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face tells you so. If you see a boy who delights in hurling stones at stray cats, or hurting little children younger than himself, you know he is not a good boy, and his cruelty will be written on his face as time goes on.

Every time you fly into a temper, something comes into your face that was not there before, and it leaves its mark. Every time you do something really kind, every time you exercise self-control, something strong comes into your face that was not there before, and it leaves its mark. What you really are is being written, as the years pass, on your face.

If you want to have a really beautiful face you may have one, if you will. I do not mean that your features are going to change into a different shape—that, of course, is not possible. But I do mean that the expression of your face may be beautiful, if you in your thoughts and actions are beautiful. Some faces that people call pretty are not a bit beautiful. The features may be regular, but there may be no real soul or character in the face. While other faces that are not pretty at all are full of character.

We can do so little by ourselves to alter ourselves; we can hardly do anything at all. But we can do great things through Christ which strengthen us. If you give yourself to Him when you are young, all the power and strength you need to make a real success of your life shall be yours. If you will let Him take and mould you, He will make your character strong and your face beautiful, because you will live to express Him and to show forth His love.

Do not forget that you are making faces all the time, and do not forget to ask Him to help you in your fight for character.—M. C., in "The Christian."

BED-MAKING.

There is a post-graduate class in the forest schools. Not all the young wood folk enter this class, but a goodly number of graduates, both feathered and furred, take the course in bed-making. To learn to make your bed does not sound as if it would be hard, does it? For some of the woodland youngsters it is the most difficult of all their lessons.

Take the Downy family, for instance. Father Downy always wears a bright, red cap, pushed far back on his head, and all his sons imitate him in this respect.

"Chuck, chuck," he calls on a bright autumn morning, "come and make your beds for winter." No young woodpecker dares disobey that peremptory "chuck," and they all hasten after their father as he leads them into the deep woods. "What's this hole?" asks a young Downy, poking his beak inquiringly into the small round opening in a birch stump.

"That," his father answered, "is the doorway of blackcaps' nest, where a family of chickadees lived last spring. You make your bed in there if you like, my son. Enlarge the doorway, clean out the inside, and chip out the bottom to make it deeper. Then you can carry in a wisp or two of hay, if you wish. All the other children will have to chip their beds from dead limbs. Ready-made beds are rare in these woods."

"How I wish we were robins or blue-birds!" cried one Downy daughter. "They don't have to make any winter beds. All they do is to fly away to the South, where the sun is always shining."

"Fie!" cried Father Redcap. "If all the feathered citizens went south in winter, who would take care of the trees? Who would search out the destructive grubs and the millions of insect eggs hidden away under the bark? I want you all to be first-class tree wardens before spring arrives." "You're so stout, mother," cried a

young woodchuck to her parents, "you can hardly get through the door."

"I shall be trim enough when spring comes," said her mother. "Waddle down this tunnel I've dug and see my snug bedroom at the end of it, with a nice couch of soft hay to sleep away the winter on."

"I'm going to start to-day," cried daughter Chuck after she had inspected her mother's snugger, "and make myself one just like it."

The white-footed mouse family and the gray squirrel tribe each make one great bed into which they all snuggle, with their aunts, uncles and cousins. —Margaret W. Leighton, in Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

HE OBEYED HIS WIFE.

An amusing story is told by a woman who was at Bourneville on the occasion of the recent visit of the King and Queen, says the Toronto "Mail and Empire." It happened when Cadbury was showing them round his model village. Mr. Cadbury is not young, and the day was not a very warm one. "Put your hat on, Mr. Cadbury," said the Queen, considerate as usual. "I will not, ma'am," said the manufacturer, respectfully, but firmly. Then the Queen turned to the King with, "Will you please command Mr. Cadbury to put on his hat?" The King at once directed Mr. Cadbury to be covered, adding: "It is a royal command." Still he would not put on his hat. With true feminine resource the Queen then tackled Mrs. Cadbury. "Your husband will not obey a royal command to put on his hat," she said. "Will you tell him to?" "Put your hat on, George," said Mrs. Cadbury, and on the hat went.

SAM HAD HIS FEE.

Sam was on trial, charged with stealing ten dollars. He pleaded not guilty. Being unable to hire a lawyer, the judge appointed young Clarke as counsel. Clarke put up a strong plea in defense, and Sam was acquitted. Afterwards the pair met outside the courtroom.

"Now, Sam," said the young lawyer, "you know the court allows the counsel very little indeed for defending a case of this kind. I worked hard for you and got you clear. I'm really entitled to a good big fee and you should dig up some money and pay me. Have you got any money at all?"

"Yes, sah," replied Sam, happily, "I still done got dat ten dollahs."

FOUR FEET, TOO.

Pat was the man who did all the odd jobs about the place, and, owing to petty thieving, his boss instructed him to get him a good yard dog. Pat was out all day, and in the evening landed home with Dachshund.

"What on earth is this you've brought along, Pat?" queried the boss.

"Well, sir," says Pat, "he's the nearest I could get to a yard—he's 3 feet 1 inch long."

RATHER DAMP JOB.

While in London on a holiday, a visitor went to have a look at the Thames. There was a steam-shovel at work out in the river, and he was standing watching it. Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder and turned round to find a son of Erin standing there.

"Say," said he, "isn't London a wonderful place? Be gorry, now, just look at that thing goin' down there; now, look at it; isn't that wonderful? But say, old man, I wouldn't want to be the cove at the bottom filling that thing up, would ye?"

Vol. 46.

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