

## Our Boys and Girls.

### MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,

The traces of small muddy boots;  
And I see your fair tapestry glowing  
All spotless with blossoms and fruits!

And I know that my walls are disfigured

With prints of small fingers and hands,  
And that your own household whiteness  
All fresh in its purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered  
With many odd treasures and toys,  
While your own is in daintiest order,  
Unharm'd by the presence of boys!

And I know that my room is invaded  
Quite boldly all hours of the day,  
While you sit in your own unmolested,  
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know there are four little bed-sides

Where I must stand watchful each night,  
While you may go out in your carriage,  
And flash in your dresses so bright!

Now I think I'm a neat little woman,  
I like my house orderly, too;  
And I am fond of all dainty belongings,  
Yet I would not change places with you!

No! keep your fair home with its order,  
Its freedom from bother and noise!  
And keep your own fanciful leisure,  
But give me my four splendid boys!

—Selected.

### SUNNY JIM.

#### A FAMILIAR TALK TO BOYS AND OTHERS.

I was going uptown the other day when I noticed, wedged in between a Boston swell front and a colonial porch, a very curious little cottage. It interested me so much that I opened the gate and went up the broad walk to the front door. Upon this door was fastened a dingy wooden sign, on which with difficulty I could read the name, "Jim Dumps." Over it was a shiny new doorplate which said, "Sunny Jim." I happened to have a boy or two with me, as I often do, and we decided to make the genial philosopher a call.

We pulled the bell and before its merry jingle inside had ceased Mr. Sunny Jim himself was greeting us, in his joyful colored garments and with the funny curly queue on the top of his head twisted tighter than a pig's tail.

"Come in! Come right in!" he shouted. "Yes, of course! I shall be glad to tell you how to be sunny."

A curious and kickable dog ran after him as he led us, dancing, into his pleasant front room where, he told us, the sun is always shining.

"Mr. Jim," said I, "we come from a corner of *The Congregationalist*. We are of the family of a Mr. Martin who—"

"Mr. Martin!" he exclaimed; "I know him well. He came from the same place up north where Santa Claus lives. In fact, I believe he's the old fellow's first cousin. Well, well! we must shake hands all over again if that is the case."

"We have come to interview you," I continued, trying to look serious.

"Were you always sunny, Dr. Jim?"

"Don't call me doctor, boys. I am not a member of the R. E. A. No, I was not always Sunny Jim. I was not born with any larger funny bone than other folks. The corners of my mouth grew down; I used to forget the things I liked and remembered the things I did not like; I cast shadows wherever I went, and all my family and even this little dog had to listen to my constant complaints, for I was known everywhere as Jim Dumps."

"But how did this change occur?"

"I will tell you. Mine was a serious case. The people who have been cured in the newspapers were none of them as badly off as I was. I had to take five medicines before I was well."

And here Sunny Jim held up his five fingers.

"Five bottles?" asked a big-eyed boy who was patting the little dog.

"No, my dear, five prescriptions. The first, as no doubt you have read in my book—"

"Your book?" I asked. "I didn't know you had written a book."

"O, yes. You will see it, bound in boards, with portraits of my family, in front of all the railway stations. The first prescription was at breakfast time. It was labelled 'Good Health.' I heard of one of you boys who was asked with the others in Sunday school by the superintendent, 'Now, boys, which of the saints do you want to see first when you arrive at your heavenly home?' and he shouted, 'Goliath!' He wanted to see the strong man. An angel with nervous prostration couldn't be sunny if he tried. So I began to wash off my troubles with cold water, eat things that would make me strong and sweet, and beat down Satan with my punching bag."

"Good!" shouted strenuous young Teddy who was present.

"My second prescription followed the first one. It read 'Always walk on the sunny side of the road.' A friend of mine cured pains in his bones by doing this. When I was a boy I once went up into the cupola of a great mansion. On one side was green glass, on another red, on a third yellow and on the last white glass. You could have spring, summer, autumn or winter in the landscape according as you looked. So now I always look at life on the springtime side."

"My next dose," continued Sunny Jim, was "Self-Control." Once I went over to call on my neighbor's boy at Christmas time, thinking he would give me a present, and all I got was the measles. He was not to blame, I suppose, but it makes me think that since a gloomy disposition is equally catching and a good deal more serious a fellow had better get over it quick or stay shut up. I hear there's a law against carrying concealed weapons, but somebody told me there isn't any against carrying concealed troubles. If so, I propose to carry mine out of sight. Can you boys move your ears by their own muscles?"

"I can't" confessed Joe. "But Hugh can."

"Well, the reason everybody can't is because folks stopped trying to, and after they got out of practise their children never caught the trick. If everybody would cease pulling down their mouth muscles, soon all children would be like my children—with faces always smiling. And now, boys, I mustn't preach to you any longer," said our good friend, jumping to his feet, "for you want to be off tramping."

"My fourth prescription," he said, as

we moved toward the door, "was 'Build a sunshine factory for other folks,' and I have found that building and running this factory gives one no time or room to grumble."

"And last," said Sunny Jim to the boys, as he held their warm hands at his doorway, "to be sunny we have to trust our good Father in heaven. What's that our great Book says? 'Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.'"

