

for him, and if he had come back, everything would have been as he remembered it.

That room to us, to his mother and me, was wuth more than all the world; but the high water came, and I didn't get a chance to save a thing. All his little boyish things were washed away; the walls is cracked, and when he comes back there will be nothing left to tell of home—no mother, none of his old things and nothing to show the love of the years that we've waited for him. Stranger, thar are some things you can't make over agin as good as new.

With a dreary shake of the head that told of a sorrow too deep for tears, too holy for expression, the old man looked again at his ruined house; but the other's eyes were brimming with tears, and he did not trust himself to speak for many minutes.

But the homely phrase 'cannot be made over,' conveyed to my mind another and a deeper meaning.

Build well to-day, and to-morrow, and in all the days for life and its associations and influences 'cannot be made over.' To say at the end of an unwise life, 'If I could live my time again, I would do differently,' is but empty breath—live now, and when comes to you the judgment day of final years, you will not find your service for God and others an experience that you wish 'to be made over.'—'Companion.'

The Bear That Was Not.

(By Jennie Martin McDaniel, in the 'Children's Visitor'.)

'Hurrah for Camp Skiddoo!' shouted Harry Johnson as he tossed his cap into the air and 'cut the pigeon wing,' much to the disgust of his older sister, Kate, who invariably viewed such conduct on the part of her younger brother with disdain.

'Do behave yourself, Harry!' said Kate. 'Any one would think that you had never been anywhere before in your life. Certainly we will not give it any such ridiculous name as that.'

Harry was exactly like all other live boys—full of the exuberance of youth. Hence this hilarity over their summer outing; for it was to be a camping trip, and the tents were to be pitched by the seaside—just the kind of fun for a boy.

This sort of a summer trip did not appeal very strongly to the female portion of the Johnson family, especially to the young ladies. Kate and Gertrude had just returned from college, and would have much preferred the gayety of one of the seaside hotels, where there would be opportunities to show their dainty summer toilets and bask in the sunshine of many admiring masculine glances. However, with characteristic good nature, they began to assist in making preparations for the trip.

'After all,' said Kate, 'it will not be such a bad way to spend a few weeks. I am just dying to read all those lovely books given me at Christmas. I haven't had time to even look at them.'

Gertrude said she might write a story or two, for she was exceedingly fond of weaving romances, and hoped some day to be known in the literary world.

Mrs. Johnson really welcomed any sort of a change that would break the monotony of housekeeping and the strain of social duties; so she actually looked forward with a degree of pleasure to the freedom of camp life. She expected to relax and rest.

The Johnson home was in Florida, and about a day's journey from the point on the coast which had been selected for camp. The tents were pitched on the summit of the last sand dune approaching the ocean. Immediately a flag pole was hoisted, bearing a white banner, on which was inscribed, in big, black letters of Harry's own make, 'Camp Skiddoo.'

The outlook was indeed promising. North and south lay the beautiful beach, as firm and smooth as any pavement, and broad enough at low tide for a whole battalion of soldiers to march abreast; to the eastward the grand old Atlantic, ever beautiful and full of interest with its changing moods; to the westward, as far as eye could reach, one vast stretch of low palmettoes, broken here and there by huge oak trees, around which gracefully twined the wild grapevines, which at this season hung heavy with their fruit.

The Halifax River, half a mile away, was said to be teeming with fish; and surely the fingers of these followers of Sir Izaak Walton were tingling with the desire to land a few of the funny tribe.

A merry party sat down to the first meal served in the dining tent, and did full justice to the menu, which was as follows: Fried fish, deviled crabs, creamed potatoes, corn bread, and coffee. The table, an arrangement of boards on barrels, was made very attractive with the snowy linen and dainty pieces of china and silver, which had been brought over by the thoughtful mother. It was further ornamented with a bowlful of the beautiful, variegated sea morning-glories, gathered along the sandy slopes.

Many days of genuine pleasure followed. Mornings were spent in fishing, either in the Halifax for small game or in the surf for the huge bass. During the mid-day hours the family rested, read, and slept. Later bathing suits were donned for a dip in the briny deep. A tramp along the beach, then supper, and the day's exercises were ended.

The nights had been delightful, a cool breeze blowing continually from the ocean; consequently the festive mosquito had been 'conspicuous by his absence.'

A day dawned cloudy and warm, a gentle breeze blowing from the west—a 'land breeze,' the coast people were wont to call it, and experience had taught them to dread the same. Along with this 'land breeze' came the mosquitoes and pesky sand flies—a few at first and more back to the woods for recruits and, marshaling their forces, swept down, millions strong, upon the unhappy tent dwellers, endeavoring to devour them there and then, without further ceremony. Bravely the battle was waged till midnight, when a stiff breeze sprang up from the ocean and drove the enemy once more into the background. It was a sweet relief, and the people were soon asleep.

