

"Tommy," he said, softly, "how's things?"

The sick boy started up on his pillow with a cry, looked, and fell back on his pillow, laughing and crying. "It's all right!" he said. "Mother, it's all right! I'll get well now! Brother Jim's come!"

Reckon," said the tramp.—*The Congregationalist.*

#### LITTLE NEIGHBORS.

My observation teaches me that birds especially, are perpetually hungering for, and seeking the love and companionship of man.

Last fall there was a sparrow that came two or three times a day and perched on the sill of the open pantry window, just to be chirped to by my wife. He was not physically hungry, for he seldom touched the crumbs we threw him—it was his little heart that was hungry, I think. He would always come at such times as my wife was accustomed to be in the pantry, and, lighting on the sill, would give a little shrill, interrogatory chirp, as much as to say:

"Good morning. How are you today?" Then my wife would chirp back to him, and he would flutter his little wings with delight, hopping back and forth and answering her talk with language as full of gratitude and affection as any I ever heard. It was conversation well worth listening to, and often the whole household has stood, a pleased and smiling audience, just outside the pantry door.

A friend of mine, while tramping along a mountain road last summer, sat down to rest on a log by the wayside. Presently a bright-eyed red squirrel came "hitching" down the trunk of a spruce near by, stopping to bark questioningly every few feet. My friend simply sat still and watched the little fellow. Growing bolder, or rather, as I explain it, more assured of the disposition of the man on the log, the squirrel presently made a dash from the tree, skurried up on my friend's shoulder, bounded to the earth again, and ran off "laughing," my friend says, "as distinctly and merrily as ever I heard any human being laugh." In two or three minutes he was back again, frisking about my friend's feet, and ending up by perching on the toe of his boot and chattering amiably at him.—*Mr. James Buckham, in New York Observer.*

#### Slight Sprains Grow Worse.

Unless promptly treated. The great strength of Nerviline enables it to quickly cure all manner of sprains and strains. "I sprained my wrist," writes Leonard E. Milford, of Rockland, "while working in the mill, but had to lay off, it became so painful and swelled. I rubbed my wrist thoroughly with Nerviline twice a day and put on a bandage. The pain soon went away, and frequent rubbing with Nerviline soon cured. Nerviline is undoubtedly an excellent liniment, and the best pain reliever I ever used." Nerviline certainly is extra good. Price 25c.

The whole Christian life is thanksgiving. Thanksgiving is the open secret of Christian experience. By the mercies of God in Jesus Christ we are saved. Salvation is God's great, good gift to his children. Service is their response of thankfulness for that gift. There is no Christian thanksgiving without Christian thanksgiving. The thanks are the life. Gratitude for grace is the gist of godliness. "In every thing give thanks," is the rule of Christian living. "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." The earnest, consecrated Christian has a thanksgiving holiday all the year round.—*Selected.*

#### HOW MANY OF US WOULD DO AS MUCH FOR CHRIST.

And then the stories I heard of the devotion and sacrifice of the people who are at home! The women let their hair go undressed once a month that they may contribute per month the price of the dressing—five sen. A gentleman discovered that every servant in his household, from butler down was contributing a certain amount of his wages each month, and in consequence offered to raise wages just the amount each servant was giving away. The answer was:

"Sir, we cannot allow that; it is an honor for us to give, and it would be you who would be doing our duty for us to Japan."

A Japanese lady apologized profusely for being late at dinner. She had been to the station to see her son off for the front, where already were three of her sons.

Said another straightway: "How fortunate to be able to give four sons to Japan."

In a tea-house I saw an old woman with blackened teeth, a servant, who bore herself proudly, and who, too, was honored because she had sent four sons to the Yalu. Hundreds and thousands of families are denying themselves one meal a day that they may give money to their country. And one rich merchant, who has already given 100,000 yen, has himself cut off one meal, and declares that he will live on one for the rest of his life for the sake of Japan.

On every gateway is posted a red sign where a man has gone to the war, marked, "Gone to the front"—to be supplanted with a black one—"Bravery forever"—should he be brought home dead. And when he is brought home dead his body is received at the station by his kin with proud faces and no tears. The Roman mother has come back to earth again, and it is the Japanese mother who makes Japan the high priestess of patriotism among the nations of the world.—*John Fox, Jr., in Scribner's.*

#### A GOOD VIEW.

Two small girls were discussing the approaching holidays.

"Why do they have a New Year?" inquired one.

"Oh, that's so folks can have a chance to start over again," the other answered wisely. "You know they have resolutions and things, and say they're going to be awful good. And maybe if there wasn't any New Year, they'd never think of starting over again."

