birthday, and when he came down in the morning he found upon his chair a covered basket. To its handle was tied a card: "For dear papa. With love from Philip and Bessie. Many happy returns!"

"Mew!" came faintly from within the basket. Then the cover stirred, and up perked Cata's little black face!

Papa sat Cata on his shoulder, and laughed till the tears came.

"Come here, my little rogues!" he called to the children, peeping in at the door.

"A man can't refuse his own birthday present!"

So the three Popocatapetls stayed with the Dales and were happy ever after.

—Sophia T. Newman, in *Youth's Companion*.

### Beware the Little Rift Within the Lute.

I have known a fond couple to quarrel, in the very honeymoon, about cutting up a tart; nay I could name two who, after having seven children, fell out and parted over boiling of a leg of mutton. It may seem strange to those who are not married, when I tell you the least trifle can strike a woman dumb for a week. But if you ever enter into this state, you will find that the gentle sex as often express anger by an obstinate silence as by an ungovernable clamor.

Those, indeed, who begin this course of life without jars at their setting out, arrive within a few moments at a pitch of benevolence and affection of which the most perfect friendship is but a faint resemblance. As in an unfortunate marriage the most minute and indifferent things are objects of the sharpest resentment, so in a happy one, they are occasions of the most exquisite satisfaction. What does not oblige in one we love? What does not offend in one we dislike? For these reasons I take it for a rule that in marriage the chief business is to

### Crying Babies.

Babies do not cry unless there is some good reason for it. The cry of a baby is nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. If the fretfulness and crying are not caused by exterior sources, it is conclusive evidence that the crying baby is ill. The only safe and judicious thing to do is to give Baby's Own Tablets without delay. For indigestion, colic, teething troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, worms and simple fevers, these marvellous little Tablets have given relief in thousands of cases and saved many precious lives. They are guaranteed to contain no harmful drug. Mrs. John Doble, St. Andrew's East, Que., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are a splendid medicine for the cure of constipation and other ills that afflict children. I consider it my duty to recommend them to all who have little ones." The Tablets are sold at 25 cents a box by all druggists, or may be had by mail by writing The Dr. William's Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

acquire a prepossession in favor of each other. Each should consider the other's words and actions with secret indulgence. —Lady Bedford, in "Success."

### The Spirit of Italy.

Italy is now a monarchical state, and for the present moment no other form of government can be better desired for her. This monarchy, which unites and defends her, is constitutional with democratical tendencies, and ought thus not only to guard the rights of the nation, but also protect those of the free towns. In the Middle Ages the free towns passed, turn by turn, from under the protection of the Emperor to that of the Pope, according as they declared themselves Guelph or Ghibeline. Guelphs and Ghibelines now no longer exist, and the communes are no longer in warfare against one another, though their mutual jealousy still continues. Royal protection is thus rendered easier than was once that of the Emperor or Pope. However, it is now more necessary to impress on the public mind that the Commune is the most historical and natural form of Italian popular life. And this conviction, grounded in the conscience of the people should also penetrate the spirit of national government too apt to centralize! As a general rule, the southern provinces wrest from the Central Government every kind of service and benefit; whilst, on the other hand, the northern provinces are often left to their own resources.

The initiating spirit, varying from one province to another, is very strong in the north and in the greater part of central Italy but scarcely exists in the south, where, as already observed, Government is supposed to provide everything—illumination, schools, hospitals—and to construct roads and seaports. And why not? Did not the Roman Empire in its time provide the citizens with *panem et circenses*?—Angelo de Gubernatis, in the September Atlantic.

We do not defend everything that John Calvin did or said, and we do not have to. He learned a great deal from God's Word, but he was brought up in a very poor church. He is a great and good man who, after being brought up as a Roman Catholic, turns out to be as good a Presbyterian as John Calvin did.