

THE CHICKENS' NAPKIN.

"Your napkin, dear," reminded mama, gently.

Bernice, across the table, lifted her little bread-and-butter face, and the tiniest of scowls travelled up and down between her eyes. Napkins were such a bother.

"I wish there weren't any!" she murmured, getting down from her high chair to pick hers up. "They always drop, an' they get all mixed up when you fold 'em up."

When you don't fold 'em up," corrected Earl, laughing.

"You couldn't have any teenty, tonty dear napkin ring if there weren't any napkins," said Esther, wisely.

Bernice turned her dainty, beloved little ring over and over thoughtfully in her hands. "Then I wish I was a chicken," she announced, slowly.

"Oh, chickens use napkins regularly at every meal."

"Chickens?"

The word came in astonished chorus from all the children.

"Why, of course. Did you think they hadn't manners at all? I can tell you Mother Biddy is bringing them up better than that. After dinner you shall see. She teaches them to use their napkin very carefully."

"Only just one to 'em all?"

"Ye es" papa said, reluctantly; "only just one; but then it's plenty big enough."

The twinkles in papa's eyes were playing hide-and-seek.

"It's so large they share it with their relatives, their aunts and cousins and uncles."

"Why, the idea?"

"O my, I don't call that having good manners!" said Bernice, scornfully.

The children started out with papa to the chicken yard, but mamma had to call Bernice back again to fold her napkin. That happened very often.

The chickens' meal was nearly over, but they watched them take the last few dainty pecks.

"That's the dessert. They eat it slow 'cause they've eaten all their hungry up," exclaimed Esther.

"Where's their napkins? I don't see any," Bernice exclaimed in disappointment.

"Wait," said papa.

"Now watch!" he said a minute later, as the Downy little fellows finished their last crumbs. They walked away a few steps, and then every single one of them wiped his bill—this-a-way, that-a-way, very carefully indeed—on the grass.

"Oh!"

"O-oh!"

"Oh, my!"

"Well," Bernice added triumphantly, "they didn't fold it up, papa."—Selected.

KEEPING ENGAGEMENTS

In the "Christian Endeavor World" this story is told concerning "President Roosevelt on Keeping Engagements," by the Rev. Charles L. Goodell, D. D., of New York, as follows:

"A friend of mine was closeted with President Roosevelt, discussing a matter of much importance, when the private telephone bell rang. The President answered it, and a boyish voice said, 'Who is this?' 'It is the President?'"

"Is Archie there? 'He is not here, but I think he is somewhere about.'"

"Well, he promised to come and play with me at 2 o'clock; and now it is 3 o'clock, and he has not come, and I am very much disappointed."

"I will look the matter up at once," said the man of affairs. He spoke with as much interest and determination as would have been manifested over any question of statecraft or public policy. Turning to the house telephone, he soon located Archie, and said, 'Did you have an engagement to meet a playmate at 3 o'clock; and if so, why have you not kept it?'"

"Oh, yes, I promised to meet one of the boys, but I forgot all about it."

"Go to him at once and apologize."

"The President then gave his son a homily on the morality of keeping an engagement, something like this: 'Not to keep an engagement is to be guilty of a species of falsehood, and it should be as carefully avoided as any other variation from the truth. If you keep engagements as a boy, you will keep them as a man; if you are careless with them now, you will

have to learn new principles, or be a failure in life.'"

PROHIBITION BENEFICIAL

Lady Henry Somerset states the fact that in one district in Liverpool, in which there is no saloons, there is but one pauper in every thousand inhabitants. In another district, in which there are two hundred saloons, there is one pauper to every twenty-eight inhabitants.

It is likely that investigation would disclose similar conditions in the wards and precincts of all cities.

The Kansas City Journal says that prohibition had materially decreased the number of saloons in that State; that a large proportion of offenders against the law have been convicted, and that the principle of prohibition is growing stronger.