The first child pondered for a moment, and then said, "I wonder why they have it so near Christmas? If it was some other time, we might get another week of vacation."

"Oh, I know," replied the small sage. "You know at Christmas every one gives things away, and feels real kind and thankful. And they have New Year then so people will make their resolutions while they feel good. They're sure to make lots better ones that way."

One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of our Creator is the very extensiveness of his bounty.—*Paley.*

Many thanks are due from the proprietors of Weaver's Cerate to friends who have written to tell of the Cerate's good work in curing scrofulous humors, scald head and other skin diseases. These kind words are most encouraging.

#### QUEER ALMANACS.

The boundary-riders of the great Australian sheep ranches have each a district to look after, in which one must keep the wire fences in repair and see that the sheep come to no harm. It is a hard and lonely life, living, as each boundary-rider does, quite alone in the wilderness.

A writer tells of some of the curious ways in which these solitary men keep count of the days.

One old man, who had lived in the back country for thirty years, used two jam tins and seven pebbles. One tin was marked "This week," and the other, "Last week." On Monday morning he would take a pebble from "Last week" and drop it into "This week," and one every subsequent morning, till "This week had swallowed" the seven. They were returned to "Last week," and the old fellow knew that another Sunday had passed.

Another man had tried and failed with several plans. At last he hit on a new idea. He made a big damper (cake of flour and water) on Sunday night and marked it into seven sections, each section being a day's allowance, so that every time he picked up the damper the grooves would remind him of the day. Unfortunately, one Tuesday there came a visitor with a ravenous appetite. The host stinted himself that the hungry one might be satisfied with the day's section. But he wasn't. With anxious eyes the host saw the knife clearing the boundary-line and the hungry man ruthlessly carving into his almanac. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Stop! stop!" he cried as he grabbed the damper and glared at it.

"There," he said, "you've eaten Toos-day and Wednesday, and now yer want slice the best o' the mornin' off o' Thursday; an' I won't know the day of the week."

#### A LIKELY REASON.

The vicar of a Midland parish made it a rule to visit the village school once every week and address the pupils. One morning he told them that the best way to make themselves happy was by helping others. Now, this clergyman had a very high opinion of himself, and, wishing to point the moral of his lesson, said to the children:

"Now, boys, tell me. Why do I come over here every week to speak to you when I could be taking my ease at home?"

There was silence for a moment, and then a bright little boy put up his hand. "Please, sir, p'raps yew loikes to hear yerself talk."

The vicar curtailed his visit that day.

#### ONE WE HAVE ALL SEEN.

She was the professional tattler of the village, and when she came into the room she sat down beside a bright-faced young woman. They were soon deep in conversation.

"And do you know," said the tattler, "it's the strangest thing about Mrs. B—? I don't know that it's true; in fact, I don't hardly think it is. I've always liked Mrs. B—, but it's very queer. You won't breathe a word of it, will you?"

"I don't care to hear it. Mrs. B— is my friend," said the girl, holding up her head superbly.

I applauded mentally. Oh, if there were only half a dozen such women in every social gathering, how quickly

they would crush out that despicable person, the slanderer.

Right is always stronger than wrong. The whispered tales circulate because people meekly sit and listen to them. Why haven't we all courage to say of the doubtful or irrelevant, lying story, "I don't care to hear that?"

The person who can say that once will not be troubled many times by the slanderer. So many people who would not gossip for the world uphold by giving silent countenance to it. Some one may be angry with you for refusing to listen, but it will not be any one whose opinion you need care for.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

#### TO HELP HIM THROUGH.

Clergymen have some funny experiences, but one whose ministrations are confined to the residents of a rural district in Yorkshire thinks his was the funniest of all.

He was a new-comer in a country parish. Hearing that one of his parishioners was very sick, he called at the house, was invited into the patient's room, and, at the request of the sick man, knelt down with the members of the family, to offer prayer. He prayed very fervently, so fervently, in fact, that soon he had to pause to take breath.

While waiting he felt himself touched on the shoulder and, half turning his head, discovered a black bottle, which was being held out to him by one of the kneeling women.

"Here, take a sup," whispered the profferer of the bottle. "It'll help tha through."

The minister declined the "sup" with a shake of his head, and went on with his prayer. But he had hard work to finish it quietly and decorously, being endowed with a sense of humor which enabled him only to see the funny side of the situation.

About 60,000 water wheels are used for manufacturing in the United States, yielding 1,300,000 horse power, or one-quarter to one-third of the whole power used. Of this total 250,000 horsepower is used by the 2,000 mills in New England.

..It is quite a common thing in Shanghai for needy natives to pawn their idols in order to buy food.

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