Hark! What was that? A low, ominous growl from Bruno, the faithful watchdog. Immediately the sleepers were awake and listening. There must be some intruder, for Bruno never gave a false alarm. Out to the front they came to investigate. Bruno was now tearing madly down the beach, barking and yelping at every jump. Yes, there it was, in plain view—something big moving slowly up the beach.

'It's a bear!' screamed Harry; and with this announcement the girls went wild with terror. They clung to their mother, who was trembling with fear.

Mr. Johnson calmly shouldered his shotgun, followed by Harry with rifle, and started down the beach to kill this midnight prowler. It seemed strange that a bear would take so little notice of a dog. Bruno was barking furiously, but the bear proceeded quietly up the beach. They closed in on him.

Bang! went the shotgun. Bang! went Harry's rifle. Was there ever such excitement?

'We've got him,' said Harry. It was evident the bear had fallen. Rushing up to the spot where they saw Mr. Bruin fall, they found—not a bear at all, but a great, big sea turtle! She had quietly come out of the ocean, as turtles do, to lay her eggs in the sand, and was on her nest when thus rudely interrupted. With their guns they 'turned' her, and thus was captured the finest turtle ever seen on the beach.

Turtle steak and turtle egg omelet were enjoyed in the Johnson camp for a few days. The huge shell was taken home as a souvenir, and was always a reminder of an exciting night.

Fault-finding Girls.

Have you ever heard a group of girls discussing a newcomer in the office or shop? The chances are they pick out every flaw possible in dress and looks and manner. It would have been just as easy, and far better for the future characters of the critics, to have been on the lookout for good points. Most people have more virtues than faults if only we weren't most of us so blinded by old critical habits that we can't see them. Some time, when you find yourself seeing the shortcomings of relatives and friends, stop

short and ask yourself if you haven't ways of your own which are just as open to criticism. It is most unfair to criticize other people's actions unless you know all the circumstances. The chances are if you were in their places you would do no better.

The habit of fault-finding with places and things, which most girls have, ought to be nipped in the bud. One girl can ruin the pleasure of a whole party just by pointing out the flaws everywhere. What if things aren't just to your liking? You won't make them a particle better by calling attention to them, and you will make others uncomfortable by doing so. Train yourself to see the bright side and to make the best of things. If you can't get a rosy view keep quiet. And don't always have a 'but' in your pleasures. Get all the small joys you can as you go along. Don't go sidestepping after the disagreeables. Some of them will come of course, but you needn't go to meet them. By learning to keep your eyes on the good and pleasant in people and situations, you will make it easier to grapple with the inevitable disagreeables.—'Catholic Record.'

The Shadow of Failure.

The terror of failure and the fear of coming to want keep multitudes of people from obtaining the very things they desire, by sapping their vitality, by incapacitating them through worry and anxiety, for the effective, creative work necessary to give them success.

Wherever we go, this fear-ghost, this terror-specter stands between men and their goal; no person is in a position to do good work while haunted by it. There can be no great courage where there is no confidence or assurance, and half the battle is in the conviction that we can do what we undertake.

The mind always full of doubts, fears, forebodings, is not in a condition to do effective creative work, but is perpetually handicapped by this unfortunate attitude.

Nothing will so completely paralyze the creative power of the mind and body as a dark, gloomy, discouraged mental attitude. No great creative work can be done by a man who is not an optimist.

The human mind cannot accomplish great work unless the banner of hope goes in advance. A man will follow this banner when money, friends, reputation, everything else has gone.

Some men are pitched to a minor key. They probably do not realize it; but there is a downward tendency in their thought and conversation. Everything is down—business poor, prospects dark. They are always seeing snags ahead. They see tendencies in American life which are sure to undermine our democracy and end in revolution. Nothing is as it used to be when they were young. They cannot get any more decent help. Everything is in a deplorable condition.

It is a most unfortunate thing to get into such a mental habit.

I know some of these people. Their letters are always pessimistic. They go through like like a tornado cloud, carrying blackness and threatening disaster wherever they go.

Everything depends upon the way we look at things. Near these calamity howlers we find people living practically under the same conditions, who see beauty and increasing goodness, and an upward trend in civilization everywhere.

What an untold blessing to form early in life the optimistic habit of seeing the best instead of the worst!

Think how much more those get out of life who are always courageous, hopeful, always grateful for every good thing that comes to them, and who have a great faith in the goodness of human nature and in the honesty of most people!

One of the hardest, and yet one of the most useful lessons we can ever learn, is to smile and wait after we have done our level best.

It is a finely trained mind that can struggle with energy and cheerfulness toward the goal which he cannot see. But he is not a