This and That

"WORK YOUR FEET."

On one of the city streets, a little boy was traching his younger brother to ride a bicycle. As the older boy ran alongside of the moving wheel and ocasionally stretching forth his hand to steady it, we could hear him say, "Work your feet. Work your feet." The boy thus admonished would keep his feet moving, by this action giving momentum to the wheel, and thus was enabled to keep the wheel steady and ride without assistance. The older boy had learned by experience that if his brother ceased to work his feet he would lose his balance and fall.

Herein lies a most valuable lesson for all who would follow Christ. Activity is the secret of Christian growth. Keep moving. "Work your feet" in the Master's service. Let your feet be swift to carry the gospel to those who sit in darkness, for, how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him who bringeth gla.l tidings. That publisheth peace "Seek opportunities of serving your Lord and there will be no swerving to the right or the left, no turning from the path of duty, but a steady movement toward Christ and the Christ life.

Idleness in the spiritual life is as fatal to growth, as it is in the physical. Idleness is death. Activity is life.—Sel.

Some of the sweetest impressions of life's duties are made by little children. A reader of the Leader-Way relates a tender conversation with his little boy: "while working in my little garden, the other day, I put my little seven-year-old boy to uncovering some vegetables which I had covered too deep. The beautiful sun was sending down its warm rays of heat upon the little fai hful worker, who exclaimed: 'Mamma, the sun is shinning so hot, its about to burn me up. wish there wasn't any sun.' Then I ex-plained to him the necessity of its shining, and that God made the sun for us and for our glory, and now he wasn't satisfied with

." Well, it shines too hot. Why didn't he just make it to shine hot enough, and not so

"Then I told him that God made it to suit himself, and that he couldn't please every one, for some people are too hard to please. He hung his head for a moment, as if being sorry he had wished there was no sun, then burst into tears and said: 'I'll be pleased

with God's way from this time on.'
"Who wouldn't praise God for such a bles sing as this tender-hearted child in their ing: "The equator is a menageric lion runhome? I do.

"So let us all as Christians study God's way; solve the problem as this little fellow did, and not fret and worry because he didn't make things some other way; but as Dyer said, be pleased with his way from this on. Let his will be done, not our wishes."—Sel.

EXPLAINED.

-"George, how could you keep urging Mr. Brown to have some more ice cream when I warned you before dinner not to ask him, for the supply was limited.'

George-"Why, my dear-you will pardon

e I entirely forgot—"
Wife—"But when I kept kicking you un der the table-I was afraid he was going to accept your invitation-I know he wanted I don't know what made him decline, Fortunately he did, or I don't know what I should have done.

George (calmly)—"Kicking me? You didn't hick me."—Ex:

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SHE GOT THE CANDY.

It was a Chicago child, not yet three years old, who, having been punished by her mother, called up her father on the tele-phone for sympathy. "Papa," was the call that his stenographer heard on answering

"Why, it's the baby," she said to her employer. The startled man, with visions of disaster in his mind, caught the receiver and

said:
"What is it baby?"
"Memma panked me," came the reply."

"What do you want me to do about it?" asked the relieved and amused parent.

"Come right home and bring me a pound of candy" said the child.—Ex.

THE CHARM OF WINTER.

He who does not know the charm of win ter loses half the year. It is easy to pretend to like Nature and fresh air in the drowsy summer-time, when "toiling in town here is horrid," but the real outdoor woman knows that Winter has his wonders, too. To feel the sting of the winter wind; to see the sun glisten along the ice fields; to watch the slow dusk come in the heaven, and the faroff red fire of evening color the western world; to stamp coldly home to the warm fire and supper—these are some of the pleasures which come with outdoor esercises. February Woman's Home Companion.

INTERESTING.

To hear the music of sweet bells, and also to test solid silver, take a solid silver table spoon, and tie two cords of equal length to the handle- Hold the ends of the cords to each ear, at the same time closing the ears with the fingers. Then by a motion of the ody swing the spoon, letting it strike the back of the chair or like a wooden object You have no idea what sweet music you will hear. Try it and see .- Selected.

ON THE SHELF.

A youthful but very animated little lady was enjoying her first visit to church. It was in an Episcopal church, and the choir boys and the form of service interested her greatly. But after the sermon had begun her attention was directed from the pulpit to other parts of the house, and in the cours of her inspection of things, she suddenly discovered the gallery filled with people in the rear of the courch. "Mother," she whispered excitedly, "are those the wicked back there on the shelf?"—Harper's Weekly.

A correspondent sends to The London Globe a list of "howlers" perpetrated by British Board School children and collected by the master. On the nature of gases, "An oxygen bas eight sides." In natural history, "A cuckoo is a bird which does not lay its own eggs;" a mosquito is a child of black and white parents," and "a blizzard is the inside of a fowl." In geography the followning round the earth and through Africa, "a "meridian is the place where they keep the time," and "the inhabitants of Paris are called parasites." Among answers we have heard before is that of the child who declares "Izaak Walton was such a good a her man that he was called the Judicious Hooker."—New York Tribute

"Mirandy, what business is that young man in?" asked Mrs Ridgefarm of her daugh

"I don't know, ma," said Mirandy, "but I think he must work in a wood-yard. He always ends his letters 'cordially."—Ex

MONEY THROWN AWAY.

"So that city doctor helped ye right smart did he, Silas?" asked Mrs. Giles, on her hus-

band's return from a weeks's visit to a specialist in a neighboring town.
"Well, I guess he did! I'm feeling fine as a fiddle now, an' he says I won't likely have any return of it if I just keep to what he tells

What did he say was the matter with ye?

"what did he say was the matter with ye inquired the wife, eagerly,
"I forgit now what he called it, but—"
"Silas," she cried, "ye don't really mean ter say now ye raid out all that money and didn't git no good of it, after all!"—Ex.

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