

at her carriage, and saluted and cheered. "What's up?" she asked. "Why, the Crown Prince was in the same compartment with you!" Then the flower-seller held her head high and told every syllable of what had happened to the delighted crowd. Her flowers were sold before five minutes were over, and a fortnight afterward her husband was at work again in his old place.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

RUSSIAN CHILDREN.

The little Russian peasant never even learns that there are other and fairer lands where boys can run in the fresh sunshine and sport in freedom in their boyish games. In reality the peasant boy of Russia is more than a slave. He never learns to read and write, his wretched hut is more fit to be a stable than a human habitation, while his food is coarse and his manners brutal. In the middle classes a boy's advantages improve, and when he reaches a proper age he is sent to a government school or military academy where he is educated for business or the army.

Among the nobility the children are seldom cared for by the mother. It is too cold in the winter for much out-door sport, but the boys, clad in their fur skins, have fine fun on the ice. The rivers, being frozen for months, are regular roads of travel, and much journeying is done on sleds and skates. In northern Russia the boys hitch dogs to sleds and race over the snow to gather wood in the forest; or on their shining skates skim over the glistening river for miles. Then the hunting is good and game abundant. Of course they build snow forts and have big battles.

Among the Cossacks the boys are trained to endure every hardship. The Cossacks are tribes inhabiting the Caucasus mountains, and are generally the best and bravest soldiers in the Czar's army. The boy babies are strapped on horseback before they can walk, and soon learn to regard the horse as their constant companion. In a few years they can stand any amount of hard life, coarse food, long fasts, hard riding, and fighting.

A GIRL'S OWN BROTHER.

"But he's my own brother."

Is that any reason why you should take his courtesies for granted, and never say "thank you"?

Is that any reason why you should not try to make an evening at home pleasant for him instead of forcing him by your selfishness to seek his happiness somewhere else?

Is that any reason why you should not think

his opinion of your frocks, your bonnets, or your looks worth consideration?

Is that any reason why, when you have a man visitor, he should be made feel that you endured your brother when there was nobody else, but that when there was—well, then it was different?

Is that any reason why you should not listen to his word of advice about other girls, or their brothers?

Is that any reason why you should not listen to his story of the shooting or the hunting, when you do to the same tales from other people?

Is that any reason why you should push him to the wall, except when you need him, and then claim his attention as your right?

Because he is your very own brother, you ought to be ten fold more considerate of him than of the brothers of other girls. Because he is your very own brother, you ought to study his tastes and cater to them; read the books that he likes, and suggest others to him; study the songs he fancies, and be glad to make new ones known to him. In this way you will make your brother your very own, and to him "sister" will be the most delightful among girls.

STORIES OF THE MEETING HOUSE.

Mr. Spurgeon has been reviewing a book on "Primitive Methodism on the Yorkshire Wolds," and finds in it some stories very much to his mind. He is especially pleased with one criticism of a sermon.

"Ah, say, mister, you preached a goodish sermon to-night, but if it had been cut short at beath ends, and set afire in the middle, it wad a dean us mare good."

Mr. Spurgeon "scarcely remembers a better criticism than this."

Another story is of a not very fluent young man, who, being in the habit of saying in his prayers, "Lord, help me to pray," was answered one night by an old man's ejaculations, "And the Lord help thee to give ower."

Mr. Spurgeon also likes the story of a clergyman who, at a noisy prayer meeting, commanded silence and said: "My dear friends, the Lord is not deaf. Now don't you think you could pray a little more quietly? You remember, when the temple was being built at Jerusalem, there was no sound of any tool heard in it while building."

"Yes, sir," said one of the brothers, "that's all very true; but, you see, we're not building the temple: we're only blasting the rocks."

Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

--*Congrev.*