

"Yes", answered the mother of the little invalid, "Dr. Martin says she will soon be able to run about once more, and now all my long nursing seems like nothing."

Archie's mother looked after her thoughtfully, as she went on down the street. She knew that Mrs. Samson had given all her time and strength for a year to nursing Daisy through a very serious illness. All that time she had patiently and lovingly cared for the little one, and now that she was getting well again, the mother's heart was full of joy. There was Archie, whose selfishness was worse than any bodily sickness. His mother then and there resolved to spare no pains till she should have the gladness of seeing him rid of this dreadful fault.

And she went wisely about curing him. Instead of rebuking him for quarreling with his brother, she called him to her and, as he sat beside her, she told him the story of the brave leader in Switzerland, who had flung himself on the spears of his enemies, to make a road through for his men.

Many other such stories she told him, when she saw him giving way to his old fault; but oftenest she talked to him about the One who was so unselfish that He gave His life for those who hated Him.

At last she succeeded, and had the joy of seeing her boy, who had been so selfish, grow up into a noble, generous man.

Orillia, Ont.

Who Was the Young Man ?

There was once a very beautiful city, which was set upon high hills, with a splendid strong wall built about it. But some cruel enemies came and fought against the people of the city, and took a great many of them away as prisoners to a far-off country.

Now, the son of one of these prisoners was a clever young man, and the king of the country took him to his palace and made him his cupbearer.

One day a friend came to the young man and said, "The enemies who live round our fathers' beautiful city have broken down the walls and burned the gates". The young man was very, very sad when he heard this, so sad that the king asked him kindly what was the matter; and he told the king how

the beautiful city was being destroyed and the people cruelly used. Then the king gave him a band of men, and he journeyed back to his father's city and they built up the wall again, and made the city safe and strong.

Who was the young man ?

Songs

Most every time I try to sing,
There's some one sure to say,
"Poor child ! you cannot keep the key.
Now that will do to-day !"

I hide my head I'm so ashamed,
Why can't I keep the key ?
I love to sing, and all my songs
Sound right enough to me !

Then mother kisses both my cheeks
And whispers very low,
"Down in your little heart you sing
The sweetest songs I know."

And then I feel so glad, I just
Can't think of anything,
But run away all by myself
And sing and sing and sing.

—Louise Ayres Garnett

Half Past

"Half past what?" asked Connie. "Three", guessed Nan. "No."

Then came Millie's turn. "Nine", she guessed. "No", said Connie. "Ada comes next."

And so it went on down the long line of girls who were playing the game, and at last it came to Kitty. "Eight", she guessed.

"Right!" cried Connie, and then she started toward the corner, running as hard as she could, and Kitty ran after her. But Connie reached the post on the corner before Kitty caught up.

"You didn't get me!" she said, triumphantly.

"No, I can always guess the number, but I can never catch anybody", laughed the little girl, and she again took her place in the line. Then Connie and a girl that she picked out chose a number, and the guessing went on.

"I wish I could catch somebody just once",