

bed with tears in their eyes and sad faces, and mothers with frowns on their faces, giving good-night kisses in a sort of a protesting way, as if the little ones were not worthy of them. Don't read or tell sad stories or exciting ones to children as bedtime stories; better even nonsense stories than such. But there are always sweet bits of child-life to tell that are helpful and leave a happy thought in the heart.

"O, mamma, I am so glad," said a child, who had asked for a good-night story, "that the little girl got her doggie back; if the dog catchers had taken it I could not have slept a wink. I should have been so sorry."

And the little one, satisfied as to the way the pretty story had turned out, closed her tired eyes and went to sleep. A little bedtime frolic with papa, who is rarely seen these times except about the bedtime hour, is a healthful, cheery thing for the little ones, as well as for big man papa. Fathers see but little of their children. They are off to business early in the morning, and they do not come home until it is nearly sleepy time for the children. It is a rare treat to have a frolic with papa.

The sorrows of little children are pathetic in the extreme; so many of them we meet among the poor with marks of care on their young faces; even their smiles are sad ones. Bedtime for such is devoid of all the attractions of the children of the more fortunate ones.

Wearily, they lie down on uncomfortable beds, the harsh tones of the overworked mother the last sound they hear as they close their eyes. And many times are they awakened by the angry tones of a drunken father coming home in the dark hours of night, and jumping frightened from their beds, they go off to hide themselves from his powerful hand. And yet, how often we read of touching exhibitions of such ill-used children's love and unselfish devotion to those wicked parents.

A great problem, and as yet an unsolved one: How can we make the bedtime hour for those neglected children happy and bright?

#### Hasty Words.

Most of the friction which makes the machinery of living more rough and discordant is caused by things too petty to be noticed. The hasty word spoken in petulance may be explained, forgiven and forgotten. But the letter written in an ebullition of wounded feeling is a fact tangible, not to be condoned. There it lies with a certain permanence about it. You have sent it to a friend, who, reading it half a dozen times, will each time find it more cruel and incisive than before. Letters once written and sent away cannot be recalled. You cannot be sure that your friend or enemy will burn them. Hidden in bureau drawers or in compartments of desks, folded up in portfolios, locked in boxes, they will, it may be, flash up again in sudden feud and fire, months after you have ceased to think of the folly which incited them, or the other folly which penned them. Never write an angry letter when you are angry.

All heated feeling seeks the superlative as an outlet, and superlatives are apt to be dangerous. So long as we cling to the positive in speech we are pretty safe.

We all need to be cautioned against undue haste in speech, but mothers most of all. It is so easy to misunderstand a child; so easy to grieve a little person who is forbidden to answer

back; so easy to leave a picture of yourself in the plastic memory, which will be photographed there for the remainder of life and of which in coming days you will be ashamed.

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#### It was His Way.

Out in the yard James was sawing wood. And, as he finished a certain quantity, he laid aside the saw, and piling the chunks of wood neatly and compactly into a barrow, wheeled it away to the cellar and piled it up there.

"Hurry up with your wood, Jim, and come on to the woods," said one of his boy friends, leaning over the fence.

"I can't till I've finished this pile," he said, as he returned with the empty barrow.

"Oh, come on. Finish sawing that when you come back," said easy-going Harvey.

"No, it's my way to finish a thing when I have begun it. And I'm going to pile up this wood before I go to bed to-night," he said determinedly.

"You take life too hard, Jim," said Harvey, with a laugh, as he sauntered leisurely away. "You ought to take it as easy as I do. There's a pile of wood waiting for me at home, but I let it wait till I feel like doing it. That's my way." And he was gone, with his soft, easy laugh.

But we would recommend James' way to the one who wishes to succeed.

#### "I'm Just Going to."

Few sins of omission are more mischievous than the habit of lazy good intentions. Even the ill-minded person who blunders into doing right, but does it, has more credit than the amiable well-wisher who does nothing.

"I suppose you posted my letter in time, Fred?" said his father.

"N-n-o-o," he answered. "I was just going to run over to the office with it, and the clock struck."

"Then I must send a telegram, and that will cost a shilling."

A MAGICAL LIFE SAVER is Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. After years of pain and agony with distressing heart disease, it gives relief in thirty minutes. Thos. Petry, of Aylmer, Que., writes: "I had suffered for five years with a severe form of heart disease. I was unable to attend to business. The slightest exertion produced fatigue. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gave me instant relief; four bottles entirely cured me."

"I am so sorry," said Fred; "I will try to be more quick next time."

But one day soon after, when he was coming home from the mill, he stopped to see Rodney Brown's grey squirrel.

"Your horse seems a little restless," said Mrs. Brown, opening the window; "had you not better fasten him to the post?"

"Yes; I was just going back to tie him," said Fred.

But at this moment a bit of white paper fluttered over the ground; the horse took fright and ran down the street, breaking the wagon and losing most of the flour.

"Oh, dear!" said Fred; "I wish I had started a little sooner."

That was the way with him generally. He was a little late at table, at school, and at church; and people soon began to see that he could not be trusted or relied upon.

What kind of a man will the boy make who is only "just going to" do things?

#### To Keep a True Lent

Is this a fast; to keep  
The larder lean  
And clean  
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish  
Of flesh, yet still  
To fill  
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour?  
Or ragged to go?  
Or show  
Of downcast look and sour?

No: 'tis a fast to dole  
Thy sheaf of wheat  
And meat,  
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,  
From old debate  
And hate—  
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent,  
To starve thy sin,  
Not bin—  
And that's to keep thy Lent.

—Herbert

—It is a poor soldier that runs when the first gun is fired. So the Christian that can't stand trial and affliction without losing his faith, is not much of a Christian after all.

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MAYWELL, ONTARIO,  
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