

**Children's Department.**

**"THEY SAY."**

Have you heard of the terrible family  
"They"  
And the dreadful, venomous things they  
say?  
Why, half the gossip under the sun,  
If you trace it back, you will find begun  
In that wretched House of "They."

A numerous family, so I am told,  
And its genealogical tree is old;  
For ever since Adam and Eve began  
To build up the curious race of man,  
Has existed the house of "They."

Gossip-mongers and spreaders of lies,  
Horrid people whom all despise!  
And yet the best of us, now and then,  
Repeat queer tales about women and men,  
And quote the house of "They."

They live like lords and never labor.  
A "They's" one task is to watch his neigh-  
bour  
And tell his business and private affairs  
To the world at large they are sowers of  
tares—  
These folks in the house of "They."

It is wholly useless to follow a "They"  
With a whip or a gun, for he slips away  
And into his house, where you cannot go,  
It is locked and bolted and guarded so—  
This horrible house of "They"

Though you cannot get in, yet they get out,  
And spread their villainous tales about.  
Of all the rascals under the sun  
Who have come to punishment, never one  
Belonged to the house of "They."

**LITTLE TANGLES.**

Once upon a time there was a  
great king, who employed his  
people to weave for him. The silk  
and wool and patterns were also  
given by the king, and he looked  
for diligent work-people. He was  
very indulgent, and told them when  
any difficulty arose to send for  
him, and he would help them, and  
never to fear troubling him, but to  
ask for help and instruction.

Among many men and women,  
busy at their looms, was one little  
child, whom the king did not  
think too young to work. Often  
alone at her work, cheerfully and  
patiently she laboured. One day,  
when the men and women were  
distressed at the sight of their  
failures—the silks were tangled  
and the weaving unlike the pattern  
—they gathered around the child  
and said:

"Tell us how it is that you are  
so happy in your work? We are  
always in difficulties."

"Then why do you not send to  
the king" said the little weaver;  
"he told us that we might do so."

"So we do, night and morning."  
"Ah!" said the child, "but I  
send directly I find I have a little  
tangle."—Great Thoughts.

**THE KITE AND THE  
PIGEONS.**

A kite, that had kept sailing  
around a dove-cote for many days  
to no purpose, was forced by  
hunger to have recourse to strata-  
gem. Approaching the pigeons in  
his gentlest manner, he tried to  
show them how much better their  
state would be if they had a king  
with some firmness about him, and  
how well his protection would  
shield them from the attacks of the

hawk and other enemies. The  
pigeons, deluded by this show of  
reason, admitted him to the dove-  
cote as their king. They found,  
however, that he thought it part  
of his kingly prerogative to eat one  
of their number every day, and  
they soon repented their credulity  
in having let him in.

**TAKE A SHEEP.**

There is a pertinent temperance  
lesson in the following anecdote:  
A farmer employed a young man  
to labour upon his farm without  
knowing of his habits. All too soon  
the farmer found that his new  
hand was addicted to drinking  
alcoholics; and this habit inter-  
fered with his usefulness.

"John," said the farmer to the  
man, "I'll give ye one o' my best  
sheep if ye'll give up drinking  
while ye work for me."

"It's a bargain," declared the  
man. A grown son of the farmer,  
overhearing this agreement, look-  
ed up and said: "Pa, will you give  
me a sheep, too, if I will not  
drink?" "Yes," replied the father,  
"you may have a sheep." Then  
the little boy spoke up and said:  
"Pa, will you give me a sheep, too,  
if I'll not drink?" "Yes, son, you  
shall have a sheep, too."

After a moment's pause, the little  
boy turned to his father, and said:  
"Pa, hadn't you better take a sheep,  
too?"

"I dunno, I dunno," the farmer  
replied, doubtfully, and then sud-  
denly concluded, "I declare, I'll try  
it, and see!"

The old gentleman was heard  
afterward to declare that he  
made the best investment in sheep  
that season he had ever made in his  
life.

**WHAT ETHEL SAW AT  
CHURCH.**

"Oh, Aunt Alice, did you ever  
see such a dowdy bonnet as the  
minister's wife had on to-day?"  
said Ethel Mayne, as she turned  
from church with an aunt she was  
visiting. "Did you take notice of  
it?"

"No, my dear; I was interested  
in the services, and did not observe  
it."

"Well, aunt, I could not help  
but look at it. Why are people  
holding a prominent position so  
careless about their personal ap-  
pearance? I am very glad our  
minister is a young, unmarried  
man. Why, the ladies in our con-  
gregation could not tolerate such  
a dowdy-looking person as your  
Mrs. Benclift. I noticed a lady in  
the next seat, and she was beauti-  
fully dressed, with a lovely wrap,  
exquisitely trimmed. I was glad  
we sat so near; I got a fine view of  
it, and I know now how I shall  
have my new wrap trimmed. I  
can do it very easily, as I took par-  
ticular notice of that one."

"You have all the material up-  
stairs, I believe," said her aunt,  
gently; "would you not like to run  
up for it, and bring down your

needle and thimble, and just ar-  
range it now, before you forget  
it?"