There is not a pauper in Finney County, Kansas. Logan County spent only ten dollars a month for the poor.

Ohio has three dollars per head in banks, Maine has sixty-two dollars per head.

Kansas, with prohibition and 100,000 more population than Texas, has but one penitentiary and 996 prisoners. Texas with saloons and 100,000 less people than Kansas, has two penitentiaries and 3,000 convicts.

Judge Benson, of Kansas, had but two liquor cases before him in a month.

Ottawa, Kansas, with 8,000 people has out one day marshal and one night watchman. Pullman, Illinois, a prohibition town of 11,000 people, has but two constables.

In the interior of the State of Kansas, in all the rural parts, and a few of the larger cities and towns, the prohibitory law is effective in absolutely suppressing the open sale of liquor, and in reducing surreptitious sales to a minimum. In interior cities such as Ottawa, Marion, Hutchinson, Topeka, etc., the prohibitory law is, according to the testimony of its friends, and the admission of its enemies, as thoroughly enforced and as well observed as any other law of the State.

The city of Topeka has a population of 40,000, and is the State capital as well as an important railway point. But Topeka has no saloons. It has no bar-room. It has no public or private recognized facilities for carrying on the liquor traffic.—National Alliance.

HE'LL NOT WAIT

Some months after a young man's conversion he chanced to meet one of his former dissolute companions, who seemed overjoyed to see him, and who asked him to go to a neighboring bar-room, but the young man refused, saying:

"I have a friend with me."

"I don't see anyone with you."

"You can't see him, but he is here."

"Bring him in with you."

"No; he never goes into bar-rooms."

"Then let him stay outside."

"No. No!" was the final answer. "My friend is Jesus Christ, and if I go in with you he'll not wait."

Noble answer was this! And, like his Lord, he was delivered by it from the power of evil.

Remember this, best Friend "will not wait" outside of places of sin. Who can take his place if he leaves you?—Crown of Glory.

BRAVE BILL AND HIS ENEMY

When the report of the loss of the "Maine" reached this country, the account was given also of the dauntless courage with which the officers and sailors met the disaster. One man, while the thunder of the explosion was still sounding in his ears, appeared at the door of Captain Sigsbee's cabin, and touching his cap said calmly:

"Excuse me, sir, I have to report that the ship has blown up and is sinking."

He faced an almost certain death in order to save the captain's life.

When the story was told, the heart of the nation responded with a proud throb. Every American felt honored by the courage and coolness of his countryman, and rejoiced that by some happy chance he was among the few who were saved.

His after story is brief, and as it has been told in all the daily journals there can be no indelicacy in reciting it here.

He was a marine orderly on the "Maine," a gallant, generous, friendly young fellow, who had but one enemy—

He drank to excess. After the destruction of the "Maine" he came to this country, and was received with praise and affection as a hero. His friends gathered around him; he married, and soon had another position. He loved his work, his friends, and his wife; but not work, nor friends, nor home could drag him away from the fatal habit.

Not two years from that day when, a hero among heroes, he trod the deck of the sinking ship, he sat alone in a public park in New York, a miserable outcast, who for liquor had given up all that made life dear. Mad with want and despair, he kissed the picture of his child, and put an end to his life—a life which God had fitted to make happy and noble.

We tell this story to American boys, as we would point out a beast of prey hidden by the path along which they must walk.—Youth's Companion.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN"

Josh Billings said, "If you want to bring up a child the way he should go, you must go to Sunday school yourself."

Make any sacrifice to bring your children into the Sunday school and keep them there.

You like to have some special treat for Sunday dinner. I am glad you do. I want you to make Sunday the brightest day of all the week. But prepare your dinner the day before. Make your puddings and pies, cook your chicken on Saturday. Carefully reheated, no one will know the difference. Then when mother sits down to the table with father and the children, not warm and tired from a morning spent in the kitchen, but fresh and sweet from the study of God's Word, who can measure the peace and content found in that home? From Johnny in the highchair, to father at the head of the table, all are eager to tell something teacher said about the lesson.

