

DR. PENNYROYAL'S PRESCRIPTION.



1. "What this child really wants, madam, while teaching is a

A LITTLE PESSIMIST.

BY ISABEL 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 of 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.

Did you ever go to one? The one held
last month in our church was my first, but
I sincerely hope will not be the last.

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
one all our own. We feel honoured in the
responsibility resting upon us. We want
this to be the happiest day of our lives.
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
little girls. One-minute reports, giving
number of members, number of meetings



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

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.

Then did we go home? Not a bit of
it. We stayed for a delicious lunch, for
a short hour of conference on the part of
the leaders, and an hour's play on the
pleasant lawn of the church for the
"delegates," and then gathered together
in the church for another short session of
an hour.

The Children's Circle had an impres-
sive 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 mis-
sionary and his wife took their positions
at the stem and stern, while verse after

verse intended to cheer them on their 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. Peter-
son, "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 care-
ful in the future, and we will ask him
to keep you from sinning against him
again."



3. "What that child really needs, madam, is a
muzzle!"
—Scribner's Magazine.