

SISTER MARY'S STORY.

"Sister Mary," said Little Ella, "please tell me a story about a fox."

"So I will, my little darling; come, climb in my lap."

On the top of a high mountain, in a hole in a rock, lived an old fox with two little ones. One afternoon, Brownie, one of the little foxes, said: "I am hungry; I want a good fat hen, and I can't wait; no, I can't."

"You must wait," said the mother. "I can't go now."

"Why not?" said Brownie, crossly.

"Don't bother me," said the old fox, who wanted a hen as much as Brownie; and Spot, the other little one, was cross because she had to wait till dark before she could get one.

By and by night came, and the mother fox said: "Children, don't go out of this hole while I am gone; if you do, something may hurt you."

The mother started for the farmyard. As soon as she was gone, Brownie said, "I mean to go out."

"Oh, Brownie, don't!" said Spot.

"I will," said Brownie; so he went. He had not gone far when he heard a noise behind him, and the first thing he knew a wild cat sprang upon him and killed him.

When the mother fox came home she did not find any Brownie. Spot said he had gone out of the hole, and that was the last they ever saw of him. They ate up the hen themselves, and this is the end of my story.

Ella, remember the little fox and always mind your mother; if you don't, you will get hurt. Thank you, sister Mary.

LO! IT IS NIGH THEE.

The surprise of life always comes in finding how we have missed the things that have lain nearest us; how we have gone far away to seek that which was close by our side all the time. Men who live best and longest are apt to come, as the result of all their living to the conviction that life is not only richer, but simpler, than it seemed to them at first. Men go to vast labor seeking after peace and happiness. They must pile up wealth; they must see every possible danger of mishap—guarded against, before they can have peace. Upon how many old men has it come with a strange surprise that peace would come to rich or poor only with contentment, and that they might as well have been content at the very beginning as at the very end of life! They have made a long journey for their treasure, and when at last they stood to pick it up, lo! it is shining close beside the footprint which they left when they set out to travel in a circle.—Phillips Brooks.

THE WORK OF A MOMENT.

Did you never write a letter and just as you were wishing it let your pen fall on it, or a drop of ink blot the fair page? It was the work of a moment, but the evil could not be entirely effaced. Did you never cut yourself unexpectedly and quickly? It took days or weeks to heal the wound, and even then a scar remained. It is related of Lord Brougham, that one day he occupied a conspicuous place in a group to have his daguerreotype taken. But a an unfortunate moment he moved. The picture was taken, but his face was blurred.

Do you ask what application we would make of these facts? Just this: It takes a lifetime to build a character; it only takes one moment to destroy it. "Watch and pray," therefore, "that ye enter not into temptation." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

GENERAL BOOTH'S RECIPE FOR LONGEVITY.

The seventy-eight-year-old head of the Salvation Army has formulated seven rules for the attainment of a healthy old age. Some of them are by no means new, but they are worth repeating.

Eat as little as possible. The average man eats too much. Instead of nourishing his body, he overtaxes it, compelling his stomach to digest more food than it has capacity for.

Drink plenty of water in preference to adulterated concoctions. Water is wholesome nourishment.

Take exercise. It is just as foolish to develop the mind and not the body as it is to develop the body and not the mind. Perform some manual labor; dig, walk, chop wood, or if you can talk with your whole body, wai, then, talk; but do it with all your might.

Have a system, but do not be a slave of the system. If my hour to rise is 8 a.m., and at that time I haven't had sufficient rest, I take a longer time.

Do not fill your life with a lot of silly and selfish pleasures, so that when you come to die you will find you have not really lived.

Abstain from indulgences which overtax the body and injure not only yourself but the generations that come after you.

Have a purpose in life that predominates above all else, that is beneficent to those about you, and not to your own greedy self alone. If there is one thing for which I am glad, it is that I have found a purpose which involves not me alone, but all humanity.

THE MOTHERLOOK.

"As one whom his mother comforteth." Isa. 66: 13.

