

ing of "the kist," as she called it, and she spoke no word, good or bad, till they stepped together out in the caller air. The wind had freshened, and the wavelets, white tipped, leaped upon the shore. And the sun danced away across the great expanse of the waters to the far horizon, which seemed to set the limit of the world. Then the storm and unrest died out of Lisbeth Marshall's eyes, and she knew that her soul had come home.—British Weekly.

HELPING THE HORSE.

It was cold wintry weather and the street had become coated with ice. This made it very hard pulling for the horses, especially up the hill near where Robbie lived.

"Papa," said Robbie, when his father came home that evening, "I helped a horse pull a load of coal up the hill to-day."

"How did you do that?" inquired his father.

"Why, it was just this way," answered Robbie. "The hill was covered with ice and the horse was slipping all around; but I went and got some ashes and sprinkled them under the horse's feet, and all the way to the top of the hill. The driver thanked me, too, and said that I had helped to pull that load of coal up the hill."

"Well, I think you did, myself," was the reply, "and I'm very glad my little boy is ready to help in a case like that. Keep that up as long as you live, Robbie, for it's a noble thing to help poor dumb animals."

DO YOU KNOW THESE AUTHORS?

1—What a rough man said to his son when he wished him to eat properly.

2—A lion's house dog dug in a hill-side where there is no water.

3—Pilgrims, flatterers have knelt low to kiss him.

4—Mends and makes for first-class customers.

5—Is a kind of linen.

6—Can be worn on the head.

7—One name that means such fiery things I can't describe its pains and stings.

8—Belongs to a monastery.

9—Not one of the points of the compass, but inclining that way.

10—Is what an oyster heap is apt to be.

11—Is any chain of hills containing a certain dark treasure.

12—Always youthful, but not much of a chicken.

The proper answers of these would be as follows: Chaucer, Dryden, Pope, Taylor, Holland, Hood, Burns, Abbott, Southey, Shelley, Coleridge and Young.

MOTHER'S SMILE.

It is true, as some writer has wisely observed, that "it is the mother's sunny smile that starts the day happily, or her frown that mars the day for members of her household. In order to command love and respect, mother must, first of all, have full control of her temper, must be able to appear happy under trying conditions, must have learned to govern herself, and have reason to respect herself, or she will fall where she should reign supreme."

Not an easy task—nay, a difficult one at times, and one requiring the divine patience that God gives to some wives and mothers. There is many a great moral victory back of the mother's smile, back of her self-control, back of the careful guard she puts upon her tongue. No mother ever reigns worthily in her own little home kingdom without achieving a great many moral victories and without winning the approving smile of God.—Faith Fenton.

Tom—"Do you think your father likes me?"

Tess—"Well, he gave the dog's chain and muzzle away yesterday."

First Child—"We've got a new baby at our house."

Second Child (contemptuously)—"We've got a new pa at ours."

A SKATING SONG.

Hurrah for the wind that is keen and chill,

As it skirts the meadows and sweeps the hill;

Hurrah for the pulses of swift delight That tingle and beat in the winter's night.

When over the crystal lake we glide, Flying like birds o'er the frozen tide.

Hurrah for the lad with the sparkling eye,

For the joyous laugh and the courage high!

Hurrah for the health that is glad and strong,

So that life is gay as a merry song.

For the motion fearless, smooth, and fleet,

When skates are wings to the flying feet.

Hurrah for the landscape broad and fair

Spread boldly out in the brilliant air!

Hurrah for the folds of the sheeted snow,

On the mountains high, in the valleys low;

Hurrah for the track where the skaters glide,

Fearless as over a highway tried!

Hurrah for the girls who skate so well

Dorothy, Winifred, Kate, and Nell!

Hurrah for the race we're bound to win,

And the curves and figures we mean to spin!

Hurrah for the joy that wings our feet,

When like dancers gay we pass and meet.

Who chooses may boast of the summer time,

Hurrah we cry for the frost and rime.

For the icicles pendant from roof and eaves,

For snow that covers the next year's sheaves!

