

This and That

TRAIN THE CHILDREN

When God wanted a strong man, Samson—he sent an angel to tell the mother that neither she nor the child were to taste wine nor strong drink (Judges 13th chapter). And when God wanted a good man—John the Baptist—he sent an angel to the father to say that the child was neither to drink wine or strong drink, for he was to be great in the sight of the Lord (Luke, 1st chapter). So, my dear friends, I ask you in God's name, and with a heart full of love, will you sign the pledge to abstain from wine and strong drink, and thus train up the little children in the same way, so that like Samson and John the Baptist they will be strong and good, and able to fight life's battles.—Elizabeth A. Lewis.

HOW TO EVEN THINGS UP.

All the stockings that ever were made
Were hung up Christmas night,
If every toy in the whole wide world
Were packed in them real tight,
Then if each dear child all over the land
Were told to take just one,
It would be the merriest Christmas Day,
A-ful of joy and fun.
I wish we could even up things this way,
To show the glad good will
The beautiful angels sang through the skies,
O'er fair Judas's hill.
We can remember our gifts of love
To his dear name to share,
With the sick and the poor right at our door,
Tended by him to our care.
—LIZIE DRARMOND, in S. S. Advocate.

TRUSTED.

Nothing is more likely to give hope and courage to the despairing than the thought that there are people who still believe in the good man for persistent wrong-doing convicted of felony, and sent to the penitentiary. He came out at the end of a year more hardened than ever, an object of shame, distrust and suspicion. He was brazen enough to return to his own home, where everybody gave him the shoulder save a poor old woman who had known him from a child. She would not let him near her little home on the day of his return.
"Why, Harry," she said, as if nothing had happened, "I'm glad to see you. I didn't know you'd come back."
"Well I have," he said, gruffly.
"Yes, see; where are you staying?"
"On the street."
"Dear me! That's no place for any one to stay. Come home with me, and stay to-night."
"I can't give you very choice, but you're welcome to what I have."
"Aren't you afraid I'll rob and murder you?"
"Why, Harry, I'm no more afraid of you than when you used to sit in my lap in your baby dresses. Come right along."
"I will," he answered, "for I'm half-starved."
After supper she said: "Now, Harry, you must stay here to-night, and sleep in the little room my own boy slept in before he died."
In the morning she said: "You'd better stay here till you find something to do."
"Do you suppose any one would give me anything to do?"
"No, I don't. I thought about that while you slept, and tell you what you'd better do."
She went to her bureau, took from it something in an old silk handkerchief, containing a roll of bills.
"Now, Harry, here's a hundred dollars which I've saved penny by penny, as the savings of my life. I've been saving it up to be used in my last sickness, and give me a decent burial. I didn't want the town to bury me. I want you to take this money, go away off where you're not known, and begin life over again. I can trust you to pay me back if able, and if not, all right. I ain't afeared to trust you."
She could say no more, for Harry was on his knees, his face in her lap, crying as he had not since the days of his childhood.
"Say it again."
"Say what?"
"That you're not afraid to trust me."
"Why, I'm not."
"Then I'll take the money and do as you say, had as I've been, to prove to you that I'm worthy of your trust."
Her confidence proved to be his salvation. He put hundreds of miles between him and his old haunts, and began life anew with hope and courage, because one trusted him. In a few months the old woman's money was returned with more than compound interest. In the letter sent her with the money was: "I owe my salvation to the three words you spoke, when all the world was against me: 'I trust you.' They led me to the belief and trust I now have in the God I am trying to serve."—Selected.

EATING HIS WAY.

Freddie despised the multiplication table. It was easy enough to learn to read and spell, and writing wasn't anything. But it made you ache all over to say your tables. My! how it made you ache! And you couldn't remember. Mamma got up and went out of the room. When she came back she had the glass jar of tiny colored candies, that you put on birthday cakes, in her hand. She was opening it and pouring out a splendid heap on the tablecloth. "My!" breathed the boy, who could not remember and didn't like multiplication. "Now," said she, brightly, "here are five little candy dots in a row. Here are eight rows. How many candy dots?" "Forty," promptly. "Yes, now, make seven times five and four times five the rest. When you have made the whole table, learn it. When you have learned it, eat it!" "Oah!"
It was the most splendid way to learn your tables! Freddie forgot the words. They were tiny red and yellow and white candies. He went to work with a will, and when the teacher—that is mamma—said, "School's out," he had learned his five tables. He did not eat it till after school.
The next day they went back and reviewed two tables, and the next day after three, and the next day after that four. Freddie had little picnics out in the backyard and shared multiplication tables—I mean the candy dots—with the next-door twins.
The next-door twins were six, like Freddie; but they went to a school with blackboards and desks in it. One day the next-door twins' teacher was making their mother a call. Freddie was making one on the next-door twins.
"Don't you go to school, little boy?" the teacher asked him. "Oh, yes'm," politely. "Oh, you do? Well I suppose you think the multiplication table is perfectly dreadful, too?" she asked, smilingly. "Oh, no'm!" eagerly; "I'm very fond of mine." "Indeed! How far along are you?" "I've only eaten as far as seven times seven, yet," said Freddie. And he went home wondering why the next-door twins' teacher had opened her eyes so wide.—Annie H. Donnell, in Youth's Companion.

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