

"Mom—mom—mom—mom—mom," explained The Jefful.

"Why, baby cried in there," said Fred, "and I put Bobboker on the lounge and went to get her, and—"

"An' bad o' lounge swoed Bobboker 'ight off on foor an' foor tumbled up an' hitted him," said Bobboker, continuing his brother's explanation. "An' F'eddy tumfitted Jefful an' didn't tumfit Bobboker at-alle-talle." And Bobboker proceeded to finish his cry, but mamma took him in her arms and quieted him, and said:

"Freddie, dear, you don't hold baby nicely; you have her feet and head nearly touching each other; no wonder she cries."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Fred; "she ought to be thankful to be held in any way. I'm almost dead with holding her and singing to her this two or three hours."

"Does the time seem so long to you, poor little fellow?" said mamma, managing to get baby in one arm, while she held Bobboker in the other. "It seems so to me sometimes, when everybody is crying and needing attention at the same time. Now wash your face, and brush your hair before the bell rings—there!—it's ringing now!"

Fred dashed toward the basin, and mamma, laying baby on the lounge, hurried to brush Bobboker's hair. Somehow the brush was not equal to the requirements made upon it, for Bobboker's hair was long and thick, so mamma tried a comb. Out came a great snarl from the matted hair and an earpiercing shriek from Bobboker's lips.

"Put Bobboker's head on again!" screamed the little boy.

(To be Continued.)

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

BY ANNIE CRAWFORD.

"Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me,"

Sings the poet with pathos and power, in this all but immortal little gem of song.

Yet surely to many of us the memories of by-gone days are more sweet than sad. What present enjoyment can compare in sweetness with the dear delight of sinking, in quiet midnight reverie, back to the days of childhood, when life, in the golden glamour of youth and love and joy gave no hint of its fleeting character, but was, to our inexperience, an eternity. Again, while the flickering firelight dances among the grotesque shadows of the darkening room, we clamber about our father's knees, or hang about his broad shoulders, listening to his tales from favorite authors, in song or story. Time cannot silence those well remembered tones, though the dear voice has long been hushed, and that loving, protective presence moves no more among the busy haunts of men.

Ah, fathers and mothers, do you, I wonder, realize that you are painting daily, in the childhood of your children, pictures which shall live and glow in their memories when your tale has all been told, and on earth you live only in the hearts and memories of those who love you? With such a realization surely the most

trivial event of everyday life would assume a weight and dignity which would ever prevent the peevish tone, the irritable action, from finding any place in your dealings with those whose characters are entrusted to you for formation and guidance, and upon the fleshy tablets of whose loving hearts you would write the history of a conscientious well-spent life.

But the bright visions of childhood, when life and love and hope mellowed all the scene, and like giddy little butterflies we enjoyed the beauty of the hour, with no thought of gloom or storm, pleasant though they be, are less precious, less carefully treasured than those sacred days, when, stunned with sorrow, the startled soul bowed beneath the awful shock of bereavement, yet experienced the ineffable sweetness of that Presence attracted to close communion by the dire need of our grief-stricken heart.

Ah! In those days of solemn stillness, when the once familiar friend lay, strange and rigid, in the awful mystery of death, how earth's many voices whispered of a better life, where ties of love are never broken, nor the beauty of the fair landscape marred by the awful pall of sorrow, the twitter of the little birds in the eaves in the still beauty of the early morning, when through the open window the sweet breath of spring gently moved the hair and draperies of the once restless form which now could know no other motion; the sunlight on the wall, seeming so cruelly to mock our grief;—all these are sweet accessories of those wondrous visions which suggest to us so eloquently the ineffable bliss of eternity. Such memories as these make music in the soul.

But, best of all, in the calm eventide, when night is falling fast, will be the memory of a life well spent; a life so noble in its purpose that no day has passed without its crown of loving deeds, so imbued with the spirit of the Master that all other lives, meeting our own, have been the better and the happier for the contact.

"Memory is the only Paradise out of which we cannot be driven away," says Richter, but whether it be a paradise or a penitentiary will depend upon the spirit in which we walk the mystic way which lies but once beneath our all too heedless feet.

ANOTHER EXPEDITION.

Dr. Nansen will start in June on his new Polar Expedition. He hopes to go through Behring Straits and reach the islands of New Siberia, and expects by the end of the summer to find clear water stretching far towards the North. He takes a crew of eight men, and has his ship stored for five years, although he does not expect to take more than two to reach the pole. As the most of Dr. Nansen's journey will be in a temperature of from freezing to forty below zero, we young Canadians will watch with special interest to see how he fares. He has provided himself with tents, so that if his vessel should get destroyed, his party can live on the ice, or on the land, if they have a chance. He has also taken strong boats with him.

A NEW KIND OF GROOM.

Our cousins in Boston are always abreast of the times, and quite right too this time. The Adams Express Company have introduced electric machinery by which they have their horses groomed. Two men can polish off a horse in five minutes.