

## WHITTIER'S COURAGE.

Before he was thirty he had made up his mind that it was his duty to do what he could for the relief of the unfortunate negroes who were held in bondage in the South. In 1833 he wrote a pamphlet called "Justice and Expediency," in which he considered the whole question of slavery, and declared that it should cease forever. Three years later he became secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society. In 1838 he went to Philadelphia to edit the *Pennsylvania Freeman*; and so boldly did he advocate the right of the negro to own himself that the printing-office was sacked by a mob and burned. Then, as more than once afterwards for the same cause, Whittier was in danger of his life.

Whittier showed physical courage in facing the ruffians who wished to prevent free speech; but he had revealed the higher moral courage in casting in his lot with the little band of abolitionists. Up to this time he had looked forward to holding public office, as well he might, when many another journalist was stepping from the newspaper desk into public life. When he became one of the small band who denounced slavery, he gave up all chance of office. He also had literary ambition, but so strong was the power of the slave-owners then, and so intolerant were they, that most editors and publishers were sorely intimidated, and declined to print not only any attack on slavery, but even the other writings of an author who was known as an abolitionist. Thus Whittier, in identifying himself with the anti-slavery movement, thought that he was giving up his literary future also. He made his decision promptly, and he never regretted it. Indeed, in later life he said to a boy of fifteen to whom he was giving counsel, "My lad, if thou wouldst win success, join thyself to some unpopular but noble cause."—*Prof. Brander Matthews, in July St. Nicholas.*

## SLEEP IN SICKNESS.

Concerning sleep, in connection with sickness, there is a good deal of heresy regarding the matter, among otherwise well-informed people. "Don't let her sleep too long!" "Be sure to wake him when it is time to give the medicine; it will be a great deal better for him not to sleep too long at one time!" How often we have heard these words, or words to that effect, when in fact, in nine cases out of ten, and very likely in ninety-nine out of a hundred, they were the exact opposite of the truth. Gentle, restful sleep is better than any medicine; and how often, even how almost invariably, does the "change for the better" for which anxious friends are waiting so prayerfully, come during sleep—making its first manifestation when the patient awakes with brightened eye, stronger voice, a faint tinge of returning health mantling the features, in place of the hue of threatening death! In the words of Sancho Panza, we may well say, "Blessed be the man who invented sleep!" There are, of course, critical situations in which a troubled, imperfect sleep may properly be broken to administer medicines; but in these later days physicians, quite generally, give the caution that in case of restful sleep the patient is not to be awakened for the administering of medicines.—*Good Housekeeping.*

The church at Rotterdam in Holland, recently renovated as the result of a movement begun at the celebration of its 250th anniversary in 1893, was re-opened on the 10th ult., with special services conducted by Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, Moderator of Assembly. An organ has been introduced.

At a conference of the Free Presbyterian Church of Scotland, Rev. Mr. McFarlane, of Raasay, stated that they had now seven ministers, eighteen students, and forty missionaries, with about twenty thousand people. In the island of Raasay a site for a church and manse has been refused five

## Our Young Folks.

## GRANDMA-LAND.

There's a wonderful country far away,  
And its name is Grandma-Land;  
'Tis a beautiful, glorious, witching place,  
With grandmas on every hand.  
Everywhere you may look or go,  
Everywhere that the breezes blow,  
Just grandmamas! Just grandmamas!

In this wonderful country far away,  
Where grandmamas abide,  
In this beautiful, witching Grandma-Land,  
The good things wait on every side—  
Jam and jelly-cake heaped in piles;  
Tarts and candy 'round for miles;  
Just good things here! Just good things there!

In this wonderful country far, afar,  
Where blow the candy breezes,  
In this beautiful, glorious pudding-land,  
Each child does just as he pleases.  
All through the night, all through the day,  
Every single child has his way.  
Each his own way! Just as he pleases!

In this wonderful country far away—  
In this gorgeous grandma clime—  
When tired children can eat no more,  
There are stories of "Once on a Time."  
Stories are told and songs are sung  
Of when the grandmamas were young.—  
"Once on a Time!" "Well, Let Me See!"

