

Mother's Room.

'Tis the cheeriest room in the household,
With window seat battered and bruised
Where the carpets, the chair, and the table
Are never too good to be used.

Here little ones come with their sorrows,
Or bubble with laughter and noise;
Bring sweetest caresses and kisses,
And scatter their books and their toys.

There's an unceasing patter of small feet
An opening and shutting of doors;
And the room that was swept and garnished
Is covered with spoils and stores.

In the dawn of a summer morning
There's a scampering down the stairs,
And every one knows they are coming,
They whisper so loud their affairs.

And when the day's lesson is over,
They come with their chatter and song,
To the sunniest room, where dear mother
And all that is lovely belong.

If the threads of their lives get tangled,
She quietly straightens them out,
And gathers them, sweetly united,
Her little love's cradle about.

Dear mother, o'er all presiding,
Oh, honored and beautiful queen,
You gather your loving subjects
With a grace that is rarely seen.

Then who, to keep spotless and tidy
The carpets, the windows and doors,
Would lose the sweet laughter of childhood
And love from such beautiful stores?

Lost in the Wheat.

It was a day in July. The thermometer ran high in the nineties, and the air was so oppressive that even the birds and insects seemed to have entirely disappeared.

It had been an unusually busy morning for Mrs. Holt. She had been up since three o'clock; for to-morrow the harvesting would begin, and there were great preparations going on, as in this prairie home it was the gala time of all the year, when the nearest neighbors came to help gather the beautiful grain that waved in the sunlight and covered a thousand acres or more of the surrounding country. Nothing but a sea of yellow in every direction!

Little six-year-old Clifford thought there had never been such a day since he could remember. Mamma was so busy she did not want him in the kitchen, and it was so hot out of doors that he could not play at all.

At last he ran to his mother, just as she was making her last tin of biscuit, and said:

"Mamma, please put me to bed. I am so sleepy and tired. Rover is asleep; and Kitty and I will go, too."

"Run away, Clifford. I am too busy. If you are so sleepy, go upstairs and lie down in your cot; but you had better play until after dinner, and then take a nap with me."

Clifford did not like the idea of going upstairs alone, so he ran outdoors to play, as his mother told him. But the shade was only in such a little place by the house, and he would just go over there by the wheat. It looked cooler there, as the grain waved in the breeze. So he trotted over the road to the edge of the grain; and, sure enough, it really was cooler. So he sat down in the shadow of the tops, that stood four feet high. As he sat there, his attention was attracted by some little red-birds that were flying back and forth into the wheat. Suddenly he remembered what his papa had told him the night before about these birds, who had built their nests all through the grain. And Clifford had felt so sorry for the baby birds that would be so cruelly killed by the big machine. All at once he thought: "I will go a little way in and find some nests, and I will put them in my hat and carry them out in the orchard. How glad the poor mamma birds will be when I save the little birdies' lives!"

Now, Clifford's mamma had often told him never to go away from the house alone; but he had forgotten all else now, in his wish to save the lives of the young birds that were in such peril. So into the forest of yellow glory he made his way. On and on he went, hunting for the nests. Finally, the poor little man was so tired of making his way and of searching in vain for the birds that, after an hour's tramp, he decided to go home to his mamma. So he turned around and started back; but which way was back? He was so small that, in coming through, he had not broken a single stalk, but had slipped between them, and so had not left a trace behind.

He turned back, expecting of course, to come right out in sight of mamma's kitchen door; and he wondered if dinner would be ready, and if mamma would be glad to see him now. So he made his way a little farther; and then he thought he would sit down and rest just a little while, and perhaps he would hear the dinner-horn blow. Then he would run on home.

When Mrs. Holt finished the biscuit it was time to prepare the dinner. Once or twice the thought of Clifford's

flushed face came to her; and she thought he must have gone upstairs after all, because it had been such a long time since she had seen anything of him. When noon came, a shrill blast of the long tin horn brought Mr. Holt and his two men home to dinner. To Mr. Holt's inquiry, where is Clifford? Mrs. Holt replied, 'Asleep upstairs.' His dinner was carefully put away for him, and the men returned to their work.

Late in the afternoon Mrs. Holt awoke with a start from the long nap she had taken on the dining-room sofa, where she had thrown herself for a little rest before going upstairs. Her first thought was of Clifford; and upstairs she flew, into the little room where his cot stood. He had not been there at all, nor in her room. Thoroughly alarmed, she went up into the garret, where he sometimes played; but all was silent and empty. The next instant the horn sent its call echoing over the prairie in blast after blast, recalling Mr. Holt in great haste. All was confusion now. What had become of Clifford?

