

HOUSEHOLD.

Goodnight.

Little boy sweetheart, with eyes that shine
Blue as the skies on a summer morn,
Lips that are wreathed in a smile divine,
Velvety cheek that is pressed to mine,
Life has seemed fairer since you were born;
Fold up your petals, my rosebud white,
Goodnight, my baby, goodnight,
Good night.

Little boy sweetheart, I love you so!
How deep that love you will never know,
Night after night, when my work is through,
Worn out and weary I come to you,
Bend o'er your couch till upon my ear
Falls a faint music I yearn to hear,
Made by your breathing so soft and light,
Goodnight, my baby, goodnight,
Good night.

Then by your side as I nightly kneel
To the All-Father I make appeal,
Then He will guide you and guard and bless,
Touch you with love and unselfishness,
Mould you and lead you life's path along,
That you grow manly and true and strong,
That He will guide you and guard and bless,
Goodnight, my baby, goodnight,
Good night.

Denver News.

How Much Ought a Woman To Do?

'Mrs. Brown died last night.' 'The music teacher? It does not seem possible.' 'But it's true, and she will be greatly missed. And on my round of morning calls the same message greeted me. 'It was so sudden, too,' they all said. 'She was out all day attending to her usual work, and made calls in the evening, and she was called by the voice of death before morning.' 'Another unconscious suicide,' said I. 'Why a suicide, pray tell!' 'Because she never knew when to stop and rest. Indeed, there seemed no stopping place in her busy life, for she was in demand everywhere, and always ready to serve others.' 'That is true, but suicide seems a harsh word to apply to her.' 'But it's the truth, and if this word were applied to all such cases, "heart failure" would go out of fashion, and people would get their eyes open to some facts that might save many a life.' 'But it's so hard to stop when there is so much to be done, a pressure of work all the time.' 'Yes, but how much better to do less and spin out the lives of usefulness, instead of crowding two days' work into one. Let us see how much she carried on her hands and brain. Her music pupils at home and in adjoining towns and music in the schools would seem quite enough for one woman during the six week days. But I've met her Saturday night going to rehearsal for Sunday service, and Sunday was not a day of rest for her. Then there were concerts, festivals, and musical clubs in which she was a leader, and at weddings and funerals she was in demand. Some of these things she could have done with ease with her regular work, but she could not refuse if possible to grant a request. And then you know she was a fine housekeeper, and only had some one do her heavy work.' 'It's not a marvel that she dropped down "in the harness," just as she wished to go, but let me tell you what I think was the "last straw." She was very fond of children, and trained them in their music for the May day festival, and was completely tired out after it was over on Friday night. But she kept right on with her usual duties, and Tuesday night she was weary even unto death.'

It is not right to so abuse the human temple. She often had sick spells in which the heart was involved, and overwork was the immediate cause of them. Her physicians pointed out the dangers of it, but she went on with a grim determination to do at all events, no matter what the result to

her heavy overweight body, which had long been a burden.

But this is only one case among thousands, and even those who profess to know better often find it a difficult matter to do what they know to be right. There is hygiene of work, and also of rest, and we should be humane to ourselves and our families. But there are thousands of women in our homes just 'driven to death with work,' as they express it. They go on and on with a rush in home affairs, then assume outside responsibilities, when they should be resting. They engage in work that demands brain and hands—work that brings nothing but exhaustion to them unless it be the pleasure in the thought of doing for those outside of home. And so they begin in their early married life to 'break down' when they should think about conserving their energies by rest, and so lengthen out their years of usefulness. Overwork brings worry, which is far worse than hard work. Taking a rest every day cannot be too strongly impressed upon the race. Do what can be done with ease and comfort, and never forget that the body is of some account, and has a right to be well cared for. The mind and will to do often carries us beyond the bounds of reason, in work as well as pleasure. Both are paid for later in pain and expense.—'Health Culture.'

How to Guard Against Contagion.

I am very glad to see young mothers inquiring the way to guard against infectious diseases among their children. Much contagion is carried and transmitted because the young people have not been carefully instructed as to the danger. A reader of the 'Telescope' says she has been very much benefited along the line of hygienic and health needs by some of my articles in it, and asks for help in this quarter.

Sore eyes, granulated lids, grip and sore throat, etc., have been given one to another in a family (especially the younger ones) by using the same towel.

It is just want of thought, yet it makes very serious trouble, pain, and expense oftentimes. The same is true in the use of handkerchiefs. Children at school will borrow to wipe fruit from hands and mouth—saying they had forgotten theirs. Dear little innocent children. They should be carefully educated and talked to about the danger. Let the children wash their hands carefully every night before going to bed—disease germs may be secreted under their nails. Let the handkerchiefs of the children who have grip or colds be washed separately from the others in a strong hot suds quickly and thoroughly, and iron them while damp with very hot irons. This will kill microbes in them. Towels should be laundered by themselves and never washed with the family wash if any one has the grip or sore throat. Observe these rules strictly.—S. J. H., in 'Religious Telescope.'

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Butterflies and Heaven.

Although the child is barely five years old, it is hard to answer many of her questions. Only a few days ago, as we were walking along a country road, she suddenly asked, 'Mamma, what are we made for?' And her questions regarding life and death would puzzle the wisest of ministers. Recently we have found such a beautiful illustration, which has completely satisfied her, that I think it might benefit others who have the privilege of leading and teaching little ones.

One day, about the middle of July, she brought me a sprig of caraway with a cater-

pillar about an inch and a half long feeding upon it. I recognized it at once as the larva of the 'Asterias' butterfly. The body was a beautiful shade of light green with bands of black resembling velvet and yellow spots on the black bands. I placed it under a wire fly screen. Whenever it was touched it would thrust out, from the top of its head, a short pair of soft, orange colored horns, which emitted a peculiar and rather disagreeable odor.

For two days we watched it and supplied it with fresh caraway leaves and blossoms. Then it ceased eating and began to crawl about the cage as if searching for something. The next day the child called me to see the caterpillar making a spiderweb, as she called it. Upon one side of the screen it had already firmly spun a casing for its hind feet, and its head seemed to be waving back and forth, but upon looking closely we discovered that it was spinning a swing. Back and forth, back and forth. 'Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams,' the little creature wove the silken thread until it was a firm cord, capable of holding up the rest of his body.

I explained to the child that the caterpillar had an instinctive knowledge that a change like death was coming, and that was the way to bury itself, although some caterpillars, when the time came for them to change, buried themselves in the ground. She watched it closely, and the next day discovered it as 'he was kicking his skin off,' as she expressed it. When I reached the spot the skin was rolled back half-way down the body, and spasmodic jerks were being made to throw off the remainder, which in a few moments fell in a small, dry roll on the bottom of the cage.

Then I explained to her that the caterpillar was apparently dead, but after a while would come to life, just as people do when they become angels in heaven; that the poor little crawling worm, which had never known anything except eating caraway, would turn into something very beautiful and be able to fly all about and see many lovely things in the world which it never even dreamed of. Her interest was intense. For fifteen days she looked at it several times every day as the worm hung in the silken swing.

On the morning of the fifteenth day it had turned much darker, and I noticed two cracks in the skin, one upon each side of the head, meeting in a point upon the breast. I went about my work intending to keep a sharp watch that day. In half an hour I looked again and the metamorphosis was completed. On the side of the screen clung the new-born thing of beauty.

The great black wings were still so soft that they drooped over in graceful curves. I called the child quickly, and together we



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