

Our Boys and Girls.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME

"I hate this little low-roofed house,
This hill-bound valley home;
I long to see the glorious world
And 'mid new scenes to roam.

"The sun just sets and rises,
The days are all the same;
There's nothing grand to do or see,
And everything is tame."

Years passed. The boy of restless heart
Had wandered far and wide;
Had tossed upon the ocean wave,
And climbed the Jungfrau's side.

Had journeyed from the Golden Gate
To storied Eastern lands,
And pitched his tent where Afric's
streams
"Roll down their golden sands."

Had glided through the Grand Canal
'Neath soft Venetian skies;
And in strange Northern lands had
seen
The sun at midnight rise.

Through many cities grand and great
In wonder he had trod,
And on historic battlefields
His feet had pressed the sod.

He roamed through galleries of art
And palaces of kings,
And filled his memory with store
Of rare and wondrous things.

And then he came to that small vale,
Content no more to roam,
And said, "There's not in all the world
So sweet a place as home."

THE THIEF IN THE STRIPED COAT.

BY HILDA RICHMOND.

Mamma said she always knew when it was Friday afternoon without looking at the calendar, for Ned came home eager to tell the stories Miss Frances had read to them at school. The children had short lessons on that afternoon so that they may play games or listen to their teacher read till the bell rang for them to go home. They were always sorry to have the bell break up their fun, for Miss Frances had such a string of pretty poems and games and stories that they never seemed to get to the end of it.

"Didn't you have a good time, Neddie?" asked mamma, as her little boy came quietly into the sitting room. "I thought Friday afternoon was the best of the week."

"Miss Frances was right in the middle of a story when the old bell had to ring, and we didn't get to hear the rest. It was about a man who caught a thief stealing from him, and he didn't put him in jail. Wasn't that foolish, mamma?" burst out Ned. "If I ever find a thief taking any of my things, I'll put him in jail where he'll have to wear striped clothes like the prisoners Uncle John saw."

"It is in prison that men wear striped clothes, not in jail," exclaimed mamma. "Maybe the thief was hungry or had little children at home, the reason the man let him off. Of course it was very wicked, but you would feel sorry for a thief like that, wouldn't you?"

"No, I wouldn't," said Ned, stoutly. Papa says every one can work who

wants to. I'd take away his children and put them in a nice orphans' home, and put him in prison till he'd learn not to steal."

Just then Ned's dog came in, and in the romp that followed Ned forgot all about the thief and the story. Next morning Mrs. Lucien was baking cookies in the kitchen, and Ned came tiptoeing in with very bright eyes to tell her of a wonderful discovery he had made. "There is the dearest little striped squirrel in the world playing in the woodhouse, mamma. He frisked right past where I was sitting and ran up to my nut sack. I could have caught him as easy as not by shutting the door, but I didn't want to scare him. It was just too cute to see him tuck the nuts into his cheeks. Won't you come out and see him?"

"A thief stealing your nuts! And you don't catch him, Ned? If he is wearing a striped coat he must have escaped from some prison," said Mrs. Lucien, soberly, though there was a twinkle in her eye.

"Why, mamma, I wouldn't catch him for anything. I'm sure he has some babies in the old elm tree, for he ran there with the nuts. I'm never going to scare him, and maybe he'll get tame."

"I think that is a good plan!" said mamma. "We will put away part of the nuts for you and yet Mr. Squirrel have the rest."

"He may have every one. Do you suppose we'll ever get to see the baby squirrels?"

"Yes; if you are kind to them they will grow quite tame. You must never let Bruce frighten them, nor any of the boys, and perhaps you may win their confidence. You may put bits of apple and bread under the tree, for squirrels like such things."

"Miss Frances finished reading our story to-day," cried Ned, rushing into the sitting room the next Friday afternoon, "and what do you think? The thief that the man let go was a big, black crow. I told Miss Frances about my thief in the striped coat, and she's coming down to see him."

One day when Ned was playing under the big tree he heard a queer chattering in the branches, and, looking up, saw the old squirrel coaxing a little one to climb from a hole in the trunk to a limb above. The baby seemed to say, "I just can't do it, papa."

"O, yes, you can," answered the wise parent, in squirrel language. "Watch me and come along."

Ned slipped into the kitchen to call mamma, and when they came out a small, furry bunch was clinging to a branch above the door of its home, while the old squirrel chattered briskly away as if to say, "Didn't I tell you you could do it?"

One by one Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel taught their babies to climb till there were six to watch instead of only two. The dear little couple must have thought the old elm tree a very nice place to raise a family, for when the sack was empty, Ned and the other children, who never tired of watching the cunning animals, spent their pennies freely for nuts to fill it again. The thief taught all his children to steal, but Ned loved to see them scamper away to the trees with the goodies he bought.

