

"and I'll look after you as well as I can."

"I won't be no burden," she said brightly. "I've twenty dollars yet, an' that's a sight o' money."

The train halted to let the eastward-bound express pass, there was an air of excitement in the car, passengers getting ready to depart, gathering up luggage and wraps, and some watching the newcomers and the rows of strange faces on the outward bound.

The door of the car slammed suddenly, and a big bearded man with eager blue eyes came down the aisle, looking sharply from right to left. He had left Denver on the express to meet this train. His glance fell on the tiny black figure.

"Why, Aunt Hannah!" he cried, with a break in his voice, and she — she put out her trembling hand and fell into the big arms, tears streaming down the wrinkled face.

"I knowed Providence would let me find ye, Sam," she said, brokenly; and no one smiled when the big man sat down beside her and with gentle hand wiped her tears away.

"Why, I've sent John \$20 a month for five years for you," he said, angrily, as she told him why she ran away, "and he said you could not write, for you had a stroke, and was helpless, and I have written often and sent you money. It's hard for a man to call his own brother a villain."

"We wun't, Sam," she said, gently, "but jest forgit; and I wouldn't be a burden for ye, fur I can work yit, an' for years to come."

"Work, indeed! don't I owe you everything?" he cried. "And my wife has longed for you to come. There are so few dear old aunts in this country they are prized, I tell you. Why, it's as good as a royal coat-of-arms to have a dear handsome old woman like you for a relative."

Then he found out who sent the telegram and paid the lad, who blushed and stammered like a girl, and did not want to take it.

"I suppose you want a job?" said the big man. "Well, I can give you one. I'm in the food commission business. Give you something light? Lots of your sort, poor lads, out here. All the reference I want is that little act of kindness of yours to Aunt Hannah."

"Here's the depot, Aunt Hannah, and you won't see bears and injuns, nor the buffaloes; sunniest city you ever set your eyes on."

He picked up the carpet bag, faded and old-fashioned, not a bit ashamed of it, though it looked as if Noah might have carried it to the ark.

They said good-bye, and the last seen of her was her happy old face beaming from a carriage window as she rolled away to what all knew would be a pleasant home for all her waning years.—*The Standard.*

A PREDIGESTED BOY.

"I cal'late, Jerushy," half mused the old farmer, "that there boy of Mrs. Dr. Brown-Jones, that's summerin' here, is in a way to get spiled in the makin'."

"Be you a-meanin' her as was Belinda Alviry Stubbins afore she married that Englishman with two names stitched together?" Jerushy interrupted Jonathan to ask.

"I ain't alludin' to anybody else. She raised her from a baby on predigested foods, and now she's afraid to change to ham an' eggs, an' they do say that his teeth don't amount to sauks, for want of exercise, an' his stomach is so

weak that he can't digest a cracker. But that's the least part of Belinda Alviry's foolishness. She conceived that the boy's mind must have as easy a time as his stomach, so she wouldn't never let him go to school for fear he'd have to tackle the multiplication table, or learn to bound Chiny, or conjugate 'I am, you are, he, she or it is.' So she got geography games and mathematical games, an' historical games for him to play, and sort of predigested his knowledge fur him, sos't wouldn't distress him any more than his food.

"I understand that she wouldn't let him go to Sunday-school for fear he might hear somethin' harsh or crude 'bout duty an' self-denial, an' she never let him read a Bible hisself, but predigested that fur him, too, tellin' him that all actions were either beautiful or unlovely, an' he must cultivate the beautiful because unlovely things are unpleasant. They do say that he doesn't know what right an' wrong are, an' she never tells him that he ought or must do a thing, but asks him if he doesn't think it would be beautiful.

The fond, foolish woman predigested his sports, too. She wouldn't let him play baseball with the boys here, because it was too exercisin, and he might have to run when he didn't feel like it. She cal'lated that parlor croquet or whist would suit his constitution better. He is as spindlin' as a whip-stock. By an' by, I presume, she'll pick out some likely girl an' predigest a wife for Freddy, after she's hired tutors to predigest him through college. What's the use ever takin' such chaps out the incubator?" —*United Presbyterian.*

DOMESTIC STRATEGY.

The younger man had been complaining that he could not get his wife to mend his clothes. "I asked her to sew a button on this vest last night, and she hasn't touched it," he said. "At this, says the *New York Press*, 'the older man assumed the air of a patriarch.' 'Never ask a woman to mend anything,' he said.

"What would you have me do?" asked the other.

