

No nice yard to play in, only the noisy street or the lane. The beautiful sunrise and sunset that gives life to others crowded out by the many buildings, only the noonday sun with its melting heat burning down upon their little heads, and the scorching pavement for their tender feet. No home of welcome, only bare walls and scanty broken furniture and a hard bed to sleep in at night. A mother whose heart was broken, lying in a bed at the point of death, a swearing father fighting drunk every week. Just bread, strong butter and cheap tea for every meal. Dear reader, it would break your heart to see such sights.

We told the two little ones that a lady wanted them to come to the country and spend two weeks on the farm. They could hardly wait for the day to come, but it came, and we tagged them and placed them in charge of the conductor, and the two little children, as happy as spring lambs, left for the farm. The letters sent to mother made her happy and touched the heart of the drunken father. Thank God, it left a deep impression on his heart. To-day he is a reformed man, and a faithful member of a church in this city. You will never be able to tell, dear reader, whose home you will save by giving some poor little child your love and kindness for two weeks this summer.

#### What We Ask of Our Friends Who Take the Boys and Girls.

To take them for two weeks' holiday. To be strict, and not withhold correction when it is necessary.

To notify children's parents of their homecoming.

To kindly write Secretary as to children's conduct (good or otherwise).

We desire to send them all out in July, commencing Tuesday, the 7th.

Friends to meet the children at the railway station, and see them safely on the train on their homeward journey.

We send the children two by two, so as to prevent homesickness.

We pay their railway fare both ways.

We ask only for Christian Homes, where the children will be received for the Master's sake.

We try and send our best behaved and most deserving boys and girls.

Kindly say whether boys or girls are preferred.

We cannot send their names before going out.

If the same children are desired again, kindly let the Secretary know.

In your correspondence, please say whether Miss, Mrs. or Mr.

State Post-office address and nearest Railway Station.

We wish to have, by June 20th, the names of Friends who desire to take our children.—Chas. D. Gordon, Superintendent; Miss Florence Roberts, Secretary, 21 Scarth Road, Toronto; Martin Love, Treasurer, 186 Spadina Road, Toronto.

## Children's Corner.

[All letters intended for the Children's Corner must be addressed to Cousin Dorothy, 52 Victor Ave., Toronto.]

#### THE ENVIUOUSNESS OF PETER.

Sammie Bumstark never had any trouble in being a bad boy. People shook their heads and said: "Whatever will Sammie be like when he's a man, if he's so bad when he's only ten?" Peter Collins was different—it was easier for him to be good. And I'm sorry to say that Peter envied Sammie, which was wrong in more ways than one, and sure to lead to trouble.

The first time Peter saw Sammie, he was on the top branch of the maple tree in the school yard. It was the day Peter's mother ceased teaching him at home, and sent him to learn the Second Reader at school. Sammie had his pockets stuffed with snow apples, and threw one down so that the boys and girls under the tree could each have a bite. Just then Farmer Binns drove up to the gate, and the first thing he said was: "Where is Sammie Bumstark?"

"Up there," shouted all the boys and girls.

"Ah, you young thief!" roared Farmer Binns, and he went into the school to

find the master. In a minute the bell rang, and Peter and the others went into school, but Sammie stayed up the tree. And he stayed there till at last Farmer Binns had to give up and go home, for the master could not make him come down. That was all Peter saw of Sammie that day, because as soon as the master went into the school, Sammie came down and ran away.

Now Peter, who had never climbed a tree in his life, for fear of tearing his stockings, admired Sammie for two things. One was because he could climb such a high tree, and the other was because he was not afraid of the master. And Peter was envious because all the boys and girls talked about Sammie all that day. Peter wished they would talk about him. Of course, he would not have liked to have Sammie's strapping the next day, though Sammie did not seem to mind it at all. Johnnie Jones told Peter that was because he had put rosin on his hands. He said that some of the boys put it on every morning, and then the strapping didn't hurt. Sammie did nearly everything a bad boy can, in school that day. And Peter at last made up his mind that he would be bad too. It seemed to be such fun, and everybody admired you so much. But he thought it would be better to begin at home first. So, after thinking very hard, he tied a string low down across the dark passage from the kitchen to the dining-room, so as to trip up Anne when she came in to set the tea-table. But a few minutes afterwards, his mother called him to come and wash his hands, and running in a

Boys must learn to climb trees, of course." This made Peter feel a little ashamed, but by this time he could climb pretty well, and the pears were nearly ripe, so he had fixed the day after to-morrow for the taking of the pears.

