

wildly to find herself adopting Polly's phrases. She had felt such a sense of superiority to Polly all her life. Was her fond nonsense a higher kind of wisdom after all?

Would the child ever stop crying! Mrs. North, tossing on her pillow, heard the clock strike twelve. In another moment she was standing by the narrow bed in Miranda's room.

"Don't cry, Miranda. Don't cry, dearie." It was strange how easily Polly's pet names rose to her lips. "Move along a little and make room for me."

Miranda obeyed, and Mrs. North, creeping into the little bed, took the child in her arms. Miranda's head dropped listlessly against her shoulder, and the moonbeams showed a face swollen with weeping. Mrs. North pressed her cheek to the child's wet cheek, and felt a little shiver go through the slender body. Then an arm stole around her neck.

"I don't want you to go away and leave me, darling," whispered Mrs. North. "Polly Sackett has her four boys to love her, and I haven't anybody but you."

When the first brightness of dawn chased away the pale moonbeams, it showed Miranda smiling in her sleep. And the face of the woman on whose arm the little head rested was radiant with the ecstasy which is the divine right of motherhood.—Congregation alist.

### Young Night Thoughts.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

All night long and every night,  
When my mamma puts out the light,  
I see the people marching by,  
As plain as day, before my eye,  
Armies and emperors and kings,  
All carrying different kinds of things,  
And marching in so grand a way,  
You never saw the like by day.

So fine a show was never seen,  
At the great circus on the green;  
For every kind of beast and man  
Is marching in that caravan.  
At first they move a little slow,  
But still the faster on they go,  
And still beside them close I keep  
Until we reach the town of Sleep.

### Johnny's Lesson.

There was a great commotion in the backyard. Mother hurried to the window to see Johnny chasing the cat with stones.

"Why, Johnny, what are you doing? What is the matter with the kitty?" she called.

"She's all dirty, mother. Somebody shut her up in the coal hole."

"Is that all?" mother wanted to know.

"Why, yes," said Johnny. "She's dirty and black [and horrid! We don't want her around.]"

Presently Johnny came in crying, and ran to her for help. He had fallen into a puddle and was dripping with mud.

"Oh, mother! mother!" he cried, sure of help from her.

"Jane," she said quietly, to the nurse who was sewing near by, "do you know where there are any good sized gravel stones?"

Johnny stopped his loud notes to stare.

"Stones, ma'am?" asked Jane.

"Yes," said the mother, "to throw at Johnny. He's been in a puddle, and is dirty and black and horrid!" Johnny felt as if this was more than he could bear.

"Please, mother, I'll never do it again," he cried in humble tones. "Poor kitty! I see now just how bad I made her feel."

Johnny was then washed and comforted, but he did not soon forget the little lesson of kindness to those in misfortune.

### Don'ts for Sleeping.

Don't lie with the knees huddled up until they touch the chin. Such a practice cramps the muscles and really puts a greater strain on them than a long walk in the open air would induce. You subject yourself to a strain for which there is neither benefit nor compensation, and the restfulness which sleep should induce is lost. Worse, you are spending both muscular and nervous force which should be reserved for the needs of the waking hours.

Don't lie with the hands clasped above the head. This not only strains the muscles of the arms, but those of the chest and shoulders as well, and the deep, regular breathing which should accompany sound and restful sleep is then difficult of accomplishment.

Don't lie on the chest or stomach with the hands supporting the face, and the face itself pressed into the pillow. Just as surely as you follow this pernicious practice just so surely will you cultivate round shoulders, a hollow chest, and shallow breathing. Those exasperating little hollows which appear around the neck and shoulders are often distinctly traceable to this bad habit, and in addition the head acquires a forward droop and a hang which is far from becoming.

