Weighing the Baby.

How much does the baby weigh,
All in all? Oh, who can say?
Not his dainty flesh and bone,
Not his sweet, pink clay alone,
Not his limbs so soft and fair;
These are trifles light as air,
These are but a thing apart,
When we weigh him in the heart.

Who can weigh the light that lies
In the heaven of his eyes?
Who can weigh his sunny smiles,
Or his sweetly winsome wiles?
Who can estimate the worth
Of an angel's kiss at birth—
Dimples playing hide and seek
In his round and rosy cheek?

Who can know the hopes and fears?
Of the mother's smiles and tears?
Who can weigh the prayers expressed
For the loved ones at her breast?
Who can tell the father's joy
Wrapped within that baby boy?
How much does the baby weigh,
All in all? Ah, who can say!

Blessed are the Merciful.

Policeman Garvey was pacing slowly along his beat one summer afternoon, when he noticed a dog lying on the pavement close to the curbstone, and, pausing to look at it, discovered that one of its legs was limp and broken. The poor creature gazed up at him so imploringly that he could not find heart to follow his first impulse and end its sufferings with a blow of his club. The street being a quiet one, he resolved to wait until his second round, hoping that meanwhile some one might come to claim it. When he returned, however, it was still in the same place, and three boys were bending over it. Two of them were evidently newsboys, with their bundles of paper, under their arms, and the third held fast to the handle of a large empty basket.

'Poor doggie!' said one of the newsboys, patting the black, silked head; but he stopped only a moment, and then, with his comrade, ran noisily down the street, crying, 'Here's your mornin' papers, *Post* and *Tribune*. Latest news from Washington.'

The boy with the basket still lingered and Policeman Garvey paused to see what he would do.

'Poor little fellow,' said he, stroking the dog's soft hair, 'How I wish—' and turning at the sound of a step behind him, he looked into the policeman's kind eyes,

'Oh sir,' said the boy, touching his hat 'what will become of him?'

'I suppose,' was the answer, 'that if there is nobody to take him I shall have to put him out of the way.'

'Oh, that would be dreadful! See how his eyes beg! I would take him home myself.'

'Where d'ye live, my lad?'

The boy named the street and number.

'So far as that? 'Twould be a tough lift fer ye.'

'Oh, but I don't mind that! If it wasn't for the basket. But'—his face lighting—'maybe I could lay him in the basket and carry him that way.'

'I believe you could,' said the policeman. 'Let me help you.'

The dog whinned a little with the pain of being moved, but he was very docile and gentle, seeming to comprehend that they were trying to help him. When he had been with some difficulty settled in his narrow quarters, the boy took firm hold of the stout basket-handle, and, bidding the policeman good day, walked steadily and carefully away. At first he went on quite steadily, but long before he had passed over the mile and a half of pavement which stretched before him his arms had grown very tired, and he was glad enough indeed to open the door of the little tenement which he called home. A white-haired old lady dressed in a neat, though sadly-faded gown, came forward to meet him, but her gentle smile of welcome changed to a look of wonder at sight of the living contents of the basket.

'Why, Johnny dear, whatever have you got there?' she asked.

'Only wait a minute, grandma, until I can take him out, and then I will tell all about it.'

The old lady brought a bit of ragged blanket, and when the poor dog had been laid comfortably upon it, Johnny poured out his story.

'Just see how patient and loving he is,' said the boy, as the creature licked his hand. 'I couldn't leave him there to be killed, could I grandma?'

'It would have been a very hard thing to do,' said the old lady slowly, 'but—'

'But what, grandma?'

A mist gathered over the grandmother's spectacles.

'I can't bear to say it, but, truly Johnny, I don't know how we are going to feed the poor dog.'

'I thought of that grandma,' said the boy in a low voice, 'but I am going to give him part of my own bread and milk.'

'Poor Laddie!' said the grandmother and her voice trembled, 'you do not have any too much for yourself; but you shall do as you like.'