To this wonderful country far, afar,  
Where only good things stay,  
To this beautiful, glorious Grandma-Land  
Good children only find the way.  
But when they sleep and when they dream,  
Away they float on the gliding stream  
To Grandma-Land! To Grandma-Land!  
—*Harper's Young People.*

## TOM'S FLOWER SUNDAY.

He was not exactly a pretty boy. The sun had tanned not merely his round face, but also his straw colored hair, and the freckles were so thick on the bridge of his nose that they seemed to be trying to crowd each other off into space. But his eyes were all right. They were as bright as—I won't say stars—but as bright as you would like your own boy's eyes to be. He was as erect and well formed as that ideal boy of yours. His predominating characteristic was energy. It seemed to surround and radiate from his small, country-clad figure almost like a halo.

Tom never went fishing without catching something. If he went frogging his mother was sure of a mess of legs when he returned. If he went for wild flowers his sister always filled the vases with fresh water ready for the blossoms which she knew would come.

Tom was standing on Miss Spriggins's doorstep, pulling at the heavy knocker.

"Please ma'am, do you want your garden weeded?"

"Do you know a weed from a flower?" asked Miss Spriggins severely.

"Yes, ma'am, I believe I do," answered Tom, somewhat abashed.

"No, you don't, you can't; I don't always myself," said Miss Spriggins sharply; but she took off her spectacles to have a better look at Tom, and asked abruptly, but in a milder tone, "And what would you charge for weeding my garden?"

"I'd like to take it out in flowers, bouquets, if you please, Miss Spriggins," answered Tom promptly.

"Of all things!" exclaimed Miss Spriggins, putting on her spectacles and wiping her hands on her apron as she always did when much surprised.

"I supposed it was money for firecrackers that you wanted to earn. My guess was pretty far out of the way, unless snapdragons are related to firecrackers. What on earth do you want flowers for?"

Tom was the least bit offended and very, very much confused, and he answered vaguely: "O—ah—something—that is, I thought I'd like to have some."

Miss Spriggins was not to be put off. She seated herself on the top step and motioned Tom to a seat beside her. "Now tell me," she said persuasively, "what you want cut flowers for and I'll give you the job."

A stranger could have seen at a glance

that events were few in Round Grove, and Tom had unintentionally made himself very interesting. He shut his teeth tight together and mentally resolved to die before he would tell that old lady. He wished that he had never gone into it anyway, and then he remembered what had brought him to Miss Spriggins in the first place. She had the finest garden in Round Grove. If she failed him how could his plan succeed?

"Tell me all about it," repeated Miss Spriggins, tapping the step with the toe of her slipper.

The color rushed over Tom's face and up to the top of his forehead, as if trying to dye his hair. He looked away at distant haystacks, then back at Miss Spriggins; but his eyes got no farther than her belt, and he was obliged to count the buttons up the front of her waist before his embarrassed gaze finally rested on her face.

"Well, you know," began Tom awkwardly, "Flower Sunday's coming."

"U-m!" responded Miss Spriggins indefinitely, but encouragingly. The truth was Miss Spriggins never had heard of Flower Sunday; but she did not want to add to Tom's very evident embarrassment by telling him so.

"Here's where I learned about it," and Tom drew from his pocket a ragged newspaper clipping which Miss Spriggins eagerly read. It was cut from a city paper and described the elaborate festival that had been prepared for the children of one of the city churches.

"You see each one, everybody, was given some flowers," explained Tom as Miss Spriggins folded the paper and handed it back.

"That was last year, and it seems as if we ought to be able to do that here this year. Round Grove's quite a place," and Tom glanced affectionately around at the neighbours' houses and down the street where he could see his father's store.

"It does so," agreed Miss Spriggins.

"I asked Mr. Reynolds, the superintendent, about it, and he said that there isn't any money in the treasury."

Miss Spriggins made no comment, and Tom went on: "I hated to give it up; so I thought that perhaps you'd let me weed your garden, and when Flower Sunday comes, pay me in flowers, so that all the children can have some, just a few apiece. There are only thirty, Miss Spriggins, and you know it's good for plants to have the flowers cut."

Tom was getting breathless with excitement, but he went right on: "I'm sure I could earn them if only the weeds will grow, lots of them and big!"

