

## DR. PENNYROYAL'S PRESCRIPTION.



1. "What this child really wants, madam, while teething, is a——!!!"

## A LITTLE PESSIMIST.

BY ICABEL DE WITTE KAPLAN.

The sad little Princess sat by the sea,  
"Alas," she sighed, "and alackaday!"

And she rested her book upon her knee,  
And her eyes gazed dreamily far away.

"All of my fairy tales end the same—  
They lived, and they loved, and then they died—

The wicked enchanter's always to blame;

"Oh, for something quite new," she cried.

"I'm sick of my dolls with their china eyes,

I'm sick of reading of giants and things,

I'm tired to death of candies and pies,  
I hate my crown and golden rings."

And then her nurse felt of the Royal head,

Looked at her tongue in a knowing way,

"Your Highness had better come home to bed.

You've eaten too many plum tarts to-day."

## A JUNIOR MISSIONARY RALLY.

The morning was far from pleasant, but what mattered it to the two hundred and twenty-five bright-eyed, enthusiastic children, who from "all the country round about" sallied forth as "delegates" to their first convention? In the address of welcome, the boy president of a boys' brigade said: "Boys and girls are generally left out in Conferences, but to-day we have won all our own. We feel honored in the responsibility resting upon us. We want you to make yourselves at home, and speak as friends. We hope that you will meet God here, and know him

better, that at the end of the day you will say: 'It has been good for us to be here, for we have met and talked with Jesus.'"

The response was given by another boy president, who said: "If our great-grandfather could walk in upon us this morning, when chestnut trees are full of nuts, he would come to the conclusion that either the children of this generation were different from the boys and girls of his time, or else there was something very important on. The children are the same, but he would be right in the second conclusion. We have met in the spirit of the children's crusades of the thirteenth century to battle against the evil that is in the world. As Christ's faithful soldiers it is necessary that we should be drilled. We have come here to-day to get new inspirations, new ideas."

A Chinese missionary in the full costume of a Chinese mandarin told many interesting things about China. Songs were sung by a mission band of thirty



2. "Leggo, you young cannibal, leggo!"  
"Let go, baby dear; if baby should swallow it, it would make baby sick."

little girls. One-minute reports, giving number of members, number of meetings held, and amount of contributions were read by the secretary of each society, and the morning session closed with a Question Conference, in which half a dozen questions were answered by all the societies in turn.

The Children's Circle had an impressive mite-box opening. A large gospel ship, all rigged for a journey to heathen lands, was seen in front of the pulpit. One by one the little tots brought their mite-barrels and put them on the deck of the vessel; then the doll missionary and his wife took their positions at the stem and stern, while verse after verse intended to cheer them on the way were recited by the sweet childish voices. Fifteen dollars were found in the barrels.

This was followed by an interesting address on "Home Missions," and we went home in much the same state of mind as the people of a church of whom the speaker told the following story: "A man and his wife were late to church one Sunday. Finding the people all coming away, they asked: 'Is the sermon all done?' 'No,' was the reply; 'we are just going home to do it.'"

This rally was an experiment. We have proved it a success. Who else will try it?

## A DEAD LOSS.

"Come, Mamie, darling," said Mrs. Peterson, "before you go into the land of dreams you will kneel at my knee and thank your heavenly Father for what he has given you to-day."

Mamie came slowly toward her mother and said, "I've been naughty, and I can't pray, mamma."

"If you have been naughty, dear, that is the reason that you need to pray."

"But, mamma, I don't think God wants little girls to come to him when they are naughty."

"You are not naughty now, dear, are you?"

"No, I am not naughty now."

"Well, then, come at once."

"What shall I say to God about it, mamma?"

"You can tell him how very sorry you are."

"What difference will that make?"

"When we have told God that we are sorry, and when he has forgiven us, then we are as happy as if we had not done wrong, but we cannot undo the mischief."

"Then, mamma, I can never be quite as rich as if I had not had a naughty hour to-day."

"Never, my dear, but the thought of your loss may help you to be more careful in the future, and we will ask him to keep you from sinning against him again."



3. "What that child really needs, a muzzle!"