

**"Forgive, and Ye Shall Be Forgiven."**

BY MISS D. V. FARLEY.

Eva was to have a birthday party, and mamma had promised a great big cake for the happy occasion.

"And please, dear mamma," said Eva, "put six beautiful little candles right on top of the big cake, so that they may know how old I am."

Mamma smiled, and promised the "six beautiful little candles."

Eva's next thought was to send the invitations. "You're nine years old, Tommy, and I think you write just lovely, so won't you address the invitations for me?"

Thus complimented, Tommy said: "Yes, indeed, sister."

After quite a number of the dainty invitations had been addressed, Eva said: "Now I want you to write Nellie Elliott on this next envelope."

"What?" exclaimed Tommy. "You surely are not going to invite Nellie Elliott to your party, are you?"

"Of course," answered Eva. "Why shouldn't I invite her?"

"Don't you remember she had a whole lot of candy at the kindergarten one day, and gave all the little girls a piece except you?"

"That was a long time ago, Tommy, as much as a whole month, and I had clear forgotten all about it."

"Well, I think this is just the time to remember about it, and I would not invite her," declared Tommy.

Eva looked thoughtful, and then, in a soft voice, said: "Brother Tommy, I belong to the Golden Rule Band, and I just must keep on forgetting that Nellie was ever unkind to me. Anyway, I'm most sure she has been really, truly sorry about it, and she has been good to me lots and lots of times. So write Nellie Elliott on this next little envelope, Tommy."—Children's Visitor.

**Patting Clothes Away.**

The woman who knows how to put away her belongings is not only neat, but economical and generally smart in appearance. When she comes in from a walk she never hangs up her coat by the loop inside the collar; if she puts it away in the closet, she uses a coat hanger—if she leaves it around the room, knowing she may need it soon, the hanger will keep it in shape. The skirts of her gowns never have a stringy loop because they are always hooked and then hung by two loops. For a tailor made skirt she uses a small coat hanger with the ends bent down a little; this keeps the skirt in excellent shape and causes it to hang in even folds. The strings of her underskirt are tied and the garment is hung by the loops, thus never showing a hump where it has rested on the book. For the same reason her shirtwaists are always hung by the armholes, unless they have hanging loops. Handsome waists have both sleeves stuffed with tissue paper, and are then laid in drawers of boxes.

Shoes are easily kept in shape by slipping a pair of trees into them as soon as they are removed from the feet, if trees are not available, newspaper will do, if it is stuffed in tight. It is well to roll each veil on a stiff piece of paper; a single fold will often spoil the set of a veil and sometimes even mar the expression of the face. Gloves should always be removed by turning them wrong side out; they should then be turned back again, blown into shape and each finger smoothed out. Ties, especially four in hand or golf ties, should be hung to avoid creasing. Hats, of course should be kept out of the dust

and placed so that the trimming will not be disarranged. This disposition depends so much on the hat and the available space, that each woman must use her own ingenuity. However, it is safe to say that no hat should be laid flat down on a shelf. Furs, also, should be protected from dust, and a muff should always be stood on end.

**The Mission to the Streets.**

When Margaret Andrews was twenty-five she received what she thought was a call to the foreign mission field. Her parents, although at first they tried to dissuade her, put no obstacle in the way of her hopes, and, full of eagerness, she began her training at a school in another city.

One day she received a telegram. Her mother had met with an accident, just how serious could not at once be known. Margaret packed her books and took the first train home, expecting to return in a few weeks. Long before the weeks had passed she knew that her dream must be given up. Her mother would never be able to do anything again, and Margaret, instead of making her journey to strange lands, saw herself shut in to the duties of housekeeper and nurse.

For a year or two she bore her disappointment in silence; then she went to her pastor with it. The pastor was an old man, who had known Margaret all her life. He looked at her steadily for a moment. Then he said slowly: "You are living in a city of two hundred thousand people. Isn't there need enough about you to fill your life?"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered quickly, "and I could give up the foreign field. It isn't that. But I haven't time to do anything, not even to take a mission class; and to see so much work waiting, and be able to do nothing!"

