

And so it went on. No merry talking at supper, no pleasant hour spent together afterward, for if father or mother spoke, it was to tattle about somebody. Jenny and John played quietly by themselves, wondering what could be making father and mother talk like that.

Presently John, who was painting with his watercolors, accidentally touched Jenny's dress with his brush. "Oh, mother," she began, and then stopped suddenly.

"Excuse me, please," said John.

"I will," said Jenny.

A few minutes later Jenny happened to touch John's arm, making him make a crooked line. "Mother," he began, "Jenny"—and then he stopped, too.

"Excuse me, please," begged Jenny, and then they both laughed.

When father was going up stairs to bed he said to mother, "If we have to keep up this tattling until the children are cured, I hope they will be cured pretty soon, for one evening has been about as much of it as I can stand."

"They're cured now," called a voice from the children's room, and another voice added, "We're tired of it, too, and we'll stop if you will."

"All right, it's a bargain," said father, heartily. And everybody rejoiced to be rid of the disagreeable tattling fever.—Olive Plants.

### Helping Each Other

*By Miss Emma Cuntz*

Michael lay in his little white cot in the Isolation Hospital. He tossed to and fro in hot fever, calling "Vodé! vodé!" and, although the nurse did not know Russian, she knew little Michael wanted water, and she gave him a drink.

Only three days before, Michael had landed at Quebec, and now he and his two younger brothers lay sick with scarlet fever, and the mother and father were beginning their new home alone.

As the days went by, Michael no longer called "Vodé," but "Water," and often through the day the nurse could hear, "What's this?" "What is that?" as he asked the

little Canadian boy, in the next cot, the names of everything in sight. He would listen and then repeat the words he heard. "We are going to have dinner now," said Clifford, the Canadian boy. "We are going to have dinner now," repeated Michael, the Russian boy.

The weeks went by. Michael was getting stronger, but still needed care and good food. His little face was still very white and thin, and, as the kind nurse knew that Michael's father was unable to get work and that his mother had to cook the meals for eighteen boarders and could not give the boys the care they needed, he stayed some time longer in the hospital.

Sometimes Michael wanted to be out to see the wonderful country he had come to. He would say, "We will get very 'reech' in Canada. My tata (papa), he get beeg house. We not have beeg house in Russia. Not have much eat. Me so hungry some days. My mama have plenty beeg trouble in Russia."

"We go little church, not like beeg fine church. One day soldiers come, they make run, all people, they burn church and take our minister away to a bad prison. My mama cry much. Do bad soldiers burn churches in Canada?" "No! I should say not," answered Clifford. "Oh, how good, my mama, my tata (papa), me, Theodore, Peter, everybody go to church in Canada. Michael clapped his hands in glee, but stopped short when he saw Clifford with his head hanging and looking as if he had done something wrong. "I will go to church every Sunday when I go home." "Oh, my! do you not go to church?" said Michael, "and there are no bad soldiers to be scared of!" "Well," said Clifford, very slowly, "I just didn't bother going every Sunday, but I guess—well—I am going to go after this. Say, Michael, let's go to church together." "Oh, goody, yes we will."

Long after the time when all eyes should have been shut and all little boys off to the land of Nod, the nurse found Clifford and Michael whispering wonderful plans for church every Sunday, when they went home from the hospital.

Toronto