

throats were not made for smoke-stacks. I think if that "only just cinnamon" is rolled in real cigarette paper it will be very dangerous indeed, as cigarette paper has arsenic in it. I think many a boy never became a man because he smoked real cigarettes. I think many a man has failed to be of account in the world because he smoked cigarettes. I think cinnamon was not grown to be used in that style, and although these rolls are "only just cinnamon" they may make your lips and throat sore, and your stomach very uncomfortable, and that then you will have to take those consequences. They may not be very agreeable.'

After dinner was over and papa had gone to the office, Jack crumpled the little cinnamon cigarettes into fine chips and shook them into the fireplace.

'Mamma,' he said, 'I have heard what two people think about it, and I'm three, and what I think about it is, that maybe if I begin on these I'll go, perhaps, to the really truly ones, and that I don't want to do. Some one might tease me to try a real one, and it would be easier because I had smoked these. Then, mamma, I don't like to be thought bad habited when I am not, and I don't like to uncredit you before folks, and I've thought there's example set, if I'm seen round with these; and, then, mamma, we've got on very well with our ways so far, and I don't want to be the one to disorganize things.'

Jack was rather fond of large words and of using word forms of his own construction. Mamma smiled a little to herself, then she said:

'Jack, dear, the Bible says to abstain from even the appearance of evil. I hope you never will touch cigarettes; but you live in a world full of temptation, and Satan takes very artful ways to lead little lads astray. There is One who can help my little son, to keep all good resolutions.'

'Yes,' said Jack. 'I will talk to Jesus about it a little. He knows I want to be a boy with a nice clean mouth for you to kiss. I like your kisses very much better than cinnamon, or anything.'

'Bless your little heart,' said his mamma. 'You are a nice comfortable little child to deal with.'

Grandmother's Room.

'When I was a little girl,' said grandmother, 'I had to learn a whole chapter of Proverbs by heart every week. I recited it to my mother on Saturday night, and if I knew it perfectly she gave me a silver sixpence.'

'Suppose you did not know it? What then?' Alice asked.

'Then I had to get up very early on Sabbath morning, study it over, and recite my chapter before breakfast. But then I lost my sixpence.'

Ethel and Katharine both said that they would like to be paid for learning their Bible lessons, and they asked grandmother what she did with her money.

'Well,' she answered, 'it was my own money to do just as I pleased with. I was brought up to think that one-tenth of all I had belonged to God, and I have kept on thinking so all my life, so I put aside that portion for my missionary box. Then I used the remainder, as you do your allowance, for my own purposes. I always had a little money in my purse, and that was a very convenient state of things. It was not once in six months that I failed to recite my chapter by heart.'

'What other parts of the Bible did you learn, dear grandmother?'

'The Sermon on the Mount, the fourteenth chapter of John, a great many psalms, the whole book of Philippians, the Ten Commandments, the last chapter of Revelation, and a great many chapters of Isaiah. Besides I learned by degrees nearly all our church hymns.'

'Do you remember them still?' asked Ethel.

'Every one of them, my child. When I lie awake in the night, I say them over and over, and they are a great comfort. Once,' said grandmother, smiling at the recollection, 'I had a terrible disappointment. There was a contest in our Sunday-school, and prizes were offered for the best recitations of the Catechism and of the Scriptures. I gained the prize, and was called up to the superintendent's desk to receive it. There, before him lay two piles of books, some in gay bindings, red, blue, gilt, very attractive, and some in plain black, not nearly so pretty.'

'Take your choice, Ruth,' said Mr. Van Sinderen.

'So I put out my hand and selected a book in brilliant binding, a

book which even to-day I would fancy, for my heart warms at the sight of red. It is a triumphant color, children, and makes you see flags fly and hear drums beat and bugles call.'

'"Oh, Ruth," said my teacher, just behind me, "I wouldn't take that book if I were you. I'd choose that little thick book in the plain black dress."

'But I was firm in my first choice. Alas, I had reason to be sorry. The book I had taken was far beneath my capacity, a real baby book, and I dearly loved to read. It always reminded me of my folly, the more so, as the other book, I learned later, contained a most beautiful story.'

'I think somebody might have made you put down the red one,' said little Kate, decidedly.

'No, dear, the lesson was a good one, better learned that I had brought my regret upon myself. I have never since then been so ready to choose by just the outside. A plain and homely face may cover a kind and true heart. Rough clothing may be worn by one of nature's noblemen. I look a little deeper than dress when I am making an acquaintance. And it is borne in upon me that God wants us to do this, for we are told that "man looketh on the outside appearance, but God looketh on the heart."'

Many wise bits of counsel come to the happy children who have grandmother's room to go to as a charmed retreat.—Mrs. Sangster, in 'Christian Herald.'

A Garden Cinderella.

(Martha Burr Banks, in 'The Presbyterian Review.')

The pear-tree and the cherry-tree
were dressed in snowy white,
But the tardy little apple-tree was
in a sorry plight,
For it couldn't boast a blossom, and
it wasn't fine at all,
And the doleful little apple-tree felt
very, very small.

But Spring, the fairy of the world,
still lingered on her way,
And she waved her magic wand
around, and magic words did say,
And with an answering blush and
smile, the happy apple-tree
Came blooming out in pink and
white, the prettiest of the three.