

• The Inglenook •

Rainy Sundays that Weren't Horrid.

BY JESSIE E. BALDWIN.

"I do think," said Bess Bradley to her dear friend and confidante, as they walked to school together one bright Monday morning, "that rainy Sundays are just horrid,—don't you, Gladys?"

"No," said Gladys, with a laugh; "I think they are very nice."

"Why, Gladys Merrill! how can you say so?" said Bess, turning an amazed look upon her friend.

"Well, if you have any doubts about the matter, I will say to you what Philip said to Nathanael, 'Come and see.'"

Not many weeks after this, Bess opened her eyes one Sunday morning to find a steady downpour of rain, and, for the first time in her mother's recollection upon such an occasion, came down to breakfast with a smile on her face.

"Bess looks as if she had seen some sunshine behind the clouds," said her brother Mack, teasingly.

"No, I haven't," said Bess; "but I've been invited over to Gladys Merrill's this afternoon, to learn how to find some."

Papa and mamma exchanged a look of satisfaction, but said nothing.

Promptly at two o'clock Bess was ushered into the dining-room at the Merrills, which presented a bright and cheery appearance in contrast to the gloom outside. Gladys and her brother were seated at the table, which was covered with a bright-red cloth, and an open fire sent its ruddy glow over the whole room. Upon the table were a number of books, several Bibles, and pen and ink. Bess received a hearty welcome, and, after being denuded of her out-of-door wraps, was given a seat between Gladys and Geoffrey.

"Oh, what pretty scrap-books!" she exclaimed, as her eyes fell upon several spread open upon the table. "Where did you get them?"

"Mamma made them," said Gladys. "The leaves are strips of holland, which you can get at any place where they make window-shades, as they only throw them away. Some, you see, are a foot wide. Mamma cuts them into equal-sized sheets, and sews them together, and puts on a cardboard cover, over which she has sewn bright-colored silesia or cambric. After putting a pretty picture on the front cover, the book is ready for the pictures."

"But where did you get all these lovely pictures?" said Bess, as she turned the pages over in admiration.

"We cut them out from papers and magazines, and on rainy Saturdays trim them off neatly and paste them into the books," said Gladys.

"But if you do all this work on Saturday, what do you find to do on Sunday?" said Bess, puzzled.

"Oh, we find lots to do!" said Gladys, laughing. "You notice, up to a certain page, each picture has some writing under it. We hunt through the Bible until we find a verse to suit the picture, and this we write under it, with the name of the book, chapter, and verse where it is found. My book contains flowers, trees, and plants. Geoffrey's are all animals and birds, and those others are different things. Do you see that lovely

bunch of pansies? Well, I hunted in the Bible for half an hour, and couldn't find a thing, so mamma said a verse about flowers would do, and so I wrote this one: 'The grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away: but the word of the Lord endureth forever' (1 Pet. 1: 24, 25). I had no trouble about the rose and the lily, unless it was to make a choice."

"Yes," said Geoffrey, "and that was my trouble about the horse, the sheep, and the lamb; but I have a number of them in my book, and so could use a number of verses. I have just found a good one for this splendid-looking horse who is rearing and prancing."

And Bess watched him as he wrote, in a clear, round hand, "He paweth in the vail, and rejoiceth in his strength" (Job 39: 21). Upon the opposite page, under a gaudy picture of a peacock with outspread tail, was written, "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks?" (Job 39: 13).

"You'd be surprised, Bess," said Gladys, "to find how many verses you can find about things you wouldn't think were in the Bible. In one of the other books I put a picture of a little baby sitting on a basin, and seeming to be a little cherub coming out of the clouds, but it was an advertisement for a certain soap, and the clouds were lather, and this is the verse I found for it: 'But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap.'"

"I think this is just splendid!" said Bess. "Can I help any?"

She was given one of the unfinished books and a Bible, and the hours flew by only too quickly.

Mrs. Merrill's entrance, carrying a plate of rosy apples in one hand, and leading little Paul by the other, put an end to their work. They gathered around her as she seated herself before the fire, and between bites answered her questions.

"I want each of you to give me the name or names of some personage mentioned in the Bible beginning with A," she said.

"Abel," "Aaron," "Abraham," "Adam," and others were called out. When no more could be thought of, they were passed on to B. Little Paul waited silently and eagerly until P was reached, and then shouted:

"Paul Philip Merrill!"

The tea-bell stopped them before they reached the end of the alphabet, but Mrs. Merrill said they would finish next time, and then go back and tell all they knew about the different ones mentioned.

Declining a warm invitation to stay to tea, Bess departed, declaring she never would say again that rainy Sundays were horrid, and that she also knew what she was going to do on the very next rainy Saturday.

The superintendent of a city Sunday school was making an appeal for a collection for a shut-in society, and he said: "Can any boy or girl tell me of any shut-in person mentioned in the Bible? Ah, I see several hands raised. That is good. This little boy right in front of me may tell me. Speak up good and loud, that all will hear you, Johnnie." "Jonah," shrieked Johnnie.

Night Terrors.

In childhood the sleep is sometimes disturbed by what are called night terrors. A child that has gone to bed apparently well and for an hour or two has slept soundly, or perhaps been slightly restless, suddenly starts with a piercing cry.

He is found, seemingly wide awake, sitting up in bed or standing in the middle of the room, trembling, screaming and looking intently at some imaginary object. His skin is moist and his hands clutch each other or anything within reach, and when spoken to he does not appear to understand. He calls for his mother or nurse, but does not know them when they come, and often alternately cling to and repulses them.

After a time, lasting from a few minutes to an hour, or even longer, the child recognizes those about him, and gradually falls into a sleep from which he does not awake until morning.

The conditions which cause them are sometimes easily discovered, but frequently no immediate cause can be found. As a rule, however, night-terrors occur to children who are delicate and excitable.

An attack is often caused by a disturbance of the digestive organs, resulting from a weak digestion or improper food. Other frequent causes are a catarrhal condition of the nose and throat, enlarged tonsils, morbid excitement of the mind during the day, fever, worms, teething, irritation of the skin and ill-ventilated sleeping rooms. Fright is one of the least common causes of this disturbance.

Night-terrors of themselves result in little, if any, serious harm; but as an indication of a nervous organization they are most valuable. They have been likened to the "slacken speed" signal of the engineer, a signal which must always be heeded.

An essential part of the treatment of this disturbance, then, is a strict attention to the child's surroundings and a careful supervision of his training, to prevent, as far as possible, any undue mental or nervous strain.

Equally important is it that his food should be easily digested and nutritious, but not stimulating, and that an effort should be made to improve his general health by bathing, and exercise in the open air.

Whenever indigestion, catarrh, enlarged tonsils or any of the conditions which might cause this disturbance are present, they should receive their appropriate treatment.

Children who, with the exception of an occasional attack of night-terrors, are apparently in perfect health, are frequently cured of the attacks by eating a supper of bread and milk.

Ho! all who labour, all who strive,

Ye wield a lofty power;

Do with your might, do with your strength,

Fill every golden hour!

The glorious privilege to do

Is man's most noble dower,

Oh! to your birthright and yourselves,

To your own souls be true;

A weary, wretched life is theirs

Who have no work to do.

—Caroline F. Orme.

A new disease has been added to the list of more than two thousand to which mankind is liable; this is mountain toothache. The workmen employed in the construction of the railroad up the Jungfrau, who have to live at an altitude of 10,000 feet, have been greatly afflicted with toothache and gunboils. The malady resembles a fever in its course, the crisis occurring at the third day; but the disease does not leave any after effects in the form of decayed teeth.