

And in God's house forever more
My dwelling place shall be

For a moment perfect stillness filled the room then Mrs. Campbell said, "My heart just hungered for the old psalm, and the Lord sent it to me. He is aye guid, Charlie." "Yes, Mrs. Campbell," replied Charlie not knowing what else to say.

"Flora tell me the day" she went on, "Ye'll be guid to the lassie, she deserves it weel."

I will, Grandma," he answered.

"It's rale nice o' ye to call me that," she said cheerfully. "Now Flora lassie, hand me the Book, and awa' wi' the twa o' ye, ye can do nicely without the auld grandmither I mak' no doot."

Flora handed her the bible, and as she kissed her she asked, "Have you everything you want, Grandma," and added shyly "we will not be long."

Mrs. Campbell repeated softly—"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

And down by the river, Charlie Ross and Flora Grant made bright visions of their future home. "But we must not be selfish Charlie," said Flora at length, "let us go in for Grandma may need me."

Returning to the house, they found Mrs. Campbell sitting quietly in the chair as they had left her. Her bible was open, and her finger rested lightly on the page. Something in her face made Charlie go up quickly and then turning to Flora, he said softly, "Flora, dear, your grandmother is pointing out her last message to us." "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

BENNIE BRAE.

Ottawa.

A Rich Boy.

"Oh, my," said Ben, "I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school."

"I say, Ben," said his father, turning round quickly, "how much will you take for your legs?"

"For my legs?" said Ben, in surprise.

"Yes! What do you use them for?"

"Why, I run and jump and play ball, and oh, everything."

"That's so," said the father. "You wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?"

"No, indeed!" answered Ben, smiling.

"And your arms, I guess you would not take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?"

"And your voice. They tell me you sing quite well, and I know you talk a little bit. You wouldn't part with that for ten thousand dollars, would you?"

"No, sir."

"Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than five thousand dollars apiece at the very least; don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your eyes, now. How would you like to have fifty thousand dollars and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Think a moment, Ben; fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money. Are you very sure you wouldn't sell them for so much?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then they are worth that amount at least. Let's see now," his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper; "legs ten thousand, arms ten, voice ten, hearing five, taste five, good health ten, and eyes fifty; that makes a hundred. You are worth one hundred thousand dollars at the very lowest

figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh and hear your school-mates laugh too; look with those fifty thousand dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you, and come home with your usual appetite for dinner and think how rich you really are."

Women as Caricaturists.

Although so many women nowadays can draw very admirably, there are very few indeed of them who have any gift of caricature whatever, not to speak of their not having any such gift as would bring them into prominence in the illustrated papers.

There is generally something of cruelty about caricature; it requires a more or less cynical order of mind to be always "taking people off," and although many girls are arrantly quizzical in a gentle sort of way, yet their habit of mind is evidently not of that deliberate order which can set down distortions of amiable people that the world may laugh at them.

The world has seen but little of the woman caricaturist, and despite the great advances of art education, it does not seem probable that it will see much of her. After all she can be very well spared in this respect.

Independently Poor.

She always had a good time, the other girls said of Jessie—said it half enviously, some of them. Her home was an old-fashioned, rather shabby house where the furnishing and the style of life were of the plainest, but she welcomed her friends there cordially, and shared with them what she had without pretense or apology. She wore her plain clothes in the same way—prettily and daintily made, but inexpensive always—and made the most of whatever pleasure came in her way without regard to appearing in costly array.

"You seem to get as much satisfaction out of everything as if you were independently rich," said a discontented acquaintance one day. "I don't see how you can."

"Well, if I am not independently rich, I am independently poor, and I suppose that's the next best thing," laughed Jessie.

After all, it is the independence that counts rather than either the wealth or the poverty. The simplicity of standing for just what one is, without sham or pretense, lifts a burden of fret and anxiety and leaves the spirit free.—Wellspring.

Picnic Luncheons.

In preparing the luncheon, lay out first what will be needed to spread the informal table. Count out plates—wooden ones, unless you have the enamel: stout tumblers; cups without handles, to avoid breaking; knives, forks, and spoons of no especial value; paper napkins; a small table-cloth; and shakers for the salt and pepper. Take the cold coffee and lemonade in glass fruit-jars with tight tops, and get earthenware jars for the salad, with heavy oiled paper to tie over them. Have pasteboard boxes for sandwiches, and others for cold meat and cake; put only one sort of food in each receptacle. Be sure and take a good-sized piece of ice in a covered tin pail if you are to have a noon meal; if the picnic is toward evening, then instead of any cold drink have hot tea, by all means. Take a kettle and boil it over a fire, for this is half the pleasure of the occasion; if you are going to some place where you are not sure of wood, take a small bottle of alcohol and still have the

Make Baby Feel Good.

A baby's temper depends upon how he feels. If ailing he will be cross, worry the mother and annoy everybody in the house; if feeling well he will be bright, active and happy. It is easy to keep your baby feeling good by profiting by the experience of mothers who give their little ones Baby's Own Tablets. One of these mothers, Mrs. C. W. Shore, Castleton, Ont., says:—"Our child, eight months old, has always been troubled with indigestion. We had medicine from two doctors and tried other remedies without benefit. I then sent for a box of Baby's Own Tablets and found them just what was required. The child is now all right and is doing well."

Indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers, in fact all the minor ailments of little ones are cured by Baby's Own Tablets. They always do good and cannot possibly do harm, and may be given to the youngest infant with perfect safety. Sold by druggists or direct by mail, at 25c a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

tea; a heavy earthenware tea-pot is a wise thing rather than something frail. Do not forget the loaf sugar, a bottle of cream, and some lemons; put these last, with the dry tea, in a box by themselves.—Josephine Grenier, in Harper's Bazar.

Towser's Failing.

"The poor dog is tired out," said Mary, as the wagon drove into the yard, and Towser, covered with the dust of the road, dropped lolling and panting upon the grass.

"Tisn't the journey he had to take that's tired him, laughed the farmer. "He's used himself up by zigzagging from one side of the road to the other and tendin' to everything that didn't concern him. He couldn't pass a gate without runnin' through it to see what was on the other side, nor see a hen anywhere along the road without feelin' called on to chase her. Every dog that barked started him to barkin' and everything that moved took him out of his way to find out what it was and where it was goin'. No wonder he's tired! But you'll find plenty of human bein's that are travelin' their lives through in just that same way. They ain't satisfied with the bit of road that's marked out for their neighbor's goin's and doin's, and take charge of no end of things that they can't either help or hinder. They're like old Towser: it wears 'em out. If they'd follow straight after the Master and not invent so many extra cares for themselves, the road wouldn't be nigh so long and hard."—Selected.

