

exists not in the Golden, the Silver or the Iron Age, but in the time when all foolish sentimentality is thrown aside, the practical tally provided for by the State.—The Westminster, Philadelphia.

There's a right way and a wrong way
Our lives to live.
There's a short way and a long way
Our help to give.
There's a good way and a bad way
For everything
A merry way and a sad way
Don't sigh, but sing. —Selected.

"FOUR AND TWENTY BLACK-BIRDS."

You all know this rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means? The four-and-twenty blackbirds represented the four-and-twenty hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunbeams. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king, the sun, has risen, is day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The birds, who tragically end the song by "nipping off her nose," are the sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.

THE GIVING OF DRUGS.

Drugs are obnoxious enough even in the most palatable form, and the wise mother will take care to present the bitter dose in as attractive a way as possible. It is easy for some children to take medicine, but to others there is an inherent dislike for even the name. It is cruel to force the disagreeable dose down the child's throat; it is equally foolish to bribe the little patient into "taking it like a man." Most mothers know the trick of disguising powders and pills in a spoonful of preserves, and of mixing medicine with regular nourishment, such as milk, for instance; but these methods are not advisable. The child takes a dislike to the notion and, later, refuses to take, not only his medicine, but also his nourishment. I know of one little lady who to this day can hardly refrain from leaving the table when preserved cherries are a part of the menu, simply because her mother always concealed her childish dopes in the heart of a nice, ripe, red cherry.

Holding the nose while the medicine is in the mouth overcomes the extremely bad taste of the drug, or if a bit of ice is held on the tongue before the medicine is taken the sense of taste is blunted for the time being. Medicine droppers are invaluable in giving medicine to babies. Seidlitz powders are somewhat improved by being mixed with crushed ice and a few drops of lemon juice. Castor oil may be made palatable by moistening the sides and edges of the glass with lemon juice, pouring in two or three teaspoonfuls of the juice, adding the required amount of oil, and putting in another drachm of the lemon juice. Prepare one or two half-inch cubes of dry bread, and on the top of each cube sprinkle a generous pinch of salt. Give the oil sandwich first, then follow it immediately with a piece of bread which removes the oil from the teeth.

No cloud can overshadow a true Christian, but his faith will discern a rainbow in it.—Bishop Horne.

WHEN SAYING GOOD-BYE.

The Turk will solemnly cross his hands upon his breast, and make a profound obeisance.

The genial Jap will take off his slipper as you depart, and say with a smile, "You are going to leave my despicable house in your honorable journeying—I regard thee!"

In the Philippines the departing benediction is bestowed in the form of rubbing the friend's face with one's hand. The German "Lebe wohl," is not particularly sympathetic in its sound, but it is less embarrassing to those it speeds than the Hindoo's performance, who, when you go from him, falls in the dust at your feet.

The Fiji Islanders cross two red feathers. The natives of New Guinea exchange chocolate.

The Burmese bend low and say "Hibi Hibi!"

The "Auf wiedersehen" of the Austrians is the most feeling expression of farewell.

The Cuban would consider his good-bye anything but a cordial one unless he was given a good cigar.

The South Sea Islanders rattle each other's white-teeth necklace.

The Sioux and the Blackfoot will at parting dig their spears in the earth as a sign of confidence and mutual esteem. This is the origin of the term "burying the tomahawk."

In the islands in the Straits of the Sound the natives at your going will stop down and clasp your foot.

The Russian form of parting salutation is brief, consisting of the single word "Praschai," said to sound like a sneeze.—Selected.

THE WAY TO THE HOUSE OF NEVER.

By Grace Stone Field.

Have you ever heard of Wait-a-bit way,
Where idle children loiter and play?
A street that is ever winding down
A flowery lane to Sometime town,
Where stands the house of Never.

Along the road there are signs galore,—
"In just a moment," "Not now," "What for!"

And many beside that at last you'll find
Though by devious paths they twist and wind;

And lead to the house of Never.