You take the finest woman, with the roses in her cheeks,
An' all th' birds a-singin' in her voice
each time she speaks;
Her hair all black an' gleamin', or a
glowin' mass o' gold—

An' still th' tale o' beauty isn't more
th'n halfway told.

There ain't a word that tells it; all description it defies—

The motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

A woman's eyes will sparkle in her innocence an' fun,

Or snap a warnin' message to th' ones she wants to shun.

In pleasure or in anger there is always
hen'someness,

But still there is a beauty that was
surely made to bless—

A beauty that grows sweeter an' that
all but glorifies—

Th' motherlook that sometimes comes
into a woman's eyes.

It ain't a smile exactly—yet it's brimmin' full o' joy,

An' meltin' into sunshine when she
bends above her boy

Or girl when it's a-sleepin', with its
dreams told in its face;

She smooths its hair, an' pets it as she
lifts it to its place.

It leads all th' expressions, whether
grave, or gay, or wise—

Th' motherlook that glimmers in a lovin' woman's eyes.

There ain't a picture of it. If there
was they'd have to paint

A picture of a woman mostly angel an'
some saint,

An' make it still be human—an' they'd
have to blend the whole.

There ain't a picture of it, for no one
can paint a soul.

No one can paint the glory comin'
straight from paradise—

The motherlook that lingers in a happy woman's eyes.

ILLS OF CHILDHOOD

HOW TO CURE THEM

There is no medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets for the cure of such ills of babyhood and childhood as constipation, indigestion, diarrhoea, colic, simple fever, worms and teething troubles. When you give this medicine to your little ones you have the guarantee of a government analyst that it is perfectly safe. Mrs. Thos. Mills, Ethel, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little boy and find them just the medicine needed to keep babies healthy. They are easy to take and always do good." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AFGHANISTAN STORY-TELLERS.

Story-tellers are in great favor with the people of Afghanistan. All important attendants and officials are story-tellers in a way, says the author of "Under the Absolute Amir," but there are special men whose chief duty it is to tell stories to their masters while the latter lie on their beds at night and listen until they fall asleep.

In Kabul, when a guest is invited to dinner, the invitation means that he is expected to stop the night in the house of his host, and on these occasions, when the dinner has been despatched, the guests rather round the host, squatting or lying on carpets, and each one takes his turn at telling a story. The interest in the stories related is so great that they often sit listening to one another far into the night.

The bazaar story-teller takes up his stand in a busy thoroughfare, and begins a story. In a short time he is surrounded by a large crowd, eagerly drinking in the various episodes related, while people, riding or walking past have difficulty in squeezing their way through the crowd, if they themselves do not stop to swell it; but nothing is said or done by passers by to disturb the story-teller in his recital of adventures.

SIDNEY AND HIS PENNY.

Sabbath school was over, and Sidney was waiting in church for the service to begin. Grandma and mamma were sitting in the pew behind him. He had promised to give a penny every Sabbath to the church, and he had a little envelope to put it in. He thought he would get it ready while he was waiting, but, oh, dear! when he went to put the penny into the envelope, he couldn't open it; he had been carrying it in his warm pocket, and it was stuck together. He held it up for mamma to see. Grandma whispered, "Give it to me; perhaps I can open it." Sidney shook his head. "No, I am not going to put my penny in to-day. One penny doesn't do much good."

Then he had to turn around, because the minister began to speak.

"One penny doesn't do much good." Why, one penny will buy a little tract which will tell someone about Jesus.

It will buy a pretty card which will please some poor, sick child in a hospital.

It will buy a loaf of bread in Turkey, which will feed three or four hungry children.

It will buy a pencil to send to a little school boy in Africa.

These are just a few of the things which a penny will buy. You can find out a good many more yourself. Ask some missionary.

Sidney did put his penny in, after all. Grandma asked him, and he said "Yes." If he should happen to read this story, don't you think he would be glad—Mission Dayspring.