The little ones will carry a picture of mother's face, smiling and sweet, not through the week only, but down through the years—wearied years, maybe—as the dearest and best memory of their childhood. Is the nearest church miles away? My grandfather drove eleven miles to church three times a week. Through darkness and darkness through drifts and blinding storms, he went never missing a "meeting." Is the father weary and will not go with you? This is the hardest of all. Yet mothers, you must go for the sake of the children, for the sake of the little ones God has given into your hands. Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Do not stand between them and their heavenly Father. "Forbid them not." Hinder them not. Go. Go every Sunday, and when your father sees how happy and blessed you are in going, some day he, too, will go.

Invite pastor and teacher to visit you. Help the Sunday school do its work in your home.

In my native village there is a man who united with the church late in life. His home was in the country. Until he was fifteen he scarcely knew what it was to go to church. For one summer only he had attended Sunday school in the little country schoolhouse. He had never been to a prayer meeting. Once I heard him say—and with oh! how much of sadness:

"So long as I live, and study as hard as I may, I can never recover the loss of the training I should have received as a child in the Sunday school. What we learn before we are fifteen is a part of us, a part of our bone and blood, of our very being. It is the background of all our future living and thinking. My mother was a good mother—none better. But she worked so hard through the week—she kept the house immaculate—that she was too tired to go anywhere on Sunday."

Mothers, mothers, keep the home orderly, cheery and tidy—that is, fairly tidy. But if there is a bit of dust on the top of the cupboard, or if the kitchen floor isn't scrubbed every day, never mind. They are but "the mint and anise and cummin." Put your mind and thought on the weightier matter. Your child is learning something day by day, hour by hour. What shall it be?—Ellen Louise Barnes, in Mother's Magazine.

Gladstone in a speech in the House of Commons in May, 1881, referring to the liquor traffic, said: "This traffic has wrought more harm than the three great historic scourges—war, famine and pestilence, combined."

OUT OF EGYPT INTO CANAAN

ARTHUR F. INGLER.

In this world of sin and sorrow
There is danger everywhere;
Satan shoots his poisoned arrow,
Causing pain that's hard to bear;
If he comes not like a lion,
As an angel he'll appear;
Is there no one to defend me,
Is there no Deliverer here?

CHORUS:

Yes there's One, a Mighty One,
He has purchased full salvation for your soul;
Jesus Christ, God's only Son,—
He can save, and sanctify, and keep you whole.

It's my nature to be fretful,
And I sometimes feel so sad,
And I soon "fly off the handle"
When I get so very mad;
I am jealous, proud, and haughty,
And I always want my way;
Is there anyone, I wonder,
Who can take my sins away?—Cho.

I have found within my spirit
Something that will not obey,
When I would do good, it's present,
And it hinders when I pray;
If I only had my freedom,
Oh how happy I would be!
Is there not a second blessing,
Is it not for such as me?—Cho.

Now I've found this "full salvation,
And my soul is glad and free;
Deeper truths and sweeter graces
In my Bible now I see;
I am satisfied with Jesus,
And my heart is filled with joy;
Oh, this Pentecostal blessing
Keeps me sweet when things annoy.

CHORUS after 4th verse:

O it's fine, yes, superfine!
I am happy with this blessing, rain or shine;
O it's fine, yes, all the time:
This abundant, "Keeping blessing" now is mine.

PRAYING PREACHERS

Do preachers pray enough? The usual pastoral demands of the present day deprive many a preacher of a time to pray. It should not be so. If any one wants to "pray through" it is the man who holds the destiny of souls within his grasp. Much of the ministerial feebleness, infidelity, doubt and skepticism is the outcome of a cold heart. Men who stay on their knees will not doubt the inspiration of the Scriptures, nor question the supernaturalness of the miracles, nor scoff at holiness. If more sermons were gotten from the skies, rather than off a bookshelf, many congregations would be quickened into newness of life. "O Lord, give us ten thousand preachers who, like Baxter will stain the walls of their study with praying breath."—Michigan Christian Advocate.