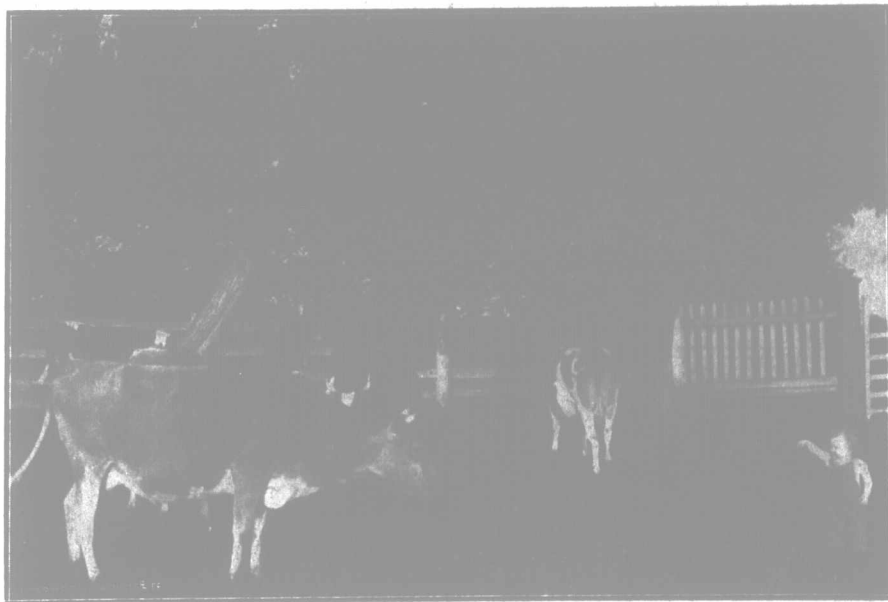
So, on a fine morning, he stole a tip pail out of the kitchen, and got over Mrs. Dobson's fence a little before the children began to go to school. He was soon under the pear tree, tasting a fine, ripe pear that was on the ground. It was very juicy, and he was very glad he was soon going to have a pailful. The boys and girls would notice him today all right.

He tied the pail round his waist and was looking up to see the best place, when a dreadful thing happened. A black-and-white Fox Terrier came out of Mrs. Dobson's back gate, and as soon as it saw Peter, it began to run at him, barking terribly, and evidently meaning to tear him into small pieces. Peter was half-way up that tree in no time, with the pail getting in his way, too. The Terrier jumped higher every moment, but Peter was just out of his reach. How glad he was to scramble out on to a limb, where he was quite safe! But when he looked down, he saw just beneath him the Terrier's bristling hair and bloodthirsty eyes, and over on the road was Sammie Bumstark, with a crowd of children. They were laughing at him!

"O Sammie!" cried poor Peter, almost frightened out of his wits, "can't you save me?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Sammie. "Ain't the pears fine and sweet?"

And Sammie and the others went



"Attention, Bossy!"

F. Roper's Farm, Willow Fearn, P. E. I.

great hurry, he forgot about the string, and bumped his head so hard against the dining-room door, that he roared with pain for half an hour. Of course, when mamma found out how the string came to be there, she was not sorry for Peter any more, but sent him to bed with dry bread for tea. So you can see that it was really hard work for Peter to be bad.

After that Peter gave up trying to be bad at home, and became great friends with Sammie Bumstark, who was not a nice boy at all. He showed Peter all kinds of naughty things to do in school, but the boys and girls never noticed Peter, while they were always talking about Sammie's last trick. This made Peter grow almost green with jealousy, and he made up his mind that he must do something really great, even if he got a strapping for it. In the middle of the night he had a splendid idea. It was to take all the pears from Mrs. Dobson's pear tree! The beauty of the plan was this: The pear tree was in full sight from the road along which the boys and girls went to school, and also the pears were not yet ripe, which would give him time to practice climbing trees.

The next day he began, and if he had taken anything like the pains to learn his lessons that he did to climb the old apple tree in the yard, Peter would be a learned boy by this time. He began to look very ragged, and his mother was busy every day mending his stockings. When papa wanted to whip him, she said, with a smile at Peter, "Oh, no,

laughing on to school, and every child running past made fun of Peter.

