

His brain would have reeled and his heart sunk had he not trusted in his Heavenly Father when he thought of the number of jackets, stockings and dresses they would need in the course of a year, and of the quantities of bread and potatoes they would eat.

His house, too, was very small quarters for the many beds and cribs, to say nothing of the room required for the noise and fun the merry nine made. But the father and mother managed very well, and the house was a pattern of neatness and order.

One day there came a guest to the house. As they sat down at dinner the stranger, looking at the hungry children about the table, said compassionately: "Poor man, what a cross you have to bear!"

"I? a cross to bear?" asked the father wondering. "What do you mean?"

"Nine children, and seven boys at that?" replied the stranger, adding bitterly: "I have but two, and each of them is a nail in my coffin."

"Mine are not," said the teacher with prompt decision.

"How does that happen?" asked the guest.

"Because I have taught them the noble art of obedience. Isn't that so, children?"

"Yes," cried the children.

"And you obey me willingly?" The two girls laughed roguishly, but the seven youngsters shouted:

"Yes, dear father, truly."

Then the father turned to the guest, and said: "Sir, if death were to come in at the door, waiting to take one of my children, I would say"—here he pulled off his velvet cap and hurled it at the door—"Rascal, who cheated you into thinking I had one too many?"

The stranger sighed; he saw that it was only disobedient children that make a father unhappy. One of the nine children of the poor schoolmaster afterward became widely known; he was the saintly Pastor Oberlin.

**"SHE'S MUCH OLDER THAN HER HUSBAND."**

We heard a young girl make the above remark the other day about a lady with whom we are slightly acquainted. It was not true, yet the lady in question actually does look five years older than her husband, although she is several years his junior. She is prematurely aged, and functional derangement is the cause. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription would cure her, and should be recommended to her, and to all others who are in the same condition. If the reader of this chances to be a similar sufferer, let her get the "Prescription." It will bring back her lost beauty, and better still, it will remove all those distressing symptoms which have made life a burden to her so long. Money refunded if it don't give satisfaction. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

**DON'T COMPLAIN.**

A country merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind his saddle was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to the skin. At this time he was quite vexed, and murmured because God had given him such hard weather for his journey. He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber,

who with leveled gun, was aiming at him and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet with the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant giving spur to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself, "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair I should not probably have been alive at this hour. The rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment to save my life and preserve to me my property."

—Among the many anecdotes related of the late Emperor, was one associated with his ninetieth birthday, which was celebrated with great pomp throughout Germany. Splendid gifts were sent him from all over the world, which were displayed together in a hall. Close beside a costly service of rare china, sent by Queen Victoria, was a wooden box, tied with a bit of twine. The aged Emperor opened it, and read, with much emotion, the following letter from a child; it was misspelled, and written on a piece of gray paper:—

Dear King: I have nothing to send you on your great day but a prayer to the good God to keep you long our King. Now I will tell you of my father, who was shot in the foot in the war with Austria, and is ill, and has no pension. I have two brothers and two sisters, and often we have no bread to eat.

The name of the writer, August Wolk, was then signed, and the Emperor said: "He has made the best gift of all. He has given me the chance to be just to a brave man." He then ordered the case to be looked in'o, and finding that the man was worthy of a pension, had one granted to him.

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"What makes you so dull to-night, Harry?" said one young clerk to another.

"I'm so bothered about my accounts. I can't get them right. I have been to a great many places to-day collecting, and I have not so much money as I ought to have."

"Oh, never mind. Don't think about that now. What's the use of worrying over it any more? Put it by till to-morrow."

"It's all very fine to say that, I can't put it by, I have got to give in my book to the Governor the first thing in the morning. How can a fellow help thinking about it, when his accounts are not right?"

Are your accounts all right, my friend? Are you ready to meet your Master? He never forgets anything; and He may call on you to give in your account before you expect it.

In other words, are you prepared to meet your God?

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