

a body is helpless, and 'the day of doing' is over. If there were more girls like Delsie Brown, the poor old bodies who have to sit in their chairs all day would have a good deal easier, happier time than they do. Delsie is what I call a real, every-day Christian."

The young girl of whom the old lady spoke, did not know she was doing anything worthy of mention when she went in to see the "shut-in" neighbour for an hour or so every few days, and brought so much of the cheer of young life with her, but it was a ministration of comfort and sunshine to a weary, waiting heart.

A service of cheery talk is quite as acceptable, at times, as a service of song, or any other ministration. Blessed indeed is the young girl who knows how to choose her themes and words so they will bring brightness and joy, instead of heaviness and sorrow, into hearts. Let us have more of such cheery talk service, dear girls, and the world will be made the better for it.

"HONOUR BRIGHT."

"Yes, mother, I will, honour bright! Did you ever know me to break my promise?"

"No, my son; I never did." And Mrs. Dunning stroked the soft brown curls lovingly as she looked down in the honest eyes which never in all Harry Dunning's fifteen years had failed to look straight back into hers.

"Well mother, you never will; I'll be home by ten, sure. Now I'm off."

And Harry sprang down the steps and was away like an arrow.

His chum, Alden Mayhew, had invited him to a candy-pull and "general good time," and Alden's invitations were always accepted by his boy and girl friends; for Father and Mother Mayhew and grown up sister Nell had to perfection the "knack" of making a "good time" for young folks.

No wonder that Harry could not believe his own eyes, when in the height of the fun, he looked up and saw the hands of the clock pointing to a quarter to ten! No one else looked as though even thinking of going home. But Harry's "honour bright" promise rang in his ears. Nobody guessed the struggle which was going on in the boy's heart as he mechanically performed his part in the merry game.

"Why can't I stay until the next go? Don't I work hard enough? And I haven't had an evening out for weeks!"

It was all true. Very few and far between had been his "good times" since his father died, two years before, when little Day was a baby and left him to be the support and comfort of his mother.

"It isn't late," he thought irritably. "Mother's only nervous."

Then his cheeks reddened, and he straightened up quickly.

"Who had a better right to be nervous?" he thought fiercely, as though fighting an invisible foe. His sweet, invalid mother! And he knew little Day was not well. She had been pale and fretful all day. And he had promised! Abruptly he excused himself, bade hasty good-nights, and sped away across the fields, putting on his reefer as he

ran. His mother met him at the door.

"Day is worse," she whispered huskily. "It's croup. Run for the doctor—quick!"

And Harry ran—ran like he had never dreamed he could, even when he belonged to the "nine," and its honour depended on his speed and sure-footedness. And the old doctor, electrified by the boy's breathless energy, harnessed old Jim, with Harry's help, in an incredibly brief time, and drove off down the hill at a pace which brought night-capped heads from darkened windows, and caused many a conjecture as to who was sick down in the "holler." The keen-eyed old man looked very serious as he bent over Day; but he was a skilled physician, and before long the little girl was breathing easily again.

"But let me tell you," he said, impressively, "ten minutes later it would not have been of much use to call me or any one else."

Harry listened silently; but when they were once more alone, he drew his mother down by his side on the

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for your advice about 40c. MONSOON CEYLON TEA I have tried it and must say it is most delicious. My husband now says that breakfast is something to look forward to.

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shabby little sofa, and told her of the resisted temptation.

"And oh, mother," he concluded, "I'm so glad I kept my promise, 'honour bright!' I feel as though I'd just escaped from being a murderer."

"I have perfect confidence in my brave, true laddie," said the happy mother, stroking the bonnie head bowed on her shoulder.

A GOOD DOG.

A little child was once lost in the woods. Its parents and friends had hunted everywhere, but could not find it. At last someone thought of a great dog that belonged to a man a few miles away.

They had sent for him, and he came at once with his dog. He asked for a stocking that the baby had worn; then he took the dog to the place where the baby had last been seen, let him smell the stocking and told him to "seek."

The dog ran around in a circle two or three times and then put his nose to the ground and started into the woods. The man who owned the dog followed with the baby's father, and pretty soon they came back with the baby. The dog had found it at the foot of a tree curled up fast asleep.

The dog was hugged and petted almost as much as the child; he seemed to know he had done something very smart, and for a long

time afterward he would come every day to see the child and would play with it for an hour or so and then trot off to his own home.

PUT-OFF TOWN.

Did you ever go to Put-off Town, Where the houses are old and tumbledown, And everything carries and everything drags, With dirty streets and people in rags.

On the street of Slow lives Old Man Wait, And his two little boys, named Linger and Late,

With uncleaned hands and tousled hair, And a naughty little sister named Don't Care.

Grandmother Growl lives in this town, With her two little daughters, called Fret and Frown;

And Old Man Lazy lives all alone Around the corner at Street Postpone. To play all day in Tarry Street, Leaving your errands for other feet;

To stop, or shrink, or linger, or frown, Is the nearest way to this old town.

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