At last the school bell rang, and nobody else came past. The dog grew tired of barking, and lay down to sleep under the tree. The sun was getting hotter every minute, and Peter did not dare to move from his uncomfortable seat, for fear of waking the dog. So, for hours and hours, he sat there, until at last the bell rang for recess. Now, it was lucky for Peter that a kind little girl, named Amy Rogers, had to run home at recess. For when she saw him stuck up in the tree, she did not laugh, but called out:

"Oh, you poor little boy! Didn't anyone take the dog away yet? I'll run and tell Mrs. Dobson."

So very soon Mrs. Dobson, who was a terrible-looking old lady, and very tall and thin, came out to her pear tree, and she held the Terrier, while poor, stiff Peter crawled down from his hard perch, and sneaked away to the fence. Mrs. Dobson, even, seemed to despise him, for she only said:

"I am really surprised, Peter Collins. I see you have no pears, however."

Peter was afraid to go to school, and quite as much afraid to go home, so he went and lay down in a field, and cried till dinner time. He had no pears, and everybody would laugh at him, and Mrs. Dobson would tell mamma. Poor mamma, who had darned his stockings all for nothing!

By dinner time, Peter had made up his mind what he would do. He went home

and told mamma all about it, which I think was very sensible. And they both together decided that it was better to leave all the glory to Sammie Bumstark, for it was easy to see that Peter would never be any good at being bad.—[New Idea Magazine.]

## About the House.

#### THE GERM OF THE BULLETINS.

Beans, Peas and Other Legumes.

[Condensed from Farmers' Bulletin No. 121, issued by the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.]

Legume is a term used by botanists to denote the one-celled, two-valved seed-pod, containing one or more seeds, borne by plants of the botanical order, Leguminosae. Beans, peas, peanuts and lentils are examples of species belonging to this order. Representatives of the family are found in all climates and countries. The broad bean was cultivated by the ancients of Egypt, Greece and Rome; pole beans were also planted by some of the Indians of North America, whose name for the plant signified "to wind about." Bean flour was largely used by the Aztecs; but the modern kidney bean does not seem to have been known to any of the ancients.

Kidney beans, to which the "wax" species belong, Lima beans, and Scarlet Runners, are the kinds most familiar to Americans. Some of the kidney varieties grow dark in color when cooked, and, in consequence, there is a rather general prejudice against them. This is unfortunate, since many of them are of fine quality and full flavored. . . . The Scarlet Runner is chiefly known here as an ornamental climber; but in England and other parts of Europe, its beans are considerably used for food, as string and green shell beans. When dry, however, they are inferior to other beans.

The pea has also been cultivated from an early date, although it does not seem to have been known to the Greeks and Romans. It appeared in Europe in the middle ages, but was not cultivated in England, even in the time of Elizabeth. Fuller says that peas were brought from Holland, and were accounted "fit dainties for ladies, they came so far, and cost so dear." At the present time, in Europe, the dried or "split" pea is as largely used as the dry bean.

The garden pea is divided into tough podded or shelling varieties, and the edible podded or sugar peas, the latter of which deserve to be better known among us. They are cooked, pods and all, exactly like string beans.

The lentil is one of the most ancient of food plants, probably one of the first to be brought under cultivation by man. The reddish Egyptian species probably furnished the "red pottage" of Esau. The lentil is eaten only when fully ripe. Until recent years, it was little known in America, but now may be found for sale in most cities.

The peanut is so different in appearance from the bean and pea, and is put to such different uses, that it is seldom thought of as a legume; but a study of the growing plant immediately shows the resemblance. Here we see the same straggling, more or less trailing annual, with characteristic leaves, and the butterfly-shaped blossoms, whose ovary develops into a seed-pod. The manner of growth from this point is very peculiar; as the flower withers, the stalk or spike of the ovary rapidly lengthens and pushes into the ground, so that the pod is matured beneath the surface; but if the spike is prevented from doing this, it soon withers.

#### NUTRITIVE VALUE OF THE LEGUMES.

The different kinds of legumes are so similar in their nutritive constituents and digestibility that in these regards they may be treated together. Even in an immature state, as green peas and beans, they are equal or superior in nutritive value to other green vegetables. The ripened seed is superior to most of the matured vegetable foods, and cereals. This superiority lies in the large amount of protein that they contain. They also contain a large percentage of mineral matter, chiefly lime and potassium salts; and some varieties, e. g., peanuts, contain a large amount of fat. . . . In short, the legumes approach animal foods