Charlie's First Prayer.

Mother is putting her darlings to bed,
The mother has girlies three:
Nellie of seven, tall and fair,
Then delicate, dainty "Margee,"
Fair-haired Sissy is hardly four,
And Charlie's the baby and wee.
'Tis time good children were fast asleep,
And with fair "nighties" on;
All little birds are warm in their nests,
And the red, round sun has gone.
Come kneel at my knee, and say your prayers,....
Speak softly, one by one.'
Nellie's so big, "Our Father," she says,
But Sissy, and "Margee" too,
Beyond the ken is the Prayer of Prayers,
And "Now I lay me" will do.
But Charlie's too little to say his prayers,
He's only a baby of two,
He sits on the floor, with his big blue eyes
Watching "de dirlies," and then—
He, too, kneels down, and folding small hands,
Lisps softly, once and again
(While mother smiles at her baby's prayer)
"Dood Dod, Dood Dod, amen!"
Their angel bore up her children's prayers,
Omitting the weest one.
"From mouth of innocents praise is sweet,"
Spake Christ, in His tend'rest tone;
"But the voices were four, and, Angel go,
And, blessing, forget not the sun."

Emily Moss.

Ina's Barrel.

When Ina Miller took her missionary barrel, she said, 'I am going to put in every penny I can do without,' yet in a whole year only four pennies had dropped in the barrel.

'I can't help it, mamma,' she said, as the missionary bank come to light when she was helping her mother pack the big trunk. 'You won't let me beg my missionary money, and when I do get a penny I have to buy a slate pencil, or a hair ribbon, or'—

'Candy, or paper dolls, or pop corn,' suggested mamma.

Ina hung her head; but, as older people do, she soon found an excuse.

'Well, mamma, I don't have half the pennies other girls do, and when they get these things I have to get some too. I meant to earn my missionary money, but the rag money went for your birthday present, and the dish-washing wages got my slippers and mitts.'

'Yes,' answered Mrs. Miller, soberly. 'But if all of God's children treated the missionary cause as you do, giving when they want nothing themselves, the schools for little heathen girls would close, the dear orphans be turned into the street, most of the churches and Sunday schools would die, and few children in those dark lands would hear about Jesus. Every little girl who eats up or wastes her pennies keeps back the time when everybody will know about Jesus.'

This was serious; so Ina tucked her barrel in the trunk, determined to get grandpa to help her.

It was so lovely at the farm Ina forgot about the heathen children for some time, but one day she came across her barrel in the trunk. She ran at once to grandpa with it.

'Ah,' said the old gentleman; 'this is an important matter. Anybody who takes a missionary pledge, and a barrel or mite box is that, has to settle the account with God, and I can't pay your debts to Him.'

'O grandpa, I did not think it meant so much!' cried Ina. 'Do help me; for we return the barrels in October, and school begins in a week.'

'We are now gathering the early apples. I can't give you any, that would be money; but you may pick a tree on the shares. There is a pippin that is full and low, and I'll help you with the high branches,' was the answer.

With a beaming face Ina filled her apron, and carried the apples to the barrel which her grandfather was filling. He measured all she brought, and credited her with half.

'I get eighty cents a bushel,' he said, 'so you will get forty.' It was a long time before Ina received four dimes; but she was very happy when they jingled in the little barrel.

The next morning she was at her tree early, but she soon left it to see what was going on at the house. Uncle Charlie had come with his spring wagon full of cousins on their way to Clear Lake, where they were to fish and have a picnic in honor of Elsie's birthday.

'We're going to have fried fish, and candy, and lemonade, and peanuts, and firecrackers,' cried little Charlie.

Ina danced with delight; but grandpa, who had come from the orchard, said, 'Our apples have to be shipped to-day. If you go, you won't fill your barrel.

