

HUNGRY FOR KISSES.

Two young girls had gone to the orphan asylum one Sabbath afternoon to teach in the Sabbath school there as substitutes for regular teachers, who were absent. One of them taught the infant class, and, when the lesson was over, a little blue-eyed tot caught hold the girl cried; and, dropping down on whispered pleadingly: "Please teacher, why do you kiss me?"

"To be sure I will, you dear baby!" the girl cried; and, dropping down on one of the low benches, she drew the child close and kissed her again and again. In an instant the others smarted about, boys and girls alike holding up hungry faces for kisses. The girl's eyes filled with tears as she looked into the eager little faces.

Her friend, who had taught an older class, stood at the door of the infant room, looking on, half-laughing, half-impatient.

"Do come along, Helen," she called at last; and, as Helen gently put aside the little warm, clinging fingers and joined her, the other girl exclaimed with a touch of scorn: "I don't see how you could have all those mussy little things hugging and kissing you. See how you've tumbled your dress!"

Helen glanced down at her dress; it surely had suffered from the little loving hands, but her eyes were shining through a mist of tears as she answered gently: "You know they have no mothers to kiss them, Gertie."

Somehow Gertie could find no answer for that, and, as the two reached the street, Helen went on: "Did you notice Sadie Burns, the little brown-eyed thing with the blue veins on her forehead?"

"The one that clung to your dress to the last minute?"

"Yes, that was Sadie. The matron told me that one day when Sadie was sick a lady who is very fond of her, and who often visits at the asylum, came to see her, and brought a little puppy that she thought would amuse her. Of course, the child was delighted with the puppy, and at last the lady said to her, 'If you could have just what you want most, all for yourself, Sadie, what would it be?'"

"She thought that the little thing would want the puppy, and she meant to give it to her if the matron was willing; but Sadie put the dog down at once, and stepping close to the lady, leaned on her knee, and, looking up at her with those big, solemn brown eyes, she said, 'I'd like most of anything to sit in your lap a few minutes, just as if I was your own little girl.'"

Gertie turned impulsively to her friend: "I never imagined that they felt so, Helen," she cried, remorsefully.

"They don't all, of course," Helen answered; "but I know that some do, and I can't bear to think of little children going hungry for kisses. I can't give them mother kisses, but I do the best I can, even if my dress does suffer a little.—C. E. World.

MARRIAGE OF RUSSIAN GIRLS.

As a daughter the Russian woman is under the absolute sway of her parents, the coming of age makes no alteration in her position. Until the day of her death, if she remains unmarried, the place she occupies in the family life is a place of dependence upon the will of her parents. When a woman marries, she changes the authority of parents for the no less unqualified authority of husband. As the Russian statute suggestively puts it, "one person cannot reasonably be

expected to fully satisfy two such unlimited powers as that of husband and parent." The "unlimited" power of the parent, therefore, is withdrawn, and that of her husband substituted. She cannot leave him even to visit a neighboring town without a "pass" from him. He names the time she is to stay, and at the expiration of the term she is bound to return or get it renewed. A husband may appear in a court of law as a witness against his wife, but a wife is not permitted to appear against her husband. A woman's evidence, also, is regarded as of less weight than that of a man. "When two witnesses do not agree," the code runs, "the testimony of an adult outweighs that of a child, and the testimony of a man that of a woman."

According to the tenets of the Russian church, marriage is a sacrament, and is theoretically indissoluble. There is no such thing as a civil marriage, and divorce, except in one case, is practically unobtainable by a woman. The exception is the deprivation of civil rights and banishment of the husband. If the wife chooses, she can follow her husband into exile, the Russian literature being full of pathetic stories of women, tenderly nurtured, braving the terrors of the long Siberian march. All children, however, born in exile, are regarded as belonging to the lowest class of society. If, on the other hand, the wife seeks, on the plea of her husband's banishment, divorce, the church in this case relaxes her discipline and grants the plea. Although the statute recognizes adultery and desertion on the part of the husband as grounds of divorce, the law is beset with such difficulties that it is never resorted to except by the wealthy, who can always make the tardy wheels revolve more swiftly.

