

and shingles on the outside, and the many cozy furnishings which have been added within. Jinny is ten years old, and a bright little scholar whose attainments in reading, geography, and numbers are the pride of her grandmother's heart.

Aunt Viny still "potters around" with her clear-starching and ironing, but there is no longer any danger of winter scarcity in the little home. Guy and Rob have learned how to invest a generous proportion of their monthly allowances at a double rate of interest, payable in coin of the heavenly kingdom—comfort for their humble old friend, and un-failing satisfaction to themselves.

Aunt Viny never tires of reciting her story to whomsoever will listen.

"Twas a mighty quar thing all de way," she will say: "To fink I should 'a' picked out dat very aft'noon to go a-diggin' sassafras-root, an' den should 'a' happened along right in de bery tracks o' dat 'ar rabbit, an' den got on my knees on de groun' back o' de bushes, wher de young marsters couldn't see nothin' but de branches a-stirrin, an' den ketched de shot in de thick o' my arm 'stead of in my ole haid! If I darst to belieb in luck, I'd say dat shot was the luckiest ting as eber happened to me, kase it gib me de two bes' frien's an ole woman eber had—my Marse Rob an' Marse Guy, as look after me as if I'd been deir own mammy! But dar!—I hope 'tain't wicked to say it—but I can't help finkin' as how de good Lawd Himself knowed whar dat shot was a-goin'!"

If you suffer from sores, boils, pimples, or if your nerves are weak and your system run down, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE POLICEMAN A BUGABOO.

"Among nursery errors few are more to be condemned than that which converts the friendly policeman into a bugaboo, whercwith to terrify naughty children. The writer once saw a lost child, a pretty girl of 3 or 4 years of age, evidently the daughter of well-to-do parents, almost thrown into convulsions by the proximity of the policeman, who wished to take her to the station-house as the first step towards restoring her to her home. Not long ago an Eastern paper told a pitiful story of a half-starved waif picked up on the streets of a great city. The child had for days been dodging the policemen, who were, had he but known it, his best friends.

"One of the first lessons taught a city child should be that among the policeman's chief reasons for existence is that he may take care of good children; that he represents the law, whose mission it is to protect the good against the bad.

"Therefore, little boy or girl, if you are on the street and anyone, even your nurse, mistreats you or

tries to hurt you, you have only to ask the nearest policeman to help you, and if he does his duty he is obliged to do what you ask.

"And if you should be lost, one of the things the city pays him to do is to take you home. He may not be able to go with you all the way, because he has what is called a 'beat'—a certain number of blocks—outside of which he cannot go while on duty, but he will take you as far as he can, and then pass you to the next policeman, and so on, until one of the officers rings your father's door bell and hands you safely in. Or, if you don't know where you live and cannot even tell him your name, he will take you to the nearest station, and in ten minutes they will know at every station in the city that a child your age, with your coloured hair and eyes, has been found. Then when your mother misses you and papa telephones to the nearest police station that you are lost he will be told just where you are and can go at once and get you."

INFANT EDUCATION.

A mother once asked a clergyman when she should begin the education of her child, which she told him was then four years old. "Madam," was the reply, "you have lost three years already. From the very first smile that gleams over an infant's cheek, your opportunity begins."—Bishop of Norwich.

HEROISM.

Few tales of unassuming heroism will read more finely than that of Robert Blyth, the gallant young miner who acted so bravely in the Muirkirk pit disaster. A sudden inrush of accumulated water having inundated the bottom of the mine, and placed the lives of all the miners in danger, this fine young fellow first saw those of his companions who reached the shaft bottom hoisted in safety, and then himself turned back to save the distant ones who had been cut off by the water. Knowing every foot of the mine, he succeeded in collecting sixteen of the imprisoned miners, and in conducting them to a place of safety, where they waited during the weary hours that had to elapse ere their rescue was effected. Notwithstanding these courageous efforts, three men lost their lives. All who know anything of the dark underground life of the miner, and the many dangers by which he is surrounded on every side, will be able to appreciate at its proper value the singularly unselfish act of Blyth.

—There is no happiness in having and getting, but only in giving; half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.

—"He does not well who gives not God his best."

—The heart is dark and sunless without Christ."

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ACROBATIC WORK OF THE TONGUE.

If your tongue is in good condition to do a little acrobatic work, try reading the following word curiosity aloud. It may be familiar to some of you, for it is one of the treasures that we have dug up in an old scrap-book:

If you stick a stick across a stick, Or stick a cross across a stick, Or cross a stick across a stick, Or stick a cross across a stick, Or cross a cross across a cross, Or stick a cross across a stick, Or stick a crossed stick across a cross stick, Or cross a crossed stick across a cross, Or cross a crossed stick across a stick, Or cross a crossed stick across a crossed stick, Would that be an acrostic?

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—The world is a river, men are barges, the Church is a good tow-boat, towing up stream. If the boat lets go, all float helplessly to wreckage.

—Those people who never allow themselves to expect too much generally have sufficient for themselves and a little to spare for others.

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