

Filling in the Chinks.

"I? Oh, I just fill in the chinks."

The girl laughed as she said it, but her mother added quickly: "The chinks are everything. You haven't the slightest idea what a help she is and what a load it lifts from my shoulders, this filling in of the chinks as she calls it."

The busy woman spoke warmly as she smiled happily at her daughter.

"You see, when she was through school, there didn't seem to be anything definite for her to do. Her father and I wanted her at home, for a while at least, before she undertook to go out into the world."

"Our one servant does all the heavy work, of course, and I'm kept pretty busy with the children, and so she looked around and noticed the little things that should be done to keep a home neat and orderly, and which a servant never does and I have very little time for. The left-overs, I always called them—oh, it is such a comfort to have them done."

"And what are they?" I asked of the girl, as she sat pulling out the edges of a lace mat and making it look fresh and fluffy.

"Oh! I don't know," she answered. "There are so many of them, and such little things, you know."

She spoke almost apologetically.

"Let me see. Well I began in the parlor, of course. All girls do at first. There were some little silver vases that were seldom shined. I kept those bright, and the silver on the afternoon tea-table. You have no idea how much it tarnishes. And the little cups always dusted, and the doilies fresh and clean, and the tidies also. Really, that is a work by itself, and mother used never have time. Then the picture moulding. The brass hook that holds the picture cord was never dusted. I kept those clean."

"Then the bedrooms, I look out that there are fresh towels on the bureau and stand, and the hair receivers are not jammed full."

"It is really too funny the way I found them packed when I first began. And the soap dishes clean; and fresh soap when needed, and dusters in their bags, and waste baskets emptied—oh, yes, and buttons sewed on to the shoes. I believe I saw on a half dozen every day."

"I go over the house daily, in the morning right after the children are sent to school."

"I begin by picking up the things they have dropped, and putting them in their proper places."

"Then I go into the library, sharpen the pencils that need it; fill the ink well; see that the pens in the penholders are good, the blotting pad not too old, the waste basket empty; and then I go through the other rooms, and, if you believe me, I always find something to be done, something aside from the regular work of clearing up, sweeping or bed making—these belong to the girl to do."

"You see I only do the little things that get left for the general cleaning, or neglected altogether."

"It is very pleasant, and hel's—at least mother says that it does."

"Yes," said the mother, "and no one knows what a difference it does make in having those chinks filled."—Good Housekeeping.

How Would You Like it Yourself?

There was a great commotion in the back yard. Mamma hurried to the window to see Johnny chasing the cat with stones.

"Why Johnny, what are you doing? What is the matter with the kitty?" she called.

"She's all dirty, mamma. Somebody shut her up in the coal hole," he said.

"And is that all?" mamma wanted to know.

"Why, yes," said Johnny. "She's dirty and black and horrid! We don't want her round."

Mamma was about to speak, then checked herself and went back into the house. Presently Johnny came in crying, and ran to her for help. He had fallen into a puddle and was dripping with mud.

"O mamma! mamma!" he cried, sure of help from her.

She rose and started toward him, then turned and sat down again.

"Jane," she said, quietly to the nurse, who was sewing near by, "do you know where there are any good-sized gravel stones?"

Nurse looked up, astonished, and Johnny stopped his loud notes to stare.

"Stones, ma'am?" asked Jane.

"Yes," said mamma, "'to throw at Johnny. He's been in a puddle and is dirty and black and horrid! We don't want such things around."

Johnny felt as if this was more than he could bear but a funny gleam in his mother's eye kept his heart from being quite broken.

"Please, mamma, I'll never do it again!" he cried in humble tones. "Poor kitty! I see now just how bad I made her feel."

Johnny was then washed and comforted but he did not soon forget the little lesson of kindness to those in misfortune.—Sunbeam.

Sing a Song.

If you'll sing a song as you go along,

In the face of the real or the fancied wrong;

In spite of the doubt if you'll fight it out,

And show a heart that is brave and stout;

If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears,

You'll force the ever reluctant cheers

That the world denies when a coward cries,

To give to the man who bravely tries;

And you'll win success with a little song—

If you'll sing the song as you go along.

If you'll sing a song as you plod along,

You'll find that the busy rushing throng

Will catch the strain of the glad refrain;

That the sun will follow the blinding rain;

That the clouds will fly from the blackened sky;

That the stars will come out by and by;

And you'll make new friends, till hope descends

From where the placid rainbow bends;

And all because of a little song—

If you'll sing a song as you plod along!

If you'll sing a song as you trudge along,

You'll see that the singing will make you strong;

And the heavy load and the rugged road,

And the sting and the stripe of the tortuous goad

Will soar with the note that you set afloat;

That the beam will change to a trifling mote;

That the world is bad when you are sad,

And bright and beautiful when glad;

That all you need is a little song—

If you'll sing the song as you trudge along!

—Sunshine.

Literary Note.

Two important and fully illustrated articles on the work of Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A., will appear in the February and March numbers of "The Studio." These articles are the first which have been written with the sanction and approval of Mr. Sargent, and the large number of illustrations which will accompany them have been specially selected by the celebrated painter, from his most successful and interesting works.—The Studio Office, London, Eng'nd.

Mr. Clyde Fitch's successful Revolutionary play, "Nathan Hale," which has created much enthusiasm wherever presented, is to be issued in book form in January. This play has the distinction of breaking the record at the Knickerbocker theatre, New York, as well as several other theatres where it has been presented in the past year. "Nathan Hale," being the first really successful play of the Revolutionary period ever produced, will be a valuable addition to the list of reading plays issued by R. H. Russell. Two reproductions of photographs of Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott in different scenes will illustrate the book. R. E. Russell: 8 West 29th street: New York.

We have received from the publishers, The Central Press Agency, of Toronto, a copy of their Directory of Canadian Newspapers for 1900. This is the first issue of such a directory by the Company referred to, and it is very creditable to their diligence and enterprise. The obtaining of information for such a work means a lot of energy and patience, and the book, carefully compiled as it appears to be,

cannot fail to be a most useful work of reference to advertisers and all who wish to obtain information respecting the publications of Canada and Newfoundland. In addition to detailed descriptions of all periodicals and the places where issued, there are lists by counties, classified lists under all heads, etc., besides summary of the postage law, customs rates on printers' material and other useful information. The book is well arranged and printed and does credit to the publishers.

An appreciative and well-illustrated article on "Dwight L. Moody, the Evangelist," opens the February number of The Missionary Review of the world. Dr. Pierson writes from the standpoint of a life-long friend who seeks to point out some lessons from the career of the departed evangelist and some secrets of his power. Following this article comes a brisk and pointed symposium on "Good Results Hoped for from the Ecumenical Conference." Twenty missionary secretaries give briefly their hopes and expectations from the coming great gathering. Robert E. Speer contributes a sketch of a Japanese Christian gentleman, Shosaburo Aoyama, whose character and history will merit notice. There is also an interesting illustrated article on "Chinese Turkestan and its Inhabitants," the central table-land of Asia. Other papers deserving attention are: "The Educational Problem in Japan," by Dr. Irvin H. Correll; "The Greenland Mission and Missionary Comity," by Rev. Paul de Schweinitz; "The Great Knife Sect of Shantung," by Mrs. Geo. S. Hays; "The Opium Traffic in China," by John Graham, and "What Christianity Can Do for China," by Dr. Arthur H. Smith. Published Monthly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

You can help your fellow men; you must help them; but the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that is possible for you to be.—Phillips Brooks.

ARE YOUR LUNGS WEAK?

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