The first thought was of the small creek that ran half a mile beyond the house, and its banks were searched in vain for a trace. They went along the road for miles in each direction; but nothing was to be seen except the golden-headed grain on either side, nodding their good-night to the setting sun. At length, as the great full moon was rising, they returned home, the father in hopeless despair, not knowing what was to be done next to find his child, whether alive or dead. Mrs. Holt was living over the morning in a perfect agony of remorse for the hasty words, and the thought that, perhaps, now there would be no Clifford ever to trouble again.

Some of the nearest neighbors had come by this time to join in the search. Just then a thought came to Mr. Holt of Rover; and, calling him, he said: "Where is Clifford? Go and find Clifford!" This he repeated several times, until the dog began smelling on the ground.

It was some time before the track across the road was found; but, when it was, the dog went straight into the wheat and disappeared. Mr. Holt followed, the moon making it almost as light as day.

After going a little way, he stopped and called to Rover, thinking what nonsense to be wasting the time in this way. No doubt, Rover thought he was after birds; and, besides, he was breaking the wheat all down. And he had told Clifford never to go into the grain for that very reason. But Rover would not come back, but ran on as if he understood just what he was about. So he followed as rapidly as he could. All at once Rover came to a stand-still, wagging his tail gleefully over a blue sallow hat, in which was a nest of little birds with their mother. Mr. Holt was sure now that Rover knew best, and urged him on. And in a few minutes they came to a little curly-headed boy lying fast asleep, and his face all swollen with crying.

The next instant he was awake and telling papa he was so hungry, and he had found one nest of birds, and when he tried to find his way home, he could not. As his father held him in his arms and started for the long tramp back, two big tears fell on the curly head, as he thought of what would have happened if it had not been for Rover.

Queer Things in Animal Life.

The greyhound runs by sight only. This is a fact. The carrier pigeon flies hundreds of miles homeward by eyesight, noting from point to point objects that he has marked. This is only conjecture. The dragon fly, with 12,000 lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a dash reversing the action of his four wings and instantaneously calculating the distance of the object, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of the eye does this power consist? No one can answer.

Ten thousand mosquitoes dance up and down in the sun, with the minutes' interval between them; yet no one knows another heading on the grass or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as they are. Suddenly a peculiar, high shouldered, vicious creature, with long and pendant nose darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood while he was dancing? No one knows.

A carriage comes suddenly upon some geese in a narrow road and drives straight through the flock. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are not like the wheels and hoofs, and yet they can give a slip and waddle safely off.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends from his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way and listen and look around before he takes his draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of an ant which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be the black or negro ant? No one knows.

The power of judging the actual danger and the free and easy boldness that results from it, are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a correct notion of a gun's range, and are scrupulously careful to keep beyond it. The most obvious resource would be to fly right away out of sight and hearing, but this they do not choose to do.

A naturalist of Brazil gives an account of an expedition that he has made to one of the islands of the Amazon to shoot spoonbills, ibises, and other magnificent birds which are abundant there. His design was completely baffled, by a wretched little sandpiper, which preceded him, continually uttering his tell-tale cry, which at once aroused all the birds within hearing. Throughout the day did this individual bird continue its self-imposed duty of sentinel to others effectually preventing the approach of the hunter of the game, and yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.—Philadelphia Press.

The Power of Appetite.

A few years ago a noted wild beast trainer gave a performance with his pets in one of the leading London theaters. He took his lions, tigers, leopards and hyenas through their part of the entertainment, awing the audience by his wonderful nerve and his control over them. As a closing act to the performance, he was to introduce an enormous boa constrictor, thirty-five feet long. He had bought it when it was only two or three days old, and twenty-five years he had handled it daily, so that it was considered perfectly harmless and completely under his control. He had seen it grow from a tiny reptile, which he had often carried in his bosom, into a fearful monster. The curtain rises on an Indian woodland scene. The wild strains of an oriental band steal through the trees. A rustling noise is heard, and a huge serpent is seen winding its way through the undergrowth. It stops. Its head is erect. Its bright eyes sparkle. Its whole body seems animated. A man emerges from the heavy foliage, and their eyes meet. The serpent quails before the man—man is victor. The serpent is under the control of a master. Under his guidance and direction it performs a series of frightful feats. At a signal from the man it slowly approaches him and begins to coil its heavy folds around him. Higher and higher do they rise, until man and serpent seem blended into one. Its hideous head is reared aloft above the masses. The man gives a little scream, and the audience unite in a thunderous burst of applause, but it freezes upon their lips. The trainer's scream was a wail of death agony. Those cold, slimy folds had embraced him for the last time. They had crushed the life out of him, and the horror-stricken audience heard bone after bone crack, as those powerful folds tightened upon him. Man's plaything had become his master. His slave for twenty-five years had enslaved him. In this horrible incident is portrayed the whole story of intemperance. The man who has taken the first glass of intoxicating liquor has the boa of intemperance in his bosom. If he throttles the monster now, it is easily done. But if he permits it to live, feeds and nourishes it, he may control it for even twenty-five years; but it is continually growing, and some day its soul-destroying folds will encircle his soul and bear it to those regions of woe where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. The unchangeable decree of Almighty God is: "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God."—Bible Teacher.

