

was a romping, rosy little girl in a gingham dress. Her curls were tumbled, and the dress was already rumpled. But Mattie Susan seemed to thrive in this new atmosphere, and was so happy. Miss Eliza's theories were all demolished, but it did not matter, for Mattie Susan, for the first time since she had come to live with them, had a real live playmate. Her little heart was full of joy, and life opened before her beautiful and rose colored. Everything was different. She had a change of climate after all.

—The Ram's Horn.

The Right Kind of a Boy.

The other morning we were in the midst of a three days' rain. The fire smoked, the dining-room was chilly, and, when we assembled for breakfast, papa looked rather grim and mamma tired; for the baby had been restless all night. Polly was plainly inclined to fretfulness and Bridget was undeniably cross, when Jack came in with the breakfast rolls from the baker's. He had taken off his rubber coat and boots in the entry, and he came in rosy and smiling.

"Here's the paper, sir," said he to his father, with such a cheerful tone and his father's brow relaxed; and he said, "Ah, Jack, thank you," quite pleasantly.

His mother looked up at him smiling, and he just touched her cheek gently as he passed.

"Top of the morning to you, Pollywog," he said to his little sister, and delivered the rolls to Bridget, with a "Here you are, Bridget. Aren't you sorry you didn't go yourself this beautiful day?"

He gave the fire a poke and opened a damper. The smoke ceased and presently the coals began to glow; and five minutes after Jack came in we gathered around the table, and were eating our oatmeal as cheerily as possible. This seems very simple in the telling, and Jack never knew he had done anything at all; but he had, in fact, changed the whole moral atmosphere of the room, and had started a gloomy day pleasantly for five people.

"He is always so," said his mother, when I spoke to her about it afterward, "just so sunny and kind and ready all the time. I suppose there are more brilliant boys in the world than mine, but none with a kinder heart or a sweeter temper. I am sure of that"—Our Dumb Animals.

The Gospel of Happiness.

A woman who had many sorrows and heavy burdens to bear, but who was noted for her cheerful spirit, once said in explanation: "You know I have had no money, I had nothing to give but myself, and so I made the resolution that I would never sadden any one else with my troubles. I have laughed and told jokes when I could have wept. I have always smiled in the face of every misfortune. I have tried never to let any one go from my presence without a happy word or a bright thought to carry with them. And happiness makes happiness. I myself am happier than I would have been had I sat down and bemoaned my fate."

This gospel of happiness is one which every one should lay to heart. Set out with the invincible determination that you will bear burdens and not impose them. Whether the sunshine or the rain falls, show a glad face to your neighbor. If you must fail in life's battle, you can at least fail with a smile on your face.—Wellspring.

And Kipling was Right.

Rudyard Kipling, according to the New York Sun, recently told an American friend that he hadn't in years enjoyed anything so much as he had enjoyed making the illustrations for his "Just So Stories."

"The public is so used to taking you seriously that it doesn't understand when you turn aside to children's stories," said the friend.

"Turn aside!" echoed Kipling. "Why, man, I'd be tickled half to death if I could write well enough to really interest little children. That would be a big thing—a wonderfully big thing."

The Tale of Polly Wog Wog.

EDWIN I. SABIN.

This is the tale of Miss Polly Wog Wog. Who lived in the midst of the country of Bog. Of brothers she numbered one hundred and four. Of sisters two hundred—or possibly more; No matter. Whatever the total may be, She never was lacking for playmates you see. So hide-and-go-seek and pom-pom pull-away; For water and mud were the young Wogs' delights—

They frolicked there, dined there, and slumbered three nights.

Miss Polly was vain—though we hardly would call

Her face or her figure attractive at all. Like most of her family, be it here said, She was seven-twelfths tail, and the rest of her head.

Yes, Polly was truly exceedingly plain— But the tail was thing that was making her vain! Her father cried, "Shame!" and her mother cried, "Fie!"

