

prised that to-day these boxes, with a cupful of paste and strips of white muslin, could equip a navy yard.

As she sat with her sewing in the adjoining room, she watched with curiosity and interest the fashioning of the fleet. Strips of cardboard, curving outward at the center, made the keels, which were pasted on shaped bottoms. Decks of varying widths were fastened on the upper edges. Turrets and smoke stacks were added as desired. A trip to the cellar resulted in a supply of masts and cannon from the pile of kindling wood. And thus transports and torpedo boats, cruisers and battleships of generous proportions grew in fascinating numbers. Her boys were the happy possessors of a great box of pine blocks, as large as bricks, and these came into use for building docks and fortified harbors, while long forgotten paper soldiers and sailors were dragged from retirement and revived from their unnatural slumbers, to man the fleet.

Five lads stole away at noon for luncheon and returned as quietly for the afternoon, and all day the play held them spellbound. Such a happy turning of boyish energy from destructive into constructive channels! mused the mother.

Meanwhile, it was a day of opportunity for her. She could so seldom watch her boys with their friends. Marbles, or hockey, or football took them where she could not follow, and in their games with her at home they were in a different atmosphere. But here they practically forgot her and were their every day boyish selves. She noticed which boy visitor was well-bred and which one was selfish. She made note of expressions to be commented on later. She observed too, and with delight, that her children were often more patient under provocation, more generous in dividing up the spoils, and more cheerful when things went wrong, than she had supposed possible to boy nature.

In spite of the forebodings of the morning, and the fact that there was a litter on the floor, paste on the carpet and an embarrassingly large navy to be taken care of—it had been a "lovely day," as the boy visitors pronounced it when they said good-by.

"The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercies."

thought Mrs. Carey, with a little laugh, as a shaft of sunset gold glistened on the wet leaves.
—Congregationalist

"DON'T GET RICH, PAPA"

The children of a certain family, during its prosperity, were left in the nursery in charge of servants. When adversity came, the servants were discharged, and the parents lived with the little ones. One evening, when the father had returned home after a day of anxiety and business worry, his little girl clambered upon his knee, and twining her arms around his neck, said:

"Papa, don't get rich again. You did not come into the nursery when you were rich, but now we can come around you, and get on your knee and kiss you. Don't get rich again, papa."

Passed

EPISTLES OF CHRIST

First Quarter's lessons showed us the living Saviour as the unseen companion of Paul in all his journeys and his great Helper in all his work. Jesus does more for His servants than stay with them and help them in their work. He makes them like Himself.

In one of his letters Paul calls Christians an Epistle of Christ." He means that they show the mind and spirit of their Master, as the words of a letter make known the thoughts of its writer. In the lessons for this Quarter we learn that we may be EPISTLES OF CHRIST by showing:

1. Kindness towards others.
2. Fearlessness in the face of death.
3. Obedience to the law of love.
4. Surrender to the will of God.
5. Patience under suffering.
6. Courage in the presence of danger.
7. Boldness in standing up for the right.
8. Confidence in the help of God.
9. Submission to the Holy Spirit.
10. Cheerfulness in times of trouble.
11. Earnestness in working for the Kingdom of God.
12. Hopefulness in thinking of the future.
13. Belief in God's protecting care.