"Mr. Squirrel don't know it is wicked to steal," said Ned, one day in autumn. "I hope he will come back next year to our tree, and every year."

"Why, Ned! I thought you knew squirrels stay all winter. The thief has been storing away the nuts you have

bought for the cold days when he cannot find anything to eat in the snow. If you could see into his house you would find a snug place all lined with moss and leaves, where they can curl up when the wind howls, and be as warm and cozy as if they had a stove like we do," said Mrs. Lucien.

And sure enough, on bright days Ned sees the striped coat frisking among the leafless branches of the old elm tree. *Presbyterian Banner.*

MARGARET'S SACRIFICE.

BY NANNIE J. REA.

Margaret's father had fallen from the roof where he was working, and was so badly injured that many weeks elapsed before he was again able to do even the lightest work at his trade; and the expenses had been so heavy, that the little bank account had almost entirely disappeared.

Little Margaret has scarcely cherished the hope that she might become the possessor of a beautiful doll in a certain shop window which she passed every day when running on errands for her mother; but her birthday drew near, there seemed no prospect of her wish becoming realized; yet through all the weary weeks which had followed her father's accident, she had never complained, but like the brave little girl she was, she had helped her mother with the household duties and waited upon her father with untiring tenderness.

One of her daily duties was to go to the post-office, where one day, to her surprise, she found a letter addressed to herself. Upon opening it a crisp two dollar bill dropped out. After picking it up, she looked at the letter, which was from her Aunt Ellinor, and began: "Dear Birdie,—You know I have been in the habit of sending you birthday presents, for the reason, that being a girl, I presume you will soon cease having birthdays; but when your mamma wrote me how lovely you had been to her and papa all these sad weeks, I decided to send you a small gift now, and a larger one at the Christmas-tide."

How Margaret's eyes sparkled, as she said to herself: "Now I can have my dollie!"

While Margaret had been taught that of all the money which might come into her possession, one-tenth belonged to the Lord, she reflected that she could get a very nice doll for one dollar and eighty cents.

The following Sunday, a missionary from one of the far-away darkened lands talked to the children in the Sunday-school of their dusky little kinsmen over the sea; of their unhappy lives, and of their ignorance of the Holy One who alone could help them in every time of need.

How Margaret's eyes sparkled, as lonely children that had never felt the touch of the Saviour's hand, or heard his gentle entreaty to the little ones: "Come unto Me."

When the address was concluded, and an appeal made for help, Margaret, without a moment's hesitation, wrote on a slip of paper, "Margaret Randolph, Two Dollars."

"I might have sent just One Dollar," she said, "but then Two would do twice as much good."

While a sacrifice is not always speedily followed by the fulfilment of a wish, on Christmas morning Margaret received from her Aunt Ellinor a beautiful French imported doll.—*Chris. Observer.*

Treated by Three Doctors for a Severe Attack of Dyspepsia,

Got No Relief From
Medicines, But Found It At
Last In
Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Frank Hutt, Morrisburg, Ont., was one of those troubled with this most common of stomach troubles. She writes:—"After being treated by three doctors, and using many advertised medicines, for a severe attack of Dyspepsia, and receiving no benefit, I gave up all hope of ever being cured. Hearing Burdock Blood Bitters so highly spoken of, I decided to get a bottle, and give it a trial. Before I had taken it I began to feel better, and by the time I had taken the second one I was completely cured. I cannot recommend Burdock Blood Bitters too highly, and would advise all sufferers from dyspepsia to give it a trial."

HOW MANY CAN GUESS.

What is the difference between the Prince of Wales, an orphan, a bald-headed old man and the gorilla? The first is an heir apparent, the second has ne'er a parent, the third has no hair apparent, and the fourth has a hairy parent.

Why is the letter A the best remedy for a deaf woman? Because it makes her hear.

Why is bread like the sun? Because when it rises it is light.

Which was the largest island before Australia was discovered? Australia.

What trade should be recommended to a short person? Grocer (*grow, sir*).

When is money wet? When it is due (*dew*) in the morning and missed (*mist*) in the evening.

What is larger for being cut at both ends? A ditch.

Why is a watch-dog bigger by night than by day? Because he is let out at night and taken in in the morning.

Under what condition might handkerchiefs be used in building a wall? If they became brick (*be cambric*).

If Rider Haggard had been Lew Wallace, who would "She" have been? She would have "Ben Hur."

Sick at your Stomach.

Perhaps feeling as if the bottom had dropped out of your life. It's Nerviline you want. Nothing restores quiet and order to the stomach so quickly. All squeamishness and nausea goes away the minute you take Nerviline, and an extra dose or two is always sufficient to set you up in first-class shape. Nerviline is an old tested remedy for stomach and bowel troubles, and always can be relied on. Sold in large 25c. bottles.

The man who will go through a forest without observing the trees will go through life without finding an opportunity.