Tears came to Ina's eyes as she hesitated. She had always wanted to go to Clear Lake and the wonderful rocks there, but if she did not fill her barrel some heathen children would lose a Bible, or stay a shorter time at school. 'Grandpa, I won't go,' she said bravely. 'I might have denied myself a little and filled my barrel long ago;' and before the cousins could coax her, Ina was working at her tree.

That evening a very tired little girl dropped two dollars in her missionary barrel.

'I now have four dollars and twenty cents, grandpa,' she said. 'May I help till it's full? I didn't put in pennies, because I've always given the Lord the pennies and kept the nickels and dimes for myself.'

Grandpa gave her more work until five dollars were packed in the little missionary barrel, and she knew this would keep some girl in India in a Christian school and home a third of a year. You can imagine how happy this made Ina.

'Where are you going, grandpa?' she asked as grandpa drove to the door the morning before Ina's visit was to close.

'We've been working so hard I thought we'd fish to-day. Grandma has a big basket of dinner ready, and I've sent for the cousins to meet us at Clear Lake,' was the answer.

'Splendid!' cried Ina. 'Now I can have a good time there; for I won't be cheating God with an empty missionary barrel.'—*Myra Goodwin Plantz.*

A Pleasing Game.

I joined in a game the other evening with a jolly party of young people which seems to me capital amusement for everybody, from grandfather down. It is called 'Observation.'

One of the ladies came into the room with a good sized tray, which she placed in the middle of a large, round table. On the tray was a collection of objects hidden by a napkin. We knew that something was under the napkin, because it was pushed up into little hillocks and pressed into little valleys. We all sat around, each armed with a pencil and a sheet of paper. At a given signal the lady removed the napkin and exposed the contents of the tray to view while she counted ten. Then she hid the tray again with the napkin. While she counted ten we were all struggling to get into our mind what was on the tray, and when the napkin was replaced we wrote down on the paper what we had observed. These fifteen objects were on the tray: A toy fan, a cracker, a ball of floss, a pair of scissors, a button-hook, a little bottle of brown stuff (smelling-salts, we learned afterwards) with a red cork, a Japanese lamp-mat, a marshmallow, a nail brush, a viniagrette with leaves in it, a Japanese box, a penwiper, a ball of brown worsted, a thimble, a little match-safe. Some of us caught only two or three of the objects, and the winner managed to observe only the first seven.

'Observation' is not only amusing, but it is good training for the eye. Robert Houdin, the famous magician, trained his son in some such way as this, so that he could pass rapidly through a room, and afterwards accurately describe the furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac which it contained.—*Ex.*

The Value of a Trade.

I remember some years ago, when I was a very young man, meeting John Roach, the great shipbuilder, in his shipyard at Chester, Pa. I remember, too, what he said then about the value of a trade to the average boy.

'Young man,' he said, laying his great broad hand on my shoulder, and looking at me earnestly with his keen, steel-blue Irish eyes, 'next to a clear conscience, a trade is as good a thing as any young man can have in this country. You can carry it with you all your life long, you have to pay neither rent nor taxes upon it, and it will help you around a sharp corner when most other things will fail.'

I have never forgotten that utterance from a man who started in life—after landing in New York from Ireland—a helper to a machinist, who became the leading shipbuilder of his time, and who, up to the hour when he was stricken with a fatal illness, could take the place of any of his workmen, whether it was a man driving rivets or an expert putting together the most delicate parts of a steamship's machinery.

Something very like what John Roach said I heard another great man who is now dead say. This was Peter Cooper, a man of whom American boys cannot know too much, and whom they certainly cannot too much admire.

'If I had my way,' said the venerable philanthropist, on the occasion to which I refer, 'I would give every boy a trade. Then I would have him stick to it, love it, and be good to it. If he does, it will be good to him.'—*Foster Coates in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Suggestions to Children.

Reverence your parents. Always address them in respectful language. Slang terms that would bring them into disrespect with others are offensive. 'The governor,' 'the old man,' 'the boss,' are terms of disrespect. Your heart may not be so coarse toward them, and think such expressions only add spirit to your conversation, but you are working evil to yourself. Honoring your parents secures God's favor.

