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OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY; by the Russell Publishing Co., 36 Bromfield Street, Boston, is designed for the youngest children, and is perfect in its way. Every one of its 32 pages has a picture. \$1.50 a year.

## For the Young.

### SELF-MADE.

A wealthy business man not long ago made a short visit to his native town, a thriving little place, and while there, was asked to address the Sunday-school on the general subject of success in life.

"But I don't know that I have anything to say, except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered.

"Your very example would be inspiring, if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent. "Are you not a self-made man?"

"I don't know about that."

"Why, I've heard all about your early struggles! You went into Mr. Wheelright's office when you were only ten—"

"So I did! So I did! But my mother got me the place; and while I was there, she did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and when I got discouraged, told me to cheer up and remember tears were for babies."

"While you were there, you studied by yourself—"

"Oh, no, bless you, no! Not by myself! Mother heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she beat up cakes for breakfast. I remember one night I got so discouraged I dashed my writing-book, ugly with pot hooks and trammels, into the fire, and she burned her hand pulling it out."

"Well, it was certainly true, wasn't it, that as soon as you had saved a little money, you invested in fruit, and began to peddle it out on the evening train?"

The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and pathos of some old recollection.

"Yes," he said slowly, "and I should like to tell you a story connected with that time. Perhaps that might do the Sunday-school good. The second lot of apples I bought for peddling were speckled and wormy. I had been cheated by the man of whom I bought them, and I could not afford the loss. The night after I discovered they were unfit to eat, I crept down cellar and filled my basket as usual.

"They look very well on the outside," I thought, "and perhaps none of the people who buy them will ever come this way again. I'll sell them, and just as soon as they are gone, I'll get some sound ones." Mother was singing about the kitchen as I came up the cellar stairs. I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in the twinkling of an eye she had seen and was upon me.

"Ned," said she, in her clear voice, "what are you going to do with those speckled apples?"

"Se—sell them," stammered I, ashamed in advance.

"Then you'll be a cheat, and I shall be ashamed to call you my son," she said, promptly. "Oh, to think you could dream of such a sneaking thing as that! Then she cried, and I cried, and I've never been tempted to cheat since. No, sir, I haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles; but I wish you'd remind your boys and girls every Sunday that their mothers are probably doing far more for them than they do for themselves. Tell them, too, to pray that those dear women may live long enough to enjoy some of the prosperity they have won for their children—for mine didn't."—*Youth's Companion*.

## PRAY WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

The friend of a young mother was talking with her about her maternal responsibilities, and urged the duty of constant and believing prayer for the early conversion of her children. She assured him that it was her daily practice to carry her little ones to the throne of grace, yet complained of a want of faith and definiteness in asking for them the special influence of the Holy Spirit.

"Do you pray for each child separately and by name?" inquired the friend.

"No, that has never been my habit," was the reply.

"I think it is of much importance, Mrs. H., especially as a help to our faith, and to the clearness and intensity of our desires on their behalf. You pray with them, I trust, as well as for them?" "Sometimes I do, but not often. They seem a little restless, and inclined to whisper together when my eyes are closed, and so I have felt less embarrassment and more freedom in supplication by being alone at such seasons."