

Don't you think there is much more need of its cultivation than there is? Wouldn't the state of society be much better than it is if this good and unselfishness were more practiced? You can't help but answer, "Yes, it would." It would do away with all these strikes and difficulties that are bothering the community, and what a blessing that would be, and what a saving of life and millions of money. When will the people learn to be kind and unselfish to each other, and "lay up for themselves treasures in heaven where moth and rust do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal," and have that happiness both here and hereafter they so much desire?

ANONYMOUS.

7th mo. 20th, 1894.

WITH WILD ROSES.

It is a June morning. June skies above, June roses in the earth, June glory everywhere. What a sight it is, this old gray world renewing its freshness and vigor with each returning spring! How it seems to mock its tenants with its ever reviving youth, while they, ever-aging, seek in vain for some elixir of life to restore the lost brightness. I am lying half-buried in the long, thick grasses, and shaded by thick foliage above me. A book is in my hands and yesterday's newspapers beside me, but I care not to turn any but nature's pages to-day. What a many-paged, much illustrated book hers is! The records of men and their doings have lost their interest for me. Political strife and tumult, the rise and fall of Ministries, the great concerns of statecraft and kingcraft, new world demagogism, and old world Anarchism fade into nothingness. Yesterday I thought there was no question worth a moment's thought except the great paramount question whether the Mowat ship went down or breasted the storm. To-day such things as these seem afar off and of no particular account. Nothing is of much account, except rest and quiet.

For yesterday I left behind me the trappings of city life and came out to this beautiful rural retreat. I am not far away; I have only to run down the hill and an electric car will carry me in a few minutes into the heart of the metropolis. Not to-day, however, in this conservative, Sunday-observing city of ours. So I am safe for one day at least.

Presently my four small cousins appear in sight, their arms laden with the wild roses I sent them to gather for me from the field beyond. Bright, sturdy little fellows they are, the free, healthful life showing itself in the lithe grace of their active little bodies, and in the rich coloring peeping through the brown cheeks. They are like the flowers they are bringing, fresh and sweet and unconventional. As they come up in boyish, boisterous fashion, I hold up a warning finger, and point to the little carriage in front of me, where, beneath a blue silken canopy and among soft cushions their baby sister lies asleep, for I am in charge of the family this morning. When, after breakfast, the question was raised, "who should go to church?" I magnanimously volunteered to assume the duties and responsibilities of the holidaying nursery maid. It was the only way I knew by which, in that stronghold of Presbyterianism, I could secure immunity from church attendance. The tired mother protested in a half-hearted manner, but I insisted that my qualifications for the position were excellent. "If it were not for baby——" she began.

"The baby will be all right. My knowledge of babies and their requirements is profound."

Seeing that they were still doubtful, I made still more liberal offers, including the contract to teach the boys their catechism and golden texts, which, considering the fact that I knew nothing about either, was sufficiently generous. Finally a little fracas after breakfast settled the matter. The boys had been despatched to the library to study their Sunday School lesson. A few