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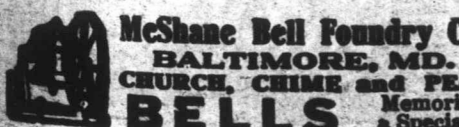
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Boys and Girls

THE WREN FAMILY.

The Wrens are a family of three: Marsh Wren, and House Wren, Winter Wren—see?

They're wee and winsome, all dressed in brown, And daintier birds are seldom found.

The Winter Wren is extremely shy, Its voice a strong, melodious cry. From those who know, I've often heard

'Tis quite as small as a humming-bird.

The Marsh Wren rests where the wet swamps gleam,

Her music low as a bubbling stream, A nest like a cocoon round she weaves,

Yet hole at the top for entrance leaves.

More friendly yet is the small House Wren,

Who builds near homes or abodes of men.

Busy and hustling, cheery and strong, It sings to its brood a rare, sweet song.

These home-loving birds say unto you

That work with love is happiness true. This much I will tell you, much more then

You may very well learn from the wee brown wren.

—Our Dumb Animals.

DAVE'S AWAKENING.

Some years ago, in a poor school-house in a back district, a boy at the foot of the class unexpectedly spelled a word which had passed down the entire class.

"Go to the head of the class," said the master, "and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard."

The boy hung his head. But the next day he did not miss a word in spelling. The brighter scholars knew every word in the lesson, hoping there might be a chance to get ahead, but there was not a single one; Dave stayed at the head. He had been an indifferent speller before, but now he knew every word.

"Dave, how do you get your lessons so well now?" said the master.

"I learn every word in the lesson, and get my mother to hear me at night; then I go over them in the morning before I come to school. And I go over them at my seat before the class is called up."

"Good boy, Dave," said the master. "That's the way to have success; always work that way and you'll do."

Dave is to-day the manager of a large company, and he attributes his start to the words: "Go up to the head, and see that you stay there. You can, if you work hard."—Pittsburg Christian-Advocate.

GET ACQUAINTED.

The sewing-room table was piled high with pink and blue and white, with sleeves and skirts and bands and ruffles that at the end of days of rushing work were to result in the dainty little gowns in which Maidie made a picture to rejoice her mother's heart. Mrs. Cameron had been sewing since luncheon, and there was a deep line between her eyes and a tired colour in her cheeks. When Maidie slipped into the room and began idly fingering some pieces, she spoke sharply:—

"Maidie, you must let things alone. I can hardly get the work done, as it is. Why don't you go out in the yard and play?"

"Nancy Henderson is down there," Maidie responded, slowly.

"Then, why don't you go down and play with her? Run away, and don't come until I call you."

Maidie did not run. She started obediently, but at the door she stopped with a wistful hesitancy. Her mother did not look up, and very slowly Maidie went downstairs.

It was a warm spring afternoon and the windows were open, but Mrs. Cameron had no time to look out. The voices came up to her from beneath the window, however.

The first was Nancy's. "What did she say?"

Then Maidie's—and Maidie's mother knew the wistful look in the brown eyes that went with that note in her voice.

"I—I didn't ask her."
"Why not?" Nancy's surprise was incredulous.

Maidie's voice was embarrassed now and hurt. She was trying to be brave and pretending not to care.

"Well, you see, she was so busy making my dresses. Mother always is busy. Somehow we—we don't have time to get very well acquainted."

Up in the sewing-room overhead the work fell from a woman's nerveless fingers. Not time to get acquainted? Did Maidie feel that way? Why, in five years Maidie would be in the high school, and in five years more— The sewing was utterly forgotten now; here was something infinitely important that must be thought out.

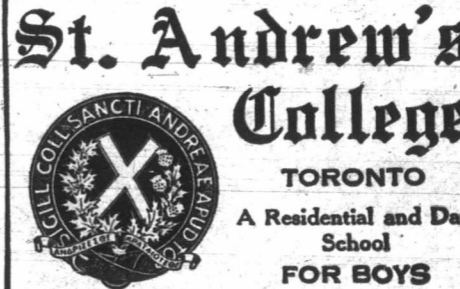
That night, after Maidie was in bed, her mother came in. Maidie's eager exclamation and the clinging of her warm little arms were a revelation that pierced her mother with both joy and sorrow. Holding her close, Mrs. Cameron tried to tell her daughter about the busy days and all the time it took to take care of a house and make a little girl's dresses, and that, if a mother and her little daughter were to have time for each other, the little girl would have to help—give up a dress or two, perhaps, and do things about the house. It was a long, long talk; Maidie was almost asleep at the end. Did she understand—and care? Her mother wondered during her own sleepless hours that night.

It was Maidie herself who answered—under the window with Nancy again the next day.

"Mother and I got acquainted lots last night," the child sang. "I'm going to help her, so that she'll have more time for it. We've decided there isn't anything so important for mother and daughters as being acquainted."—Youth's Companion.

LAUGH AND LIVE LONG.

Thackeray truly remarked that the world is for each of us much as we



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show ourselves to the world. If we face it with a cheery acceptance we find the world fairly full of cheerful people, glad to see us. If we snarl at and abuse it, we may be sure of abuse in return.

The discontented worries of a morose person may very likely shorten his days, and the general justice of nature's arrangement provides that his early departure should entail no long regrets. On the other hand, a man who can laugh keeps his health, and his friends are glad to keep him. To the perfectly healthy laughter comes often.

Too commonly, though, as childhood is left behind, the habit fails, and a half-smile is the best that visits the thought-lined mouth of the modern man and woman. People become more and more burdened with the accumulations of knowledge and with the weighing responsibilities of life, but they should still spare time to laugh.

Let them never forget, moreover, and let it be a medical man's practice to remind them that "a smile sits ever serene upon the face of wisdom."—London Lancet.

MARRIAGE

STROTHER-PATTERSON—On Wednesday, 21st August, at St. Luke's Church, Creemore, by Rev. R. B. Patterson, Rector of Woodbridge, brother of the bride, Eva Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson, Creemore, to Rev. Arthur Strother, Rector of Creemore, Banala and Lish.

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