

did, encouraged them to do so too. From that time, prayer was never neglected on board that ship, while even those who did not pray themselves, were afraid or ashamed to laugh or mock at those who did. In this way, little George was very useful to his young companions, by the example which he set them. We should "gather up the fragments" of usefulness that lie around us, by setting a good example.—Exchange.

THE MISSIONARY HEN.

BY M. R. F.

Tippecanoe was a very long name for a very little thing. Some things need long names to make them amount to anything at all, but it was not so with our Tip. Tippecanoe or Tip, as it was familiarly called, was a white chicken,—at least it had been white in the days of its babyhood, but too frequent contact with the ash-pile had sullied its snowy plumage. Little Minnie Grey was the owner of Tip. She had strayed away from the rest of the family, and was wandering houseless and homeless when Minnie picked her up in the alley and carried her home. Under her tender watch-care she grew and developed into a matronly hen.

One Sabbath, Minnie came home looking very sober.

"What is the matter?" said mamma.

"Oh, there was a missionary man at Sunday-school to-day, and he told us all about the poor little children away out West. He wanted some money, and I have concluded to give him some."

"You have? Where are you going to get it?"

"Well, I guess I will sell Tip."

"Sell Tip! Why, I thought you loved her too well to part with her."

"I do love her, but she's all I've got. If I don't give her, I haven't anything."

"My child, I am glad to see that you are willing to part with all you have for the sake of doing good; but I can tell you how you can make more money than by selling Tip."

"How?"

"Save all of her eggs carefully and sell them. In the Spring she will sit, and we will have a nice lot of young chickens and—"

"Oh, that will be grand! and I can keep poor Tip! I did feel so sorry when I thought of her being killed."

Minnie began feeding Tip with pepper and lime so she would lay, and every day her efforts were rewarded by a nice fresh egg. It was not long before she had a whole dollar laid away. One warm spring day old Tip came marching off the nest with twelve sprightly little chicks. She was a careful mother, and every one of the downy little creatures developed into a plump fat chicken; but they had scarcely begun to cackle and crow until, one after another, they disappeared, and each time, a new silver piece was added to the little pile. The next fall when the missionary man returned, Minnie had five dollars to send to the poor children.

Tip has not wearied in well-doing, and next year Minnie hopes to have more money to send away than she had this.—Chicago Sunday School News.

"Slander, worst of poisons, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds."

"CLEAN HANDS."

"I say, Harry, what has made you make this wonderful clean fit all of a sudden?" asked John Shelford of his little brother, who was drying his hands after a vigorous pumping. "This is the seventh time I have seen you go to the pump and wash your hands to-day."

"Because I want to be strong," replied Harry.

"Well, but washing your hands won't make you strong."

"Yes it will, the Bible says so."

"I don't believe it does," said John.

"I am sure it does though," returned Harry positively: "papa read it at prayers this morning: 'He that has clean hands shall be stronger and stronger:;' and Harry waved his arms in the air, and went through sundry gymnastic exercises, as if to see whether his numerous washings during the day had increased his strength."

"Well, you don't suppose that means really clean hands: you are a silly boy. You have had all your trouble for nothing."

"No, I haven't! I'll ask papa to-night if the Bible doesn't really mean what it says."

So in the evening, when Mr. Shelford had come home from business, as soon as he had finished his tea, Harry began:

"Papa, doesn't the Bible say that if you have 'clean hands' you'll be stronger?"

"Certainly, my boy," said Mr. Shelford, smiling; "I see you remember what we read this morning—how Job said: 'The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.'"

"There," cried Harry, "I knew I was right and washing your hands will make you strong, won't it?"

"It is very good for little boys to wash themselves, and it helps to make them strong and healthy if they keep clean; but there are some stains that we can't get out with soap and water, and it was freedom from these stains that the Bible meant. The other day I saw a little boy lift his hand to strike his sister, that made it far dirtier than if it had been making mud-pies for a whole day."

Harry blushed and his papa went on:

"When I was a little boy, I was taught that it was my duty to keep my hands from picking and stealing,—picking, you know, means taking little things that don't belong to you; like stealing lumps of sugar out of mamma's cupboard, or picking fruit off the young trees that I tell you not to touch."

"Then Eve made her hands dirty when she took the forbidden fruit," put in John, who feared the conversation was getting personal.

"Yes, indeed she did, and no one can tell the number of soiled hands that have been the result of that action."

Now John, can you remember the name of a man who 'stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church?' That made his hands very dirty indeed."

"That was Herod, papa, when he killed James and put Peter into prison."

"Yes; and do you know who tried to clear himself from the blame of a very terrible act by washing his hands?"

Both boys were silent, and Mr. Shelford asked again:

"Who took water and washed his hands, saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person?'"

"Oh! that was Pilate, papa," said Harry, "when he let the people crucify Jesus."

"Yes, but the stain of the sin was just as much on his soul after he had washed his hands as before, and it is the same with our sins, whether we call them little or great; we cannot get rid of them or their consequences, however we try to clear ourselves. No washing of our own will do it. So what must we do, Harry? When you make your hands dirty with wrong things, how can they be made clean?"

"God can wash them, papa; that is what you mean, isn't it? because David said, 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

"And Peter," added John, "asked the Lord Jesus to wash not only his feet but his hands and his head; but Jesus said he need only have his feet washed."

"Yes, because, as the Lord said, he was washed already, by faith in Christ's cleansing word. It was the same cleansing that David meant when he prayed, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God.' And I want my dear boys to pray too."

'Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.'

Then you will have the blessing that is promised to him that 'hath clean hands and a pure heart; and you will every day grow 'stronger and stronger' in the best kind of strength, till you are like those to whom St. John said, 'I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong.'"

Selected.

A BAR-ROOM PANEGYRIC.—A lazy, beer-soaked German had died. In his lifetime he had been drunken, gluttonous, cruel to wife and children, faithless to friends. But he was dead, and of course something must be found to say in his favor. It was a hard task for his comrades, as they sat in silence in the neighboring bar-room. But at last one of them was able to utter this eulogy: "Vell, Hans vos got to schmoke, anyway." That was the summary of the virtues of a lifetime.

"Why," said a lover to his mistress, "are you like that hinge?" "Can't even guess." "Because you are something to a door" (adore). She cut his acquaintance immediately, which, we surmise considerably unhinged him.

A nobleman who is in the habit of speaking to soldiers in an affable manner was much amused when a Guardsman said to him, "I like you, my lord. There's nothing of the gentlemian about you."

A celebrated oculist offered to operate on a Parisian blind beggar's eyes, "I'll guarantee to restore your sight." "What," exclaimed the beggar, "restore my sight and so ruin my business! A pretty notion!"

At one of the schools in Cornwall, England, the inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children sagely quoted in reply the text, "No man can serve two masters."