Don't ever, under any circumstances, sleep with the head covered up in the bedclothes. For healthful sleep a constant circulation of pure air is necessary; and with the head all covered up under the clothes the lungs are forced to breathe the same air time after time until they become poisoned with their own exhalations. Oxygen is necessary to the maintenance of life; and in breathing the oxygen which is inhaled into the lungs is exhaled as carbonic acid gas, a poison which in sufficient quantity has been known to kill.

Above all, don't sleep in any part of the clothing worn during the day. The practice is disgustingly unclean and makes for ill health.

### An Essay on the Horse.

The following remarkable essay on the horse is said to be from the pen of an Indian student: The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his foot on the stirrup, and divides his lower limbs across the saddle, and drives his animal to the meadow. He has four legs; two are in the front side and two are afterwards. These are the weapons on which he runs; he also defends himself by extending those in the rear in a parallel direction towards his foe, but this he does only when in a vexatious mood. There is no animal like the horse; no sooner they see their guardian or master than they always cry for food, but it is always at the morning time. They have got tails, but not so long as the cow and other such like animals.—The Herald and Presbyterian.

### Regarding Misquotations.

One of the rules that even young writers and readers should bear in mind is this: "Verify your quotation." And if possible, go to the original source rather than to rely on other authority. The reason for the rule is easy to see. Usually a quotation becomes popular because it is worth while, and to misquote is often to lose the value of the words. Thus people often say, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." But that is not true. All knowledge is worth having, even a little. They mean "half-knowledge," or incorrect knowledge, which is not really

### A HINT TO MOTHERS.

If you have a child that is sickly, fretful, nervous, restless at night, or suffers from any stomach or bowel troubles of any sort, give it Baby's Own Tablets. Don't be afraid of this medicine—it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Give the Tablets to the sick child and watch the quick relief and rapid restoration to health and strength. Thousands of mothers are using this medicine for their little ones, and they all praise it. What stronger evidence can you want? Mrs. D. A. McDairmid, Sandringham, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets certainly fill all the claim you make for them so far as my experience goes. I consider them a perfect medicine for children and always keep them in the house." You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medicine or if you write The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., they will send you a box by mail post paid for 25 cents.

knowledge at all! What Pope wrote was, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," and what he meant was that a little learning makes one presumptuous, while thorough learning gives humility—and an idea likewise set forth in the saying that wisdom begins with the feeling that one is ignorant.

So, verify your quotations for fear you may put into currency a counterfeit note.

At the same time it is to be remembered that some few quotations have been improved by changes introduced by those who have misquoted. These improvements are rare, however, and it is safest to retain the old forms, where there is any doubt.

Another misquotation besides that mentioned is:—

"The quality of mercy is not strained;  
It falleth as the gentle dew from heaven."

which you may correct for yourself, and then may inquire whether it is likely that the popular change is an improvement, when the nature of dew is understood.—From "Books and Reading" in May St. Nicholas.

### Three Little Kittens.

Three little kittens, out at play,  
Scampering about the lawn one day.  
Three little kittens as white as snow,  
Hunting for mischief, high and low.  
A piece of stovepipe lying near,  
Dropped by the rubbish man, I fear.  
Three little kittens, with snow-white fur,  
Crept in at one end with contented purr.  
Then a strange thing happened, as you'll agree  
And wonder how such a thing could be.  
For out of the other end, into the light,  
Crept three little kittens, as black as night.

### Got What They Wanted.

Over in the mosquito country an old farmer died. He was reputed to be rich. After his death, however, it was found that he died penniless. His will was very brief. It ran as follows:

"In the name of God, Amen. There's only one thing I leave. I leave the earth. My relatives have always wanted that. They can have it.—Bill L. Indner."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Frances had been brought up in a strict Presbyterian household, and in all her nine years had never attended service in a church of another denomination. While on a visit with her mother to a part of the country far from her own home, she entered the parlor one Saturday afternoon and eagerly asked: "Oh mamma, may I go to the Episcopal church with Gertie to-morrow? I'll promise not to believe a single word the minister says!"—L. C. Tulloch, in Lippincott's Magazine.