The grandmother had been a famous nurse in her day, and she and Johnny together made from some bits of kindling wood a little pair of splints for the broken limb, and bandaged it snugly, the dog looking on all the time with eyes that said, 'thank you' as plainly as any words could have done.

A week passed by. The dog had proved himself a very bright and winning little fellow, and the tapping of his tail on the floor whenever Johnny came into the room made a pleasant welcome for the boy, who was often sadly tired from running upon long errands, or more weary still with standing on the street corners, vainly trying for the 'job' which nobody would give him. This time he had been to the bakery to fetch a loaf of bread for supper, which a girl who had waited upon him had wrapped in a piece of newspaper. His grandmother was glancing over the paper as she was about to fold it, when she suddenly exclaimed:

'Read this, Johnny!'

Johnny took the paper and read aloud:

Strayed from 986 Chestnut avenue, June 7th, a black-and-tan terrier, medium-sized, and answering to the name of 'Prince.' A liberal reward will be given for his return to the owner's residence.

As he pronounced the name 'Prince' the dog had sprung up as quickly as his injured leg would allow, and standing upon the remaining three, wagged his tail furiously, cocked his little cropped ears, and uttered a sharp bark of delight.

Johnny's countenance fell.

'Oh, grandma! it must be my doggie! And I've got to loving him so! It was only two blocks from Chestnut avenue that I found him.'

Don't feel bad, deary. Think how much some other little boy or girl may have been missing him,' said the grandmother gently.

'Prince, Prince?' said Johnny in a trembling voice.

The dog's brown eyes danced, and he tried vainly to leap up to the boy's hand.

'I shall have to carry him back, grandma.'

'Yes, dear, I think you will.'

That afternoon Johnny, with the dog in his arms, rang the door-bell of a very beautiful house. The maid who came to answer the ring cried out at the sight of him:

'Why, it's our Prince!'

At the sound of her voice a lovely girl, dressed all in white, came flying down the long carved staircase, and held out her arms to the dog, which struggled out of Johnny's grasp with whines of half frantic pleasure.

'Papa, papa, come here!' cried the little girl.

Johnny was brought in to be questioned and thanked.

'Who taught you how to bandage the leg so nicely!'

'My grandmother helped me,' said Johnny. The gentleman drew a bright five dollar gold piece from his pocket and held it out.

'Oh, sir!' said Johnny, and the tears stood in his eyes, 'I don't wan't to be paid; I loved the doggie?'

The look of surprise on the gentleman's face turned to something very gentle and kind.

'Tell me about yourself and your grandmother, my boy, he said so persuasively that before Johnny knew what he was doing he had the whole story of their poverty, of the grandmother's rheumatism, which made her find laundry work so hard for her, and of his own discouragement at being unable to get employment by which he could be of more help to her.

'I want a boy to keep my office tidy, and to run errands for me,' said the gentleman. 'Would you like the place?'

Oh, sir!' gasped Johnny, and burst out crying.

'There, there, my boy,' said the gentleman soothingly, while the little girl tried to wipe away his tears with her own tiny embroidered handkerchief. 'I know what you want to say. I will expect you to morrow morning at nine o'clock.' And he gave Johnny a card with his name and business address upon it.

Johnny is a young man now, and has been for years private secretary to the distinguished lawyer whose faithful office boy he began to be so many years ago. The dear old grandmother is living still, tenderly beloved and attended in the pretty home which her boy has made for her. 'The best investment I ever made,' he says sometimes laughingly, 'was when I shared my supper with a wounded and suffering animal.'

So the merciful heart always reaps God's blessing. It was a true heart that wrote—

'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.'

—*Humane Journal.*

A Living Bridge.

