

For a time Nellie amused herself very quietly by winding a string in and out through her fingers; but presently she began talking to herself in a low tone: "When I say my prayers, God says, 'Hark, angels, while I hear a little noise.'" Her mother asked her what noise was that?

"A little girl's noise. Then the angels will do just so (shutting her mouth very tight, and keeping very still for a moment) till I say Amen."

Isn't that a sweet thought? I wonder if the children who read this story of little Nellie have ever thought how wonderful it is that God always hears their prayers! He is surrounded by thousands and thousands of angels, all singing and praising Him with golden harps; and yet, through all the music and all the praises, He hears the softest prayer of a little child kneeling by the bedside. He must be very loving and very kind to children. We should think He would sometimes forget, and be listening to the beautiful sounds in heaven, instead of the prayer of a little child. But He never does. There is never too much singing or too many praises there for Him to hear a little girl's noise. Do you not wonder that children do not pray to Him much more and much oftener than they do?

How to Make Big Soap Bubbles.

It is great sport to make soap-bubbles, but it is twice as much fun if the bubbles are big ones, strong enough not to break when they are floated to the floor. Bubbles twice as big as your head, or as big as the biggest kind of a foot-ball, can easily be blown by any one who knows how to mix the soap-bubble material. Take a piece of white castile soap about as big as a walnut. Cut it up into a cup of warm water, and then add a teaspoonful of glycerine. Stir well, and blow from a small pipe. This will make bubbles enough to last all the afternoon. To make pink bubbles add a few drops of strawberry juice, and to make yellow ones put in a little orange juice.

Arkwright.

When Arkwright had almost perfected his first power loom, he found that the yarn as it was delivered through the rollers had an awkward, fatal trick of curling back. He puzzled over this serious obstacle. At last he took the local blacksmith, who made his early machines, into counsel, and the man, one Strutt, told him that he thought he could cure it. Arkwright asked him his terms. Ten years' partnership and equal profits, was the reply. This was too much for Arkwright, who, like Naaman of old, turned and went away in a rage. But the yarn still curled, and dashed his hopes. At last he reluctantly yielded to the blacksmith. Then occurred another scene. The blacksmith insisted that the deed of partnership should be executed and enrolled. Arkwright stormed. But the local vulcan was firm. When the deed was signed, the blacksmith went behind the rollers, and apparently rubbed one of them with his hand. Instantly the yarn was delivered as was wished, and the astonished and enraged Arkwright found that his new partner had only rubbed one of the rollers with a piece of chalk, in other words, proved that one of them should have a different surface from the other. The execrations of the en-

raged manufacturer were unspeakable. But the compact held, and in the end the blacksmith became Lord Belper.

One Small Man's Plan.

The "blue-line" street-car stopped at the corner, and a rather anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Rob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you; don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed his brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bub?" asked a mischievous-looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered politely.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor; but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I tan't," said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't I'll scare the horses and make them run away."

The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belled horses, but shook his head.

"Here, Bub, I'll you give this peach if you will pull that note half-way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you just show me the corner of your note," said the tempter. The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more; but the young man opened the bag, and held it out just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face; I believe Rob was afraid to trust himself, and when a man left his seat on the other side, to get off the car, the little boy slipped quickly down, left the temptation behind and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded until it might have alarmed Rob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him, and said, with a sweet glow on her face:

"Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation, and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message ever reached Rob's mother; but no matter, the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.

To Amuse a Sick Child.

It is an excellent plan to keep a few toys for emergencies. When a child is ailing, or just recovering from an illness, it is apt to be peevish and fretful, and its usual play-things do not amuse. It is then that the emergency toys work like a charm. Let them be especially nice, and adapted to the case—that is, have such toys as an invalid can enjoy. Let them be kept for that purpose alone, so that the novelty may not wear off. Add to

them occasionally, so as to keep up the interest. This plan works equally well with older children, and it is a good idea to have a box of pictures, scraps, illustrated papers, etc., kept to be used when one member of the family is confined to the room. Prepare a box for emergencies, and you will not regret it when there is a fretful child to amuse.

Retrievers.

These dogs receive their name from their value in retrieving or recovering game that has fallen out of the reach of the sportsman, or which he does not trouble to fetch himself. To do his work properly, the retriever needs a very sharp scent, and sufficient strength to enable him to force his way through the bushes and creepers that sometimes lie in his path.

To train a retriever properly is a rather difficult task, requiring the greatest patience and perseverance on the part of the teacher. A young dog, if required to cross a stream, will often forget its errand and amuse himself by chasing the water rats which abound in most streams. Careful training is necessary to teach him better. Retrievers are, however, very intelligent, and well repay the trouble taken in training them. Some show a cleverness which is almost human in the tricks they perform. Mr. Ross, of Salford, had a black retriever named "Darkie" that learnt many clever and amusing tricks. His keenness in finding and fetching things was quite remarkable. His master would throw a small coin over a fence upon waste land at night, and Darkie would bring it back within five minutes.

The dog was fond of Eccles cakes, and bought them himself. If a shilling was given to him he would go to the cake shop and get his cake, but would not leave the shop until he had also received elevenpence in change. If a lighted match was dropped upon the floor, Darkie put his foot upon it to extinguish it.

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