Now Never's a dismal, dismal spot,
Its inmates a hapless, hopeless lot,—
So if you are wise you will seldom stray

(Though it seems a perfect primrose way)

Down the lane that leads to Never!

MAMMA'S SERMON.

Janet's mamma preached her a sermon:—

"Once there was a little boy who every morning asked his father to keep the bees from hurtin' him. Then he went straight away and played with their hives. Of course, that little boy got stung. He did not try to help his father do as he asked."

"But, mamma," said Janet, "I don't think that's any sermon it hasn't a text."

And then mamma drew her little girl close and said: "You are the text of the sermon. Janet, dear, this morning you knelt by your bed and prayed the heavenly Father: 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.' Ever since, it seems to me, you have been trying hard not to do God's will. You have been cross with every one about; you have twice minded me so slowly that it was hardly minding at all. Do you really think that is the kind of little girl it is God's will for you to be?"

And Janet kissed mamma, and said: "I never had a sermon all my own before; I'll have to try hard to remember it."—Ex.

AS CROSS AS A BEAR.

"You're as cross as a bear," said Bess to Billy.

Uncle Jim whistled. "Bears aren't cross to members of their own family," he said. "Now, I knew a bear once—"

Bess and Billy both ran to him and climbed up on his knee.

"Did you really ever know a bear?" cried Billy, with wide open eyes.

"Well, not intimately," said Uncle Jim, "but I used to go hunting them when I was up in Canada, and one day I was out with a hunting party, and we saw right straight in front of us—what do you suppose?"

"A real bear!" gasped the children in concern.

"Yes, a real mother bear and her little son. The dogs started after them, and the mother bear began to run, but the little baby son couldn't run as fast as she did, and the dogs were gaining on him, so what do you suppose the mother bear did? Leave her little son behind? No, sir-ee-ee. She picked the baby up on her stout nose and tossed him ahead; then she ran fast and caught up to him and gave him another boost that sent him flying through the air. She kept this up for a mile and a half. Then she was too tired to go any farther, and the dogs surrounded her. Then she sat up on her haunches, took her baby in her hind paws and fought the dogs off with her fore paws. And how she did roar!"

Bess shuddered.

"You could hear her miles away. She never forgot her baby; kept guarding him all the time. When the mother was shot the baby cub jumped on her dead body and tried to fight off the dogs with his little baby paws. That's the way the bears stand by each other. Sometimes, I think they love each other better than brothers and sisters. Hey, Bess, what are you crying about. I guess I won't tell you any more bear stories if that is the way you feel."

"Billy," sobbed Bess, "you're as good as a bear!"

Then they all laughed together and forgot what they had been cross about.

THE APPLE TREES FAIRY'S WORK

Moving slowly along, little Greta and tall Cousin Katherine walked in the apple orchard.

"They are bee-yutiful apples," said Greta, drawing a long breath, "but I wonder if the tree loves them as well as the pink blossoms he has in May, Cousin Katherine. He looked lonesome when they came off."

"I think he didn't forget about them," said Cousin Katherine, slowly, "but I'm quite sure he wasn't lonesome, for, you see, the apple tree fairy looks after that. She touched each of those little, hard, round specks with her memory wand. Would you like to see what she did?"

Cousin Katherine took a little silver knife out of her pocket, and picked up an apple. She cut it carefully in halves, and then cut a thin slice from the centre and held it up to the light. "What do you see?" she asked.

"Oh!" cried Greta. "Oh! Oh! It's just like a fairy apple blossom! Is that in every single apple, Cousin Katherine?"

"In every single one," said Cousin Katherine.—Exchange.

Rhubarb and Raisin Pie.—Peel the rhubarb and cut into inch pieces. Pour boiling water over it and let stand for ten minutes. Drain; line the pieplate with plain paste. Fill the pie with rhubarb and strew over it one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of raisins. Add small pieces of butter. Cover with a crust and bake.