It was starlight now as we looked up we heard him say, "Earth and heaven are our Father's house, and, here or there, let us learn to shine."—*The Congregationalist*.



### TOMMY'S DREAM.

Tommy had a curious dream one night. He had been kept in from play to help his father. But, instead of being proud to think that his father wanted his help, he was cross about losing his play—so cross that his father quietly remarked he would not ask him to stay in again.

When he lay down to sleep that night he dreamed that two angels were sent down to earth to make a record of all the nice, loving things the boys and girls were doing. One angel was to take note of all the big things that were done, and the other was to write down all the little, unnoticed deeds of life. They parted as they reached the earth, and when they met again, on their way back to heaven they compared notes. One had scarcely filled two pages of his book.

"There are not many conspicuous things done, after all," he said, in explanation.

"I have scarcely found time to write down all that I have seen," said the other angel, and he showed a little book filled from cover to cover with the record of loving little deeds.

Tommy's heart stood still, and he thought, "My name must be there, too, for it was a nice thing to stay in and help father."

Then he heard the angel explaining why there were some boys and girls he did not take any notice of at all. "They did nice things," he said, "but they were so cross about it and so unwilling, that I could not write them down. For, you know, I was told only to record the loving deeds of life."

Then Tommy woke up, and as he lay still and thought about it, he knew that he could not possibly have been in the angel's book that day.—*Ram's Horn*.



### A GUARANTEE OF MANLINESS.

"I don't know that you will be able to do much with him," said a father to the principal of a school to whom he had brought his son as a pupil; "he is so full of mischief."

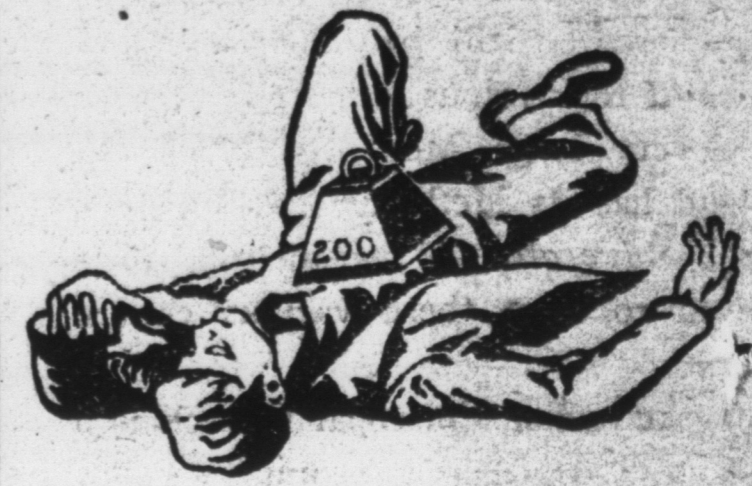
"Does he tell the truth?" asked the teacher. "Can I always depend upon his word?"

"Oh, yes," said the father, "he is honest. He will tell the truth even when it is against himself. You may depend upon that."

"Then we can manage him," replied the experienced teacher. "He will make a manly man."—*Selected*.



Just a Tablespoonful of Perry Davis' Painkiller in warm water or milk, taken after exposure to cold or wet will quicken the circulation and thus prevent a chill. There is but one Painkiller, Perry Davis'.



To the Weary Dyspeptic.  
We Ask this Question:

Why don't you remove  
that weight at the pit of  
the Stomach?

Why don't you regulate that  
variable appetite, and condition the  
digestive organs so that it will not  
be necessary to starve the stomach  
to avoid distress after eating.

The first step is to regulate the  
bowels.

For this purpose

**Burdock Blood Bitters**  
has no Equal.

It acts promptly and effectually  
and permanently cures all derange-  
ments of digestion. It cures Dys-  
pepsia and the primary causes lead-  
ing to it.

### ONLY CHRISTIANS.

John Wesley once was troubled in regard to the disposition of the various sects, and the chances of each in reference to future happiness or punishment. A dream one night transported him in its uncertain wanderings to the gates of hell.

"Are there any Roman Catholics here?" asked thoughtful Wesley.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Yes," again was the answer.

"Any Presbyterians?"

"Any Congregationalists?"

"Yes."

"Any Methodists?" by way of a clincher, asked the pious Wesley.

"Yes!" to his great indignation was answered.

In the mystic ways of dreams, a sudden transition—and he stood before the gates of heaven. Improving his opportunity, he again inquired:

"Are there any Roman Catholics here?"

"No," was replied.

"Any Presbyterians?"

"No."

"Any Congregationalists?"

"No."

"Any Methodists?"

"No."

"Well, then," he asked, lost in wonder, "who are they inside?"

"Christians!" was the jubilant answer.



### Busy People Need Health.

What a rush modern life is, push, drive, get there somehow. It's hard on the nerves, hard on the digestion, hard on sleep. Your blood gets thin and strength goes down hill. Busy people must maintain health, must build up. Take Ferrozone—it sharpens the appetite, forms rich, red blood, develops strength as if by magic. Ferrozone is a nerve and brain tonic that keeps a rebuilding going on in the system and brings vigor and energy to those who need it. Try Ferrozone and see how quickly you'll improve. Price 50c. at druggists.

God does not ask us to comprehend; He simply asks us to believe. He demands obedience.—*Rev. N. N. Harter*.