

had found expression difficult. It was from outside friends that she afterwards learned of things she had never dreamed of,—strangest of all, how constantly and proudly he had talked about her, while all the while she had supposed him so indifferent. They walked apart till God brought them together in the strange and awful moment of approaching death. Then the barrier between them fell away, and they looked into each other's souls. They parted in the joy of a new understanding which eternity shall bring to perfection.

The longing for sympathetic companionship is one of the deepest hungers of the human heart. Happy are they whose closest friends are the members of their own family!—E. M. H. in the Congregationalist.

"MUST-BE-DONES."

The nervous tension under which so many women suffer might be lightened by systematically separating, every day, the things that must be done that day from the things that might wait over, and getting the must-be-dones out of the way, off one's mind, before they begin to press and crowd. It often happens, perversely enough, that the most important thing is also the smallest, and the housekeeper's temptation is to put it off till late in the day, and seize the earlier hours for some larger piece of work. But the small thing that must be done—if it is no more than writing a note of regret or smoothing a child's guimpe or putting the finishing touches to a guest's room—is capable of causing as much distress, left too late and subjected to the unexpected hindrances that afternoon interruptions may bring, as something ten times its size. Promptness in disposing of it will relieve the pressure sensibly.—The Congregationalist.

BUSY MR. FROG.

"Hello, Mr. Frog, what are you doing in my garden?" said Jimmie to the big brown toad that was sitting in the middle of the lettuce bed in his "corner" of his father's garden.

"Hello, Mr. Frog, I said, what are you doing in my garden?"

But Mr. Frog answered never a word. He just sat there and looked solemnly at Jimmie out of his bright, beady eyes.

"Well, Mr. Frog," Jimmie persisted, "if you don't tell me what you are doing, I'll just wait and see what you're doing."

So Jimmie sat on the ground close by and looked at Mr. Frog, and Mr. Frog in turn looked at him. Pretty soon a little red bug flew down and lit on the lettuce near Mr. Frog's nose. Jimmie saw something flash out of Mr. Frog's mouth and back again "quick as a wink." And Mr. Red Bug was not on the lettuce any more.

Jimmie was sure Mr. Red Bug didn't fly away, but he wasn't sure about what had happened.

He thought, "I'll watch Mr. Frog better next time." Again a big stopped close to Mr. Frog and again something jumped from Mr. Frog's mouth and back and Mr. Bug was gone. And this time Jimmie was sure that little Mr. Bug had gone into big Mr. Frog's mouth.

Before his mother called him to supper, Jimmie had seen Mr. Frog catch twenty-seven bugs. He asked his father how Mr. Frog could catch bugs so well, and was told that he had a long, slender tongue with a sticky end, and when he stipped it against a bug, Mr. Bug would just stick on and go back into Mr. Frog's big stomach.

"Mr. Frog's a good fellow to have in your garden, son, and you had better care for him," said Jimmie's father.

And Jimmie said: "Yes, sir, I sure will. I'm goin' to be partners with Mr. Frog."

MURILLO'S BOY.

More than two hundred years ago, a little dark-eyed Moorish boy rapped at the door of a stately house in Seville, Spain, and asked if the master was within.

The attendant ushered him into a large room, where a grave, sad-looking man was talking to a group of young artists. They were all listening attentively, for the man was the greatest painter of his time—Bartolome Esteban Murillo.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" inquired Murillo.

"I heard you wanted a boy to sweep your rooms, grind paints, and wait upon you. I have come for the position."

"Well, you can have it, you little monkey. And you can go right to work."

In this way little Sebastian Gomez was introduced into the studio of the great Murillo. He remained there until he was fifteen years old, doing all the odd jobs for the painter and his pupils, and taken very little notice of by any of them.

There were a dozen or more of these young painters studying under Murillo—gay, showy fellows, and disposed to be somewhat careless in their work. Often the great Murillo was obliged to lecture them sharply for their shortcomings.

One morning, when they had been worse than usual, he scolded them unmercifully. "You can never expect to become painters," he said, "if you do not put more care and labor into your work. Why, Sebastian yonder, who knows nothing of colors, might do better work than some of you."

