



KITE FLYING.

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"WILL you go and fly your kite with me?" said Tom to Fred Walton one day after school on a bright summer day with just enough wind to make them soar to the blue sky; but Fred said no, he didn't want to, and so stayed at home while Fred and a lot of other boys went off to the open field. Tom could hear their voices and peals of laughter and wished he had gone too. So he took up his kite and marched off to the other boys, who were glad to see him coming. After they were through flying their kites Fred said that he had such a good time that he would not have missed it for anything, and next time Tom asked him to go he would do as he was asked. Think twice before you speak.

DUST ON YOUR GLASSES

I DON'T often put on my glasses to examine Katy's work, but one morning not long ago I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping.

"Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Katy?" I inquired. "This room is very dusty."

"I think there is dust on your eye-glasses, ma'am," she said modestly.

And sure enough the eyeglasses were at fault and not Katy. I rubbed it off and everything looked bright and clear, the carpet like new, and Katy's face said: "I am glad it was the glasses and not me this time."

This has taught me a good lesson, I said to myself upon leaving the room, and one that I shall remember through life.

In the evening Katy came to me with some kitchen trouble. The cook had done so-and-so. When her story was finished I said smilingly: "There is dust] on [your

glasses, Katy. Rub it off—you will see better."

She understood me and left the room.

I told the incident to the children, and it is quite common to hear them say to each other: "Oh, there is dust on your glasses."

Sometimes I am referred to: "Mamma, Harry has dust on his glasses. Can't he rub it off?"

When I hear a person criticising another, condemning, perhaps, a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inferences prejudicial to the person, I think, "There's dust on your glasses. Rub it off." The truth is everybody wears these very same glasses.

I said so to John one day, some little matter coming up that called forth the remark: "There are some people I wish would begin to rub, then," said he. "There is Mr. So and so and Mrs. So-and-so, they are always ready to pick at some one, to slur, to hint, I don't know, I don't like them."

"I think my son John has a wee bit on his glasses just now"

He laughed and asked: "What is a boy to do?"

"Keep your own well rubbed up, and you will not know whether others need it or not."

"I will," he replied.

I think as a family we are all profiting by that little incident, and through life will never forget the meaning of "There is dust on your glasses."

Do we ever thank God for the beautiful world he has given us? But there is a fairer world than this. We shall see it some day if we love and obey God in this life.

PLAYING SCHOOL

BY MRS. A. GIDDINGS PARK.

BLUE-EYED Maude is the teacher;
Clarence, Minnie and Bell
Are the most advanced of her pupils
The first class studying well.
Then there are the primary scholars
Those dollies that sit in a row;
And Robbie's the Superintendent
Who visits the school, you know.

Pussy is studying drawing,
Her paws in the crayon tray;
While Bess sits up on a hassock
Ready his part to play.
She has on her very best ribbon,
With an extra frill of lace,
While he wears a turn-down collar
And a very solemn face!

A mouse peeps out of the corner,
From his hole just under the wall,
And Puss goes scampering after,
Upsetting the dollies all!
While Maudie—the dignified teacher
Just screams, and jumps to a chair
And the grave little Superintendent
Laughs loud at the funny affair!

A SHORT SERMON.

My friend was walking up York Street late one afternoon, when he encountered a short sermon on temperance. The man was keen and cold, with "symptoms of snow." He had pulled the cap down over his ears as far as possible, and buttoned his overcoat close to keep out the sting of the lake wind, and was hurrying along at a pace that might rival Weston's when he nearly ran over a little child not more than four years old, who had fallen on the sidewalk near him.

"Heigho, sis!" he exclaimed, lifting the child safely to her feet again.

The little ragamuffin put up a grievous lip, and was going to cry, but stopped when he spoke to her.

"Whew! barefooted, and such a day this!"—with a low whistle—"why do you run home, sis, and put on your shoes and stockings before you freeze your toes?"

"Don't dot any shoes and stotin'a." "Don't got any, eh? How does that happen? Don't your father buy you shoes and stockings?"

"O no," she answered, with a tone that meant "of course not," and a manner indicating that she considered the remark amply sufficient, "No, my papa drunk."