



Spring

spring That's begun in the tops of the trees!

I lift up my face to the sunshine, The soft enveloping sunshine, and hold out my arms to the

breeze; For the spirit of spring is over the For the mist of the spring is over the land.

worshipping here on my knees!

kitchen table for Mrs. Watson's din-ner. Danny called them all to have 'Sure, it's the first bite that's al-

"Sure, it's the first bite that's al-ways the best, a body might not like it so well on the second," said Jim-my as he took his, but Bugsey re-fused to have any at all: "Wan bite's no good," he said, "it just lets yer see what yer missin."
"D'ye think she'll ever come to

"D'ye think she'll ever come to see us, ma?" asked Pearlie, as she set Danny in the chair to give him his supper. The family was fed in di-visions. Danny was always in Divi-

sion A "Her? Is it?" said Mrs. Watson and they all listened, for Pearlie's story to-day had far surpassed all her former efforts, and it seemed as if there must be some hope of its com-ing true. "Why och! childer dear, d'ye think a foine lady like her would be bothered with the likes of us? She be bothered with the likes of us? She is radin' her book, and writin' letthers, and thinkin' great thoughts, all the time. When she was speakin' to me to-day, she looked at me so won-derin' and faraway, I could see that she thought I wasn't there at all at she thought I wasn't there at all at she thought I wasn't there at all at she thought I wasn't be the care that the country of the country be puttin' notions into their is. Yer father wouldnt' like it. heads. Yer father wouldnt' like it. Well, Danny, me man, how goes it?' went on Mrs. Watson, as her latest born was eating his rather scanty supper. "It's not skim milk and dhry bread yed be havin, if you were her child this night, but taffy canly filled with mits and chunks or canly filled with mits and chunks or beauty and the state of the control of the control

example of honesty and sobriety. He will be a man some day, and if properly trained he may be a useful factor in the uplifting and refining of the world. I love little children, sne went on rapturously, looking at Jimmy as if he wasn't there at all. would love to train one, for service in the world to uplift and re-

"Yes, ma'am," said Jimmy. He felt that sometning was expected of him, but he was not sure what. "Will you bring Daniel to see me to-morrow. Janneer" also said, as Camilia nanded him his pail. "I would like to speak to his young mind and endeavour to plant the eed of virtue and honesty in that tertile soil.

When Jimmy got home he told Pearlie of his interview with the pink lady, as much as he could remember. The only thing that he was sure of was that sne wanted to see Danny, and that she had said something about planting seeds in him.

Pearne and Jimmie thought it best

not to mention the proposed visit to their mother, for they knew that she would be fretting about his clothes, would be fretting about his clothes, and would be sitting up mending and swing for him when she should be sleeping. So they resolved to say "nothin' to nobody."

The next day their mother went away early to wash for the Methodist minister's wife, and that was always a long day's work.

Then the work of preparation began on Danny. A wash-basin full of snow was put on the stove to melt, and Danny was put in the high chair which was always the

which was always the place of his ablutions. Pearlie began to think aloud. "Bugsey, your stockin's are the

best. Off wid them, Mary, and mend the hole in the knees of them, and, Bu Bugsey, for we'll be needin' your pants anyway. It's awful stylish for a little lad Danny to wearin' pants under his dresses, and now what about boots? Let's see yours, Pat-sey? They're all gone sey? sey? They're all gone
in the uppers, and
Billy's are too big,
even if they were
here, but they're off
him. I'll tell you

be taken from his chair and have the to school on him. I'll tell you "Little Boy Blue" sung to him, be-what, Mary, hurry up wid that sock fore he could be induced to go on o' Ted's and we'll draw them on him over Bugsey's boots and purtind they're overstockin's, and I'll carry them all the way so's not to dirty

Mary stopped her dish-washing, and drying her hands on the thin towel that hung over the looking glass, found her knitting and began

knit at the top of her speed.
'Isn't it good we have that dress "isn't it good we have that dress o' his, so good yet, that he got when we had all of yez christened? Put the irons on there, Mary; never mind, don't stop your knittin.' I'll do it myself. We'll press it out a do it myself. We'll press it out a bit, and we can put ma's handker-chief, the one pa gev her for Christ-mas, around his neck, sort o' sailor collar style, to show he's a boy. And now the snow is melted, I'll go at him. Don't cry now, Danny, man, yer goin't to the hig house, man, yer goin't have been a been a single of the collar of the collar of the collar the checkalut drops on her stand and chunks of cake on the table wid nuts the chockalut drops on her stand and chunks of cake on the table wid nuts in them as hig as marbles. There now," continued Pearlis, putting the towel over her finger and penetrat-ing Danny's ear, "she'll not say she can plant seeds in you. Yer ears are as clean as hers," and Pearlis stood as clean as hers," and Pearlis stood Danny's ears front and back. "Gondinued next work." (Continued next week.)



A long breath then, and hail to the | Then, peace, my soul! for the spring is come; The birds are at rest in the trees

The mountains are pink in the sunset.

The mystical, radiant sunset, That dies with the lessening breeze;

land

And I'm worshipping here on my knees! - Charlotte Goldsmith



Sowing Seeds in Danny

By Nellie L. McClung. (Continued from last week.)

mate she gave the dog, and the cake she threw in the fire to get rid of it," said Mary, who was knitting a sock for Teddy.

