

Grandma and Little Jim.

BY EMMA B. LENTE

She sat with mind and memory dim,
And crooned an old-time, tender hymn,
And knitted socks for Little Jim,
For little Jim whose feet were still,
Unbidden by his own wild will,
Their resting place a far green hill.

She knew not that her mind was dim,
Or that she hummed the same old hymn,
While knitting socks for Little Jim,
"I scarce can keep him shod," said she,
"His feet are busy as can be,
And all day long trip merrily.

"You ought to see our Little Jim!
His father says he is a limb,
But still he well-nigh worships him!"
The old face wore a happy smile,
The worn hands knitting all the while,
For Jim beyond the church-yard stile.

"There was a little boy that died;
I know we all felt sad and cried,
But it was never Jim that died,
It is a wonder how he grows,
His chubby cheeks are like a rose;
You'd scarce believe how much he knows."

And so dear Grandma, eighty past,
Knit on, nor know, though hurrying fast,
How long one sock and ball could last,
Nor seemed to heed, for all her care,
The stitches raveling here and there,
And the strange stillness everywhere.

When she grew tired over-much,
And needles clicked with aimless touch,
Then she would rise, and with her crutch
Slow totter to the door to see
If Jim were playing happily,
And wonder where the child could be.

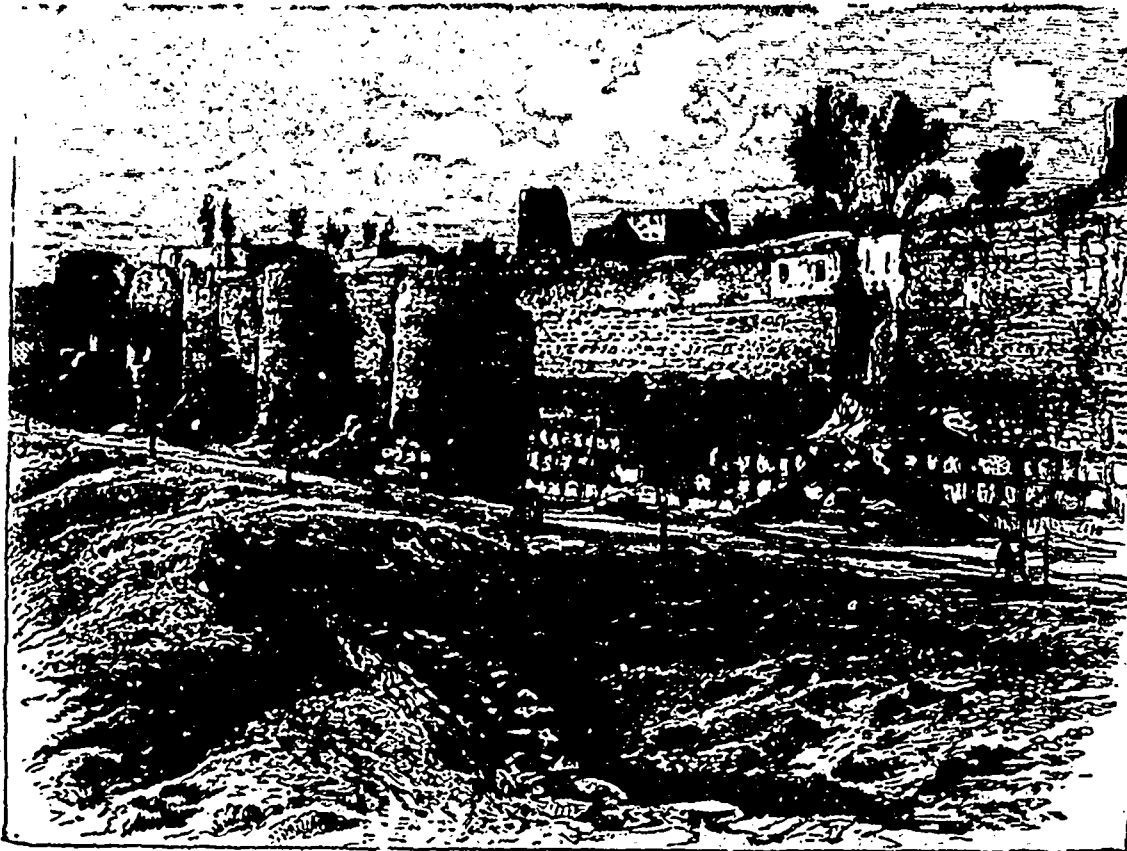
Then smile, and say: "How I forget!
He hasn't come to breakfast yet;
He sleeps so late, the little pet!"
So she would sit with memory dim,
And knit, and croon her tender hymn,
And slowly journey nearer him.

"May I bid?" cried a man to the auctioneer, over the heads of the crowd.
"Certainly, sir. Now, what am I bid for this fine piece of jewellery?"
"I bid you, sir, a very good-morning!"
cried the man. And there was a stir near the door.

"Now, look here," said the professor to the infuriated bull, "you are my superior in strength, I am your superior in mind. Let us arbitrate this matter, and see which should by right get the better of our controversy." "Oh, no," replied the bull, "let's toss up for it." Later: The professor lost.



FLOWER-SELLER, DAMASCUS.



THE WALLS OF DAMASCUS, THE CITY OF NAAMAN.

THREE BOYS.

