

"Keep watch on the passongers," thus I pray,
 "For to me they are very dear ;
 And special ward, O gracious Lord,
 O'er the gentle engineer."

—*St. Louis Star Sayings.*

A CHILD'S HEART.

A curious-looking old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with painful effort, sat down on a curbstone to rest. A group of little ones, the oldest about nine, stopped in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. She smiled. Suddenly the smile faded, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the oldest child asked :

"Are you sorry because you have not got any children ?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead," whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I am sorry," said the little girl as her chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers, but I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you child—bless you forever," sobbed the old woman, and for a minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy."

Pedestrians who saw three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children.—*Pansy.*

TAKE CARE OF THE BABIES THIS HOT WEATHER.

No observant woman can pass through city parks and avenues without being impressed by the shameful neglect of little babies on the part of nursemaids who have them in charge. That this neglect is not willful but usually springs from ignorance does not nullify the effect upon the children. A maid may be ever so kind and honest, but if she has no more judgment than to let the rays of the sun fall directly into the face and eyes of the baby as he lies in his perambulator she is unfit for her position. Or perhaps she smothers him when sleeping with a thick veil while she gossips with other nurses, and finding him on awaking in a profuse perspiration will remove all his wraps and place him on the ground to cool off. Of course the mother is partially responsible for such woeful exhibitions of ignorance as these. Before sending forth her precious charge she should satisfy herself that the maid knows the fundamental principles

for keeping a baby comfortable while out of doors. It is a pity that fashion decrees that a mother shall not wheel her own baby carriage. She would far better hire an extra house servant or seamstress in place of an irresponsible nursemaid and assume all personal care of the little ones herself.—*Congregationalist.*

The Royal Geographical Society sent a commission to Africa to carry presents to Chitambo, in whose territory Livingstone died, and to fix a bronze tablet on the tree under which he was buried. Lieut. Franqui fixed the tablet on the tree. It bears this simple inscription: "Livingstone died here—Ilala, May 1, 1873."

"He is never alone who is where God is."—*Ben Hur.*

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