While divorce is difficult to obtain, there are other means resorted to which reach the same destination, only by a different route. Laws in Russia are made not to be broken, but to be evaded, and both the civil and ecclesiastical authorities have learned the art of evasion to perfection. Marriages may be annulled if any informality has occurred in them, and if parties are willing, the rest is only a question of money. In some parts of the empire the marriage service is enacted with this contingency in view. The certificate may be left undated, or the age of the contracting parties omitted. In some parts of Little Russia a relative, during the ceremony, gives the bride a slap, to prove, in case of need, that she has married under compulsion. Women who succeed in obtaining a separation from their husbands on the ground of informality are received into society, are allowed to marry again, and may even be separated again without the loss of position. There is, however, a more healthy public spirit arising, which tends strongly in favor of an adjustment of the present laws.—*Westminster Review*.

It Retains Old and Makes New Friends.—Time was when Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil had but a small field of distribution, but now its territory is widespread. Those who first recognized its curative qualities still value it as a specific, and while it retains its old friends, it is ever making new. It is certain that whoever uses it will not be without it.

A man who tries to reform his life on the installment plan generally gets behind in his payments.

THE FATAL SLEEP.

Some time ago a vessel had been off on a whaling voyage, and had been gone about three years. The father of one of the sailors had charge of the lighthouse, and he was expecting his boy to come home. It was time for the whaling vessel to return.

One night there came up a terrible gale. The father fell asleep, and while he slept his light went out. When he awoke he looked toward the shore and saw a vessel had been wrecked. He at once went to see if he could not yet save some one who might still be alive. The first body that came floating toward the shore was, to his great grief and surprise, the body of his own boy! He had been watching for that boy for many days. Now the boy had at last come in sight of home, and had perished because his father had let his light go out!

I thought, what an illustration of fathers and mothers today that have let their lights go out! You are not training your children for God and eternity. You do not live as though there were anything beyond this life at all. You keep affections set upon things of the earth instead of on things above, and the result is that the children do not believe there is anything in Christianity. Perhaps the very next step they take may take them into eternity; the next day they may die without hope.—D. L. Moody.

To See Ourselves as Others See Us.

On an election day a preacher and a saloon keeper chanced to fall in company as they walked to the polls. The saloon keeper began the conversation: "Well, Mr. Brecher, I suppose you are going to vote against my pizness?" "Oh I don't know," said the preacher. "You breaches against my pizness, you talks against my pizness, and you brays against it." The preacher became very thoughtful. "Let me see your ballot," the liquor seller continued. Taking the ballot he found that it was just like his own; so he handed the preacher \$10. "No, indeed," said the clergyman; "I don't sell my vote." "Oh, no, not that; I gives you the money; I like you. You breaches, talks and brays against my pizness, and I give you \$10 for not meaning it."—*No License Advocate*.

HE WILL SUBSCRIBE NEXT YEAR.

A Kansas paper tells of the dangers of newspaper borrowing as follows: "A man who was too economical to take his home paper sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In haste the boy ran over a \$4 stand of bees and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father, who ran to his assistance, and, failing to notice a barbed wire fence, ran into that, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy and ruining a \$4 pair of pants. The cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got into the cornfield and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket the wife ran, upset a four-gallon churn full of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning them; in the hurry she lost a \$7 set of teeth. The baby, left alone, crawled through the cream into the parlor, ruining a brand new \$20 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man; the dog broke up eleven setting hens and the calves got out and chewed the tails off four fine shirts."



CONFLICTING CRIES.

In prohibition States and in prohibition localities in local option States brewers and liquor dealers call for the repeal of such laws and the enactment of license laws, because they claim there is more liquor sold under prohibition than under license.

A very strange thing, this! If these persons can sell more liquor under prohibition laws, when they have no license fee to pay, why should they seek their repeal and the enactment of a license law under which they would have to pay \$800 or \$1,000, yet sell less liquor? A very strange thing, these conflicting cries. Repeal a law under which, while we pay no license, our sales are large, and enact a law under which we must pay a heavy license fee, yet sell less liquor?—*Nat. Advocate*.

AT THE LAST.

"Joseph Patson, the bicycle inventor, and once a big manufacturer, was arrested in Chicago for petit larceny. Without money and friends, he has come to the life of a tramp and drunkard. Whiskey did it. That is the epitome of his life. To a reported he said:

"Not many years ago, I had 1,200 men working under me. I invented the first bicycle ever built—the old high wheel, and Gormully & Jeffery have become millionaires from the sale. The first chain bicycle, which grew to immense popularity and brought fortunes to thousands of people, was my discovery. The linkbelt chain, used in nearly every large manufacturing plant, was also mine. Any of the three discoveries could have brought me millions of dollars. Some of my twenty patents I sold for good prices, but others went for a glass of whiskey."

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