Appreciate your parents. You will never understand how much they have done for you till it is too late for you duly to show your appreciation. You will never find any other friends who will care for you and cling to you in evil fortune as your parents. They may not have worldly renown, but they deserve your homage. Your best blood you receive from them.

Do not shorten childhood by haste. Maturity will come only too soon. Childhood is your probation for life. Extend it, and make the most of it.

Confide in your parents. Your most sacred and your most dangerous secrets are safer with your parents than anywhere else. Never conceal any habit or course of action from them. If you cannot trust it with your mother it has no right in your bosom. If you would blush to tell her you should not know it.

Never read a book you would not show your parents.

In mature years visit and write home frequently. Soon it will be impossible.

How Old Will I Be?

'Mother,' a little child once said, 'mother, how old must I be before I can become a Christian?'

And the wise mother answered, 'How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?'

'Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now, and I always shall;' and she kissed her mother. 'But you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be.'

The mother made answer with another question, 'How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?'

'I always did,' she answered, and kissed her mother again. 'But tell me what I want to know;' and she climbed into her mother's lap and put her arms about her neck.

The mother asked again, 'How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?'

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant, 'I can now, without growing any older.'

Then her mother said, 'You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to be older. All you have to do is to love, and trust, and try to please the One who says, 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Don't you want to begin now?

The child whispered, 'Yes.'

Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in her prayer she gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be his.—*Revivalist*

These Are the Boys for Christ.

One day a gentleman saw two boys going along the streets of a large city. They were barefooted. Their clothes were ragged and dirty, and tied together by pieces of string. One of the boys was perfectly happy over a half-withered bunch of flowers which he had just picked up in the street. "I say, Billy," said he to his companion, "wasn't somebody real good to drop these flowers just where I could find them? and they are so pretty and sweet. Look sharp, Billy: maybe you'll find something by and by."

Presently the gentleman heard his merry voice again, saying, "O Billy, if here ain't half a pear, and it ain't much dirty, either! 'Cause you haven't found anything, you may bite first."

Billy was just going to take a very little taste of it, when his companion said, "Bite bigger, Billy; maybe we'll find another 'fore long."

What a noble heart that poor boy had, in spite of his rags and dirt.—*Temple Magazine.*

Some Strange Visiting-Cards.

Calling in Corea must be a very difficult performance, if, as a London journal has recently stated, the ordinary visiting-cards there are a foot square. The same journal goes on to say that the savages of Dahomey announce their visits to each other by a wooden board or the branch of a tree artistically carved. This is sent on in advance; and the visitor, on taking leave, pockets his card, which probably serves him for many years. The natives of Sumatra also have a visiting card, consisting of a piece of wood about a foot long and decorated with a bunch of straw and a knife.—*Selected.*

Two very small children were overheard commenting upon the methods of their Sunday school teacher.

'It's funny about her,' said Master Six-Year-Old, musingly. 'Seems as if she didn't explain things much, after all.'

'No,' agreed Miss Seven-Year-Old; 'but she makes us explain just everything to her, you know.'

Quite a compliment, wasit not?

The man who will deliberately do one mean thing will also do another—if he gets a fair chance.

Forgiveness.

A little boy and girl were playing by the road-side. The boy became angry and struck his playmate a sharp blow on the cheek, whereupon she sat down and began to cry. The boy stood looking on, and presently said:

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Katie; I am sorry."

The little girl's face brightened instantly. The sobs were hushed, and she said:

"Well, if you are sorry, it doesn't hurt me."

All Sorts.

A London hairdresser states that there is only one really infallible hair producer and that is onion juice.

In your blood is the cause of that tired, languid feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes rich, red blood and gives renewed vigor.

The suicide record of the world for the year ending September 30 last, is said to be 185,000, an increase of nearly 20,000 over 1894.

