

with his penknife or to knock off a bug. He stopped beneath the window where his wife was sitting, and, handing in his paper, began to train up one of the branches of the rose bush which had slipped out from its fastening against the house.

"Where's baby?" he demanded, suddenly, for he missed something to which he was accustomed—the charge in his direction, and the clasp of two small stout arms. "Annie has left us," Mrs. Lowe replied, regretfully. "She's gone to live next door."

She rose to set the table, laying down her work, a petticoat that she was making, oddly, for Jones' little girl. She took from the cupboard, from mere force of habit, a tin tray, and a mug marked "For a Good Child," and then, remembering that she was childless, put them back again.

After he had been sitting at the table for a moment, Mr. Lowe glanced at the place and laid down his knife and fork as though to rise and go for something; but Mrs. Lowe looked up and asked how business had been, which turned the current of his thoughts. Business had been doing well that day, and there was several things to tell. When tea was over he sat down beside the lamp and read his paper, while she cleared the supper things away.

As she moved about she could make out dimly the house next door, for it was growing dark outside. The Jones' shades were down, and a narrow chink of light under each, or a shadow now and then, was all that gave a clue to what was going on within. By-and-bye a shade upstairs was suddenly illuminated, as though someone might be going to bed. Mrs. Lowe went to the window and stood with her face against the glass. When she came, at last, and sat down on the other side of the lamp, Mr. Lowe read her a bit of news here and there, as he always did, although by and bye he frowned and laid the paper down.

"Haden't I better go over and get baby, Anna?" he inquired.

She lifted up her big grey eyes.

"Why, no," she said, "she's gone to stay. But you might leave the door a little open, Henry," she added, "when you come upstairs—the one next Mrs. Jones."

When she went up, a little later, she walked over to the crib and turned the covers down as usual, and taking from the desk a paper-weight—a silver elephant that always slept with Annie—put him beneath the pillow, undoubtedly that he might feel no change. Then she herself went quietly to bed.

One might have fancied from her peacefulness that she was asleep; but she was not. She lay and listened, for she knew nothing of the sauce-pies and soap-suds, until the house grew still, and the night without loud with the chorus of innumerable things. And at last, above the sawing of the katydids, she heard it—the pattering that she had been expecting! She was aware of it afar off, for her ears were sharp, even before the gate squeaked, or the door; and when on the dark stair, where a bear is so liable to follow one, it turned into a scramble, she sat up and put out her arms.

"Mother, mother, mother," wept the little voice, and the cold nose and feet that followed it were endurable because so very precious, "I aren't really Jones' little girl!"—By Catharine Young Glen, in the Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two can not be separated with impunity.—Ruskin.

The Books of the Bible.

Do you know how many books are in the Bible? You once knew, but have forgotten? Let me tell you one good way to remember, so as never to forget. First, write down the words

OLD TESTAMENT.

Now, how many letters are in the word "Old"? Three. How many in the word "Testament"? Put three and nine together and you have 39—the number of books in the Old Testament.

Next, write down the words

OLD TESTAMENT.

There are also in "New" and "Testament" 3 and 9 letters. Now, multiply 3 by 9 and you have 27—the number of books in the New Testament.

Of course by adding 39 and 27, you have 66—the number of books in the Bible.

Any boy or girl who will read this over twice will never forget how many books are in the Bible.—Philadelphia Presbyterian.

Out in the Fields.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might pass,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the hushing of the corn,
Where drowsie poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God.

St. Paul's.

Life Is What We Make It.

I wish I could have kept up my studying, but I have had so many household cares that it has been almost impossible for me to get an opportunity even to read," said a woman in middle life.

Her hearer sympathized with her; yet, later, she recalled this woman's luxurious home, in which the lace curtains must always be done up on such a date, the brasses polished at such a time, and the silver cleaned on another stated day. Nor had it always been possible for this housekeeper to find servants to fill her fastidious requirements. The listener repeated the regretful words of this woman to a friend, and supplemented them by saying, "She does not realize that her life is largely what she has made it. She preferred to have an elegant home with everything not merely comfortably clean, but uncomfortably neat, rather than to take time for reading. Now, I myself often lament that I have not time for piano practice, and wish I were a better player; but really it is my choice for the few spare minutes I might devote to music, I spend on my books."

A party of young girls were embroidering, when one of them brought in a guest.

"I don't embroider, so I shall have to read to you, or talk," said the newcomer.

"Don't embroider!" cried one of the girls. "Why, what in the world do you do with yourself?"

The girl had found so many other things to do in the world that she was at a loss for a moment.

"Why, I don't have time to embroider. I—I read."

HELP FOR MOTHERS.

Baby's Own Tablets Are What You Need When Little Ones Are Cross, Fretful and Sleepless.

If a child is cross, fretful and sleeps badly, the mother may feel absolutely certain that some derangement of the stomach or bowels is the cause. And she can be just as certain that Baby's Own Tablets will put her little one right. These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, such as indigestion, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, worms and teething troubles. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and can be given with absolute safety to the young and most feeble child. Every mother who has used them speaks of these Tablets in the warmest terms. Mrs. E. Bancroft, Deerwood, Man., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, for simple fevers and teething, and I think them the best medicine in the world. They always strengthen children instead of weakening them as most other medicines do."

You can get Baby's Own Tablets at any drug store, or by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

"Read! Dear me! I never read more than two books a year. I don't have time to read."

Few people of comparative leisure to assert that they can not do what they would like because they have no time seems absurd; the more so when we read, in Sir Walter Besant's "East London" that even the poor people of that section, who must work hard for a bare livelihood, have at command for their own use, in holidays and evenings, one-quarter of the whole year. To some all time is given, to choose what shall be done it.—Youth's Companion.

For Those Who Are Morbid.

Morbid introspection is one of the diseases of the higher culture in men and women, and it has wrecked many a life that had every reason to be satisfied and contented with its share of the world's goods. The mind must be taught to keep a healthy balance as well as the body, for it is fully as susceptible to the little influences and environments of our life as the latter.

We need to take less conscious thought of our bodily and mental conditions, and to project our minds into the world's interests around us. So long as the mind is permitted to brood and dwell upon personal sorrows and burdens it will find abundant reason for a gloomy attitude toward things in general. The external world and the people in it are the rightful objects for our thought and consideration, and not personal ailments, idiosyncrasies and sorrows. The cure for the brooding mind is to mingle more generally with other people, and to become interested in their thoughts and welfare. We must direct and control the mind and emotions in order to secure the greatest happiness in this world, and this is merely a matter of habit which we can all learn either late or early.

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