

right-hand row of cots and up the left-hand row, touching every little face lightly with her finger tips. It was at Becky's bed she stopped again. It was Becky she kissed. The small, plain face in the pillow appealed to her. She stooped to it again and touched the little drooping mouth with her lips.

"That's for the mother you never had, you little thing," she whispered.

Becky and the matron had dreams that night. Becky's was beautiful; there was a mother in it, and Becky sat in her lap and laughed and talked through the tips of her little lean brown fingers. And the dream-mother laughed, too, and once she leaned down and kissed Becky's cheek. That was when the dream ended, and Becky, through narrowed lids, thought she saw the mother's face bending over her. She did not know it was the matron's face.

The dream that came to the matron was full of sadness. She thought she went away and made herself a home and settled down to her well-earned rest. She missed the little faces very much, she thought, but after a while she began to get used to living alone and she was happy and contented, in a quiet way. Then, one day, a Vision stood beside her.

"Where is the little child that cried in the dark, under the butternut tree?" it said to her. "Has anyone adopted her yet? Has she found a mother?"

"No, no, my Lord," the matron said, for the face of the Vision shone in her dream like the face of the Lord, she thought.

"No, no, there is no one will ever adopt poor little Becky. She is deaf, my Lord, and dumb."

A little pause, and then again the sweet voice spoke:

"Is she crying still under the butternut tree, in the dark?"

"No—Oh, no, she can't be crying there still!" the matron said, with a shudder.

"It is so dark out there and so damp, and the little child's heart will break," the Vision said. "Show me the way to the butternut tree. I will adopt little Becky."

The dream was so sad that the matron found herself sobbing when she woke up. For a long time she lay awake, thinking. The clock tolled one—two—then three, before she slept again.

In the morning—it was Sunday morning—Becky crept away by herself to her favorite resort. The church bells were ringing, but Becky did not know. She sat with her small brown fingers interlaced in her lap and her little wistful face against the friendly trunk of the great tree. It whispered kind things into Becky's ear—and Becky heard them.

The matron went out and sat down by the child, smiling and nodding cheerfully. Becky held out her talking hand with eager invitation.

"Becky"—the matron could only talk very slowly indeed—"I am—going—away."

The child sighed, and the smile dropped away from her lips.

"Will—you—go—with—me—Becky? I want—you—for—my—little—girl. I want—to—adopt you Becky."

Becky "listened" with a violent start of surprise. Then, in a flash, her grave little face burst into radiance. She caught the matron's hand and began to talk hurriedly, her fingers flying in their eagerness. She was looking up into the matron's tender face.

"Oh, you are a mother!" cried Becky's little brown fingers. "I shall have a mother at last."—Classmate.

Thought From the Discouraged.

BY L. M. ZIMMERMAN.

It were foolish to say there is nothing in this world to worry about, for "man is born unto trouble," but the thing for consideration is how to get rid of our worries. Some people pile up their troubles as if they were laying in a stock of fuel for cold winter. Others live days and weeks in advance of troubles, accumulating thus in advance many imaginary trials, until life is so overshadowed that it seems hardly worth the living. If such persons would go to work making some one else happy, they would unload much of their worry, for in blessing others we bless ourselves. There are always those who are worse off than the complaining ones, so that there is a large field for service. Then, too, take pencil and paper and carefully mark down all your blessings, and your troubles will vanish in all the bright sunlight of your rich gifts. Try it for one week as an experiment, and learn from happy experience the blessedness of looking on the bright side of things, rather than all the while nursing your troubles, and you'll discover that if you don't trouble trouble, trouble won't trouble you. The Lord himself bids us not worry, and lovingly bids us cast all our cares on him, for he careth for us. He is our burden-bearer, and graciously bids us rise on the wings of praise into his arms of love, and like a loving mother, he will bear us on his bosom. Unfortunately, some thus rise, but instead of dropping their burden, they seem to find pleasure in carrying it with them, keeping it closely tied about them, instead of casting it wholly upon the Lord. God is our Father, and he knows our wants; why not therefore trust him, believing he will do for us according to our respective needs. "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Why not, therefore believe it, and believing, trust in him, and trusting him, cast all your cares on him? Do it, and you will find rest unto your soul.—Lutheran Observer

Indian Paint.

