

try," sighed Mary, as she drove home with her husband; "flat, and colourless, and dreary, just like these fields when the corn is struggling to grow between the stones."

Monday morning found Mary at Hannah Wahn's door. It was a miserable little house, without the simplest conveniences or comforts. The children played on the floor, or hung to Hannah's skirts, as she tried to do the family washing and cook the family dinner at the same time. She was plainly embarrassed by the visitor, and Mary, after a few moments' chat about the children and the farm, rose to leave. As she did so she handed a bundle to Hannah, saying simply: "Here is something I have brought you, Hannah. I hope you will accept it, for the sake of old times."

Hannah took the package and opened it in silence. It was a dress pattern of pretty muslin, a delicate figure on a ground as fine and soft as a baby's dress. Hannah looked at it with lips quivering, then she put her head down on the table and began to sob. Mary laid her hand on her head in alarm, and the children looked up in open-eyed amazement. Even tears are a luxury seldom indulged in. Stony Corner believed in repression.

"It is not that I am unthankful to you, Miss Mary," said Hannah, at length, raising her head, and trying to stifle her sobs. "I don't know why I am so foolish, but I have little that is pretty, and little that belongs to me now-a-days. He does his best, but it is hard to make a living at Stony Creek. I don't want to complain; but when I woke up this morning to the debts, and the hard work, and all the troubles, it seemed that the Lord must surely have forgotten us, and I almost wished we were all dead. It don't seem as if we people here, the women in particular, ever get any rest till they are in their graves. And then just as I was thinkin' all that, here you come, speaking so kind and bringing me such a pretty present. It means more than a dress to me, you understand, Miss Mary. It is sort of like the bow in the clouds, a sign that the Lord hasn't forgotten us, though I have been wicked, a doubtin' of His promises and a complainin' of His providences."

Mary walked home in a thoughtful frame of mind. "My father gave his life for these people, and my Saviour died for them, and I, unfaithful and slothful, have forgotten them for ten years."

Mary was not rich. The Stony Corner people would have been surprised to know how poor she sometimes felt; but she knew that there were many ways of giving pleasure to these simple country people which took more time and thought than money.

Ada, her sister-in-law, was singing in the hammock, as she came upon the porch, and Mary stopped to tell her of her visit.

"Why, Mary Roberts!" she

cried, "you don't mean to say that you gave away that expensive dress? What do you suppose that country woman is going to do with such a delicate thing—if it had been a calico or something dark and serviceable!"

Mary laughed. "Do you suppose that poor people wear ugly things from choice? Hannah likes pretty things as much as you and I do. It is economy, not preference, which dresses her in ugly things. No; I can't afford to buy myself another muslin, and I think that this one has fulfilled an unexpectedly blessed mission in making Hannah so happy."

"But you will need it," urged Ada.

"Well, perhaps I shall; but we must not offer to the Lord of that which costs us nothing, you know, my dear, and it is the Lord, in the least and humblest of His servants.

"It seems to me, perhaps, that you and I have been sent to Stony Corner this summer on a mission—a mission to the unhappy, and the tired, and the forgotten. Christ came to the unhappy as well as to the sinful, and how can we follow His example better than in just trying to make these people happy?" And Ada, looking up, was surprised to see her sister's eyes full of tears.

PUSSY'S MID-AIR VICTORY.

A cat belonging to a farmer of Herrick, Pa., was strolling out toward the barn, carrying in her teeth a piece of meat for her young. A bald eagle, which had been hovering about, suddenly descended upon her and whirled her upward in a rapid vertical flight.

The path of ascent was clearly indicated by loose feathers violently tossed from the point of combat. After a time the struggling pair came to a standstill in the sky. The eagle's wings had drooped now and then, and he had given plain evidence of pain and terror, yet not once had his awful grip appeared to relax. At length a descent was begun, with a rapidity which increased every moment and the two animals struck the ground at the point where they had at first encountered each other, but the eagle was dead, and the cat as soon as she felt the earth beneath her feet, shot away for the barn, still carrying her bit of meat.

Investigation proved that the cat had cut the eagle's throat and so lacerated its breast that its body was literally laid open. After the death in mid-air, however, the cat had been too clever to relax her hold and thus fall to the ground, but had let her enemy serve as a parachute to ease her descent.

BOBBY'S COMPOSITION.

Parents.

Parents are things which boys have to look after them. Most girls also have parents. Parents consist of Pas and Mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are

going to do, but mostly its Mas that make you mind.

