

dropped off.

The girls looked at each other.
"Well, now you are muddy, you might as well have your fun out," Mary said at last.

Reebie shook her head. "I've got to go home."

The getting out was worse than the first splash, and even the blue ribbons, which Mary thought she had tucked in well, were spotted. When Reebie was finally on firm ground, she turned without a word and ran up the hill, stopping only just long enough to rinse off her feet in the brook and snatch her stockings from the oak.

Mary followed as fast as she could, but she was not able to catch her even when she took her hat, parasol and bag from the apple tree branch.

Reebie found the house quiet and dark, for the ironing had given Dearest a headache. She tiptoed in and started upstairs, but Dearest heard her. "Did you have a good time, girlie?" she asked in a weak, sick voice.

Reebie gave a sob.
Dearest sat up and looked at her and then fell back on the pillow. "Why, Rebecca!"

At that dreadful word, poor Reebie fled up stairs and, taking off her things, went to bed.

The next morning she longed to stay at home. Her feet were still too swollen for her slippers and the muddy little pile of skirts looked at her accusingly.

But after breakfast Dearest brought out the big school shoes and Reebie's old white dress with the patch on the front of the skirt where she had burned it. The muddy ends of the blue sash had to be cut off so that there was only a little square bow left behind.

"O please, Dearest, I just can't!" Reebie sobbed suddenly when she saw that.

"Rebecca, would you spoil the whole exercise of your class?" Dearest's soft, low voice had the note which Rebecca never disobeyed.

Of course the girls at the church giggled and wondered and nudged each other. But Reebie sat up stiff and proud, even when conscious-stricken Mary tried to slip a rose into her hand. She recited her part with a flushed face but a clear high voice, and when it was all over she went out of the church with her hand tightly clasped in Dearest's, and somehow she remembered promises better after that day.—The Interior.

THE MAN OF CHEER.

We love the man with a smile, the man with the roses on his tongue, the man who sees your boy's dirty face but mentions his bright eyes, who notices your shabby coat but praises your studious habits, the man who sees all the faults but whose tongue is quick to praise and slow to blame. We like to meet a man whose smile will light up dreariness, whose voice is full of the music of the birds, whose hand-shake is an inspiration, and his "God bless you" a benediction. He makes us forget our troubles as the raven's dismal croak is forgotten when the wood thrush or the brown thrasher sings God bless the men of cheer!

There is plenty of trouble here, but we need not increase it. There is a lot of dying done ahead of time. There are living men who have already crossed Jordan two or three times, and, unfortunately, they are not of the type who "cross the river of Jordan happy in the Lord," but who sing, if they sing at all, dismallest, dreariest, deadliest music. The very tone is fatal to happiness. If you have faith, preach it; if you have doubts, bury them. If you have joy, share it; if you have sorrow, bear it. Find the bright side of things—God's side—and help others to get sight of it also.—Zion's Herald.

If there is a shadow anywhere it is because there is a light somewhere.

IMMIGRANT MOTHER'S PLIGHT.

Writing of Ellis Island scenes Ernest Poole says:—

"In this same hall an old Austrian mother was kept five days. She had lost the railroad ticket her son had sent her. Again and again they telegraphed to the small town where she said he lived, but no reply came.

"He is so fine, so strong, so rich—my Fritz!" she kept saying. "This fine dress and this bonnet he sent me. To Austria he wrote me every week. Surely—surely he will come!"

"She grew worse and worse. She could not sleep at night, and all day she sat by the window watching the Manhattan skyscrapers. Her face grew haggard and lined with tears. She was so bewildered she could no longer answer questions. The name of the town was all she could give. There were eighteen towns of this name in various states; but the name of her son's state she had forgotten. All she knew was that Fritz lived in a town 'quite near New York.' Town after town was telegraphed to. Still no reply. At last it seemed hopeless; and the old lady was about to be deported.

"Suddenly came a telegram.
"Hold mother! Am coming!" And four hours later another: "Don't deport my mother. I have plenty to support her. Am coming by fast train. Hold her!"