READ THIS SLOWLY AND THINK.

Does my life please God?
Am I studying my Bible daily?
Am I enjoying my Christian life?
Is there anyone I can forgive?
Have I ever won a soul to Christ?
How much time do I spend in prayer?
Am I trying to bring my friends to Christ?
Have I ever had a direct answer to prayer?
Is there anything I cannot give up for Christ?
Just where am I making my greatest mistake?
How does my life look to those who are not Christians?
How many things do I put before my religious duties?
Have I ever tried giving one-tenth of my income to the Lord?
Is the world being made better or worse by my living in it?
Am I doing anything I would condemn in others? Sel.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN

THE GIANTS OF EVERY DAY.

Looking up from the picture book he was eagerly reading, Teddy exclaimed, "I'd like to be 'Jack the Giant Killer' and frighten all the old giants away!"

The other children laughed heartily at Teddy's choice, and Rob remarked:

"There never was such a man, Ted. It's only a foolish story, you know. There aren't any giants."

Teddy look dissatisfied. This was taking away the charm from his book.

"There are giants, aren't there, Uncle John?" he asked, throwing down his book and coming over to his uncle's arm-chair.

Uncle John laid aside his paper, and took the little fellow upon his knee.

"Giants, Teddy?" he repeated, gravely. "Yes, my boy, there are a great many giants all around us; and we have to earn to be good fighters if we do not wish to be overcome by them."

Teddy beamed triumphantly, but the other children opened their eyes in wonder, and Alice asked:

"What do you mean Uncle John?"

"My dear Alice, he answered, there is one dreadful giant named Intemperance, that is harder to conquer than any that the famous Jack ever vanquished. And there is another called Selfishness, a terrible monster, with nine heads; and a third named Cruelty, and a fourth named Dishonesty. We might mention ever so many more."

"O, that kind!" said Rob. "I mean there were no real giants."

"Well, there are fairly real giants, Rob. Did you ever try hard to fight one?"

Rob looked sober.

"I don't believe I've tried as hard as I might, sir," he confessed frankly. I think my worst giant is Selfishness," he added slowly.

"And mine is Idleness," whispered Alice.

"What is mine? It must be my Quick Temper," admitted Nellie, blushing over memories of recent defeats.

The three had formed a semi-circle around Ted and Uncle John, and their bright faces were more thoughtful than usual.

Little Ted looked perplexed. They were talking in riddles.

"Has everybody got a giant?" he ventured.

The others laughed at this, but Uncle John answered kindly:

"I'm afraid so, Ted. Anything that keeps us from doing good is our giant that we have to fight. Have you one my little man?"

The child's face flushed as he replied, after a moment's hesitation:

"Yes, there are a lot of them. There's my cross words to the nurse this morning; and I disobeyed mama; and I broke papa's penknife that he told me not to touch; and I, O!"—there Ted stopped suddenly and hid his face on Uncle John's shoulder.

NO SECRETS FROM MOTHER.

The moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let mother read or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest. In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother; do nothing that if discovered by your father, would make you blush. Have no mysteries whatever. Tell those about you where you go and what you do. Those who have the right to know, we mean, of course. The girl who frankly says to her mother, "I have been there. I met so-and-so. Such and such remarks were made, and this and that was done," will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right, no fault will be found. If the mother knows, out of great experience, that something was improper or unsuitable, she will if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition. It is when mothers discover that their girls are hiding things from them, that they rebuke and scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent. You may not know girls, just what is right, just what is wrong yet. You cannot be blamed for making little mistakes; but you will not be likely to do anything so very wrong, if from the first, you have no secrets from your mother.—H. L. Hastings.