

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD'S PRAYER.—One dark, stormy night, mother woke up. Hark! who is talking? Mother did not speak; she kept still to hear what her little girl said. Alice was not fretting; she was not worrying. She was not afraid of the dark or the wind. How do you know? I will tell you what she was saying—saying all to herself in her snug little bed by mother's bed, "God, take care papa, mamma, I. Good God, take care papa, mamma, I. Dear, grand God, take care birdies. Dear God up in the sky, I love you, I do, do; and with that her voice died away, and she fell asleep again.—Selected.

HEARTH AND HOME GLEANINGS.

In cases of fainting the *Herald of Health* recommends that the person be placed in a horizontal position on the back with the head lower rather than higher than the rest of the body, and where he can have fresh air. Loosen all the clothing about the throat, chest, waist, and abdomen. Sprinkle cold water on the head and face. If that does not effect the desired result, pour a stream of cold water from a height of several feet on the head. When the patient can swallow, a drink of cold water should be given. Rub briskly and slap sharply the palms of the hand and the soles of the feet, and in obstinate cases, do the same to the whole surface of the body. In most cases the horizontal position and pure air are sufficient to restore the patient. When a person feels the premonitory symptoms of fainting as many do, he should at once place himself flat on his back. This alone will usually prevent the fits.

The *Health Lift* does not think so badly of corsets as some do, but holds that, since the Lord made woman to breathe with the upper portion of the chest, whilst in man the respiratory motion is mainly in the middle and lower portions, a properly fitting corset may be a very comfortable, and in no wise injurious article of dress. But it urges with great emphasis that undergarments be suspended from the shoulders and claims that the common practice of suspending them from the waist is responsible for that muscular weakness of the abdomen which in these latter days makes the labors of childhood such a season of pain and peril.

On this question of eating, Dr. W.W. Hall says that it is not wise to eat by rules made in the chemical laboratory, or in the study of the philosopher. "Eat what you feel like—that is partake in moderation of what is most palatable to you; but if, in rare cases, it is found that what you are most fond of is followed by disagreeable results, gracefully yield to nature, avoid it for a while at least, and you will find that what does not agree with you to-day, may be actually beneficial next month or next year."

There is great danger to health when privy vaults and cess pools are allowed to stand but a little distance from wells. The soil between will at first filter whatever escapes from them, but in time loses that power by being clogged with the foreign matter, and the well is poisoned by the ammonia and nitrous matter that find their way into it.

The attacks of the ordinary hiccup can be driven off—according to an exchange—by holding the arms straight above the head and taking "long breaths," keeping the air in the lungs as long as possible.

Cases multiply of poisoning from the use of pop-

ular hair restorers and the effects of the lead that almost or quite all of them contain. Paralysis and blindness are two of the most common and most dreadful results.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought uttered by a parent's lips may operate upon a young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon a polished steel, staining it with rust, which no after-scouring can efface.

Poetry.

PRIDE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known—
But often in human nature shown,
Alike in castle and cottage—
'That pride, like pigs of a certain brood,
Will manage to live and thrive on food
As poor as a pauper's pottage!

Of all the notable things of earth,
The queerest thing is the pride of birth
Among our "sierce Democracy!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten pliers—
A thing of laughter, flings, and jeers—
Is American aristocracy!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can not ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend
You may find it waxed at the other end
By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be laughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station;
Don't be proud and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes;
But learn for the sake of your mind's repose
That all proud flesh, wherever it goes,
Is subject to irritation.

THE BIRD'S-RIGHTS MEETING.

What birds pecked the cherries on Barnaby's tree?
"I pecked them for one," said a bold Chickadee;
"And so did I peck them," said a Robin Redbreast,
"And, what's more, the cherries I pecked were his best."

"Didn't he have some red flannel, one day,
Put up in the tree just to scare me away?
But I'm not afraid of red flannel a bit."
"And I'm not afraid," said a little Tomtit.

"Didn't he aim with an old rusty gun
At me?" said a Sparrow; "oh, wasn't it fun?
He meant to frighten me; but I didn't care;
I just chirruped out to him, 'shoot if you dare!'"

"Hear me, my brave birds," said a solemn old crow,
"This Barnaby I have good reason to know;
His insults for many a year I have borne,
When peacefully trying to harvest my corn."

"My treatment of him has been civil and fair
I've always been willing to give him a share;
I never have grudged him my corn or my beans,
But nothing can teach him what gratitude means."

"My friends, I shall soon lay before you a plan
To put down this insolent creature called 'man,'
A creature that has neither feathers nor wings;
Yet sets himself up to be very great things."

"I hereby proclaim in the plainest of words,
That henceforth mankind must succumb to the birds.
I'm glad that this Barnaby's cherries you pecked;
The man has no rights that a bird should respect."

The speech was received with a round of applause:
"Your cheers," said the Crow, "argue well for the cause;
When next we assemble, my plan you shall learn;
There's Barnaby coming—'tis time to adjourn."