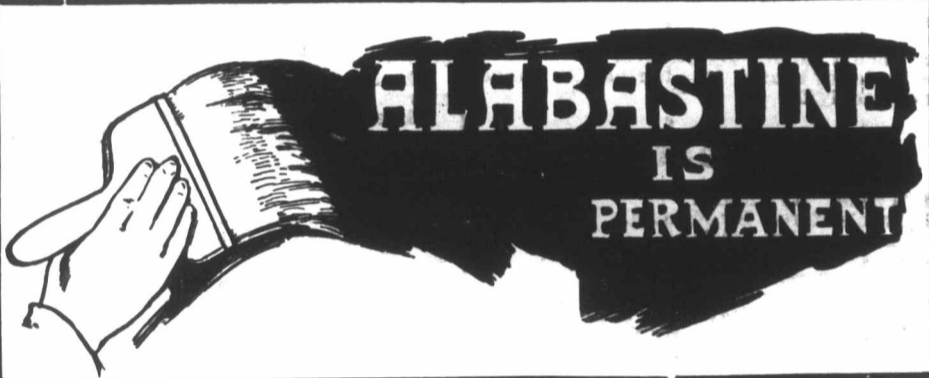
Sometimes it is different, though. Once there was a boy came home from college on a vacation. His parents lived on a farm. There was work to be done on the farm. Work on the farm has to be done early in the morning. This boy didn't get up. His sister goes to the stairway and calls: "Willie, 'tis a beautiful morning. Rise and list to the lark." The boy didn't say anything. Then his Ma calls: "William, it is time to get up. Your breakfast is getting cold." The boy kept right on not saying anything. Then his Pa puts his head in the stairway, and says he, "Bill!" "Coming, sir!" says the boy.

I know a boy that hasn't got any parents. He goes in swimming whenever he pleases. But I

Enameline

is so very clean and DUST-LESS, which is such a comfort to good housekeepers. The old-fashioned brands of Stove Polish do the work in the old-fashioned way. Enameline is the Modern Stove Polish, and that is the difference. Put up in paste, cake or liquid form. Sold in every civilized country on earth.

J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York



Alabastine is manufactured from Alabastine rock—after it is applied to the ceilings or walls of your rooms it hardens with age and becomes as durable as the rock itself. It can't possibly decay, because there is nothing in it to decay, and this is one reason why all kalsomines and wall papers cannot compete with Alabastine as a safe, sanitary, economical, easy-to-apply wall and ceiling coating. There are 16 beautiful tints (and White).

Hardware dealers and painters who really want to save money sell Church's Alabastine (never sold in bulk). They should also have tint cards to show you—send to us for them if they have not. Surely Alabastine is

The Only Safe Wall Coating.

Free, to any one who will mention this paper, a 45-page book, "The Decorator's Aid." It gives valuable information about wall and ceiling decorating.

The Alabastine Co. (Limited), Paris, Ontario.

am going to stick to my parents.

However, I don't tell them so, 'cause they might get it into their heads that I couldn't get along without them.

Says this boy to me, "Parents are a nuisance; they aren't what they're cracked up to be." Says I to him, "Just the same, I find 'em handy to have. Parents have their failings, of course, like all of us, but on the whole I approve of 'em."

Once a man says to me, "Bobby, do you love your parents?" "Well," says I, "I'm not a quarrelling with 'em."

Once a boy at a boarding-school went to calling his Pa the Governor, and got his allowance cut down one-half. His Pa said he ought to have waited till he was going to college.

Much more might be written about parents, showing their habits, and so forth, but I will leave the task to abler pens.

—Strive to keep a pure, clear conscience, for "a good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body," says Addison.

LOVING SERVICE.

A lady was walking homeward from a shopping excursion, carrying two or three packages in her hand, while by her side walked her little boy. The child was weary; the little feet began to lag, and soon a wailing cry arose:

"I'm too tired! I want somebody to let me wide home!"

The mother looked about her, but there was not a street-car going in her direction. She took one of the parcels and gave it to the child.

"Mamma is tired, too, and Willie must help her to get home. She is glad she has such a brave little man to take care of her and help her to carry the bundles."

Instantly the little fellow straightened, his step quickened, and he reached for the offered parcel, saying, stoutly:

"I'll tarry 'em all, mamma."

It was only the old, old lesson that our Father is always teaching us: "Is the homeward way weary? Try to lighten another's burden, and the loving service shall smooth thine own path."