You may eat cheap food and not be seriously hurt by it; but you cannot take cheap medicines without positive injury. If you use any substitute for Ayers' Sarsaparilla, you do so at the peril of your health, perhaps of your life. Insist on having Ayer's, and no other.

Mamma: 'I hope you said something pleasant when you gave Tommy his birthday gift?' Bob: 'Yes'm: I told him he was welcome to it, for it was one I had left over from last year.'

The demand for Ayer's Hair Vigor in such widely separated regions as South America, Spain, Australia, and India has kept pace with the home consumption, which goes to show that these people know a good thing when they try it.

The champion fat man of the world is now in Paris. M. Canon-Berg, who is of Swiss nationality, weighs something over 560 pounds. His health is excellent, and his appetite takes in enough food for five persons.

It Must Be the Best.

Rev. W. H. Madill, Alton, Ontario:—"I received the bottle of K. D. C. and have given it a fair trial, and I can say it has done me more good than the hundreds of dollars worth of doctor's medicine that I have taken.

The mildest as well as the worst forms of indigestion need a remedy, and that remedy is K. D. C. Free sample mailed to any address. K. D. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

Tommy—"My father is a church member." "Johnny—So is mine." Tommy—"But my father says your papa ain't, 'cause he don't never come to church, nor put nothin in the collection box." Johnny (bravely) "Well my papa is an honorary member, and honorary members don't chip in."

A fruit-dealer at Leeds advertises for a young assistant,—"one that does not wear shoes with more than three lace-holes in each side." It is very likely that the advertiser has calculated how much time will be saved by the absence of superfluous lace-holes. This reminds one of Carlyle's saying; "The race of life has become intense: the runners are treading upon each other's heels. Woe be to him who stops to tie his shoe-strings!"—

Toads and frogs have sometimes been taught to stay in a house to catch flies and other insects. They will take a corner of the kitchen for their own, and come out at regular times for their meals. The lightning-like rapidity with which they run out their long tongues and take in the unfortunate fly that ventures within range is very interesting—to all but the fly. However, the victim's misery is quickly over, which is not the case when it is caught in the long agony of fly-paper.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

No family in a bilious country should be without Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmelee's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites is the surest and best cure for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, and asthma. Price 50c and $1 00 per bottle

Home Hints.

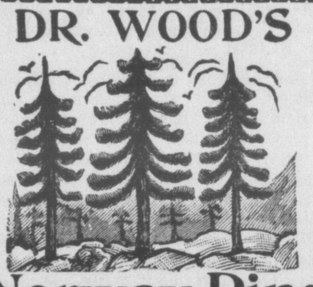
Vienna Bakery Coffee.—Make coffee in usual way; then take one pint cream heat over boiling water, white of one egg beaten to stiff froth, and add three tablespoons cold milk to egg and mix well; add to hot cream stirring briskly. Serve coffee in usual way, and add this cream.

Potato Custard.—Mash very smoothly one pound potatoes, cream with it one half pound butter, beat three eggs with one-half pound sugar; mix all well and flavor with wine and nutmeg. Bake in a puff paste and sprinkle sugar over when done. Excellent either hot or cold.

Tomato Catsup.—One-half bushel tomatoes, one tablespoon each of cloves and cinnamon, one-half tablespoon each of ground allspice, cayenne pepper and black pepper, one-quarter pint of salt, one pint vinegar, one-half pound mustard; add more spice if desired. Boil tomatoes fine, strain through a sieve, and then boil two hours with the other ingredients, until quite thick.

Cold] Slaw.—One quart of finely shaued cabbage, yolks of three eggs weil-beaten, one and one-half glassfuls weak vinegar, two teaspons white sugar, one tablespoon of olive oil, one-half teacup of thick sweet cream, piece of butter size of an egg, heaping teaspoon each salt, pepper and mustard; mix all well together, put over fire till hot, then add cabbage; stew until the whole is heated; place in earthen dish and set aside to become cold; add celery or celery salt before serving.

DR. WOOD'S



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