Her brothers said, "Goose!" and her sisters said, "My!"

And dreadful misfortune would happen, they vowed,

To the girl who was acting so silly and proud. But the more they entreated and threatened and warned,

The more their advice and their efforts were scorned.

And Polly went wiggling and wriggling about— Such airs! You would think she was some speckled trout!

But, O, she encountered a terrible fate, Which just as a mortal I'll briefly relate: She kept growing ugly! But that's not the worst—

She swelled so that one day she suddenly burst! And, alas, she was changed to a common green frog.

What an end to the tail of Miss Polly Wog Wog! —The Churchman.

Vacation Quiet.

The social life is the life for the soul's growth—but not in a busy woman's vacation. Then she needs to remember and act upon the advice of the poet, "By all means take some time to be alone." For the chief use of vacation with busy folks is to get them out of the whirl in which they are compelled to work. The mere transfer to another whirl can never be enough, however pleasant the thrill of variety may be. Thinking comes in solitude, and what most of us need and can seldom provide for is opportunity to think. We are so taken up with our surface thoughts—which we call practical—that the deeper thoughts by which things fall into their right proportion and revelation often fail us altogether. "I can never think but once a year," said a busy woman, "and that is when I bury myself in the country for a few days away from my dearest friends." Few of us can so utterly cut the bonds which tie us to humanity, but we can refuse the more exciting occupations of our summer resting place and study frequent hours of solitude. A book is an excuse. You want to read it and to read it out of doors, and so you shake

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

HELP LITTLE BABIES AND BIG CHILDREN IN ALL THEIR MINOR ILLNESSES.

When your child—whether it is a big child or little baby—suffers from stomach or bowel troubles of any kind, is nervous, fidgety or cross and doesn't sleep well, give Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine is the quickest and surest cure—and the safest, because it contains no opiate or harmful drug. No matter how young or how feeble your little one is the Tablets can be given with a certainty that the result will be good. For very young infants crush the Tablets to a powder. Mrs. Geo. W. Porter, Thorold, Ont., says:—"My baby had indigestion badly when he was about three months old. He was constantly hungry and his food did him no good as he vomited it as soon as he took it. He was very thin and pale and got but little sleep, as he cried nearly all the time, both day and night. He was constipated; his tongue coated and his breath bad. Nothing did him any good until I got Baby's Own Tablets, and after giving him these a short time he began to get better. His food digested properly; his bowels became regular, he began to grow, and is now a big, healthy boy. I always keep the Tablets on hand and can recommend them to other mothers."

The Tablets can be obtained at any drug store or you can get them by mail, post paid,* at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

off noisy company. What matter if the reading comes to nothing, if you secure the quiet time in which the soul may find itself? Even books may be intruders, but their advantage is that they can never take your time unless you ask them. Self poise is only to be won by shunning the social demands which drain your nervous energy. You go for strength, and strength comes best in solitude.—The Congregationalist.

Made Over.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Christ can make us over. He is doing it every day, all round the globe, for hundreds and thousands of His disciples. We must stop fretting because those with whom we live, and the circumstances of our lives, and the embarrassments and perplexities of our conditions, are arousing antagonism, and, simply, sweetly, like little children, we must take from the hand that was pierced for us its white gift of peace. "The kingdom of heaven is within you," said the Master long ago. If we believe this, and look to the right source for its serene establishment, we shall be from our "treacherous selves set free," and shall become lovely and blessed in our lives.

Although to-day God prunes my twigs with pain,
Yet doth His blood nourish and warm my root;
To-morrow I shall put forth buds again,
—And clothe myself with fruit.

Although to-day I walk in tedious ways,
To-day His staff is turned into a rod,
Yet will I wait for Him the appointed days
And stay upon my God.

—Christina Rossetti.

Religion soothes and comforts the poor and the down-trodden. Irreligion and anarchy excite them and drive them to desperation and murder. Rev. James T. Coffey.