

"Yes; isn't it? said Ronald coming up to her side. "Daddy and I liked this view the best in the house; I mean, of course, we do like it still the best; that's why Dad always slept in this room, and why mother's picture was put here. Oh, I say, do you see that bit of road winding there; we did have such a gallop on that road. Dad and I. Once Bob threw me; but I didn't mind. Daddy always said that a good rider was thrown two or three times. Do you know how to ride, Mary? The great thing is not to be a bit afraid, but to stick on through everything. Yes I'm glad there's plenty of sunlight in the room again."

"If you like," said Mary, "I will come in here every day and draw up the blinds; nobody need know but you and I. Would you like me to do this?"

"Oh, shouldn't I just! and I'm sure mother would like it too; not that mother"—here Ronald sighed profoundly—"not that mother is a bit lonely now. I'm awfully glad of that, you know. Mary do you ever have colds?"

"Why, dear?"

"Well, I don't think you look like it; now I think Aunt Eleanor does. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if she had those coughy, sneezy colds that Mrs. Benson gets. Of course I don't get them; they are very womanish, colds are."

"I really don't suffer from colds, as it happens," said Mary; "but I never knew before they were considered in any way wrong. I always looked on them as a misfortune."

"Well, of course, so they are; and I shouldn't be surprised if Aunt Eleanor was subject to them. Mrs. Benson looks dreadful when she has a cold; she wraps her head in flannels, and her face swells, and her eyes get so red, and she drinks hot elder wine. She says she'd die if she didn't drink hot elder wine. I suppose," added Ronald, with an exceedingly pensive expression, "people do die of colds very often, and I don't suppose it's such a bad way—at least, I mean, for womanish sort of people—for you see everybody has got to die."

"Ronnie," said Mary, putting her arm round the little fellow and drawing him to her side, "what a very, very queer boy you are! I don't think people do often die of colds, and in any case you need not think about dying; you are only eight years old."

"That makes no difference," said Ronald, gazing at her with great surprise, "and you're all wrong about colds not killing people, Mary; Mrs. Benson had a cousin, and she got the sort of cold that kills people; Mrs. Benson called it something, brown—brown—kitie, I think. She got it one day and she went out, Mrs. Benson said, like the snuff a candle the next. It killed her off very sharp, you see. But, Mary, I don't think you'll die of a cold."

"Well, I hope not," said Mary in as cheerful a tone as she could assume. "Shall we come down stairs now, Ronald?"

"Oh, yes, if you like! Stoop

down, Mary, and let me give you a ki-a. I shouldn't be a bit surprised, added Ronald, looking earnestly into Mary's eyes, "I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you died of a gun."

(To be continued)

THE ASCENSION.

BY E. O. P.

Jesus, Lord of life eternal,
Taking those He loved the best,
Stood upon the mount of Olives
And His own the last time blest
Then, though He had never left it,
Sought again His Father's breast

Know, O world, this highest festal,
Floods and oceans clap your hands!

Angels raise the song of triumph;
Make response, ye distant lands;
For our flesh is knit to Godhead,
Knit in everlasting bands.

—St. Joseph of the Studium

:O:

A WORD TO THE WISE.

"I try so hard to make my children happy!" said a mother with a sigh one day, in despair at her efforts.

"Stop trying," exclaimed a practical friend at her elbow, "and do as a neighbor of mine does."

"And how is that she asked, dolefully."

"Why she simply lets her children grow and develop naturally, only directing their growth properly. She has always thrown them, as far as practicable, upon their own resources, taught them to wait upon themselves, no matter how many servants she had, and to construct their own playthings. When she returns home from an absence, they await but one thing—their mother's kiss. Whatever has been bought for them is bestowed when the needed time comes. Nothing exciting is allowed to them at night, and they go to bed and to sleep in a wholesome mental state, that ensures restful slumber. They are taught to love nature, and to feel that there is nothing arrayed so finely as the lily of the field, the bees, and the butterflies, that there is nothing so mean as a lie, nor anything so miserable as disobedience, that it is a disgrace to be sick, and that good health, good teeth, and good temper come from plain food, plenty of sleep, and being good."

In order to thrive, children require a certain amount of letting alone. Supreme faith in the mother, few toys, no finery, plain food, no drugs, and early to bed, are the best things for making them happy.
—Parish Visitor.

:O:

No teaching which is merely intellectual or moral can ever know Christ, nor can any statement of Gospel truth, however forcible and clear, be effectual unless, accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost.—G. H. Bower

God will pardon a repentant sinner more quickly than a mother would snatch her child out of the fire.—Vianney.

MARRIED.

WATT-HEIGHTON.—At Lyons Brook, May 18th, by the Rev. H. A. Harley, Rector of St. James', Picton, Gordon Watt and Ada, daughter of Captain Heighton, of River John.

STEWART-WILLIAMS.—At Green Harbour, Parish of Lockport, Nova Scotia, by the Rev. T. W. Johnston, Rector, Miss Mary F. Stewart to Mr. Thos. Williams

CONN-JAMISON.—At Stellarton, N.S., May 18th, by Rev. D. C. Moore, R.D., Wm. Conn to Jane Isabella Jamison, both of Alma, N.S.

DIED.

DICKEY.—Entered into rest, at Amherst, N.S., on Sunday, the 18th inst., Flora Haze, youngest child of Barry Dickey and Agnes Mowbray Bent, aged eight months.

His will—the little one to bring
Into His royal fold,
To reign forever with her King,
His beauty to behold.
Sins fell dominion crushed for aye,
Sorrow and sighing fled away

HOLIDAY EXCHANGES.

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WM. HUDSON,
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Richibucto, N.B., April 25th, 1889. 1-17

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