Johnny's elbow rested on the table, his hands supported his head, and he was buried, mentally, in the open book before him. Uncle Dan sat before the open fire, leisurely fitting a new handle into his mallet and glancing occasionally at Johnny or through the window into the street. His thoughts wandered with his eyes. A man passed by on the opposite side of the street, and Uncle Dan smiled, half complacently, half contemptuously, as he recognized in the bent figure a man who worked by his side in the great agricultural shops. Jim Brant is back in the shop again, but he won't keep his place long, he mused. 'He thinks he is reformed, but he won't pass them saloons many weeks till he'll be drunk once more, and then he'll be sent off for good. His likin' for liquor is a big ditch that he'll be sure to tumble into first or last, and then he will be hangin' round the saloons the same old way he was before, and his boy will be out of school once more. That's a nice enough boy of Jim's, too, if he had half a chance. Why can't the man take care of him as I do of Johnny? It takes Johnny to get ahead with his studies, though! He just drives into things.'

The old man looked proudly at the boy's bowed head and earnest face. What are you studyin' into now, Johnny? he asked, not because he expected to be much enlightened by the answer—Johnny's studies were usually a mystery to him—but because it was such a gratification to be awed by the boy's learning.

'Ants,' said Johnny. The teacher wanted us to learn what we could about them and the wonderful things they do. Just think, Uncle Dan, of ants that march in long columns, have officers, dig tunnels so that they can make their journeys underground and keep out of the heat of the sun, attack men—

I never come across any ants of that kind, interposed the old man, rather doubtfully.

'Oh these are African ants,' explained Johnny. 'Du Chaillu—he's a great traveller, Uncle Dan—tells about them. But the queerest thing they do—our teacher told us that, and I was trying to hunt it up—is to make bridges of themselves. When they come to a stream a number of them bang on to each other with their claws until they form a cable long enough to reach from a tree or bush on one side of the stream to one on the opposite side, and so they make a living bridge on which the whole regiment can cross in safety. The teacher said that if human beings would sometimes try to be living bridges, and help other people over hard places, there would be—Johnny's eyes went down to his book again, and the last words of the sentence came dreamily after a pause—'more safe travelling.'

H'm grunted Uncle Dan, looking into the fire once more, with his thoughts going back to his weak shopmate.

There was a long hour of silence: Johnny was busy with his book and Uncle Dan with his thoughts. Then the old man spoke hesitatingly.:

Johnny, mebbe you could like Will Brent well enough to sort o' help along a bit—when you see a chance?

Why, I do, answered Johnny, wonderingly, I only hope that he can stay in school.

I've been thinking, pursued Uncle Dan, that if I kept watch of Jim—walkin' with him to and from the shop mostly, and lending a friendly hand now and then—he wouldn't be so likely to go down again. We might have him and the boy here sometimes, and mebbe me and you could be a kind of living bridge for 'em, Johnny. I do reckon that's what the Lord wants us to be.

Johnny's whole eager face showed how much he wanted to help his friend, but all he said was:

Now I know what African ants were made for.—*Forward.*

How Stingy Jimmy Improved.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bit of an apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

If I didn't want it, he would say, p'r'aps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?

Because it is nice to be generous, said his mother, and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself.

Well, said Jimmy, I'll try it.

The sled went off. How soon shall I feel better? he asked by and by. I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?

Certainly, answered his mother; but if you should keep on giving something away, you would feel better all the sooner.

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well as before. He gave away his silver piece he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:

I don't like this giving things. It doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better.

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street, dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince and asking all the boys to take a slide. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said:

You might give Johnny my old overcoat. He is littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my sled. I'll give away something else. And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.—*Our Little Ones.*

Thou Shalt Not Covet.

My dear children, I am going to talk to you to-day about a very great sin—that of covetousness. To covet means to wish for something that belongs to another. Sometimes we see a company of children standing at the window of a jeweller's store. One says, Oh, I wish I had that gold watch! Another says: I wish I had that beautiful diamond ring! Now, those children do not think what they are doing. Wishing means coveting. This wishing, or coveting, if it be allowed to remain, will grow up into a desire to get the thing coveted. If the child cannot get it in a right way, he will try to get it in a wrong way. It will make him a thief or a robber. Now, you must remember, when you allow yourselves to covet, or to wish for anything that belongs to another, you are guilty of the sin of breaking the tenth commandment. A Sunday-school teacher asked her boys which of the commandments was the hardest to keep. One mentioned one, and another a different one; till at last a boy about twelve years old said: The last is the hardest. Why is it so, my boy? she asked. Because, for one who is poor to see another possessing a great deal of money, and a great many clothes, and much cattle and rice, without wishing for some of them, is very hard. That is so, children; but God can help you keep it!—*Sel.*

The Cost of a Boy.