Every paint-mark of an Indian's face is a sign with a definite meaning which other Indians may read. When an Indian puts on his full war paint he decks himself, not only with honors and distinctions won by his own bravery, but also with the special honors of his family or tribe. He may possess one mark of distinction only, or many. In fact, he may be so well off in this respect that, like some English noblemen, he is able to don a new distinction for every occasion. Sometimes he will wear all his honors at one time. Then he is a sight worth travelling far to see.

Among the Indian tribes is one designated by the symbol of the dogfish, painted in red on the face. The various parts of the fish are scattered about on the surface of the face. The long snout is painted on the forehead, the gills are represented by two curved lines below the eyes, while the tail is shown as cut in two and hanging from either nostril. When only one or two parts of an animal are painted on a man's face it is an indication of inferiority; when the whole animal appears, even though in many oddly assorted parts, the signs indicate a high rank.

Very peculiar are some of the honorable symbols painted on the Indians' faces. There are fish, flesh and fowl of all kinds—dog, salmon, devilfish, starfish, woodpeckers, eagles, ravens, wolves, bears, scorpions and sea monsters, mosquitoes, frogs, mountain goats, and all manner of foot, claw, or beak marks

A Danger to Baby.

Doctors have preached against the so-called soothing medicines for years, but they are still used altogether too much. The fact that they put children to sleep is no sign that they are helpful. Ask your doctor and he will tell you that you have merely drugged your little one into insensibility—that soothing medicines are dangerous. If your little one needs a medicine give it Baby's Own Tablets, and you give it a medicine guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. You can give these Tablets just as safely to a new born infant as to the well grown child, and they will cure all the minor ills of childhood. Mrs. J. M. Gilpin, Bellhaven, Ont., says: "Since I gave my little one Baby's Own Tablets there has been a marvellous change in her appearance, and she is growing splendidly. You may count me always a friend to the Tablets." Ask your druggist for this medicine or send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get a box by mail, post paid.

—each with a special meaning of its own in the heraldry of the woods and plains, however little they signify to the white man's eye.—The Child's Hour.

The Grace of Cheerfulness.

I said: I will be glad to-day!
The rain-clouds drift along the hills,
The grass is drowned in lakes and rills,
The birds of song are chilled and mute,
The dreariness seems absolute;
And yet I will be glad to-day!

I will be glad, be glad to-day,
Though many tiresome tasks are set
My patient hands, I will forget
The frosts that trouble and depress,
And think on things of pleasantness;
And so I will be glad to-day!

I will be glad to-day, to-day;
For summer suns again will shine,
The air will thrill like tonic wine,
The birds will sing as ne'er before,
And with these blisses yet in store,
Why should I not be glad to-day?
—Emma A. Lente, in Christian Endeavor World.

Double Track Route to World's Fair

The Grand Trunk have inaugurated a double daily through car service, including sleeping cars and coaches, direct to the World's Fair City. Fast trains, most interesting route, stop-over allowed at Chicago, unexcelled road bed—are, assured patrons of the line. Ask Grand Trunk Agents for full information.

The July Fortnightly (Leonard Scott Publication Co., New York) opens with an article by Grover Cleveland on "The American Government in the Chicago strike of 1894." C. I. Chas. writes of "The Reorganization of Russia;" Alfred Stead of "The War: Korea and Russia;" and H. Beerbohm Tree discusses "The Humanity of Shakespeare." "The Tariff Situation in the United States;" "The Specialist in Downing Street;" "Transvaal Labour Difficulties;" and "The Bottom-rock of the Tibet Question"—these are among the subjects dealt with in this number.

Apricots should be cooked a long time. After the sugar is added, take off the cover and let the fruit glaze a little, but not harden. When cold both prunes and apricots should be served with cream.