

## MAKE MOTHER HAPPY

CHILDREN, make your mother happy ;  
Make her sing instead of sigh.  
For the mournful hour of parting  
May be very, very nigh.

Children, make your mother happy .  
Many griefs she has to bear ;  
And she wearies 'neath her burdens,  
Can you not these burdens share ?

Children, make your mother happy ;  
Prompt obedience cheers the heart ,  
While a wilful disobedience  
Pierces like a poisoned dart.

Children, make your mother happy ,  
On her brow the lines of care  
Deepen daily ; don't you see them ?  
While your own are smooth and fair.

Children, make your mother happy ;  
For, beneath the coffin-lid,  
All too soon her face, so saint like,  
Shall for evermore be hid.

## BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

"YOU and Tom should be all the world to each other, since you have no one else," said Aunt Rebecca.

"Oh, we get on well enough," replied Josephine, carelessly. "He goes his way, and I go mine. So we don't quarrel."

"It would be better to go together without quarrelling. Have you any idea where Tom's 'way' leads him?"

"No, I haven't. Tom and I are not sympathetic, Aunt Rebecca, and it's no use pretending we are. It's pretty hard, too, when he's my only brother. But he never wants to go anywhere with me, or to stay at home with me, either. So I've just made up my mind not to care much. We don't meddle with each other, that's all you can say about it."

"And if some day the Lord should ask you, 'Where is Abel, thy brother?'" said the old lady, solemnly.

"I don't know what you mean," returned Josephine, flushing up. "I'm not Cain, Aunt Rebecca. I've not murdered my brother."

"Neglect is a murderer. More people have been killed by neglect than by knives and pistols. Some day, when you're out in your village cart, drive around by Plunkett's beer shop, and you may see what comes of letting boys go their own way."

"What do you mean, Aunt Rebecca?" Josephine cried out, alarmed now as well as angry.

But the old lady was now out of the room, and half-way down-stairs. She had said what she came to say, and she did not stop to explain it. Her words left a sting in the girl's mind which she could not get rid of. She sat down to practise, and music had no charm this morning. She

took out her water-colours, but she could not paint. And her pretty art embroideries were equally uninteresting, for conscience pricked her at every turn. She had gone her way, done the things that pleased herself always, and taken no pains to find out what would please Tom.

She ordered the village cart by-and-bye, and went out for her afternoon drive. Generally she took some girl-friend with her, but she chose to go alone to-day, and she drove around by Plunkett's shop. Some half-tipsy men were loafing at the door, amusing themselves with cracking nuts. One of them thought it would be a joke to throw a handful into the street as the horse drew near; and, in consequence, there was wild plunging and rearing for a few minutes. Josephine vainly tried to soothe her frightened beast; the tipsy loafers slunk away, scared at what they had done; and there might have been serious trouble if a boy had not sprung at the reins with a ready courage.

"Down, Dandie! down, you foolish fellow! There, now—steady, steady, sir. There's nothing to hurt you. Don't you know me, old Dandie?"

"Oh, Tom!" cried Josephine, as the horse yielded to the firm hand and soothing words. "Oh, Tom, how glad I am! Jump in, please, and drive me home."

"It was lucky I happened to be around," said Tom, as he took his seat beside her. "What did you want to drive through this street for? There's always a loafing crowd around Plunkett's."

"I came to look for you," said Josephine, with a sob. "Oh, Tom, I'm so thankful you weren't in that horrid saloon."

"No thanks to you if I wasn't," returned the boy. "You don't care where I go."

"I do! I do! I do! Oh, Tom, I mean to show you after this." Josephine burst into tears, and Tom wondered. But the brother and sister had each learned a lesson which drew them together, and made the future tell a better story than the past.

## APPLES! APPLES!

"O DEAR!" exclaimed poor, tired mamma. "There isn't an apple in the house, and I can't leave my cake in the oven to go clear over to the orchard to gather some, and I wanted to make some pies."

"Shall I go, ma'am?" asked the little housemaid.

"No, I can't spare you. I wish the children were here, and I'd send them."

There was a little noise at the kitchen door, but no one paid any attention to it, and mamma went on with her baking, and Mary Jane pared potatoes.

A half-hour passed, when there was a noise again at the door, but this time it was loud to be heard without anyone troubling to listen. It was a regular shout. "Apples! Apples!"

Mamma dropped her spoon into the butter, and a potato rolled out of Mary Jane's hand, way across the floor.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed mamma,

with a pleased smile, as the three children came in, staggering under the weight of a big basket heaped with apples. "How did you know I wanted them?" she asked.

"I was coming in for a drink of water, and heard what you said," answered Rosie. "but you didn't see or hear me, so I thought we'd surprise you."

## THE NEW COUSIN.

HARRIET and Jennie had just arrived at Uncle Jack's house, and the first thing they said was, "We want to see our new cousin."

"He is asleep now," said their aunt, "and you had better wait a little while. As soon as I see any signs of his waking, I will call you."

The hour before they were called seemed very long to the impatient little girls. And they were very glad to see Aunt Mary beckoning them.

"Come quietly, so as not to startle him," she said in a whisper. "He is not quite awake, and I want to see what he will do when he opens his eyes and sees you."

So Harriet and Jennie tiptoed into the nursery and stood beside the cradle.

One little hand stirred. His pink mouth opened wide in a yawn. His fist found its way into his closed eyes. He turned over, and—went to sleep again.

This was too much for Jennie, and she exclaimed in a disappointed tone.

"He isn't going to wake up at all."

But wee Jack was not so sound asleep as she thought, and at her voice two great velvety brown eyes flew open. Harriet Harriet and Jennie almost held their breaths. Was he going to cry? Would he be afraid of them?

He looked first at one and then at another. At last he laughed, and two dear little dimples came in his cheeks. "Ah, goo, ah, da-da," he said.

"He's the very nicest new cousin I ever saw," said Jennie and Harriet to their mother.

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

NOVEMBER 25.

LESSON TOPIC.—Opposition to Christ.—Mark 3. 22-35.

MEMORY VERSES, Mark 3. 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—He came unto his own, and his own received him not.—John 1. 11.

DECEMBER 2.

LESSON TOPIC.—Christ's Testimony to John.—Luke 7. 24-35.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 7. 27, 28.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Behold I send my messenger before thy face.—Luke 7. 27.

A FRENCHMAN is teaching a donkey how to talk. What we want in this country is a man to teach donkeys not to talk.