"Take 'em, Jack."

A very pleasing incident occurred on one of our busy streets during the heated term—pleasing because of the unselfish spirit it displayed.

It was a fatiguing hot day and only those whose business necessitated were found upon the scorching streets. Presently a little newsboy appeared. He was not alert and bustling as is the ideal newsboy; on the contrary, he moved along as though each step he took was painful to him. Meeting an acquaintance, he stopped to exchange greetings under the friendly shade of an awning.

"What's the matter with you to-day, Jack? You get along 'bout as fast as a snail."

"Well, you, I guess, Tim Ryan, I'm not full of biters walk-

ing on the hot sidewalk. Every time I put a foot down it's like to set me crying," the other answered.

Tim looked down at the bare feet in question, and glanced at his own encased in a pair of shoes that had certainly seen duty, but which still afforded protection from the heat of the dazzling pavements. Quick as a flash he dropped down on a step, and the next moment was holding out his shoes to Jack.

"Here, you can wear them till to-morrow. My feet ain't blistered. Take 'em Jack; it's all right." And away he went crying "Three o'clock," at the top of his voice, seemingly unconscious that he had just performed a brave deed.

Dora and Her Ring.

As little Dora was feeding some birds out of her window, a pretty ring slipped from her finger and fell, and nobody could find it. She felt very sorry, for the ring had been given to her by her grandmamma. It was too large for her; and she put it on only once in a while, and then would lay it away. Somebody said, "How foolish for her to feed the birds!" One day, three or four weeks after she lost the ring, Dora thought she would look for it again; and she found in the bushes beneath her window a bird's nest, and, peeping in, saw five little birds. The mother-bird flew around so wildly that Dora thought she would wait till some other day to look at the little baby-birds. But she only got a peep now and then, for the mother-bird kept watch as if she feared somebody would rob her nest. But one day in July, when all was still, Dora stood tip-toe and gazed into the nest. The birds had all gone, but she saw something shining brightly in the soft down at the side of the nest where the birds had lived. It was her own precious ring, which had fallen into the nest! She never lost it again, and she was always glad that she fed the birds.—Little Men and Women.

All Sorts.

"You sell cracked eggs at half price, do you not?" Clerk: "Yes; we always make a 50 per cent. reduction on cracked goods. Anything else to-day?" Customer: "Yes; you may give me a dollar's worth of cracked wheat, and here's your fifty cents."

"A Thousand Thanks."

Rev. M. E. Siple, of Whitevale, Ont., writes, July 24th, 1894:—"I had suffered indescribable torture for two years or more, that is at times, from dyspepsia. Fearful pain and load in stomach, pain between shoulders, and sensation as of being pulled right in two, in small of back. I dieted, used patent medicines, and different doctors' medicines, all to no use. Your A. D. C., third dose, completely relieved me, and four bottles, I believe, have cured me. A thousand thanks I can assure you, preach, and do my work now with energy and satisfaction, as of yore."

Did he marry the girl who could paint things on crockeryware? No; he married one who could cook things to put into crockeryware.

When so many people are taking and deriving benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla, why don't you try it yourself? It is highly recommended.

A ton of steel made up into hair springs when in watches is worth more than twelve and one-half times the value of the same weight in pure gold.

"George!" she screamed: "my neck! What's the matter?" "There's a pill-cutter!" "A what?" "A tape-killer!" "What in the world do you mean?" "Oh, dear!" she moaned, as she clutched him frantically, "a kitterpaller!" "You know, George! A paterkiller!" "Oh?" said George, with evident relief; and he proceeded to brush the future butterfly away.

Some people are more worried about a mole on the countenance than a millstone on the conscience.

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Influence.

A man's influence lives forever. He dies, is buried, and goes to his reward; but his influence is left behind to work on; and it will build up or wreck lives down through the coming ages according as it is good or bad. "Gather up my influence and bury it with me," were the dying words of a wrecked young man to his weeping friends. How his request startled them, and lacerated their bleeding hearts with a deeper agony? How impossible to comply with his request. By living as he had lived he had created a working force which only the Omnipotent could annihilate; and God does not annihilate.

W. T. STEAD, the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, in speaking at the Grindelwald Conference upon "The Relations of the Church to the Press," used this characteristically strong language: "I am a revivalist preacher and not a journalist by nature. My ideal has always been, and my successes have been, dominated by that revivalist preacher idea. When you are writing an article about which you are in earnest, make it plain what you are driving at. Print it in the clearest type, so that the greatest idiot who buys your paper can understand it. Wind it up and bring it home to every man. Thou art the man who has got to do it, and you will be damned if you do not."

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