

not lend yourself to these methods, and that you will suffer rather than lend your countenance to dishonest practices. I will suffer with you gladly, John, and be proud of it, and I am sure the children if they were asked would say the same. But, happily, I think there will not be any need. Who do you think came to see me to-day but Uncle Edgar from Bristol, without a word of warning, and he did not seem to mind a cold meat lunch? He was so nice, so different from any time I have ever seen him before, that I couldn't quite make it out. He is aging, too; I can't help thinking that God has spoken to his hard heart, and that he is beginning to realize some of the things he has missed in life. He was lovely to Ted, and brought him a great parcel of books, new books, from the Stores; think of Uncle Edgar being guilty of such extravagance! He asked very kindly about you, and he said I was beginning to look rather old and tired, and that I must take better care of myself, and couldn't we have a holiday together at Morecambe at Easter. Finding him like this, and wanting desperately to tell somebody how proud and glad I was about you, I gave him your letter to read. He took a long time to read it, and blew his nose several times over it, and was a little gruff at the end. Then what do you think he said all of a sudden?"

"Your husband's a fool, Lucy, as the world counts folly, but I shouldn't wonder that he's chosen the better part. Tell him I said so, and if he comes home next week, as he seems to expect, out of a job, bring him to Bristol for the week-end, and we'll talk things over. I need somebody at my place I can trust, who won't buy and sell me the moment my back's turned. I could trust your John Wakelyn, so bring him down." Of course I said I would. I hope your interview with your firm won't be very disagreeable, dear, but if it is, never mind. Come home. Never have you been so welcome as you will be this time to the happy and loving woman who is so proud to sign herself YOUR WIFE."

Wakelyn's lips twitched as he turned the sheet to read it all over again, and a joy filled his heart so great as to well-nigh overwhelm him. The part concerning Uncle Edgar did not greatly uplift him, it was the knowledge that he had his wife's sympathy and trust that filled and covered his whole horizon; nothing else mattered.

There occurred to his memory as he sat there in the silence a passage he had read from Isaiah before he slept the night after the momentous letters had been written.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those, the wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein." And again, "They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—British Weekly.

LITTLE WEATHER PROPHETS.

If you go out in the morning and find the ants busily engaged in clearing out their nests and dragging the sand and bits of earth to the surface, you may be sure, no matter how cloudy it is, that there will be no rain that day, and possibly for several days. If, however, in the afternoon you see the ants hurrying back to their nests, and the sentinels hunting up the stragglers and urging them to go home, you may be certain that there will be rain that afternoon or night. How the ants know, we have no idea, but they do know.

The golden beams of truth and silver chords of love twisted together will draw men on with a sweet violence whether they will or no.—Oudworth.

THE LIFTING OF THE MIST.

By Pauline Johnson.

All day long the vapors played
At blindfold in the city streets,
Their elfin fingers caught and stayed
The sunbeams, as they wound their
sheets

Into a filmy barricade
'Twixt earth and where the sunlight
beats.

A vagrant band of mischiefs these,
With wings of grey and covered gown;
They live along the edge of seas,
And creeping out on foot of down,
They chase and frolic, frisk and tease
At blind-man's-bluff with all the
town.

And when at eventide the sun
Breaks with a glory through their grey,
The vapor fairies, one by one,
Outspread their wings and float away
In clouds of coloring that run
Wind-like along the rim of day.

Athwart the beauty and the breast
Of purpling airs they twist and twist,
They float away to some far rest,
Leaving the skies all colorless!—
A glorious and a golden West
That greets the Lifting of the Mist.
Brantford.

WHAT THEY LOST.

By Frank H. Sweet.

"I'm sorry you lost it," said mother, one day,
As she sat in her corner chair, mending
away;

And Richard and Percival looked in
surprise,
But mother, still busy, did not raise her
eyes.

"Have you lost anything, Richard, to-day?"

"No. Percival, haven't you, either?—I say!"

Two little faces grew rosy with shame.
And mother said, "Yes, my dears, temper's its name."

THE TREE TEST.

There was once an old monk walking through the forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was beginning to peep above the ground; the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth; the third was a small shrub; while the fourth and last was a full-grown tree. Then the old monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The youth easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And the third."

But the boy had to put forth all his strength, and used both arms, before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree grasped in the arms of the youth scarcely shook its leaves; and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth.

Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak one may, by a little selfishness over self and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them! the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out.

"For this reason, my child, watch well over the first moments of your soul and study by acts of virtue to keep your passions well in check."—Selected.

Healthy Little Children.

A mother should not expect that her children will escape all the ills to which babyhood and childhood are subject, but she can do much to lessen their severity and make baby's battle for health easily won. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones. They are mothers' ever-ready help and Baby's friend. The action of the Tablets is gentle but thorough. They cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, allay the irritation at teething time, destroy worms and promote healthy, natural sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or narcotic. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SANITARY EFFECT OF HOUSE PLANTS.

Even if it is granted, however, in face of these incontrovertible facts, that vegetation exercises no perceptible influence upon the composition of the atmosphere in the open air, many persons will not be disposed to give up the idea that the air in rooms can be improved by plants, because, as is well known, every green leaf absorbs carbonic acid and gives out oxygen under the influence of light. This idea may seem the more justifiable, because, though the production of carbonic acid is not perceptible in the greatest assemblages of human beings in the open air, it is always observed in confined spaces, although the actual production is but small. In the air of a closed apartment, every person and every light burning makes a perceptible difference in the increase of carbonic acid in the air. Must not, therefore, every plant in a pot, every spray, any plant with leaves, make a perceptible difference in a room? Every lover of flowers may be pardoned for wishing to see this question answered in the affirmative. Have not even medical men proposed to adorn school-rooms with plants in pots instead of ventilating them better, in order that their leaves and stems might absorb carbonic acid from the mouths of the children, and give out oxygen in its stead? But hygiene cannot agree even to this. Hygiene is a science of economics, and every such science has to ask not only what exists and whether it exists, but how much there is and whether enough. The power of twenty pots of plants would not be nearly sufficient to neutralize the carbonic acid exhaled by a single child in a given time. If children were dependent on the oxygen given off by flowers, they would soon be suffocated. It must not be forgotten what a slow process the production of matter by plants is—matter which the animal organism absorbs and again decomposes in a very short time, whereby as much oxygen is used up as has been set free in the production of it. It is for this reason that such great extents of vegetation are required for the sustenance of animals and man. The grass or hay consumed by a cow in a cow-house grows upon a space of ground on which a thousand head of cattle could stand. How slow is the process of the growth of wheat before it can be eaten as bread, which a man will eat, digest, and decompose in twenty-four hours! The animal and human organism consumes and decomposes food as quickly as a stove burns the wood which took so many thousand times longer to grow in the forest.—Popular Science Monthly.

In the lifelong fight to be waged by everyone single handed against a host of foes, the last requisite for a good fight, the last proof and test of our courage and manfulness, must be loyalty to truth.—Thomas Hughes.