

dren, in their clouded faces and frequent quarrels. But he found that remonstrance only increased the storm at the time, and if he waited until she was in a happy mood, it was sure to bring on a relapse. So, for peace sake, he bore it in silence.

Yet Mrs. Carr was an excellent woman. She loved every member of the little household, and would have endured anything for them; she hoped she was a Christian and took much comfort in praying and the Bible. Still it never seemed to occur to her that she ought to live by the word of God, and in His strength "rule her spirit" when the dark hour came.

This morning Mrs. Carr was unusually—"nervous!" Mr. Carr wisely escaped to the train half an hour earlier than necessary.

"It will be a severe day, Mary," he said; "do not let the children be exposed."

"Probably no one will be more tender of them than their own mother," retorted Mrs. Carr; "I don't believe in coddling them too much, however."

So Johnnie thought when she sent him to the store an hour later. As it was too stormy for callers, Mrs. Carr decided that it was a fine chance to make fruit cake, and the raisins were out.

"It's a venturesome day to send a child on errands," Kate ventured to remark when the mother shook Johnnie for demurring.

When Mrs. Carr frowned, the little fellow hastily interposed:

"I don't mind going, I guess. Where's my tippet, mother?"

"Find it yourself!" mounting a chair to investigate the top shelf of the kitchen closet. "There's a whole inch of dust here, Kate!" Then to Johnnie: "If you can't keep your things, go without them. And do come straight back, or not at all!"

Johnnie did not pause for the tippet, but hastened off, giving his mother a look that haunted her, even while she lectured Kate. It was quite a walk to the store from their suburban home, so she did not expect the boy for more than an hour. After he had gone an uneasy feeling came over her. The

mother-heart under her peevishness reproached her for sending Johnnie out into the bitter cold. How she wished she had found the tippet and put it about his neck with loving words. Mrs. Carr went to the front door, but gladly retreated before a blinding rush of snow and wind. She could think of nothing now but the sleet and the dear one battling with it, as she sat by the window with her eyes fixed upon a bend in the road, eager for a glimpse of the boy—her first-born.

Eddie climbed into her lap and looked out also. It seemed to Mrs. Carr that a strange silence brooded over the house—that a dull weight lay upon her heart.

"Don't oo cry, muver," lisped Eddie, as warm tears fell upon his head.

"Me dosen't when oo stolds!"

She must indeed be a "scold" when infant lips said so! She hid her face in Eddie's hair, whispering:

"Mamma will never scold again, Eddie!"

Mrs. Carr ate no dinner that day, for Johnnie had not returned. When her husband came she was almost wild with anxiety.

"Oh, William!" she cried: "I sent Johnnie to the store hours ago; he has not come. What can have happened? I fear some judgment has come upon me!"

The judgment had come, sudden and fearful. Those impatient words of the morning were the last she was permitted to speak to her little son. For Johnnie Carr's name was not among the living after that day. The young life spent itself in battling with the elements, and when he was found, cold and exhaustion had done their work.

It is only through the ministry of such dread lessons that some souls can be subdued. Mrs. Carr is now a gentle, loving woman. She daily seeks for and finds strength to "rule her household with the law of kindness."—*Congregationalist*.

It happens to men of learning as to ears of corn: they shoot up and raise their heads high while they are empty; but when full and saddled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.