

similar motives. It is therefore more a study of character than of mere detailed biography that we are to make. Close with Solomon's beautiful description of the perfect woman, Queen of Hobe, as given in the last chapter of *Home*.

Lord Macaulay's Famous Conundrum.

Come, let us look at it closely. 'Tis a very ugly word!
And one that makes us shudder, whenever it is heard!
It mayn't be always wicked, it must be always sad!
It speaks of sin and suffering, enough to make one mad!
Men say it is a compound word, and that is very true,
And then they subdivide it, which, of course, they are free to do!
If of the dozen letters we take off the first three,
We leave the nine remaining as sad as they can be!
For though it seems to make it less, it really makes it more.
It takes the brute creation in, which was left out before!
Let's see if we can't alter it; 'tis possible may,
If only we divide it in some new-fashioned way!
Instead of 3 and 9, let's make it 4 and 8.
You'll say that makes no difference, at least not very great,
But only see the consequence, 'tis all that need be done
To change this mass of suffering to unmitigated fun!
(Who can send us the answer?)

Displaying His Knowledge.

At the closing exercises, just before Christmas, of a private kindergarten, there was what the teacher calls a patriotic drill. It began with the displaying of a portrait of George Washington, says the Washington "Post." "Who is this?" the teacher asked.
"Visitors were present, and of course, the children failed to show off. They sat mute and unresponsive, till finally one little fellow piped up:
"I know who it is," he shouted. "We got that picture at home. Mamma told me who it is."
"Well, then, Adolphus," said the teacher, "you may tell us who it is."
Adolphus swelled with pride.
"It's our father from the country," he said.

A Lesson to a Bully.

A few years ago while Mr. Robert Stewart was Governor of Missouri, a steamboat man was brought in from the penitentiary as an applicant for a pardon. He was a large, powerful fellow, and when the Governor looked at him he seemed strangely affected. He scrutinized him long and closely. He scrutinized the document that restored the prisoner to liberty. Before he handed it to him he said, "You will commit some other crime, and be in penitentiary again, I fear."
The man solemnly promised that he would not. The Governor looked doubtful, nused a few minutes, and said:
"You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?"
The man replied that he would.
"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," resumed the Governor. "I want you to pledge your word that when you are mate again, you will never take a billet of wood in your hand and drive a

sick boy out of a bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night."
The steamboat man said he would not, and inquired what the Governor meant by asking him such a question.
"The Governor replied: "Because some day that boy may become a governor, and you may want him to pardon you for a crime. One dark, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat in the Mississippi river to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board who was working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick of fever and was lying in a bunk. You had plenty of men to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand and drove him with blows and curses out into the wretched night, and kept him tolling like a slave until the load was completed. I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of such brutality."
The man, cowering and hiding his face, went out without a word.
What a noble revenge that was, and what a lesson to a bully!

Game of Clothes-Pins.

A very funny game for little folks, or older ones who wish only to be amused, is that of passing clothes-pins. The players are drawn up in two lines facing each other, and about five feet apart, so there is plenty of room. At the end of each line is a table upon which are a dozen clothes-pins for each of the respective lines. Now the first player nearest the table takes hold of the left-hand player's wrists (crossed) with his own left hand and picks up a pin with his neighbor's right hand. The second player keeps the pin in his right hand while with his left hand (hands still crossed) he takes hold of his left-hand neighbor's wrists, and passes the clothes-pin as did the first one, on down the line to the lower table. The game is more complicated if the whole line takes hold of wrists at once before the pin is started. If a pin is dropped, it goes back to the first table to start again. An umpire sees to that. The line which lands all its clothes-pins upon the lower table first is passed at a time. As no player uses his own hand to work with, it is a most awkward and very jolly game. So stiffness can exist when it is played, for every one gets to laughing heartily.—"National Stockman and Farmer."

What She Needed.

"I don't know what to do about my daughter Lucy," said a perplexed mother, who had come to an outspoken but kindly old physician for advice. "She seems so listless, and does not seem to have any interest in life, and she's so irritable at times. I don't think that she has exercised enough, and I want to know what you think about my sending her to a gymnasium or to dancing-school. She's tired of her bicycle, and the lawn-tennis season is past. What would you advise?"
"How old is she?" asked the doctor.
"Nearly nineteen."
"Can she cook?"
"Oh, no; she knows nothing about cooking."
"Can she sweep?"
"No; the maid does all the sweeping."
"Does she take care of her own room, and make her own bed?"
"No, I do that. Her room is next to mine, and I've always attended to that."
"Does she have any part whatever in the household duties?"
"No; I cannot say that she has."

"No duties, no responsibilities, no sense of obligation, no part in the work to be done in every household?"
"Well, no."
"Then, madam," said the doctor, frankly, "your daughter has no room for a gymnasium in which to expend her pent-up energies. I don't wonder that she is irritable and unhappy."
"What would you advise?" asked the mother, weakly.
"I would advise you to make her feel that she has a part and place in your home life; that its duties must be borne by all of the members of the family in common, and that she must do her part toward contributing to the general comfort of the household. A girl of her age, with no home duties, no responsibilities, no interest in her home, needs more than a gymnasium, or a dancing-school to make her cheerful and happy."—"The Household."

How to Measure the Chest.

Every boy should develop his chest if he wishes to grow up into a strong and healthy man. Every boy should also know how to measure his chest, from time to time, so as to keep a record of his development, and here is the only accurate system, which is in use in all the recruiting offices of the United States army:
Strip to the waist. Hold your arms above your head, the tips of the fingers touching. Have the measurer put the tape around your chest under the armpits.
Inhale and exhale naturally. Let your arms fall easily by your sides. The tape will slip down to the maximum girth of the chest. This is the mean chest. Exhale all you can, still keeping your arms by your side. This is the minimum chest. Inhale and inflate all you can, in the same position. This is the maximum chest.
The difference between the minimum and maximum chests is called the mobility. A mobility of over three inches in a man of medium height is considered good; below two and one-half inches it is poor.
Having made the above measurements, record them in your diary, and then repeat the measurements on the first of each month for one year. By that means you may keep an accurate and instructive record of your muscular progress.—Golden Days.

Sunday-school Rally.

A rally of all the Sunday-schools of the Shannonville Circuit was held on Sunday, May 6th, services being held afternoon and evening, attended by crowded congregations.
Rev. A. C. Crews, General Secretary of Sunday-schools, spoke at both services, and preached in the morning. In the afternoon Mr. McDonald read an excellent paper on "The Sunday-school Nursery of the Church." Miss Munshaw gave some good suggestions on "The Model Teacher." Mrs. Morden read a paper on "Our Sunday-school Literature," which would have delighted Dr. Withrow's heart. She strongly recommended our own periodicals. Mr. Wm. Ross made some practical suggestions on "The Co-operation of Parents with Teachers in Sunday-school Work."
At the evening service Mr. Richardson, of Deseronto, gave a practical address on "The Model Superintendent," and Mr. Stubbs, of Peterboro', illustrated the Sunday-school lessons for the past six months with a number of fine stereoscopic views.
The services were in charge of the energetic pastor, Rev. C. E. Ross, who is closing a very successful year, during which quite a number of young people have been added to the Church.