

mother's face, but she did not close her instruction book and go to that mother's relief, only struck the notes more vehemently. It was four o'clock when Katy returned from school. Looking into the sitting-room she found the baby asleep in his cradle, and her mother, with bandaged head, lying upon the couch.

"All quiet along the Potomac!" Katy questioned, as she bent to kiss her mother's hot cheek.

"Quiet just now; but the baby's nap is nearly out, and I dread his awaking. My head is much worse. I think you'll have to get tea to-night, dear; I don't think I possibly can."

"All right, mamma; but it is not near time yet, and can I go over to the slope after wild clematis? The girls are waiting at the gate, and we'll not be gone long."

"You can go if you'll be here at five promptly."

"Yes, ma'am, I'll be here," Katy answered, as she danced from the room, unmindful of her mother's pain. The door closed after her with a bang which woke the baby, and he began crying. It was some moments before Mrs. Warren's dissy head would allow her to get up and lift the screaming child from his cradle. She put him on the floor and gave him his box of playthings, which he threw all over the room,—even into the dining-room beyond. Mrs. Warren did not seem to care where he threw his toys, as long as he was amused. She laid down again and held her throbbing head, watching the clock as the hands crept closer to five, hoping that thoughtless little Katy would keep her promise. The clock struck one—two—three—four—five. Oh, how the little hammer beat her weary head! But, notwithstanding her pain, she arose, built the fire, prepared the supper,—a pain in her heart worse than that in her head. "Can it be that my little Katy does not love her mother?" she thought.

Supper was all ready when Katy made her appearance at the same time with her father and brothers.

"I'm so sorry, mamma. I meant to come sooner, but I was having such a nice time," began Katy apologetically; but her father stopped her.

"Hush! Where have you been?" he said sternly. "Your mother all alone with the work and the baby! Look at her tired, red face." But his reproof stopped just here, for the tired red face suddenly grew ashen white, and Katy's weary mother was unconscious.

Months have passed since then, but Katy's heart is still sore. Her mother is a patient invalid, without the ability to walk a step. Every night as Katy's head falls upon her pillow, she looks about her room's pretty belongings,—mother's love and taste breathing through them all,—and thinks of what that gray-haired doctor said months ago, as he looked pityingly at her dear mother. Looking at her thoughtless little Katy, he had said, "Mother has had to work too hard this hot, close day; she's too delicate for such prostrating work. I suppose you help her all you can."

"Ah, but that's the trouble! I didn't help mother all I could; that's why my pillow pricks so."

Poor Katy! don't you all pity her?

It is not giving that makes us poor, but bad management and waste.

In Heavenly Places.

"And made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

THE heavenly places, where are they?
Oh, they are everywhere!
The weary feet of men can find
Them stretching glad and fair;
They are where fields are bright with flowers
And meadows gleam with gold,
Where youthful valleys laugh and sing
And mountains have grown old.

For One comes near and talks to us,
And lo! the change that comes,
Floods with new beauty all the world,
Brings heaven into our homes;
And so transforms the meanest place,
That any eyes can see
How joy alone could give the grace,
And love the artist be.

The heavenly places are with God,
His presence is the Light,
Who sits with him need fear no more
The winter and the night.
In Jesus everything is fair,
And music soft and low
Is heard amid the noise of earth,
Heaven's songs float down below.

Even the noisy street becomes,
If He be there to share,
A quiet place of calm and peace,
A temple-aisle for prayer.
And strange sweet smiles form on the lips
And in the heart a song,
And reverent eyes look up to see
God's face above the throng.

And then it matters not at all,
That seas are surging round,
That winds are high, and clouds are dark,
And grief and tears abound;
For nothing hurts the soul at peace
In God's abundant love,
We may in heavenly places sit,
Though far from heaven above.

—*Marianna Farningham.*

The Oiled Feather.

THERE were two neighbours, named Joseph Irons and Samuel Parsons. Joseph Irons went by the name of "Rusty Joe," and Samuel Parsons by that of "Polished Sam." The names were characteristic of the men: Joseph Irons being a short, tart kind of man in his dealings with his fellow-creatures; and Samuel Parsons being, on the other hand, genial and civil. Joseph Irons "wouldn't put his hand to his hat for any man," not he! he "wouldn't waste his time with palavering people with fine words," no, not he! "If folk didn't like his goods, they might leave them;" and "if they didn't like his answers, they needn't ask him any questions;" in a word, "Rusty Joe," though very honest, and very decent-living, was disliked by almost everybody; and, in truth, no one could be surprised.

On the other hand, Samuel Parsons was a general favourite. He had a salute for everyone that came in his way; he didn't think himself a bit the worse man because he put his hand to his hat to the parson and the squire; as well as bobbed his head to the old apple-woman at the corner of the street. As to civil words, Sam's theory was that they were quite as little trouble to speak as gruff ones; and they certainly slipped more pleasant-like out of one's mouth; and so it came to pass that everybody liked Sam Parsons.

Well, we will see how "Rusty Joe" and "Polished Sam" got through one day of their existence; one day will be quite enough for our purpose.

