

barrels in front of the house, he went to his work in the field.

Annie and Millie paid little attention to this, because they were having a tea party on the porch with their dolls. Along with their own little table and tiny set of dishes, they had strawberries and sponge cake to eat.

The dollies were behaving so well, and they were having a most delightful time, when their father appeared.

He looked at the barrels.

"That stupid John!" said he. "He should have taken them to the barn."

Then, seeing the tea-party, he said: "Here, children, roll these barrels up to the barn; I will go ahead and fasten open the doors for you."

What a change came over the pleasant little faces! Before they had looked sweet enough to eat—much sweeter than the strawberries. Now they looked sour—sourer even than the strawberries before sugar was put on them. Annie looked at Millie, and Millie looked at Annie. "Isn't papa too mean?" asked Annie.

"As mean as he can be!" agreed Millie.

"He never wants us to have the least bit of fun!"

"No, he's always setting us to work. Only last night I heard him say to mamma it would be good for us to have some regular work."

"And what did mamma say?"

"She said a little wouldn't hurt us, but we would be young only once."

"Of course, we will. It won't be long before we are old; sometimes I feel old now."

"So do I. My back hurts a little already, and I know it will make it worse to roll those horrid barrels."

"Well, anyway, we have it to do," grumbled Annie, moving unwillingly down the steps. "It's awful hot out here. I 'most know we'll get sun-struck, and then I suppose papa'll be sorry enough."

Millie was walking around, placing her hand on each barrel, counting.

"Sixteen," she said, with a long breath; "eight times for you to the barn and eight times for me."

"Sixteen times," corrected Annie,

"for there's back again, and up that hill. 'It'll 'most kill us, I know. I have a notion not to do it."

"I'll tell you what we might do," said little Millie, a smile creeping around the corner of her rosy mouth. "We might pretend it was play. You see"—giving a barrel a push with her foot—"an empty barrel isn't really so heavy unless you get to thinking so, and we can play we are rolling hoops; only it will be more fun, because the barrels will make such a nice noise."

A smile began to creep around Annie's mouth, too.

"I don't mind doing it for fun," she said. "Suppose we try it."

Roll, roll, roll, under the cherry trees back of the house, up the incline, into the wide, sweet-scented barn. Back and forth flew the little maidens, rosy, laughing, full of fun. Almost before they knew it, those sixteen barrels were in the barn, and papa was saying:

"What good little girls I have today! They deserve a kiss and a hug apiece."

"We'd like them, papa; but I'm afraid we don't deserve them," said Annie, honestly; "because at first we hated to do it; but then Millie thought of doing it for fun."

"That's right, little daughters; take things by the smooth handles when you can. If you have something hard to do, make the best of it, and it will seem easier."

And with a hug and a kiss for each, the busy farmer went to the field, while the children were soon seated at their tea-party again, happier than ever.—*Youth's Companion*.

SUNSHINY WOMAN.

What a blessing to a household is a bright, cheerful, Christian woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a gleam of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles and the electrical brightness of her looks and movements infect every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's

spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him all day, far off her presence shines, and he thinks to himself, "At home I shall find rest." So day by day she literally renews his strength and energy; and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart, and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find that he has a wife of this kind.—*Canadian Churchman*.

SHINGWAUK HOME.

Many of the young readers of PARISH AND HOME are familiar with the name Shingwauk, and I hope a great many of them have formed the habit of saving some of their pennies to give towards the support of the sixty or seventy Indian boys who are being educated there. During a recent visit at Sault Ste. Marie I was frequently at the Shingwauk Home, and I saw so much that was encouraging to its supporters that I want to tell the boys and girls who are interested what a good work they are doing in helping to educate Indian boys, and to ask them all to try to extend the work in the future. The Shingwauk Home, which is situated on the bank of the St. Mary River about two miles below Sault Ste. Marie, is a good grey stone building with grounds sloping down to the water's edge. From the front of the building the view of the channel, continually filled with boats passing to and from Lake Superior, is a revelation even to those who are accustomed to seeing the shipping of the Great Lakes, and it is hard to estimate how wonderful it appears to the little Indian boy who comes in there from a "wigwam" in an isolated part of the country. The Indian is naturally keen and observant, and as he plays there and day by day watches the passing ships, he begins to realize that there is a great outside world filled with people, and then he is taught that he must learn to take his place among the citizens of Canada and that red men and white are alike subjects of one Queen and children of a universal Father. The Bishop of Algoma, who is president of the Home, in the last annual report said: "These Indian lads are the representatives of a people we have