"And late that afternoon a young man, sleepless and wild-eyed, arrived—from Kansas!" Quite near New York."—Everybody's.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

Sing, oh sing, for the night is dark,
and the dawning tarries long,
And the woe of the land of shadowing
wing is stilled by the round of song.

There is never a light on the land to-night,
there is never a star in the sky,
Only the glance of the lightning's lance,
and the white waves leaping high.

The seabirds swing on tireless wing,
The waves, with rhythmic beat,
Forevermore along the shore
Their world-old song repeat,
And borne on winds afar,
The silver echoes fill
The vault of heaven from star to star,
The earth from hill to hill.

Sing, oh sing, for the night is past,
the sun shines over the sea,
And the heart of the world is a song
of love and hope for the days to be;

The terror that flies thru the midnight
skies and the powers of the dark
are gone;

Till the music fills the echoing hills,
heart of my heart, sing on!

—Longman's Magazine.

A lady in a small Alabama town had occasion to call at the cabin of her washerwoman, Aunt Betsy. While waiting for the article she sought to be found she observed a woolly head which appeared from under the edge of the bed, and asked, "Is that one of your children, Aunt Betsy?"

"Deed, an' tis, honey," was the reply.
"What is its name?"
"Dat chile ain't got no name yet, Miss Rosa," Aunt Betsy said.
"Why, it must be five or six years old; surely it ought to have a name at that age," the lady said.

Aunt Betsy nodded.
"Dat done worried me a whole lot, honey, hit sho' has," she said; "but whut Ah gwine do? My ole man, he done used up all de good names on de dawgs, an' now dat chile des hatter wait till one of dem die, so he git his name."

The recording angel is walking in your footsteps. What has he seen to-day?

LITTLE LIVES SAVED.

Many a little life is lost because the mother does not have the means at hand to aid her little one at the first signs of illness. In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are kept the mother always feels a sense of security. These Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, simple fever, diarrhoea, teething troubles and other minor ailments of babyhood and childhood. Baby's Own Tablets always do good — they cannot possibly do harm. Thousands of mothers keep these Tablets in the house and use no other medicine for their children. Mrs. Wm. Brown, Deer Park, Toronto, says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets of the greatest help to my little ones and would not be without them." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NESTING HABIT OF BIRDS.

Why do all those birds which pair for life always return to their old nesting places? This is one of those curiosities of natural history which no one has yet explained satisfactorily. Our wild birds are divided into three classes so far as matrimonial arrangements are concerned. Those which become partners for life form much the smallest of these three classes, and there are several of them whose constancy to their spouses is open to grave doubt. Then we have those birds which marry in the spring and remain constant to each other so long as their young are dependent upon them. When these young have gone off to get their own living their parents separate, and do not mate again next year. They have had enough of each other's society, and prefer the charm of novelty. Three-fourths of our wild birds belong to this class, who make promiscuous marriages every spring. Then we have the Brigham Youngs of the bird world, as represented by the house sparrow, who keeps up various branch establishments in addition to the ancestral home. This polygamous class is a small one, but it is more numerous than the casual observer would suppose.

According to tradition, our wild birds pair on Feb. 14—St. Valentine's Day. In my locality some of them did not wait for the opening day before beginning their domestic arrangements. Starlings are always among the earliest to start housekeeping, and at least two pairs of my acquaintance had eggs in their nests during the first week of this month. Hedge sparrows and wrens have been paired equally early, and many flirtations among house sparrows began with the first week of February. As yet we have had none of those big social gatherings of the sparrows, when they fill a tree, and amorous suitors chase their selected mates and rivals fight for the possession of the chosen fair ones.—Selected.

Chocolate Brittle.—Boil one pound and a half of brown sugar, one cup of New Orleans molasses, one cup of water, and a level teaspoonful of cream of tartar to the hard crack stage. Test by dipping a skewer in the water, then in the boiling candy and again in the water. After ten seconds push the candy off the skewer, form into a ball, let stand in water a few seconds, then press between the teeth, and if it leaves them without clinging add half a cup of butter and let it boil in; remove from the fire, and stir in two level teaspoons of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a little water. As soon as it begins to foam pour it upon large platters, and spread very thin. When cool, pour melted chocolate over the top, and when the chocolate is firm, cut or break into pieces.