There was a grim smile in the eyes back of Miss Spriggins's spectacles, and they were looking rather admiringly at the small boy who had dared to tell the most successful gardener in Round Grove that it was good for plants to cut the flowers, and who was the only person whom she had ever known who wanted weeds to grow, "lots of them and big."

"All right, I'll try you," she said, "but mind one thing: you are to look after the weeds in that garden. I can't wait around till the flowers are choked and then put my sunbonnet on and run down street after you, just to learn that you're out at Mill Creek fishing. If you agree to weed my garden I'll expect you to do it without being reminded every day, and if the weeds grow the way you want them to it will be work enough," and Miss Spriggins chuckled dryly.

"All right, ma'am. Thank you. Good morning, Miss Spriggins!" and Tom was out of the gate before Miss Spriggins realized that the interview was over.

Tom did his work faithfully and the weeds did their part bravely. Tom never knew how fast they could grow before. He had been told that he grew like a weed; but he knew that could not be, or he would be as tall as the town flagstaff before he was fifteen. Nobody knew what a struggle he

had or how tired he sometimes grew. Miss Spriggins had a slight idea, for she had weeded the garden the year before, and sometimes she couldn't resist helping him by pulling a few weeds herself while he was at school and didn't know about it.

No butterfly took greater delight in the sweet peas than Tom, and Miss Spriggins herself bent no more lovingly above the roses than did he.

Flower Sunday was a perfect day, and Tom awoke in perfect spirits. He had not gone to bed with the thought on his mind that he must be up at daybreak to arrange the flowers. "I'll make your bouquets for you," Miss Spriggins had said the night before. "You go to bed and sleep and get rested and don't think any more about the flowers at all. Just come here a little before Sunday School time and everything will be ready for you." And Tom acted upon her kindly advice.

When Tom saw the flowers Miss Spriggins had arranged for him his delight was unbounded. He had been very modest in his hopes and never dreamed of such generosity. When she had carefully adjusted the large basket with its thirty bouquets on Tom's right arm, she placed in his left hand a bunch of the most beautiful, longest-stemmed roses that Tom had ever seen.

"Those are for the teachers, two apiece," she explained.

Tom had told no one but his mother of his plan, and she and Miss Spriggins had kept his secret, so that his gift of flowers was a complete surprise.

Flower Sunday was a grand success at Round Grove and the happiest day in Tom's life. The Sunday School there will celebrate Flower Sunday this year; but Tom will not have to do all the work.—*New York Observer.*

## HOW A BEE STINGS.

The sting is, of course, a bee's only weapon, says a writer in the June *Cosmopolitan*. It is not the single spear that it appears to the naked eye, but consists of three prongs each beautifully grooved into the others, thus forming a sort of tube through which flows the poison from the sac to which the sting is attached. As soon as the point of the sting enters the flesh, two of the prongs, which are barbed, begin to work forward alternately. When one has been thrust forward, its barbs catch in the flesh and hold while the other is being thrust forward, and this motion, which also pumps the poison from the poison sac, is continued until the sting has penetrated to its full length. The sting, accompanied by its appendages, is almost invariably torn from the bee, and remains in the flesh of the unfortunate victim. Unfortunate bee, too, as the loss of its sting is eventually followed by death! Hence it can be said that a bee literally defends its home with its life. It is also well to remember that a bee seldom uses its sting except in defence of its home. Out in the fields, flitting from flower to flower, a bee is the most harmless creature in existence. If one strays into a building, there is no danger that it will sting the inmates; its only thought is to again find its way out.

## THE SALARIES AND INCOMES OF RULERS.

There is certainly one very nice feature about being a potentate, and that is the income that comes to the occupant of a lofty place. Besides having all his wants attended to, and a large number of palaces always at his disposal, the Emperor of Russia is said to receive \$25,000 a day; the Sultan of Turkey receives \$18,000 a day; the Emperor of Austria rejoices in \$10,000 a day; Emperor William has to get along on \$8,000 from breakfast to bedtime; Queen Victoria has \$35,000 to spend every week, and the President of the United States receives a trifle under a thousand dollars a week, but a great deal of free advertising goes with the office.—*Harper's Young People.*