"Simply do as I do," was the assured reply. "You haven't been married very long, and I think I can give you some serviceable suggestions. When I want a shirt mended I take it to my wife, flourish it round a little, and say, 'Where's that rag-bag?'"

"What do you want of the rag-bag?" at once.

"I want to throw this shirt away; it's worn out," I say, with a few more flourishes.

"Let me see that shirt," my wife says then. 'Now, John, hand it to me at once.'

"Of course I pass it over, and she examines it. 'Why, John Taylor, she is sure to say, 'I never knew such extravagance! This is a perfectly good shirt. All it needs is'— And then she mends it.'—*Youth's Companion.*

THE MOLE AND THE BEAM.

The pastor of a large city church was detained one morning by a lady in his congregation. "I want to tell you," she said, "that I cannot come here any more.

"But why not?" was asked in surprise.

She tried to speak quietly, but she could not keep the bitterness out of her eyes and voice. "I have been coming here three years," she answered slowly, "and in all the three years not once has

any one said a pleasant word to me, before or after service; and I cannot stand it any longer; I am going."

"I am sorry," the minister answered, gravely. "It should not have been so. I do not wonder that you feel hurt, especially as you yourself must have spoken kind words to many in these three years."

The lady looked at him in bewilderment. "I," she exclaimed, "I never spoke to anybody—it isn't my place to. I never thought of such a thing."

It was the old story of the mote and the beam. Through the three years of deepening bitterness against her fellow-worshippers she had never once brought her own soul to judgment; instead, she had lavished upon it a weak self-pity, and gone her unhappy way through the world of loneliness which she had created herself. It might all have been very different if only, seeking the lesson close-folded in her pain, she had set herself to keep others from such sorrowful experiences. For one who bears the gifts of cheer and sympathy never walks alone; the world has too much need of him.—*Southwestern Presbyterian.*

NOT IN HIS DOTAGE.

Dr. Sinclair, after many years service in the Scotch Presbyterian ministry, was compelled to resign, much against his will. Soon after his retirement, an aged friend tried to comfort him.

"You ought to take a reasonable view of the matter, doctor," he said. "There is no use flying in the face of Providence."

"Providence!" echoed the doctor. "Hoot, mon! Providence had naething ava to do wi' it. 'Twas the MacCurdys, the Archibalds, and the de'il."

Some months later the doughty old family the head of which had been instrumental in removing him from his charge. As was natural the father did not feel easy about meeting the minister, and, being hastily driven to cover, he took refuge in a closet adjoining the sitting-room, hoping that the shrewd old Scotch eyes had not caught him.

According to custom, Dr. Sinclair conducted family worship before leaving; and, after praying for the members present, he added in a clear, loud voice, "And bless the pair body in the closet, an' mak' him bold to face the world."

TO READ THE BIBLE IN ONE YEAR.—The following schedule for reading the Bible in one year has been recently furnished:

January—Read Genesis and Exodus. February—To the tenth of Deuteronomy.

March—To the end of First Samuel. April—To the end of Second Kings.

May—To the end of Nehemiah. June—To the one hundredth Psalm.

July—To the end of Isaiah. August—To the end of the Old Testament.

October—To the end of Luke. November—To the end of Corinthians.

December—To the end of the New Testament.

This division gives about sixty-five or seventy pages per month, or about two pages for every day in the week, and four pages for every Sunday.

Scald head is a disgusting and obstinate disease, unfortunately frequent in children. The proper treatment includes perfect cleanliness and a generous application of Weaver's Cerate, somewhat softened. Mothers will be glad to learn this,

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IN 10c, 15c, 25c AND 50c BOTTLES

Some people think that religion takes away from men some manly qualities. Is one less manly when serving God than he was when his life was spent in the service of the world and sin? Festus thought Paul was beside himself. The people who came running together in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost to hear the disciples thought they were full of new wine. Men thought that Mr. Wesley was not well-balanced and that Mr. Moody was out of his head. But was it so? "By their fruits ye shall know them." Do insane men accomplish real good? Do we expect those who are unsound to perform miracles of reformation and improvement among their neighbors? The spirit of Christianity is the spirit of a sound mind and a noble manhood.

The cost of living has increased six per cent in the last five years according to reliable estimate. How many churches have increased the pastor's salary in that period? This is a question churches and mission boards must face. Some men are thinking of leaving the ministry for other callings—driven out by small salaries. Suppose we put sixteen per cent on all our pastors? The \$800 man will then have \$928. Is that too large? Surely not.—*Northwest Baptist.*

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