"Let me tell you," says Miss Frances Willard in *The Young Crusader*, "about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died, and their dear mother was left to bring them up and to earn the money with which to do it. So the boys set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself, and practising strict economy, this blessed woman kept out of debt and gave each of her sons a thorough college education. But if they hadn't worked like beavers to help her, she never could have done it. Her oldest boy, only fourteen, treated his mother as if she were the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of housework off her hands, put on his big apron, and went to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, ground the coffee, waited on the table—did anything and everything that he could coax her to let him do; and the two younger ones followed his example right along. Those boys never wasted their mother's money on tobacco, beer or cards. They kept at work, and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly

boys, too, full of fun, and everybody not only liked but respected and admired them. All the girls in town praised them; and I don't know any better fortune for a boy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything that boys like better. They all married noble and true women, and to-day one of those boys is president of a college, goes to Europe every year, almost, and is in demand for every good word and work; another lives in one of the most elegant houses in Evanston, and is my own 'beloved physician'; while a third is a well-to-do wholesale grocer in Pueblo, Col., and a member of the city council."

Sowing and Reaping

BY ELLEN A. LUTZ

A sower went forth to sow the land,
In the springtime of the year;
He scattered the seed with a lavish hand,
And watered the earth with a tear.

As he cast the grain on the hard, cold clay,
His heart was heavy and sad;
He finished his task and went his way,
Knowing not that the earth was glad.

For the clouds of heaven brought dew and rain,
And the sun brought fervent heat,
To water and bless the barren plain,
Till it blossomed in golden wheat.

So a toiler went forth to sow the Word,
In the barren fields of sin;
And, oh, how the reapers praised the Lord,
When they gathered the harvest in!
Howell, Mich.



TOBACCO-SELLER CUTTING TOBACCO.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 21.

NAAMAN HEALED.

2 Kings 5. 1-14. Memory verses, 13, 14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved.—Jer. 17. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. The Smitten Soldier, v. 1-4.
 2. Naaman's Journey, v. 5-9.
 3. The Prophet's Command, v. 10-12.
 4. A Perfect Cure, v. 13, 14.
- Time.—Between 830 and 884 B.C.
Places.—Damascus, the capital of Syria; Samaria, the capital of Israel, about one hundred and ten miles apart.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Naaman healed.—2 Kings 5 1-7.
Tu. Naaman healed.—2 Kings 5. 8-16.
W. Christ's healing touch.—Mark 1. 35-45.
Th. Gratitude for healing.—Luke 4. 11-19.
F. Obedient faith.—John 9. 1-11.
S. Grace abounding.—Rom. 5. 12-21.
Su. The source of cleansing.—1 John 1.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Smitten Soldier, v. 1-4.
Of what man of valour does the lesson tell?
Why was he held in honour by the king of Syria?
What affliction was on him?
What captive had the Syrians taken?
To whom was the maid a servant?
What did she say to her mistress about Naaman?
What report was brought to Naaman?
2. Naaman's Journey, v. 5-9.
What did the Syrian king say that he would do?
What presents did he send to the king of Israel?
What was the letter which he sent?
How was the king of Israel affected by the letter?
What question did he ask?
What did he think was the purpose of the letter?
Who heard of the king's distress?
What message did he send to the king?
What did Naaman then do?
3. The Prophet's Command, v. 10-12.
What message did Elisha send to him?
How did Naaman receive this message?
What did he expect Elisha would do?
What did he ask about the rivers of Damascus?
4. A Perfect Cure, v. 13, 14.
What did his servants say to him?
What did Naaman finally do?
What was the effect on his leprosy?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That a child can serve God?

2. That God can bring good out of seeming evil?
3. That God can work great results by small means?

A HINDU GIRL'S TRAINING.

One of the greatest cares of the Hindu mother is to bring up her daughter to home life, and to make her a good housewife. When a girl is seven years of age the mother teaches her to cook and to clean the pots. Clothes are changed and washed every day. The little girl washes the smaller clothes on a stone. She sweeps the kitchen, she fetches the utensils, she slices vegetables, she pounds and grinds the spices, she takes out the small pebbles from the rice, and cleans it in water.

If she has an infant sister or brother, she lulls it to sleep in the cradle. The mother teaches her to sew, and to embroider, and to make her toilet, which is simple. One part of it is that a small, round mark of red paint is made on her forehead. The absence of this mark denotes a widow. The mother teaches her to prepare cakes, puddings, and sweetmeats; also preserved pickles and other things for use in the rainy season, which begins at the end of May and lasts to about the middle of October. She is taught never to talk loudly or to laugh, even at home, at the pitch of her voice.

IN SMOKEY TOWN.

After a long period of suspension the iron-works of a Western city resumed operations and the black chimneys poured out dense clouds of soot over the town. Ruskin would have anathematized it for its hideousness, and daintily-clad women looked upon it with horror, but a little girl, hungry and cold, whose father had been for months without work, clapped her hands and exclaimed:

"Was there ever anything so beautiful as to see the smoke in the chimneys again! That big piece is a shawl for mother, and those cunning little bits tumbling down are shoes for baby, and, oh, there comes such a lot of the smoke, maybe it is really a hat for me; anyway, I know it's shoe-strings."—Youth's Companion.

There was an embarrassing scene at a recent wedding in Yorkshire. All had gone merrily until the bridegroom was called upon to produce the wedding-ring. In vain he felt in his trousers pocket for the indispensable trifle. Nothing could be found, except a hole through which the ring had evidently fallen into the boot. What was he to do? "Take your boot off," said the parson. The suspense and silence were painful. The organist at the parson's bidding struck up a "voluntary." The young man removed his boot. The ring was found, also a hole in the stocking, and the worthy minister remarked, evidently with more than the delay of the ceremony in mind, "Young man, it is time you were married."