

## THE SOAP-BOX GARDEN.

The children sat in a row on the fence dangling their feet. They were trying hard to think of something to give to Johnny Henderson, who had had a bad fall when they were all playing in the barn. The doctor said that poor Johnny would have to be still nearly all summer, and the children did not see how he was possibly going to bear it.

"We ought to buy him something very nice indeed," said Nan, "for it was our barn that he fell out of."

"We might give him the guineapigs," suggested Bobby. "They do not smell so very much, and we could feed them for him every day."

"I don't think Mrs. Henderson is the kind of person to take at all to guineapigs," objected Bobby; "even mother says they are filthy."

"I have been thinking of a thing," said Cecil, slowly from his end of the fence. "I have been thinking of it all this morning. He said that what he misses most is that he can't have any garden where we are having ours. Why can't we make a little garden for him to have beside his bed?"

The children jumped down excitedly. "Oh," said Nan, "but I don't think Mrs. Henderson would like gardens on the floor!"

"How stupid you can sometimes be, Nan," said Bobby. "It will be perfectly splendid. He doesn't mean on the floor, do you, Cecil? He means in a box, and there is a wooden soap-box in the barn—"

"And mother promised us geranium slips!"

"We can plant apple seeds and have an orchard!"

There never was a more delightful garden. Mother let them paint it themselves, from a pot of dark green paint they found out in the barn. They lined it with fine, rich earth, silted and crumbled with their own fingers, and then came the painting, which papa helped them with, showing them how to draw straight little furrows for the seeds, and whirling white stakes to mark the end of the rows.

"Of course nothing will probably show for weeks," the children explained to Johnny, lying hot and restless on his sofa, "and perhaps nothing ever will come up at all, because of its being only in a box, but if they do grow, it will be so exciting!"

They did not have to wait long. The houses are close together, and on the fifth morning the bell which Bobby had rigged with a string from his window to John's rang excitedly.

Johnny was sitting up, flushed with pleasure, the languid look all gone.

"Look!" he said, "here in the corner! Something green is showing!"

"It's the radishes!" shrieked Nan, "it actually is! See their darling little green shoots poking up, with the seed-leaves still on their heads! And just beyond the ground is cracked to show where more will come!"

The next day the radishes were fairly up, smiling their red stems in a brave little row. Four days later came the lettuce, and then the fat, yellow-green noses of four yacynthins, for this was a very mixed-up kind of garden. The children were absorbed in watching, and very nearly drowned the poor soap-box at first in their zeal for watering it. There were the radish and lettuce seeds, which they and bought with their own money, beans from the kitchen, some corn, the yacynthins, which mother gave, two geranium slips, and orange and lemon seeds, which actually sprouted and sent up the shoots of four tiny trees!

According to a genealogical table recently published, ex-premier, Mr. Balfour, is through his grandmother, fifteenth in direct descent from King Robert II. of Scotland, and, through his mother, 21st in a direct line from Edward I.

Magee College, Londonderry, of which he was at one time a professor, has received a bequest of £500 under the will of the late Rev. D. J. Thoburn McGaw, general secretary of the Presbyterian Church of England, "for the promotion of missionary objects."

## THE CHINESE POST OFFICE.

A lady of the China Inland Mission of Kiangsu, in the central province of Honan, in a letter to her family, has some amusing things to tell about the establishment of the Chinese Imperial Post in that province, which is some weeks' journey from the coast. She says:

"We have the Chinese Imperial Post here now. At Kiangsu, when they first got it, the postmen carried a bag with some small bags of stamps and walked the streets to look them and put them on the letters for them. They said the stamps were there to keep the stamps, and paid for the business, and they wouldn't take them. But the stamps wouldn't agree to look them, so they came to towns and the police and to collect and separate them."

Here at Kiangsu, the man who has the postmen has begun well. He has in his shop, when the new customer comes to a stamp, as soon as the man has money to pay for the stamp, he gets the stamp, and when he gives it to the man he has in a very decent way. Now look it and put it just there. The customer is found or was enough to do so, and now a custom has been established in Kiangsu that all postmen of stamps must look them and stick them on."

