

who should be bright and joyous, snarling and quarreling among themselves, because one wants to do or have one thing and another another thing, and one won't give in to the other. Try, boys and girls giving up something to each other, and see if your life is not happier and better when you do it, and try, too, to "help mother." You may not be able to do much but it will make her heart glad and lighten her burdens if she sees that you wish to be helpful. And now I am going to turn into a doctor before closing and give each boy and girl a prescription that will be very very good for their healths. I found it in a newspaper whose name I can't remember. It is called :

#### HOW TO BE HAPPY.

ARE you almost disgusted  
With life, little man ?  
I will tell you a wonderful trick  
That will bring you contentment  
If anything can—  
Do something for somebody, quick !  
Do something for somebody, quick !

Are you awfully tired  
With play, little girl ?  
Weary, discouraged and sick ?  
I'll tell you the loveliest  
Game in the world—  
Do something for somebody, quick !  
Do something for somebody, quick !

Though it rains like the rain  
Of the flood, little man,  
And the clouds are forboding and thick,  
You can make the sun shine  
In your soul, little man—  
Do something for somebody, quick !  
Do something for somebody, quick !

Though the skies are like brass  
Overhead, little girl,  
And the walk like a well-heated brick,  
And are earthly affairs  
In a terrible whirl ?—  
Do something for somebody, quick !  
Do something for somebody, quick !

W.

#### APPRECIATION OF MOTHER.

An old Virginia minister said lately : "Men of my profession see much of the tragic side of life. I have seen men die in battle, have seen children die, but no death ever seemed so pathetic to me as the death of an aged mother in my church, I knew her first as a young girl, beautiful, gay, full of joy and hope. She married, and had four children. Her husband died, and left her penniless. She sewed, she made drawings, she taught, she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children, to educate them, to give them the advantages their

father would have given them had he lived. She succeeded. She sent her boys to college and her girls to school. When all came home they gave themselves up to their own selfish pursuits. She lingered among them some three years, and then was stricken with mortal illness brought on by overwork. The children gathered around her bedside. The oldest son took her in his arms. He said, 'you have been a good mother to us.' That was not much to say, was it ? It was much to her, who had never heard anything like it. A flush came over her pallid face, and with a husky voice she whispered, 'My son, you never said so before !'"  
—*Selected.*

#### "I WAS GOING TO."

CHILDREN are very fond of saying, "I was going to."

A boy wets his feet, and sits without changing his shoes, catches a severe cold, and is obliged to have the doctor for a week. His mother told him to change his wet shoes when he came in, and he was "going to" do it, but did not.

A girl tears her dress so badly that all her mending cannot make it look well again. There was a little rent before, and she was going to mend it, but forgot it.

And so I might go on giving instance after instance, such as happen in every home with almost every man and woman and boy and girl. "Procrastination is" not only "the thief of time," but the worker of vast mischiefs. If a Mr. "I-was-going-to" lives in your house, just give him warning to leave. He is a lounger and a nuisance. He has wrought unnumbered mischiefs. The boy or girl who begins to live with him will have a very unhappy time of it, and life will not be successful. Put Mr. "I-was-going-to" out of your house, and keep him out. Always do things which you are going to do.—  
*Selected.*

#### A SUGGESTION.

God's ships of treasure sail upon the sea  
Of boundless love, of mercy infinite ;  
To change their course, retard their onward  
way,  
Nor wind nor wave hath might.

Prayer is the tide for which the vessels wait  
E'er they can come to port, and if it be  
The tide is low, then how canst thou expect  
The treasure ship to see.

—*Anna Temple.*

#### SELF-MADE.

A WEALTHY business man not long ago made a short visit in his native town, a thriving little place, and while there was asked to address the Sunday-school on the general subject of success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say, except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

"Your very example would be inspiring, if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent. "Are you not a self-made man ?"

"I don't know about that."

"Why, I've heard all about your early struggles ! You went into Mr. Wheelwright's office when you were only ten—"

"So I did ! So I did ! But my mother got me the place, and while I was there she did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and when I got discouraged, told me to cheer up and remember tears were for babies."

"While you were there you studied by yourself—"

"O no, bless you, no ! Not by myself ! Mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she beat up cakes for breakfast. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing-book, ugly with pot-hooks and trammels, into the fire, and she burnt her hands in pulling it out."

"Well, it was certainly true, wasn't it, that as soon as you had saved a little money, you invested in fruit, and began to peddle it out on the evening train ?"

The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection.

"Yes," he said slowly, "and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that might do the Sunday-school good. The second lot of apples I bought for peddling were specked and wormy. I had been cheated by the man of whom I bought them, and I could not afford the loss. The night after I discovered they were unfit to eat, I crept down cellar and filled my basket as usual.

"They looked very well on the outside," I thought, and perhaps none of the people who buy them will ever come this way again. I'll sell them, and just as soon as they're gone, I'll get some sound ones."