"Margaret," the old minister said, "come here."

Wonderingly the girl followed him to the next room, where a mirror hung between the windows. Her reflection, pale and unhappy, faced her wearily.

"All up and down the streets," the old minister said, "in the cars, the markets, the stores, there are people starving for the bread of life. The church cannot reach them; they will not enter a church. Books cannot help them; many of them never opened a book. There is but one way that they can ever read the gospel of hope, of joy, of courage, and that is in the faces of men and women."

"Two years ago a woman who has known deep trouble came to me one day, and asked your name. 'I wanted to tell her,' she said, 'how much good her happy face did me, but I was afraid that she would think it presuming on the part of an utter stranger. Some day perhaps you will tell her for me.'"

"Margaret, my child, look in the glass and tell me if the face you see there has anything to give to the souls that are hungry for joy,—and they are more than any of us realize,—who, unknown to themselves, are hungering for righteousness. Do you think that woman, if she were to meet you now, would say what she said two years ago?"

The girl gave one glance and then turned away, her cheeks crimson with shame. It was hard to answer, but she was no coward. She looked up into her old friend's grave eyes.

"Thank you," she said. "I will try to learn my lesson and accept my mission—to the streets."—Youth's Companion.

**FOR ALL CHILDREN.**

Baby's Own Tablets is a medicine good for all children, from the feeblest infant whose life seems to hang by a thread, to the sturdy boy whose digestive apparatus occasionally gets out of order. The Tablets instantly relieve and promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles and all the minor ailments of little ones. Thousands of mothers have proved the truth of these statements, among them Mrs. Robt. Morton, Deerwood, Man., who says: "Baby's Own Tablets have helped my baby more than anything I ever gave him. I can conscientiously recommend the Tablets to all mothers." We give you a solemn assurance that the Tablets do not contain one particle of opiate or harmful drug. They do good—they never can do harm, and all children take them as readily as candy. Sold by medicine dealers or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**Small Courtesies.**

One evening, last week, I entered a room where several young people, with books and work, were sitting around the lamp. The young man with the lexicon and the grammar on the table before him was the busiest of the group, but he instantly arose and remained standing until I had taken my seat.

The little action was automatic; the habit of this family is to practice small courtesies, and the boys have been trained from childhood to pay deference to women.

They always rise whenever a lady, their mother, sister, friend, or the guest of the house, comes into the room where they are at work, they place chairs gallantly and gracefully for ladies at the dinner-table; they take off their hats when they meet their mother on the street, and they never kiss her with their hats on; in saying good morning or good evening to her it is with hat in hand.

Her bundles are carried, her way is made easy, and beautiful politeness waits for her word in the domestic discussions, and refrains from interrupting her even in the most heated argument. Neither mother nor sister goes out after dark without an escort.

One of the boys can always go out of his way, or find it in his way, to see her safely to a friend's door, or to the meeting which she wishes to attend. Most winning and sweet is the air of good breeding which these young men have acquired—which they wear with an unconscious grace.

Equally charming are the manners of the girls in the home I speak of; gentle, soft-spoken, appreciative, considerate, and reverential. To old people they are tender; to children, kind; to each other, lovely.

One cannot too sedulously look after the small courtesies in one's conduct, and, if one be charged with the management of a household, in the accustomed ways of the family. Habits count for everything here, example is better than precept.—Margaret E. Sangster.

Be cheerful. Give this lonesome world a smile.  
We stay at longest but a little while.  
Hasten we must, or we shall lose the chance  
To give the gentle word, the kindly glance.

—The Christian Endeavor World.

Aunt Edith: "And what do you think of your little baby sister?" "Little Elsie; 'O, I'm dreadfully disappointed in her.'"  
Aunt Edith: "Disappointed?" Little Elsie: "Yes. Why, she doesn't look a bit more stylish than the baby our washerwoman got last spring."