Hurrah for the gleaming, glassy lake

Where the skaters boid their pleasures take!

—Harper's Young People.

CHRISTMAS AFTERTHOUGHTS.

By Lilly Rice Stahl.

A great quiet has settled down upon us since the holiday festivities have ceased. I must confess I think this day is celebrated in not quite the right way when we consider what it means.

Many have been made joyous with timely tokens, and some otherwise. Now as to the suitability of gifts. Jolly jokes have been cracked as to the many misfits, but the motive was good.

Among gifts given I remembered a woman of eighty-five who had never before enjoyed silver cutlery. She was delighted, but here comes in the joke—she is so saving of these knives and forks she does not use them. My family laugh at my "philanthropy."

As for our selection, let us give things not too practical. Do not give a washerwoman a tub, nor a washboard; it suggests toil. Better give something beautiful that will lift her above daily care.

Don't give me any blue calico kitchen dresses, for they tend to keep me in the rut of duty. I crave a dictionary stand or a pencil case. I should not offer a maid a cook book, nor a child a spelling book. Do not give an invalid a bottle of liniment, for it carries with it a suggestion of pain. Real giving should be to bestow something that the recipient wants, something he long has desired and felt unable to procure for himself.

Pretty slippers and dressing sacques are apt to please middle-aged women who are generally planning for others and denying themselves.

We may notice what our friends like, and then "cut to the line." We always observe the birthdays in our immediate family circle.

DELICATE LITTLE BABIES.

Every delicate baby starts life with a serious handicap. Even a trivial illness may end fatally, and the mother is kept in a state of constant dread. Baby's Own Tablets have done more than any other medicine to make sickly babies well and strong. They give mothers a feeling of security, as through their use she sees her delicate child developing healthily. Mrs. Theodore Mordon, Bala, Ont., says:—"I can say with confidence that Baby's Own Tablets saved my baby's life. I did not know what it was to have a good night's rest until we started using the Tablets, but they have made him a strong, healthy child." Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE BOY, THE GIRL, AND THE GIANT.

Once upon a time there lived a little boy who spent all of his time either in bird's nesting or setting traps to catch the old birds.

The other children used to tell him that it was very wrong thus to kill the poor birds who did harm to no one. But he would answer, "I don't care, it's good fun."

One day he caught a pretty bird, with green, yellow, and red feathers. You may fancy how pleased he was. "Alas!" said the bird, "are you going to kill me, too?"

"Hallo!" cried the little boy, "my bird can speak!"

"Won't you let me go?" continued the bird.

"Oh, no," he answered, "you speak too well and your feathers are so pretty for that; and besides I've got you, so you belong to me."

The bird said no more, feeling sure it was no use reasoning with such a naughty boy.

That very same day, in the evening, as the child was playing in the neighboring wood, a great giant suddenly appeared among the trees. The little boy, with a scream of terror, tried to run away. The giant, however, put his foot down, and stopped him, for the little fellow was no higher than the giant's instep. He stooped down and taking the child between his finger and thumb, lifted him up to his eyes. The poor fellow screamed as loudly as he could, but the giant only exclaimed, "Why this little animal can scream!"

"Alas, Mr. Giant," said the child, "I'm not a little animal, but an unfortunate little boy, who begs you not to kill him."

The giant then began to skip over the tops of trees for joy, exclaiming, "This little thing can speak!"

The poor child, with joined hands, began to entreat:

"O, please do let me go!"

"No, no," replied he; "you speak so nicely and are such a nice little fellow, I should like to keep you. Do you remember," he continued, "that you said the same this morning to your pretty bird. Besides I have got you, so you belong to me."

"I was very naughty then, and made bad use of my strength."

"I know that very well," replied the giant, "and I might do the same; if I liked I could even kill you, but I will be more just. I only want to teach you that it is very wrong to do harm only because you have the power to do it. Go and let your bird loose, and in future don't destroy birds as you have done."

You may be sure he agreed to do this. He at once let fly his many colored bird, and during the remainder of his life never forgot the lesson he had been thus taught.—From "French Fables."