

and thin still, but Daddy all the same, came through the open cottage door. Muriel was shy at first, but by degrees she got braver and sat on father's knee while he told all that had happened to him since he left. He had not come back a rich man, but with sufficient money to start in a little business of his own, and best of all, with the joy of the real heart-salvation, which he had found in the Australian hospital, shining in his face.

By-and-by the captain came in, and Muriel was in great glee—showing her very own Daddy to her friend.

'I guess, Captain,' she said, as she sprang off her father's knee to give the Army lassie a hug, 'it was that prayer you said with me and mother, that brought my Daddy home.'

### Charlie's Photograph.

'I declare,' exclaimed Mrs. Richardson, 'I don't know what in the world to do with Charlie to break him of his careless and slovenly habits.'

'Why, what has he been doing now?' asked Mr. Richardson.

'Oh, he is so untidy about making his toilet. He puts the hairbrush in the water and leaves it till it is soaking wet. When he comes in from his play for dinner he puts a little soap and water on his face and then wipes it off on the towel. What shall I do? Here he has left almost a picture of his features in dirt on this clean towel.'

Mr. Richardson made no reply, but going to the attic, he soon returned with a long, narrow picture-frame, which once upon a time had been used to inclose a panel picture. Measuring, he found that the towel would almost fit it, and, taking a few tacks, he cleverly fastened it to the back of the frame, and then, going to his desk, he wrote this placard:

'Charlie's Photograph.'

This he fastened to the bottom of the frame, and then hung the whole up on the wall right beside the washstand. Then Mrs. and Mr. Richardson watched the next time Charlie went to wash his face. He rushed breathlessly into the room as usual. They heard him splash in the water for an instant, and then there was a moment's pause, as though he were searching for the towel. Next they heard a low exclamation of surprise, and presently he came out of the room very much

ashamed. He hung his head sheepishly during the entire meal, but after it was over said in a low tone: 'Mamma, if you will please take my photograph down from the wall, I'll promise you not to wash any more in that way.'—Author Unknown.

### Why He Would Not Go.

Freddie is a member of the Loyal Temperance Legion, and is present at every meeting. Near his home is a carpenter's shop, where he loves to go after school and watch the men work with plane and saw. He thinks he will be a carpenter when he grows up. Some of the men, I am sorry to say, drink beer, and not only want it at noon time with their lunch, but in the afternoon also. They often ask Freddie to go and



buy the beer for them, but he always refuses. One day one of the men said, 'You are not a very obliging little boy. You are unkind and lazy not to go and get our beer.'

Then Freddie gave this reply:

'I am not lazy. I want to help the people all I can. I cannot buy your beer for you because I am a temperance boy. I will go on any other errand for you, but I will never buy any beer.'—National Advocate.

### Gum and Missions.

It is said that at the present rate of raising money in America for missions, it would take four years to raise as much as is spent in one year in the same country for chewing gum! Would it not be good for both America and the heathen, if the former would chew less and give more? A few years ago it was estimated that the United States spent \$22,000,000 a year for chewing gum and only \$8,000,000 for

foreign missions. Such figures speak for themselves.—'Episcopal Recorder.'

### I Have Closed My Book.

I have closed my books, and hidden my slate,  
And thrown my satchel across the gate;  
My school is out for a season of rest,  
And now for the schoolroom I love the best.

My schoolroom lies on the meadows wide,  
Where under the clover the sunbeams hide;  
Where the long vines cling to the mossy bars,  
And the daisies tumble like falling stars;

Where clusters of buttercups gild the scene,  
Like showers of gold-dust thrown over the green,  
And the wind's flying footsteps are traced as they pass  
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and trees,  
And no one whispers except the breeze,  
Who sometimes blows, from a secret place,  
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school-bell rings in the rippling stream,  
Which hides itself like a school-boy's dream,  
Under the shadow and out of sight,  
But laughing still for its own delight.

My schoolmates there are the birds and bees,  
And the saucy squirrel more dull than these,  
For he only learns in all the weeks  
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks.

My teacher is patient, and never yet  
A lesson of hers did I once forget;  
For wonderful lore do her lips impart,  
And all her lessons are learned by heart.

O come! O come! or we shall be late,  
And autumn will fasten the golden gate.

—Katherine Lee Bates.