

A YOUNG and illiterate doctor, on being told that a certain patient was convalescent, said: "Why, that is nothing. I can cure convalescence in three hours."

WHEN a certain bachelor was married the members of the Bachelor Club broke him up by sending him as a wedding present a copy of "Paradise Lost."

A MARRIED lady declined to tell a maiden sister any of her troubles, saying, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." "Yes," replied the sister, "and I've come to the conclusion that when singleness is bliss 'tis folly to be wives."

THE CELEBRATED GEORGE DEMPSTER, of Dunnichen, in his canvass for votes before an election, is reported to have gone into the shop of a tailor in Forfar, who was entitled to give a vote. He found mother and daughter engaged in household matters, and the tailor on his board, busy at work. Dempster flung a purse in the daughter's lap, and at the same time gave her a kiss. The tailor took a stealthy look at the transaction, and wishing to sell his vote at a good value, cried, "Kiss my wife too, sir."

PROPERLY LABELLED.—A Somerville book agent, who has been wearing a small circular bit of court plaster on his face, removed it while shaving a few mornings since and replaced it when his toilet was completed. Contrary to his usual experience, as he went about his business during the rest of the day, he was everywhere received with smiles, which grew broader and broader, until at last somebody laughed in his face. Led by this to look in the glass he was somewhat taken aback to discover that, instead of the court plaster, he had affixed to his face a little round printed label, which had fallen from the back of a new mantel clock, purchased the day before, and which bore the appropriate inscription:—"Warranted solid brass."

A MODEL STUDENT.—The Rev. Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, though a very clever man, once met with his match. When examining a student as to the classes he had attended, he said:

"And you attended the class in mathematics?"

"Yes."

"How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

"What are they?"

What a laugh in the court the student's answer produced when he said, "An inside and an outside."

The Doctor next inquired, "And you attended the moral philosophy class also?"

"Yes."

"Does any effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes."

"Give me an instance."

"A man wheeling a wheelbarrow."

The doctor then sat down and proposed no more questions.

### For Girls and Boys.

#### THE BAND OF HOPE PLEDGE.

This youthful Band, do with the hand,  
The PLEDGE now sign, to drink no *Wine*;  
Nor *Brandy* red, to turn the head;  
Nor crazy *Gin*, to tempt to sin;  
Nor *Whisky* hot, that makes the sot;  
Nor *Ale* nor *Beer*, that makes us queer;  
Nor fiery *Rum*, to turn our home  
Into a hell, where none can dwell;  
Whence peace would fly, where love would die!  
And hope expire, amid such a fire,  
For this we *Pledge* perpetual hate  
'Gainst all that can intoxicate!

This is a noble resolution, and it is to be hoped that every good boy and girl will take it. There are some members of the Band of Hope who have never tasted a drop of the drunkard's drink in their lives. These are "life teetotalers," a title of which any child might be proud. All real Band of Hope children delight in singing temperance songs; they should sing them at home, and in every place where they have a chance. They should be constant in their attendance at the Band of Hope meetings, and bring as many children with them as they can persuade to come.

In the ways of true temperance, see children delighting,  
So joyful and happy wherever we go;

If firm to the purpose in which we're uniting,  
We shall never be drunkards—oh, never, oh, no.

The pledge we have taken must never be broken;  
In temperance and love we hope daily to grow.  
We must always remember the words we have spoken,  
And never be drunkards—oh, never, oh, no!

—Selected.

#### FRED'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Fred Griswold usually paid good heed to the Sabbath service, for grandpa, who was so deaf that he seldom went to church, was sure to ask his little eight-year-old grandson for the text and some words of the sermon. The bright boy took great satisfaction in this "telling the sermon," which performance, he found, was sure to call forth not alone the undisguised admiration of his grandfather, but also of Mabel and Johnnie. But on a certain morning Fred quite forgot to listen to the minister, because he had, as he afterwards explained, "something very important to think about."

For three successive years our young friend had been given a birthday party; and on Saturday he had reminded his mother of the approaching anniversary, with the hint that "maybe it was time to think about the party." Her reply, "Yes, Fred, we'll plan about it to-morrow," was the important subject of the little fellow's meditation at church. How his mother, who wouldn't let him look at his St. Nicholas on Sunday, should choose the sacred day to arrange for the coming celebration, was a mystery too deep for the boy to solve. "P'raps mamma will wait till bedtime when Sunday'll be almost gone," was one of his many explanations; but no! it was soon decided that the half hour which was always filled with tender talks about the "love of Jesus," wouldn't be devoted to plans for mere merry-making.

Fred next weighed the possibilities of the Sabbath afternoon Bible-reading, knowing as he did his mother's wonderful faculty for finding something in the blessed Book concerning every act of life. But he finally shook his head as he said to himself, "Of course the Bible hasn't anything about birthday parties!" However, when the time for the Bible-reading came, and Mrs. Griswold said nothing yet upon the all-absorbing topic, her eager son could hardly wait for the announcement of the day's selection, so anxious was he to see if it could contain any suggestions for his long anticipated feast.

It was a happy little company gathered in the sitting-room. Papa had a class at the church, so he wasn't there; but "sick auntie" lay on the sofa as usual with Mabel in a low chair beside her; grandpa was one of the number, and Fred, also nurse Ann with the baby, while mamma, holding on her lap merry four-year-old Johnnie, formed the centre of the group. All joined in singing "Jesus Loves Even Me," then Mrs. Griswold and her sister sang very gently one verse of "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," repeating the refrain, "Then scatter seeds of Kindness, then scatter seeds of kindness, for our reaping by-and-by." After this all opened their Bibles as mamma said: "Let us see if we can learn some sweet lesson for to-day from the 14th chapter of Luke," gently stroking Freddie's hair as she spoke. From the seventh to the twenty-seventh were the verses read, accompanied by a running commentary from the mother, so clear and simple that even Mabel and Johnnie were able to grasp something of the spiritual truth which was clothed in the parables.

This Bible service was always made very informal, and the children were encouraged to ask questions, many of which usually suggested themselves to Fred's active inquiring mind. But during this lesson he hadn't a word to say after the reading of the twelfth verse: "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends," etc. He was eagerly attentive to every word and evidently very thoughtful; but not until his mother closed her Bible did the little listener break the silence. Then he said, "Why, mamma, do you suppose Jesus meant my birthday party?" "I am sure the lesson can apply to my boy's birthday gathering," was the reply. "If Fred would like to have a gospel feast, I know the Lord will give the promised blessing."

"There's little lame Jimmie who brings our morning paper, and the little girl auntie teaches to sew, and lots of poor children. I guess they'd like it pretty well!"

"There's no doubt of that, I think," answered Mrs. Griswold; "but how would you like it, Fred?"

"Well, I'm thinking!" adding after a half moment's pause, "I don't s'pose it would be quite so much fun, though maybe I should be happier."