

"Do you remember Ruskin's tribute to his mother's training? 'For best and truest beginning of all blessings I had been taught the perfect meaning of peace, in thought, act and word.' I want my family to be able to say that."

"It's easier said than done", sighed the invalid. "My parents were indulgent, and we quarreled and rebelled all the time. And I am reaping the result in shattered nerves."

Just then the maid appeared with the teatray. The mother rang a little hand-bell, and, as if by magic, five small figures appeared from the woods, and came racing towards her. After faces and hands were washed, we had tea together, and watching them, the visitors learned the secret of their happiness. It was law administered with perfect love. The children obeyed their mother with the precision of trained soldiers. And they adored her, as only the children of a mother at once kind and firm can adore.

"All's love, yet all's law", here", quoted the victim of a lawless childhood. "How I wish all children could be brought up at the Sign of the Dove."

Orillia, Ont.

### The Quarantine Stations

"Dear me!" said grandma, coming into the sitting room to find Ruth crying, Harold kicking his heels against his chair, and Jamie and Eleanor playing by the window, and Mary reading. "What is the matter?"

"Eleanor won't play with dolls", sobbed Ruth. "She and Jamie want to play with those tiresome old blocks or the games all the time, and Mary won't do anything but read that old book."

"It just rains all the time", grumbled Harold. "Uncle Frank promised to take me to his office this afternoon, but I know he won't come since it is raining. It's too mean for anything."

Grandma looked very grave. "I think I'll have to quarantine these children", she said anxiously. "If they both had the same disease, I could put them together, but there is a difference. I must have two stations."

All the children started at the big words. They did not know what quarantine meant, so they all watched to see what would happen.

"I think Ruth has the worst case", said grandma, "so I will take care of her first." She led the naughty little girl away, still crying loudly, and presently she came back for Harold, too.

"What do you suppose is the matter?" asked Jamie.

"I'm sure I don't know", said Eleanor. "Let's ask grandma when she comes back."

But before grandma came back Uncle Frank appeared with two umbrellas to take Harold to his office. "Where is my young man?" he said cheerily, shaking the raindrops off his hat. "Is he ready?"

"He is in quarantine", said grandma from the hall. "He is in such a bad humor that I was afraid Jamie and Eleanor might catch it. I have two quarantine stations just now, for Ruth has a crying spell, and I don't want any one else to get that. Couldn't you take Eleanor and Jamie and Mary instead? They are both able to be out and have smiles on their faces."

So while Ruth cried in bed and Harold pouted on the big old lounge, Uncle Frank and the three children splashed along through the puddles laughing and talking. They went to a candy store for candy, looked at pretty windows, bought postal cards to send to their mama, and had such a good time that they were sorry when the afternoon was over.

"May I come out?" asked Harold, when he heard Jamie and Eleanor and Mary talking about their fine time.

"I must examine you to see if you can come out of quarantine", said grandma. "Yes, I think all danger is past."

"It is with me, too", said Ruth, showing a happy face. "If I had known that being in quarantine meant going to bed in the day time, I wouldn't have cried. I'll know better next time."

"Good!" said Uncle Frank. "Since there is no danger of catching anything, I'll come to-morrow and take you all with me. If Doctor Grandma says you are all right, of course you are."—Our Little Ones

### The Story of Abdool

By Miss A. Blackadder

Years ago, Rev. Dr. Morton, assisted by Mrs. Morton and Miss Morton, now Mrs. S. W.