



I received the following little story from Lily Thomson, Minnedosa, Manitoba. Although we are not offering a prize for children's stories just now, still it is a pleasure to encourage young authors by printing their first efforts whenever it is possible.

The Discontented Boy.

There was once a boy who was never contented. If you gave him one thing he would always wish for another. One day his father and mother went to town and left him to take care of his little sister Maggie. His mother and father said they would be home soon. After they had gone to town Maggie cooked some apples, and then they played in the garden. Their parents had told them not to open the gate unless their uncle came. They were playing ball and the ball went over the fence. The little girl told her brother not to go after it, but he went. When he was outside he saw some berries. He called on Maggie, but no, she would not go. After a while she heard her brother calling "help!" She ran after where the voice came from, and there she saw her brother up to the waist in sinking sand. After a while help came and he got out, but his leg was broken. If this little boy had been contented in the garden he might not have been hurt.

LILLY G. THOMSON.

Well done, Lily! Your little story is very nicely written, and it is a pleasure to give it a place in our "Corner." I wonder if you young writers had as many troubles as a certain little boy I have heard of.

"Johnny on Easy Writing."

I don't believe 'twas hard to do
When Homer wrote of Troy—
There were no rules for him to watch.
No grammar to annoy;
He had no slang to guard against;
He spelled the easiest way;
The subjects were not threadbare then,
Because he had first say.

And Dante had it easy, too,
In Florence, when he wrote;
He made each phrase as he went on;
There were no words to quote.
The common talk of every day
Was good enough to use.
"Too trite" was something never heard;
There were no terms to choose.

Old Chaucer had no task at all,
He wrote what came along;
He put down just what people said,
And couldn't spell words wrong.
You see, no one had tried before
To write this brand-new speech,
So Chaucer fixed it his own way
For all the schools to teach.

It wasn't bad when Shakespeare lived;
The right no one could tell;
There were no dictionaries then,
No wonder he wrote well.
Now it gets harder all the time;
Each word must mean just so;
The very term you'd like the best
Is one that will not go.

Now, boys, you don't care very much about writing, do you? But you know how to appreciate a young fellow who has nothing of the sneak in him. Here is a story for you.

A Point of Honor.

A reporter called to a little bootblack to give him a shine. The little fellow came forward rather slowly. Before he could get his brushes another larger boy ran up and, calmly pushing the little one aside, said, "Here, you go sit down, Jimmy!" The reporter at once became indignant at what he considered a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to clear out.

"Oh, that's all right, boss," was the reply; "I'm only goin' to do it for him. You see, he's bin sick in the hospital for mor'n a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can."

"Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, turning to the smaller boy.

"Yes, sir," wearily replied Jimmy, and as he looked up, the pale, pinched face could be seen even through the dirt that covered it. "He does it for me if you'll let him."

"Certainly; go ahead," And as the bootblack plied the brush the reporter plied him with questions.

"You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir. When they ain't got a job themselves, and Jimmy gets one, they turns in and helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, ye see."

"What percentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hey?" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean, what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"Yer bet yer life I don't keep none; I ain't such a sneak as that."

"So you give it all to him, do you?"

"Yes, I do. All the boys give him what they get on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy, I would."

The shine being completed, the reporter handed the urchin a quarter, saying, "I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep ten cents and give the rest to Jimmy."

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim." He threw him the coin and was after a customer himself in a moment.

Well, boys what do you think? Wouldn't you like to lend a hand to a sick comrade sometimes? Surely boys like that may be found in the country as well as in the city. And believe me, a boy that is an "all-round" good fellow, and "no sneak," will never grow up into a dishonorable man.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

THE QUIET HOUR.

Sunshine for Every Day.

"She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For nought which sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes."

Some people are like sunshine. Even to meet them on the street and receive their smiling greeting does us good. Think how our comfort depends on the good spirits of other people. If any member of our family is in an irritable mood, finding fault with the meals, or even the weather—how many seem to feel themselves at liberty to do that, forgetting that the weather comes from God, and to grumble at it is really complaining against Him—think how the commonplace crossness of one individual can make the whole family comfortable.

Now, if you are that individual, is the position one you would like to maintain? Do you realize how unlovely you can be if you try? It is easy to see, if someone else is in a bad temper, how unpleasant he is making himself. Do we like to upset the comfort of our friends and relations? Of course we don't. But let us be careful lest, without intending it, we are making the atmosphere of our homes unpleasant.

Now let us look at the other side. Think of the sunny people. They come down smiling in the morning, and all the little annoyances of the day

gives us to do is great, and all other work is small. You do not know how the kindness which seems so trifling may reach a brother or sister, and draw them nearer to Christ than a hundred sermons might. Your daily life shows most certainly to those who live in the same house the reality or unreality of your religious profession.

"The little worries which we meet each day
May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way,
Or we may make them stepping-stones to be
Of grace, O Lord, to Thee."

