

And the very next day Mr. Stuart put his idea into effect. The bishop knew enough of him to receive him courteously. Mr. Stuart simply told how it came to pass that Mr. Erwin had taken that text, and how he had struck out the plan of it. Mr. Stuart did not hint that it was a good sermon; rather hinted indeed that much could not be expected; but he left on the bishop's mind the assurance that whether Mr. Erwin's sermon was good, bad, or indifferent, it would be his own.

(To be Continued.)

### Training the Boy.

The first essential in this true home-building I take to be an agreement by the father and mother as to what are the inherited virtues and deformities in the child-mind; and the next, as to which parent is best fitted to take the leading part in this training, and how the other parent may rightly supplement the work. A contributory acquaintance, first of all, with the problem, and then agreement as to the best method of treating it. A single-headed police force in the family is a prime requisite.

Absolute knowledge and perfect agreement are both out of the question in this pre-millennial stage of the world, yet some approach to both is always possible. In the absence of the perfect in knowledge and the frictionless in agreement, good temper and hopefulness are the essentials to be struggled for with prayer and with considerable fasting and other self-restraint.

But whichever is eventually assigned the task of guiding the child may take courage in the thought that no complete plan of training, or theory of training, is required against the morrow.

A dozen systems of education will be offered before breakfast—all to be set aside courteously, but firmly; all to be put away on a high shelf. By-and-by there may be some use for them.—Professor James Morse, in Harper's Bazar.

### Somebody.

Somebody did a golden deed;  
Somebody proved a friend in need;  
Somebody sang a beautiful song;  
Somebody smiled the whole day long;  
Somebody thought, "Tis sweet to live;"  
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"  
Somebody fought a valiant fight;  
Somebody lived to shield the right.  
Was that somebody you?

### Coffee Growing in Africa.

The coffee-growing industry in tropical Africa is developing tremendously. The seed was introduced into the country about five years ago by some English missionaries, who conveyed a few beans from Kew with the object of ascertaining whether the resources of the country were favorable to the culture of the article. Judging from results, the ground appears peculiarly adapted to the industry, since last year 100 tons of coffee were exported from Uganda alone, and the result of this year's production will be even greater. Blantyre coffee is generally contended to be the finest in the world, even excelling the famous Mocha. It is greatly in demand in England; but unfortunately up to the present the supply is very limited. The great difficulty with which the growers have to contend is the imperfect means of transporting the article from the plantations to the sea. This difficulty, however, will be overcome to a great extent by the construction of the Uganda Railway.

### Color in the Kitchen.

The kitchen, it goes without saying, should be the first department settled. Make that part of your department comfortable, and the rest of the machinery will be sure to run well. A certain sense of equity should prompt the householder to do this.

White makes the ideal kitchen, the introduction of blue, in either tiles or china dishes, producing a charming and delightful result. White tiles are beyond the means of most persons, though the bath enamel or the white oil-cloth can give effects almost as good. Next to white and blue comes yellow—white wood-work and yellow walls.

Green is always cool and refreshing, and, with the imitation oak wood-work seen in every flat, makes a good combination. Stained doors in most apartments are desirable, although the white linoleum is a great addition.—Harper's Bazar.

### Once In Awhile.

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

Once in awhile the sun shines out,  
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;  
Once in awhile 'mid clouds of doubt  
Hope's brightest stars come peeping through.  
Our paths lead down by the meadows fair  
Where the sweetest blossoms nod and smile;  
And we lay aside our cross of care  
Once in awhile.

Once in awhile within our own  
We clasp the hand of a steadfast friend;  
Once in awhile we hear a tone  
Of love with the heart's own voice to blend;  
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,  
And on life's way is a golden mile;  
Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew  
Once in awhile.

Once in awhile in the desert sand  
We find a spot of the fairest green;  
Once in awhile from where we stand  
The hills of Paradise are seen;  
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,  
A joy that the world cannot defile;  
We trade earth's dross for the purest gold  
Once in awhile.

### Luck of Work.

BY ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

"I am going out to hunt for four-leaf clovers," said Florence May to her brother George. "I heard mamma say to papa, 'Everything seems to go wrong this morning. Bridget burned the toast, George cut his finger and Baby Nell fell out of her high chair.'"

"What did papa say to that?" asked George, and added: "I tell you, Florence, my finger hurts."

"Oh, papa only patted mamma on the shoulder, kissed the baby, and said: 'Luck will change. Three times and out, you know, is the proverb.'"

"I'd like to know what papa meant by 'three times and out,'" said George.

"Oh, I guess he meant you and I and baby were to go out of doors, so mamma could have time to work."

"Well, let's take baby and go, then," said George.

"No I know a better way. I heard Dorothy say to Margaret she was going to see how many four-leaf clovers she could find, and so keep her good luck. And when I asked her what good luck was, she laughed, and said: 'Good times and lots of nice things.' And if mamma doesn't deserve the most beautiful things, who does? So I'm going to put in my time hunting for good luck leaves for my precious mamma."

"But who'll take care of the baby?" asked George.

"Oh, when I find my clovers we will be

rich, and we can have a maid, and mamma can be dressed up in silks and laces as fine ladies are in the fairy stories."

"But, Florence, baby is crying now, and mamma is trying to take care of her and work, too," said George.

Florence did not stop to hear more. She was flying down the path to a large clover field, and soon was deep in the clover blossoms, hunting for the lucky leaves.

George did not follow her. He could not keep baby's crying out of his ears, even when he clapped his hands over them. Something seemed to say, "Mamma needs me now," and finally saying to himself: "While Florence hunts for four-leaf clovers to bring a maid for baby and everything nice for mamma, I'll see if I can't help her myself."

So into the house he hurried, and was so funny to baby that she stopped crying and laughed. Then George asked mamma to put her in her cab, and he crew her up and down the garden walk until the little dear cuddled down fast asleep, and slept for two long hours, George playing near to watch her.

It was noon, and Florence came in with a four-leaf clover, saying: "Mamma, I looked all the morning for four-leaf clovers for you. But while there were hundreds and hundreds of threes, I could find but one four, and I'm tired and hot, and I'm 'fraid one four leaf clover will not help you much."

"Thank you, dear," said her mother. "We will press the clover in a book, and I will keep it because Florence looked so long for it for me."

"But, mamma," said George, "I haven't even one four-leaf clover to give you."

"My boy, you have brought mamma what is better than good luck—a happy, restful morning—by taking such good care of Baby Nell."

"Mamma," asked Florence, "when will your good luck begin because of my clover?"

"Ah, child, good luck begins for mamma when children do all they can to help them."

Florence looked sober as she said: "After all, mamma, George was himself your good luck, while I was only hunting for it."

"But mamma loves both her children; both alike tried to help her."

### Learn to Forget.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life: they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thoughts of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterating everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable.

The members of Christian families ought to make far more than they generally do of their opportunities for mental and spiritual improvement while at their meals and firesides.