

made and cookies at hand, without something happening.'

'But there aren't any poor folks around here to help, so I don't see the use of a club,' I said.

'Well, they may not be poor, but I know of four very ignorant children, when it comes to farming, and it is possible we might help them.'

Of course, we understood that mother meant us, so we talked it over and decided to organize 'The Homekeepers' Club.' Father said the trouble with most clubs was that they took people away from home, but ours would be the right kind, because it would keep us at home and keep us happy there, too. We were each of us to take up some special line of work on the farm and make a report of our progress at the club meetings, which would be held on Friday evenings, and in this way we get and give advice. As each would want to make a good report, he or she would try to do as well as possible during the week.

Jack was to do all the odd jobs of carpentering about the place; Harmon was to keep the vegetable garden weeded and in order, (the plants were already well up); Ellen, who was only seven, was to keep the flower garden weeded, and the flowers picked for the house, and I was to feed the chickens, gather the eggs, and skim the cream for butter-making. As the farm was to be run simply for a home, things were to be kept up on only a small scale for a year or two, so with the help of Mr. Martin, the man who ran things generally, and his wife, we children managed to carry out our part without doing very much damage, though we made lots of mistakes. But even these helped to make our club meetings more entertaining.

Father and mother always speak of one meeting as the 'banner' meeting, although we children had been ashamed to turn in the reports we did. I'll tell you about it.

Late in June mother and father went up to the city for two weeks. The day after they left we got a letter from Mr. Brandon, an old friend, who had told us to send to the express office in the village for two boxes. He also told us to take good care of the contents of these boxes, for he was coming down to the farm with mother and father to see what kind of farmers we were making of ourselves. When Mr. Martin brought the boxes home, we found the funniest, fattest Newfoundland puppy in one and a Bantam rooster in the other. Jack went to work at once to build houses for the dog and rooster. The Bantam was so small we were afraid to put it with the other chickens that we had.

We wanted to have everything in fine shape when the folks came home, so the 'Homekeepers' worked very hard those two weeks. Ellen's gingham sunbonnet was bobbing about among her flowers constantly, and I knew she wouldn't let a weed escape her. Harmon spent all his time in the vegetable garden and said he was making an experiment that would surprise us.

Well, the Friday afternoon the folks were to come, Ellen filled all the vases in the sitting-room with what she called 'a new kind of flower,' so when we all gathered there for our meeting that evening, things certainly did look nice.

Mr. Brandon, who had come, said he was expecting an entertaining evening. After the meeting he said he had got more than he had expected.

Jack told what he had been doing during the folks' absence, but said he had to confess that he had made a mistake about the dog-house and the Bantam-house. Bruno had already outgrown his house, so now he could

get but half of his body in at once, while Jack had made the rooster's house five by five by four feet, and we were all afraid the Bantam was dying of loneliness, for he had squeezed into a corner and wouldn't budge, not even to eat anything.

Ellen told about the 'Orful lot o' bugs' she had captured on the plants, and asked how we liked the new kind of flowers in the vases. For the first time we noticed that she had picked all the blossoms from second planting of strawberries Mr. Martin was experimenting with. Ellen cried when she found what she had done, but she laughed when I told about my mistake.

It turned out that Harmon's surprising experiment was a crop of six immense radishes, each weighing about two pounds. He had thought that if a little one was good, a big radish would be better, so had watered and cared for these six until they reached this great size. He was very much surprised when he found they were not fit to eat, and father told him to just remember that quantity didn't always mean quality.

The worst mishap of all I was responsible for. When we received the puppy, Harmon made a treadmill attachment to run the churn with. We would fasten Bruno inside and it worked fine as long as I stood by with a piece of meat, coaxing him round and round, but one day I went off and left him in the wheel. In just about two minutes there was the most terrible yelping that brought us all running to the spot. The cat had come into the dairy and Bruno had plunked through the frame of the wheel after her. This had upset the churn and there was the puppy hopping about in the wreckage, nearly strangled with milk. We rescued Bruno, but there was no butter made that week.

Mother and father and Mr. Brandon laughed a great deal over our reports that evening. As we don't like to be laughed at we have not 'experimented' much since.

Our meetings get better and better every week. Some of the other families in the neighborhood have organized clubs like ours, so you see they must be worth trying.

The Books of the Bible.

(Old verses that are good for all the young folks to commit to memory.)

In Genesis the world was made by God's creative hand;
 In Exodus the Hebrews marched to gain the Promised Land.
 Leviticus contains the law, holy, and just, and good;
 Numbers records the tribes enrolled, all sons of Abraham's blood.
 Moses, in Deuteronomy, recounts God's mighty deeds;
 Brave Joshua into Canaan's land the host of Israel leads.
 In Judges then rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite,
 But Ruth records the faith of one well-pleasing in his sight.
 In First and Second Samuel of Jesse's son we read;
 Ten tribes in First and Second Kings revolted from his seed.
 The First and Second Chronicles see Judah captive made,
 But Ezra leads a remnant back by princely Cyrus' aid.
 The city walls of Zion Nehemiah builds again,
 Whilst Esther saves her people from the plots of wicked men.
 In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod;

And David's Psalms are precious songs to every child of God.

The Proverbs like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear;

Ecclesiastes teaches man how vain are all things here.

The mystic Song of Solomon exalts sweet Sharon's Rose,

Whilst Christ, the Saviour and the King, the rapt Isaiah shows.

The warning Jeremiah apostate Israel scorns. His plaintive Lamentations their awful downfall mourns.

Ezekiel tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries,

Whilst kings and empires yet to come Daniel in vision sees.

Of judgment and of mercy Hosea loves to tell; Joel describes the blessed days when God with man shall dwell.

Among Tekoa's herdsmen Amos received his call,

Whilst Obadiah prophesies of Edom's final fall. Jonah enshrines a wondrous type of Christ, our risen Lord;

Micah pronounces Judah lost—lost, but again restored;

Nahum declares on Nineveh just judgment shall be poured.

A view of Chaldea's coming down Habakkuk's visions give;

Next, Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn, repent, and live.

Haggai wrote to those who saw the temple, And Zechariah prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign.

Malachi was the last who touched the high prophetic chord,

Its final notes sublimely show the coming of the Lord.

Matthew and Mark and Luke and John the holy gospels wrote,

Describing how the Saviour died, his life and all he taught.

Acts prove how God the apostles owned with signs in every place;

St. Paul in Romans teaches us how man is saved by grace.

The apostle in Corinthians instructs, exhorts, reproves;

Galatians shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves.

Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians ought to be;

Colossians bids us live to God and for eternity. In Thessalonians we are taught the Lord will come from heaven;

In Timothy and Titus a bishop's rule is given; Philemon marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know;

Hebrews reveals the gospel prefigured by the law.

James teaches without holiness faith is but vain and dead;

St. Peter points the narrow way in which the saints are led.

John, in his three epistles, on love delights to dwell;

St. Jude gives awful warning of judgment, wrath and hell.

The Revelation prophesies of that tremendous day,

When Christ, and Christ alone, shall be the trembling sinners stay.

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