There was a great row at Kiangsu postmen one day because an address on a letter could not be found and the letter was brought back. The sender wanted the money back because the letter had not been delivered, but the clerk refused to give it to him, contending that they had had more trouble over it than it is had been delivered."

"Another man was determined to get the postmen to take into trouble because he had sent a letter some time ago and received no answer. This was clear proof, he said, that the letter had never been sent. The service here is somewhat irregular yet.—Eds."

## WHY?

Why, maver, why  
Did God put the stars up so tight in the sky?

Why did the cow jump right over the moon?

An' why did the dish run away with the spoon?

'Cause don't he me to see the cow fly?

Why, maver, why?

Why, maver, why  
Can't little boys jump to the moon if they try?

An' why can't they swim just like fishes an' fins?

An' why does the live little birdies have wings,

An' live little boys have to wait till they die?

Why, maver, why?

Why, maver, why?  
Was all of yore blackbirds all baked in a pie?

Why couldn't we have one if I should say "Please?"

An' why does it worry when little boys tease?

An' why can't hogs never be now—but bimeby?

Why, maver, why?

Why, maver, why?  
Does little boys' froats always ache when they cry?

An' why does it stop when they're caddled up close?

An' what does the sandman do days, do you s'pose?

An' why do you think he'll be soon comin' by?

Why, maver, why?

—Ethel M. Kelley in The Century.

Success is sometimes its own worst enemy. When content with its achievements it has barred the door to future promotion. "Man never is, but always to be blest." When there is ever an impulse leading us onward there is ever the hope, if not the assurance, of higher attainment.

## DELICATE BABIES.

Every delicate baby starts life with a serious handicap. Even a trivial illness is apt to end fatally, and the mother is kept in a state of constant dread. Baby's other chances have done more than any other influence to make weak baby's condition well and strong. They give the mother a feeling of security, as though later she should ever her delicate child developing steadily. Mrs. S. M. McDaniel, Keweenaw Island, Mich., says: "Up to the age of seven months my baby was weak and sandy, and at that age could not walk. It was then I began using Baby's Own Food, and the change they wrought in her condition was surprising. She began to get strong at once, and has ever since been a perfectly well child. Every mother who values the health of her little one should keep a box of Baby's Own Food in her house. Sent by an medicine dealer or by mail at 2 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

## HOW TO BREATHE.

As we grow older, only our most intimate friends and they not always dare to tell us of our faults. How many times have you had occasion to say to yourself, "I wish a physician would tell me just what she breathes?" or, "If only anybody dared to inform Mrs. Triest—because that, if she would keep her hands off, she would make an infinitely better impression."

To one who has really made an effort to learn how to use the breath, and who has now little this wonderful matter and therefore is understood, it is incomprehensible that many people should regard as a matter of the subject as almost impertinent. Everybody knows and will acknowledge that breathing is a somewhat important part of the human economy, but the implication that he does not do it right is frequently resented. Not long ago, in a little gathering of women, who knew each other well and exchanged confidences with each other whenever they met, an interesting tale was told concerning this matter of breathing. It was so humiliating to all of those present that we pass it on for the benefit of others. Then, if they can find sensible hearts who will not "get mad" at the implication that they, perhaps, do not know how to breathe, it can be disseminated still more widely:

"A good many years ago," began one of the most vivacious of our number, "a member of my family was ill, the young doctor who treated him said much to him on the subject of breathing. 'It was once in a bad way,' said the doctor, 'from incipient tuberculosis, but I was cured by outdoor air in abundance and plenty of deep breathing. I was obliged to remain in the city, but I kept myself outdoors at least eight hours each day, and every time I crossed a street I took in a deep breath through the nostrils, keeping my mouth closed. I held the breath until I reached the opposite curbstone, when I expired it slowly. I have been sound and well now for many years—but I still keep up my deep breathing, and it is of the greatest benefit to me.'"

"We were all so much impressed by what the doctor said that we resolved to become more deeply, but it is a great bother to try to breathe right, and the matter soon slipped from our minds, though, no doubt, we might have saved ourselves many colds and other lung troubles if we had been willing to regard the doctor's homilies."—Leslie's Weekly.

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