"No, don't tell that," said Jimmy, "it always makes wee Bugsey cry." "Well," began Pearlie, as she had done many times before. "Once upon a time, not very long ago, there lived a lovely pink lady in a big house painted red, with windies in viery side of it, and a bell on the front dure, and a velvet carpet on the stair and—"

"What's a stair?" asked Bugsey "It's a lot of boxes piled up higher and higher, and nailed down tight so that ye can walk on them, and when ye get away up high, there is another house right farninst ye—well, anyway, there was a lovely pianny in the parlow, and flowers in the windies, parlow, and flowers in the windies, and two yalla burds that sing as if turned to Jimmy, who was sitting on the floor mending his moccasin with a piece of sinew. "There was a little the floor mending his moccasin with a piece of sinew. "There was a little boy called Jimmy Watson who used to carry milk to the lady's back dure, and a girl with black eyes and white teeth all smiley used to take it from him, and put it n a lovely pitcher with birds flying all over it. But one day the lady berself was there all with birds flying all over it. But one day the lady berself, was there all dressed in lovely pink velvet and lace, and a train as long as from me to you, and she see to Jimmy, see she "Have you any sisters or broth ers at home, and Jim speaks up real proud-like, 'Just nine,' he see, and see she, swate as you plase. "Oh, that's lovely! Are they all purty as you? she see, and Jimmy see 'Pur-tier if anythine,' and she see. TIL be steppin' over to-day to see yer ma,' and Jim ran home and told them all, and Jim ran nome and told them all, and they all got brushed and combed and actin' good, and in she comes, lavin' her carriage at the dure, and her in a long pink velvet cape drag-jin' behind her on the flure and wide white fur all around it, her silk skirts creakin' like a bag of cab-

ND dont' forget the big plate o' potatoes and gravy and out of her head, and she says, "These ace ask be threw in the fire to get | do fit," said Mary, who was knit- girl, the oldest one. What's her name?" and ma ups and tells her it is Rebecca Jane Pearl, named for her two grandmothers, and Pearl just for short. She says, "I'll be for takher two grandmothers, and Pearl just for short. She says, "I'll be for tak-ing you home wid me, Pearlie, to play the pianny for me, and then she asks all around what the children's names is, and then she brings out a big box, from under her cape big box, from under ner cape all tased wid store string, and she planks it on the table, and tearin off the string, she see, 'Now, 'Pearlie, it's ladies first, tibby sure. What would you like to see in here?' And I says up quick.—'A long coat wid fur on it, and to handlershies' smaller, there and a handkerchief smellin' strong of satchel powder,' and she whipped them out of the box and threw them on my knee, and a new pair of red mitts too. And then she says, 'Mary, on thy knee, and a new pair of mitts too. And then she says, 'Mary, acushla, it's your turn now.' And Mary says, 'A doll with a real head on it, and there it was as big as Danon it, and there it was as oig as Dan-ny, all dressed in green satin, open-ing its eyes, if you plaze."
"Now me!" roared Danny,

"Now me!" roared Danny, squirming in his chair.
"Daniel Mulcahey Watson, what wud you like?" she says, and Danny ups and says, 'Chockaluts and candy men and 'taffy and curren' buns and ginger bread,' and she had every wan 'Robert Roblin Watson, him

"'Robert Roblin Watson, him as they call Bugsey, what would you like?" and 'Patrick Healy Watson, as is called Patsey, what is your choice?' says she, and—' In the confusion that ensued while these two young gentlemen thus re-ferred to stated their modest wishes, ferred to stated their modest wishes,

ferred to stated their modest wisnes, their mother came in, tired and pale, from her hard day's work.

"How is the pink lady to-day, ma?" asked Pearlie, setting Danny

down and beginning operations on Bugsey.
"Oh, she's as swate as ever ,an' c

Ton, sne's as swate as ever ,an' can talk that soft and kind about children as to melt the heart in ye."

Danny crept up on his mother's knee. "Ma, did she give ye pie?" he asked wistfully.

"Yes, me beauty, and she sent this to you wid her love," and Mrs. Watson took a small piece out of a newspaper from under her cape. It was the piece that had been set on the



with his supper.

The next morning when Jimmy brought the milk to Mrs. Francis's back door the dark eyed girl with the "amiley" teeth let him in, and set a chair beside the kitchen stove for him to warm his little blue hands. him to warm his little blue hands. While she was emptying the milk into the pitcher with the birds on it, Mrs. Francis, with a wonderful pink kimono on, came into the kitchen. "Who is this boy, Camilla," she asked, regarding Jimmy with a criti-

cal gaze.
"This is Master James Watson Mrs. Francis," answered Camilla with her pleasant smile. "He brings the milk every morning."

"Oh, yes; of course, I remember now," said Mrs. Francis, adjusting her glasses. "How old is the baby, James?"

"Danny is it?" said Jim. "He's four come March."

"Is he very sweet and cunning, James, and do you love him very much?" 'Oh, he's all right," Jim answered

epishly. "It is a great privilege to have a little brother like Daniel. You must be careful to set before him a good table garden. To the west of the cellent shelter for 3'X 6' STATES Bedroom 165 512 Ш 14'X1

April 15,

An Up-to

Among the

Mr. J. T. Bir

Ont., an illust on page 16. Mrs. Birchard

send us drawing

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Pantry 16'26'

First floor plan of h

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the young tree

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Kit

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Bedi

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