The days in which you find most opportunities for sacrificing your own will, for bearing patiently the little things which might fret and worry you, are like good growing weather for the character. Welcome, then, the little disappointments and worries, for they will, if rightly used, make you patient and strong to endure when the larger trials are sent to test your character.

"I am glad to think
I am not bound to make the world go right;
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints."

That He can hold His own; and I will take
His will above the work He sendeth me,
To be my chiefest good."

Is it for Me!

O Saviour, precious Saviour,
My heart is at Thy feet;
I bless Thee, and I love Thee,
And Thee I long to meet.
A thrill of solemn gladness
Has hushed my very heart,
To think that I shall really
Behold Thee as Thou art;

Behold Thee in Thy beauty,
Behold Thee face to face,
Behold Thee in Thy glory,
And reap Thy smile of grace;
And be with Thee forever,
And never grieve Thee more!
Dear Saviour, I must praise Thee,
And lovingly adore!

F. R. Havergal.

MINNIE MAY'S DEPARTM'T.

MY DEAR NIECES,—

Let us have a talk this month on one of the social virtues. Suppose we choose Courage. That is a social grace which is one of the most important factors in human life. Picture two persons, one gifted with courage and one without this virtue, and what a difference there is between them! The former will not be conquered. Whenever any difficulty occurs she will rise to meet it, call courage to her aid, and fight the obstacle to the bitter end. There may be—nay, probably there will be—a hard, sharp tussle; but she has a grand weapon to help her, and with its assistance she will win the day. But the other person—the one not blessed with this grace—appears very different. Let her come face to face with some difficulty and she will give way at once. She will say: "There is no use in trying to surmount this, for I simply cannot. What must be, must be; so I shall just resign myself to my fate, and bear it meekly." Not much resignation there, is there? I call it moral cowardice. Such conduct will make her weaker and weaker every time there is need for courage, and she will imitate the timid snail by drawing herself, as it were, into her shell at the least hint of danger, until at last she will become a very insignificant person indeed, of little use in the world, and of no use whatever in helping others.

Now, it is far easier to have courage in a great crisis than it is to have the same in small temptations. We have scores of examples of men who held to their opinions in spite of the greatest opposition. Think of good old Martin Luther in Germany, of John Wycliffe in England, of John Huss in Prague, of the Scottish Covenanters. These were all noble examples of great moral courage in great crises, and we should do well to imitate them; but it is more likely that we women will be tried in smaller matters—in what would appear trifles. Now, cowardice in trifles is a common failing in social life, touching nearly everyone, though few will confess it.

One thing a woman finds it hard to confess is having a small purse. How often we would fain appear richer than we are, and spend our money on things unnecessary, just because some other woman does so—and all because we are cowards and do not like to be behind our neighbors. Perhaps the "other woman" does it for the same reason. Why cannot we all be courageous and say firmly, "No, I cannot afford that?" People may smile, or even laugh derisively; but it is far, far better to bear sneers than to be dishonest. And, indeed, the sneers of those persons are not worth minding (though we are all human and cannot help feeling). If we could only peep behind the scenes with regard to these people we would probably find that they were deep in debt and living in style off their creditors. My dear nieces, would you not far rather ride in your own old wagon than in a handsome buggy (I do not like that word buggy, it is never used in good society) unpaid for? I would. Of course, it would be delightful to have a fine carriage to drive about in; but that is



A Summer Scene.

This picturesque scene might aptly be named "A Study in Foliage," so rich are the exquisite combinations of light and shade. The stretch of water, with the reflected shadows from the banks, adds much to the beauty of the picture.

fail to ruffle them. They form a habit of doing the "little kindnesses" which, more than anything else, make the indoor sunshine of our homes. The fresh flower gathered for the breakfast-table, the "cup of cold water" carried to a thirsty worker, the cheery word or laugh, the filling up of the wood-box or the water pails to lighten someone else's burden,—little things like these, how they oil the wheels of life and do away with the jolts. Why shouldn't the farm wagon be fitted up with pneumatic tires? The best part of it is that the one who makes things easier for the rest of the family gets the largest share of happiness himself. It is always "more blessed to give than to receive." Try it for a day or two, and see! Forget your own little worries in trying to give pleasure to others.

Unfailing good-humor goes a long way; and a real sympathy, entering into the feelings of others, should be cultivated by anyone who desires to play the part of a ray of sunshine and gild the dark corners of life. If any members of the household are old, and perhaps rather neglected in the busy rush of work, there is always a chance to pay them the little attentions which they appreciate so much. It is very hard, after a busy life, to find when one is old and unable to work, that the children and grandchildren find one in the way; or, if not really unkind, yet never think of including grandfather or grandmother in the conversation. Don't spend all your strength in dreaming of the heroism and self-sacrifice you are capable of if only the opportunity would arrive. Great things we would like to do, small things we may do. Wait! What are great things and what are small things? We know what men consider great and small, but surely our ambition soars higher than the desire to please men. We wish to offer to God a gift which He will feel is worth accepting. What shall it be? Shall we neglect the little daily duties which He has set us, and do (or dream of doing) something great which is not required? Surely the work He