



A PATIENT MOTHER.

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We wonder if this interested lad would submit to interruption in his work, for amusement of a silly kitten and an idle boy, just as amiably as his good mother is doing? Most likely he would behave very differently, for he could scarcely have the self-forgetful feelings which the mother's love inspires. Although she of course, finds no pleasure in watching kitty's pranks, she is well content to let her thread get tangled.

THE BOY WHO WAS HUMBLLED.

"Halloo!" said Fred Harper, "supper's ready; let's sit down. I'll sit here by the cake."

"Fred Harper!" said his sister Margaret, "you ought not to sit down to the table; mother hasn't called us yet; and I don't believe you are to sit there anyway."

"I believe I am," said Fred. "It's the nicest seat in the whole room, and this is my birthday supper. Who should have the nicest place if I didn't? Sit down, all of you; supper is all ready, I tell you. Don't you see what a lot of nice things are here? You needn't mind Margaret; she al-

ways thinks she knows more than anybody else. You can't sit at this end, Margaret; you are to go away down to the foot of the table. I'm going to have everything fixed just as I please. We'll begin supper right away; there's no use in waiting. We'll have cake first. Who wants any of their old sandwiches? Cakes and candies and ice-cream are the things I want. Here, little Nannie, you may sit next to me, and I'll give you the biggest piece of cake—next to mine."

"No," said Nannie, drawing back. "I don't want to sit down until your mother comes; and I would rather not have a piece of cake until it is passed round."

"Oh, pooh!" said Fred, "you are a little ninny! I tell you I'm master here, tonight, and things are to be as I say."

"Fred," said his sister Margaret, "you are acting awfully! What will father say?"

"Who's the oldest, I'd like to know," said Fred, "you or I?"

At that moment the door opened and Kate, the cook, came in. "Mr. Frederick," she said, "you are not in your right place; you ought to have waited until you were called. Miss Margaret is to sit there, and you are to go to the other end."

"I don't mean to do any such thing!" said Fred; "I like this seat best, and I'm going to stay here."

Then the curtains between the dining-room and sitting-room were pushed aside, and Fred's father came in. "Frederick," he said, "I have been listening to you, and I don't think you know how to behave well enough to be trusted at this table; you may go up-stairs and wait there until I send for you."

"Wasn't it too bad!" said Cora, when she and the others talked over the birthday supper that night after they went home. "I felt really sorry for Fred, though he did act dreadfully."

"He ought to have studied his Sunday-school lesson," said grandmother.

"Why?" asked Harry. "He isn't in the Sunday-school lesson, is he?"

"Don't you remember the Golden Text? 'Whoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.' Fred was after the best place, and as nearly as I can find out, was thinking of himself all the time; and his father had to humble him for it before them all."

"I didn't understand the Golden Text very well," said Nannie. "Is that what it means?"

A TURN FOR SPEED.

"It is because I have a turn for speed," said Grandma Walton, when the young people begged to know how she managed to do her own work, to be an active member in the church, president of the missionary society, and the helpful friend of all who were in trouble.

"What a quaint expression it is—'a turn for speed,'" said one of the grandchildren, thoughtfully. "I am not quite sure what it means."

The old lady drew her knitting from the deep pocket in her apron before she spoke. Then as the gleaming needles began to fly, she said:

"A turn for speed means the habit for doing things swiftly. Many people move slowly, and do their work in an absent-minded way. My plan is to bend my best energies, both mental and physical, to the task on hand, and to carry it through in as short a time as possible.

"Secondly," and the old lady pointed her little sermon by gesticulating with a shining needle, "I fill in the chinks of time that lie between my appointed tasks. Much of the work that you wonder at is done at these times.

"And thirdly," said the dear old lady, in her gentlest tones, "I always keep in mind the fact that time is a great and ever new gift from my heavenly Father, and that I will some day have to render him an account of the wasted days of my life. That thought alone," she added, with a benevolent glance that included the ring of upturned faces about her, "is quite enough to give to the most sluggishly minded the desire to cultivate a 'turn for speed.'"—*Young People.*