B. F. Fish gave a lecture on the cost of a boy. He computes that at the age of fifteen a good boy, receiving the advantages of city life, will cost, counting compound interest on the sum invested, not less than $5,000. At twenty-one he will not cost any more unless he goes to college, when he may cost nearly twice as much. A bad boy costs about $10,000 at twenty one, provided he does not go to college. If he does go he costs as much more.

Mr. Fisk thinks that girls are nearly as expensive as boys. The computation comprised, however, only the pecuniary cost of raising a boy. The value of the mother's tears and the father's gray hairs are beyond the reach of figures to express. The money side is far the lesser of the two.

And when a man has put ten or twenty thousand dollars into a boy, what has he a right to expect of him? Some of us have put about all our property into boys and girls; and if we lose them we shall be poor indeed, while if they do well we shall be paid a hundredfold.—*Exchange.*

Cats that Travel.

On one of the Southern railroads there is a cat that lives on one of the trains. When the train stops, the cat jumps off at the station and walks about. The moment the conductor calls out, All aboard! puss jumps on the train. She has the freedom of the train, and makes friends with the passengers. Nor is this cat the only one that likes to travel. On one of the ferry-boats that crosses from an uptown ferry in New York City to the Long Island shore there is a cat that has been on the boat ten years. She is a pet of the crew and the passengers. Once in a while puss stays on shore for one trip. When she does, she stretches out on one of the big beams on the bridge, and waits for her boat to come back. She never makes the trip on any other boat. The crew feed her and care for her tenderly.—*Outlook.*

How to cure Headache.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with Headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: 'I find Parmelee's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache.'

All Sorts.

At least eighty-five per cent. of the colored people in the Gulf States depend for their living on agriculture in some form.

Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach and strengthen your nerves.

A well-filled stamp album has been sold for £2,200. Another collection realized £6,000.

'One of my sick headaches' you will hear people frequently say, as if the complaint was hopelessly incurable. As a matter of fact, Ayer's Pills not only relieve sick headache but effectually remove the cause of this distressing complaint, and so bring about a permanent cure.

He (indignantly): I hope I know my own mind! She (sweetly) you surely ought to know as much as that.

Blood-purifiers, though gradual, are radical in their effect. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is intended as a medicine only and not a stimulant, excitant, or beverage. Immediate results may not always follow its use; but after a reasonable time, permanent benefit is certain to be realized.

Patent Applied for.—Mercy, Bridget what's the matter with these cakes? I dun know, mum. They taste of soap. Yes, mum. I couldn't find the soapstone griddle, an' I soaped the iron one.

Mr. Pegg Long: A basket of patent medicines! What on earth you got 'em for? Mrs. Doser's Boy: Ma's going to take 'em. She wants ter get her pictur in the papers.

Spirit of the Age: Do you desire the peace of Europe? Chorus of Great Powers: That depends on which of us gets the biggest piece.

The Hindoo holy book forbids a woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, blacken her eyebrows, eat dainty food, sit at a window or view herself in a mirror during the absence of her husband, and allows him to divorce her if she has no sons, scolds him, quarrels with another woman, or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal.

Manager (to errand boy who is half an hour late)—John, how is it you are always late in arriving and always first to leave?

John—Well, sir, ye wadna hae me late twice a day, wad ye?

Which do you love most, your papa or your mamma?

Little Charlie—I love papa most.

Charlie's mother—Why, Charlie, I thought you loved me most?

Charlie—Can't help it mamma. We men must hold together.

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