Murillo intended it for a sharp rebuke, and the young painters so accepted it. Their faces flushed with wounded pride, and they promised to do more efficient work. No one paid any heed to the poor Moorish lad who had heard the words and who was blushing as furiously as some of Murillo's pupils.

The next morning when the pupils assembled, several of them noticed that their pictures were not as they had left them the night previous.

"Hello! who has been here?" cried curly-headed Vincenzo, one of the brightest of Murillo's pupils. "Some one has put a child's head on my canvas that is none of my work."

"And here is a Virgin's face on mine," said Jose Pareda, the laziest of the school. "Who could have done it?"

Others were exclaiming meanwhile, for every canvas had received a touch of some kind, and it was all admirable.

While they were discussing the matter the door opened and Murillo entered.

"Let me congratulate you; you are improving," said the master. "Why, Pareda, this is very good for you."

"But it is not my work," said Jose, falteringly.

"Not yours, whose is it then?"

"That's the puzzle," answered Vincenzo.

And a puzzle it continued to be for several mornings, for the most wonderful things were done by the invisible painter.

"Well, gentlemen, I think this has gone far enough," said the master, "to-morrow morning we will come an hour earlier than usual, and see if we can not catch this unknown artist at his work."

Surprised enough were they the next morning to see, seated at one of the pictures, the little "monkey," Sebastian Gomez.

"Who taught you how to paint, boy?" asked the artist.

"You, master."

"But I never gave you a lesson."

"I listened to what you told those gentlemen, and I remembered it."

"Bravo, Sebastian!" cried the school.

ANXIOUS MOMENTS

FOR YOUNG MOTHERS

The hot weather months are an anxious time for all mothers, but particularly for young mothers. They are the most fatal months in the year for babies and young children, because of the great prevalence of stomach and bowel troubles. These come almost without warning, and often before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid. It is the duty of every mother to use all reasonable precautions to ward off summer complaints. For this purpose no other medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets. An occasional dose will keep the stomach and bowels from offending matter, and will ensure the little ones good health. If the trouble comes unexpectedly the Tablets will speedily cure it. Every home, therefore, should keep the Tablets on hand always; they may be the means of saving your child's life. They are guaranteed free from opiates and narcotics, and may be given with perfect safety to a new born babe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"You have beaten us all."

"And I have made a painter," said Murillo.—Youth's World.

COURAGE FOR CRITICISM.

It is a rare woman who can distinguish between unfavorable criticism of her work and disapproval of herself. The personal element, so strong in women and so necessary for their fullest usefulness, intrudes itself between the judgment and the feeling, and criticism becomes a torture instead of a lesson.

The world has long known how Mr. Lewes protected George Eliot from unfavorable comment on her work. Not a line did she see which was not laden with praise. Vigorous as was her mind, she lent it to her own self-deception, and was content to live in a sort of fool's paradise.

There is one glorious exception to this lack of courage to endure criticism: Charlotte Bronte came of a braver race. She knew no pampering. From the wretched hardship at Cowan Bridge school to the exactions of her melancholy father, her life was a stern one.

With what unflinching spirit she writes to her publishers, as she sends them a part of the manuscript of "Shirley": "I shall be glad of another censor, and if a severe one, so much the better, provided he is also just. I court the keenest criticism. Far rather would I never publish more than publish anything inferior to my first effort. Be honest, therefore, all three of you. If you think this book promises less favorably than 'Jane Eyre,' say so; it is but trying again, that is, if life and health be spared."

Again, after reading a scathing review, she writes: "I am rather encouraged than dispirited by the review. The hard wrong praise extorted reluctantly from a foe is the most precious praise of all—you are sure that this, at least, has no admixture of flattery."

Charlotte Bronte weighed every comment; she remembered every well-considered suggestion; she talked over with her publishers and her sisters even the most personal and venomous attacks, to get from them whatever tonic might be extracted from their bitterness. She showed during the all too brief years of her work a spirit so unflinching that it lives as a shining example to every woman who condemns herself to die a thousand deaths because she lives in fear.—Youth's Companion.

Don't jump into the river to escape the rain.