"Come, bring the oil flask, there's a pet," said Samuel Parsons to his wife; as he finished screwing on a new lock to his front door. Sam, of course, needn't have said "There's a pet," unless he liked; but he used to think

it was a great shame that women were called all sorts of pretty names before they were married, but none afterward. "I say," says Sam, "many of the poor creatures are cheated with them there pretty names; poor folk! they think they'll always get them; but they become mighty scarce, after they finger the ring." We don't mean to tell all the names Sam called his wife, before they were married; but now he called her "pet;" and, as soon as she heard the loving word, she threw down her duster on the chair; and sped off to the kitchen for the flask. The flask had a feather in it, as such flasks generally have; and Sam, taking the said feather between his forefinger and thumb, oiled the key of the street-door right well; and then locked it and unlocked it a dozen times. At first it went stiff, and required some strength of wrist to turn it; but as it was worked to and fro, and the oil began to make its way into the wards, it worked more and more easily; until, at last, Sam pronounced it would do.

Now, on this very morning, "Rusty Joe" was going to market also. He had neglected to grease his boots after last market-day, which had been very wet; and now, when he went to put them on, they went on so hard and stiff, that he pulled, and kicked, and knocked, and stamped, till, heated and vexed, he got them on. Nothing was right that morning at breakfast. The eggs were too hard, and the bread was too soft; the bacon dish was too hot, and the teapot was too cold.

When Joseph Irons had bolted down his breakfast, he got up and went to the street door to go out; but no loving word did he speak to his wife Betty.

"Mind you have my shirt finished to-night," said Joe Irons, as he laid his hand on the street door, "for I may have to go to Pitbank to-morrow, and don't want to go to the squire's in this old concern;" and, with this direction to his wife, Mr. Irons took himself off.

But if Joe met with a little trouble for the want of a little oil, even before he got to his street-door, he met with more when he got to the door itself. The door was stiff on its hinges, and stiff in the lock; ay, as stiff as if it had had the rheumatics for twenty years. After a little difficulty, Joe Irons opened his door; but he could not shut it with as little trouble again.

And so each went his course. Polished Sam went cheerily to market, with a good word for everyone, everything around him working smoothly. He sold his load of produce, and at an early hour was homeward bound to his happy home, where wife and child hailed his coming with delight. On his way he met Joseph Irons, stuck fast. All his gear was out of order—the day had kept tally with the morning. His horses were ill-shod, his waggon out of order, and, instead of going properly to work to get things to run smoothly, it was swear, and flog, and beat, and maul. The horses panted in vain. At last the harness gave way, and this repaired, a part of the waggon yielded to the strain. Of course, he had nothing to hand to repair damages, and stood furious, baffled, and at a loss.

Sam jumped down at once to assist his neighbour. Ever ready for emergencies, he soothed Joseph into a better humour by cheery words; he oiled the wheels, for the oil-can came by instinct to his hand. The waggon was braced up, the harness oiled, and even the

hard boots, which drew Sam's attention at the last moment, and made him hand the oil can to Joseph again, with a "Here, give those boots of yours a dash—they look hard and uncomfortable."

Joseph at last got to market, and on his way home began to think of matters. After putting up his horses he went into the house so quietly that his wife looked up astonished. He was not kind or loving, indeed, but there was a change.

After his supper, he went to see Sam, and began to talk with him, how he managed to get along. "Oh, that is easily explained—it's the Oiled Feather. I always have it at hand. You may use it for everything, a hinge, your wife, your children, your customers; all harshness is removed by applying the Oiled Feather."

Joseph thought he would try it; it came hard, but Sam was always before him as an encouragement; and that cheerful body had, at last, the comfort of seeing the rustiest, crustiest man in the place work smoothly.

Hints to Band of Hope Workers.

HERE are a few simple directions as to how a Band of Hope can be made successful.

The first important item is to make the place of meeting as comfortable as possible.

There should be plenty of singing. It is easy now to obtain good songs and hymns, set to good tunes, and when these are once learned the children will, according to John Wesley's rule, sing lustily and with a good courage, and with high satisfaction to themselves.

In the addresses given them there should be liveliness and great variety. Children never tolerate monotony, and they cannot be expected to tolerate it; no speech should be more than fifteen minutes; and it is better for the same person to give two speeches than to make one long one, especially if a great part of it consists of exhortations to sit still and look at the speaker. Children never do sit still without a reason, nor will they look at a speaker when he is not animated enough to make them care to do it.

Give the children as much work as possible to do themselves. Besides encouraging them to recite at the meetings, it is well to multiply and distribute little offices among them. In one Band of Hope the most unruly boy belonging to it was transformed into a model member by being appointed distributor of attendance tickets and hymn-books. Some Bands of Hope have a sub-committee of the oldest members for recruiting purposes.

It is also very desirable to have an adult temperance society established in connection with the junior one, wherever this is practicable, both for the sake of drafting the children into it as they grow older and in order to attract their parents and elders.

To conclude, the Band of Hope is a wise, safe, thoroughly Christian and most useful institution. But it never works itself. To make it succeed there must be zeal, diligence, tact, unflinching perseverance, all sustained by love to Christ and love to the children whom He has redeemed. A Band of Hope well organised and well worked will not fail of success, and that success will bring to many a home blessings greater than any words can express.