

can do without you when you are dead. I believe in this as strongly as I believe that I stand here. So many men are careless in their provision for their families. They look to God for spiritual blessings, but they are not economical in their own households. They are good men and love the Lord, but when their lips are sealed in death they have left nothing for the widow and the orphans. He has saved his own soul, but has not made the way peaceful and comfortable for those he leaves behind, and for whose existence he is partially responsible. Fix up the best you can for them, brethren, before you die.

I believe life assurance is a providence that no man can ignore. I believe that every man who has a family ought to carry a policy commensurate with his ability to pay the premium. He may thereby lose some luxuries while he lives, but he will provide comforts for loved ones when he is dead.

Life assurance is but an investment in the interest of widows and orphans. So I feel and so I practice.

YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS: SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN.

Strangeness of City Life—A little girl whose parents had recently removed to another city, and who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a block, thus described it in a letter to another child "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened on our house."

Helping Auntie Out—Susie—And so you are an old maid, auntie; a real old maid? Aunt Ethel—Yes, Susie, dear; I'm a real old maid. Susie (wishing to be nice and comforting)—Well, never mind, poor dear auntie, I am sure it isn't your fault.

Pang of Lost Anticipation—"Oh," exclaimed Marjorie Manson, as the dessert came on, "how I wish you had told methis morning, mamma, that you were going to have ice cream for dinner!" "Why, what difference would it have made?" inquired Mrs. Manson. "Oh, lots!" with a sigh. "I could have expected it all day, then!"

Marvelous Loyalty—"Do you think your sister likes me, Tommy?" "Yes, she stood up for you at dinner." "Stood up for me! Was anybody saying anything against me?" "No; nothing much. Father thought you

were rather a donkey, but she got up and said you weren't, and told father he ought not to judge a man by his looks."

A Voice in the Dark—"Mamma, please gimme a drink of water; I'm so thirsty." "No; you are not thirsty. Turn over and go to sleep." (A pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink? I'm so thirsty." "If you don't turn over and go to sleep, I'll get up and spank you!" (Another pause.) "Mamma, won't you please gimme a drink when you get up to spank me?"

Little Betty's Joyfulness—Little Betty was at her first evening entertainment, where everybody was strange to her. She grew homesick, and with tears in her eyes begged her hostess to send her home. As she was starting, a smile shone through her tears, and she said: "Good-by, Mrs. Smif. Mamma told me to be sure and tell you I had a nice time."

Utilizing Grandma—Little Gladys—Granny, go down on your hands and knees for a minute, please. Fond Grandmother—What am I to do that for, my pet? Gladys—'Cause I want to draw an elephant.

Discarding the Superfluous—Little Mamie is sick in bed, but refuses persistently to take the prescribed pill. Her mother, however, resorts to strategy, concealing the pill in some preserved pear and giving it to the child to eat. After a while, mamma asks: "Has my little dear eaten her pear?" "All except the seed, mamma, dear."

Juvenile Essay on Boys—At a recent Bombay school board examination, for girls, one of the tasks was an essay on boys, and this was one of the compositions, just as it was handed in by a girl of twelve: "The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoke to, and then they answer respectable, and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grew-up girl is a widow and keeps house."

A Misunderstood Object—Lesson—A school inspector, finding a class hesitating over answering the question, "With what weapon did Sampson slay the Philistines?" and wishing to prompt them, significantly tapped his cheek and asked: "What is this?" The whole class: "The jawbone of an ass."