"Why, Aunt Alice, it is the Sab-  
bath. Do you think I would do  
such a wicked thing as to sew on  
the Sabbath?" said Ethel, in a  
shocked tone.

"Why not," my dear?" Have  
you not sewed it over many times  
in your mind to-day?"

Ethel looked ashamed, but pres-  
ently enquired: "Was it as bad to  
think about such a thing on the  
Sabbath as to do it?"

"God looks on the heart, Ethel.  
In His sight you have broken His  
holy commandment by sewing on  
your wrap to-day."

"But I would not really sew on  
the Sabbath for anything."

"You remind me, Ethel of a  
poor woman, who took out the  
parts of a garment and began ar-  
ranging them together with pins  
on Sabbath morning. I said to  
her: 'You are not going to sew  
to-day?' 'Oh, no,' she replied; 'I  
am only fitting those pieces to-  
gether nicely, while I think of it,  
to sew on Monday.' You may  
smile, Ethel, and think the poor  
woman very inconsiderate. But is  
there really any difference? My  
dear, God's commandment is ex-  
ceedingly broad. He forbids us,  
not only to do our own works, but  
to think our own thoughts on the  
Lord's Day. Heart sins are the  
worst of all, for they produce all  
the others."

**EQUAL RIGHTS.**

We were a pretty noisy carriage  
load, that's a fact. Little Jackets  
was huddled back in the corner,  
half scared by the uproar—it was  
his first year. Bob had rolled  
under the seat for retirement, and  
Jimpsey had climbed into the bag-  
gage rack, "trying to reach a  
higher moral atmosphere," he said.  
States—short for United States;  
he came across the water—was  
asleep, or pretended to be, and we  
were trying to wake him up, Daddy  
with suggestions, and the rest of  
us with pokes and pinches, when  
the train stopped and the guard  
threw open the door. He looked  
as if he had struck a menagerie of  
wild beasts, and when Jimpsey sud-  
denly crowed from his perch in the  
rack, the man started so that he  
nearly knocked Daddy's glasses  
off.

"Come down from there!" he  
ordered; but Jimpsey only  
laughed.

"Come down, or I'll 'ave to re-  
port ye! I'll 'ave to report all of  
ye, young gentlemen."

"What for?" drawled Bob, and  
Daddy bristled up as if he were  
very indignant.

"I'll report you if you don't  
stop knocking off my glasses and  
banging against my hat!" he de-  
clared.

The guard stared until the fel-  
lows all laughed, and then, as  
Jimpsey wouldn't move, he stepped  
in to pull him down. Quick as a  
flash, Daddy jerked the key from  
the man's hand and locked the

**STANLEY  
PIANOS**

**Will Fill the Demand for a  
High-Class Piano**

The purchasers of these widely celebrated  
pianos are beyond any question thoroughly  
satisfied, and have nothing but praise for  
them when asked to give an opinion.

If you are intending to buy, your in-  
terests prompt an examination of them be-  
fore deciding.

Write for catalogue and testimonials  
—and if desired a piano will be sent on ap-  
proval at our expense to any part of Can-  
ada. Guaranteed absolutely seven years.

WAREHOUSES:

**11 RICHMOND ST. WEST,  
TORONTO, ONT.**

**BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR**  
the grandest and fastest-selling book ever published,

**Pulpit Echoes**

OR LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART.  
Containing Mr. MOODY'S best Sermons, with 500  
Thrilling Stories, Incidents, Personal Experiences, etc., as told

**By D. L. Moody**

himself. With a complete history of his life by Rev. CHAS. F.  
GOSSE, Pastor of Mr. Moody's Chicago Church for five years,  
and an Introduction by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.  
Brand new. 600 pp., beautifully illustrated. \$1.000 more  
AGENTS WANTED—Men and Women. Sales  
immense—a harvest time for Agents. Send for terms to  
A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

door on the inside. Little Jackets  
was so frightened by that time that  
he almost went through the cor-  
ner. Nobody knows what the  
guard would have done, for, as he  
turned on Daddy, two or three of  
the boys seized him, threw him  
down in a jiffy, and sat on him to  
keep him quiet.

"That's right!" said Jimpsey.  
"You just ride inside, where you  
can keep watch of us, and make  
us behave. That's the proper place  
for a guard, anyway."

The man saw it was no use to  
storm; he couldn't help himself,  
and it was only a lot of schoolboys  
making a high frolic out of the  
last bit of their vacation while they  
were on their way to school again,  
so he began to argue and coax in  
a good-natured way. But they had  
gone wild, and wouldn't listen.  
Then he tried to wriggle himself  
loose, and at last he begged. He  
said keeping him there would lose  
him his position.

"Well, what do we care for your  
position?" said Daddy. "The one  
you've got just now suits us, and  
you can keep that."

Then States woke up. The first  
we knew of it the fellows were  
tumbling right and left, and the  
guard was on his feet and out of  
the carriage in a minute. States is  
pretty strong, and quick as a cat,  
but he couldn't have done that even  
with the man doing his best to help  
himself, if everybody hadn't been  
taken by surprise. As it was, he  
was a good deal out of breath, so  
that he only leaned back against  
the door and took the language  
that was fired at him—and there  
was considerable of it—with  
philosophical calm.