

lingered long at the windows, gazing with delight at the heavens. At last, when called to say his "Now I lay me," to the God who made the stars, he said gently: "Yes, and, mama, before we finish we must say 'thank you' to God for making those stars." This was a surprising speech from a boy who had demurred stoutly on the single occasion when an extra petition had been suggested for his prayer, saying: "No, *that* does not belong to my prayer!" A few evening later, being again awake until starlight, he exclaimed: "There are those beautiful diamonds coming out again; could anyone count them, mama?" Then, after a pause, "we must not forget to thank God for them." It was not quite time yet for his prayers, and standing there under the stars, the childish voice was raised in a natural chant: "We thank Thee-oh-God for making the beau-ti-ful stars!" Could there have been a purer, more spontaneous bit of worship?

Said another little lad, in reverent, awed tone, looking skyward: "Just think, Aunt Faith, there is nobody in the whole world who can count them!" This little man had committed to memory Addison's matchless "Creation." It was a summer holiday task, and many were the sighs and groans uttered before it could be repeated faultlessly. The next summer I chanced to be along one evening when the stars twinkled one by one into the twilight sky.

As we walked along, a turn in the lane brought us face to face with the rising moon. The beauty of the night had made us all silent, but as we saw the moon, the youngest of the party, struck by the exact description of the scene, burst forth with outstretched hand:

"Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole."

I thought my nephew something of a martyr when he had to learn that poem, but now as he saw the perfection and beauty of its description and recited it so eloquently, I admired the wisdom which had imposed such a task.

Trained Motherhood

The Mother's Hour

By Margaret E. Sangster.

Little figures robed in white,
Mellow glow of candle light.

Little hands upraised in prayer,
Roses sweet and fair.

All the work and play and fun
For the happy day are done.

All the little faults confessed,
All the troubles set at rest.

Childhood sweet as dawn and flowers
Drifts through many changeful hours.

But one hour, the mother's own,
Must belong to her alone.

When she sees each sunny head
Safe and cosy in its bed.

When the world may do its worst,
God and she have had them first.

And her bairns are folded fair
In the tender Shepherd's care.

Angels bend above the room,
Where the dimpled darlings bloom.

In their lovely innocence,
Warding every evil hence
From the little ones who dwell
Where the mother guards them well.

God and she about them stand,
They are safe on every hand.

Kneeling for them at the throne,
They are her's and God's alone.

And each child, a tender flower,
Blossoms in the mother's hour.

—Harper's Bazar

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