

"I was trying to 'prove his mind," pouted Margery.

"You must improve your own," said mamma. "If you cannot attend to his wants, I must give him to some one who will."

Peter's water saucer has not been empty since that evening, and it is Margery who fills it.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 26, 1902.

"WHAT AM I GOING TO BE?"

It may be that already the question has come into your mind: "What am I going to be?" Sometimes it takes a long while to answer that question, because there are two points to be considered: First, to be something; secondly, what? A sensible man doesn't set a boat adrift when he wants to make a journey in her. He starts for some particular place, and rows toward it; and before he starts he decides to what place he wants to go. Then every stroke of the oar brings him nearer his journey's end. Like the man at the oars, make every stroke tell. God didn't send you into the world to drift aimlessly about, like a boat without oars or rudder. Take each duty, and do it faithfully as a preparation for something beyond; and, with all the rest, do not forget that a noble Christian manhood is the highest aim for which you can possibly strive.

God never gives but one moment at a time, and does not give a second until he withdraws the first.—*Fenelon.*

A duck of a boy may make a goose of a man.

THE SCHOOL IN THE GARDEN.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

It was a curious pet to have, but grown people choose strange pets sometimes, and why may not children?

Aunt Mary thought it wasn't very nice, because one night when she slept downstairs alone, Teddy's pet goose came along the piazza and pecked at her window blind making her suspect a burglar.

Teddy had the joke on her that time.

"Afraid of a goose, Aunt May," and the persistent tease kept it up, till Miss Marion would have shaken him if he had been her own child.

She really did say "You little plague!"

But that was under her breath, and she was sorry the next minute.

There was another boy besides Teddy—Alfred by name. He was too little to see

And the goose said "Quack!"
"Pretty good. Now d-o-g, dog."
But the goose said "Quack!" once more.

Aunt Marion listened, and she thought: "The big goose doesn't imitate Teddy so closely as little goose Alfred does." Then she prayed silently that Teddy might always be a good boy, and thus make Alfred a good boy. She knew what great influence an older brother has over a younger one.

"Teddy is old enough to think. We'll have a confidential talk about it some day pretty soon."

LESSONS FOR A BOY.

I overheard a conversation between Karl and his mother. She had work for him to do, which interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment; and, though Karl obeyed her, it was not without a good deal of grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased, and that it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older. While the sense of injury was strong upon him I came out on the piazza beside him, and said "Karl, why do you try to break that colt of yours?"

The boy looked up in surprise. "Why, I want him to be good for something."

"But he likes his own way," I objected, "why shouldn't he have it?"

By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. "I'd like to know the good of a horse that always has his own way!" he said, as if rather indignant at my lack of common-sense.

"And as for working," I went on, "I should think that there was time enough for that when he gets to be an old horse."

"Why, don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt," Karl began; then he stopped,

blushed, and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day.—*Church Record.*

CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN.

In many parts of England the old custom prevails of crowning the May Queen with dance and song. The method shown in our picture seems to be much better. Not one alone is crowned with flowers, but several; the most diligent scholars are, at the summer picnic of the school, crowned with flowers and with the love of their teachers and fellow-scholars.



CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN.

jokes yet, but he laughed every time Teddy laughed. Only when the goose waddled off into the water as it would sometimes, Alfred cried for fear it might be drowned. Then Aunt Marion caught the boy in her arms, hugged him and said, "You're a goosie yourself." Alfred thought that was a compliment.

Teddy had a plan. "We'll tell it how to read."

"Es," said Alfred, who didn't know how himself.

Of course the goose came to school obediently, because it followed the boys anywhere. School kept out on the garden bench.

"Now, spell c-a-t, cat," Teddy began.

"Pell tat," echoed Alfred.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another."