

PITY THE BIRDS.

Mark Twain tells how one young nimbrod learned to pity birds:

"The moment Tom began to talk about birds I judged he was a goner, because Jim knowed more about birds than both of us put together. You see, he had killed hundreds and hundreds of them, and that's the way to find out about birds. That's the way that peoples does that writes books about birds, and loves them so, that they'll go hungry and tired and take any amount of trouble to find a new bird and kill it. There name is ornithologers, and I could have been an ornithologer myself, because I always loved birds and creatures—and I started out to learn how to be one, and I see a bird sitting on a dead limb of a tree, singing, with his head tilted back and his mouth open, and before I thought I fired, and his song stopped, and he fell straight down from the limb, all limp like a rag, and I run and picked him up, and he was dead, and his body was warm in my hand, and his head rolled about, this way and that, like his neck was broken, and there was a white skin over his eyes, and one little drop of blood on the side of his head, and laws! I couldn't see nothing more for the tears; and I ain't ever murdered no creature since that warn't doing me no harm, and I ain't going to."

SPEAK IT OUT.

"Run and tell her or the may hear it from somebody else," said a young man, laughingly, to a pretty sister at his side. "There she stands, I will hold your impediments, and entertain Fred, until you return."

The girl tried to frown upon the speaker, but ended by handing him a bouquet and fan, and moving off toward a severe looking woman at the opposite side of the room.

"She would not condescend to gossip," he said, as both youth's looked at her admiringly, and one questioningly; "but she dearly loves to retail a compliment. I believe in every chamber of her brain is stowed away some nice thing she has heard about somebody, to be delicately imparted to the particular person when he or she appears. It was your remark about that lady's classic profile which has just taken my sister away. She does not do it for effect, either. She says 'it is stark selfishness; she likes to see the pleasure on people's faces.'"

"That is the reason, then, that I seem to grow an inch taller whenever I talk to her," Fred. replied. "Your sister makes a shy fellow think he amounts to something."

No wonder she is a popular girl, and that all kinds of persons make opportunities to meet her. She never thinks it her duty to tell people unpleasant truths or to declare her whole opinion of them, or to carry unkind intelligence. Metaphorically speaking, she never treads on one's toes. She never croaks. She never gives social stabs. She prefers the oil and wine treatment of wounds. She sees no virtue in making enemies. She agrees with Oliver Wendell Holmes in thinking that friendship does not authorize one to say disagreeable things. She openly declares that she would rather be loved than hated.

"See now," exclaimed Fred, who had been watching the girl while he was thinking this. "That stern profile is transformed. It does pay to speak out the nice little things one thinks."—From "If I Were a Girl Again."

Germany had 11,013 suicides last year, a rate of 21 to 100,000 inhabitants. The rate for Prussia alone is 20; that for the Province of Saxony 32, and for Schleswig-Holstein, 33; while in Catholic and Polish Posen it is only 8. For Berlin the rate was 34.

THE COLD SHOULDER.

By Daniel H. Martin, D.D.

When the prodigal was in the far country reduced to rags and wretchedness "No man gave unto him." That was the truest charity. The best shoulder to turn to a man living as that fellow did was the cold shoulder. It was a good thing to let him feel the frost of social ostracism and realize that a dissipated life is out of gear with the machinery of a well-ordered community. If he had been coddled and helped he would have been content to remain a pauper; but all help withdrawn, he had to help himself.

That is the truest charity which makes an able-bodied idler understand that no one owes him a living. It was a good thing that the prodigal came to want; a good thing that all men turned their backs on him; a good thing that he should be scratched by the crop of wild oats which he had sown. It is God's plan that a man shall reap as he has sown. The sinner must suffer the consequences of his sin or there will be no reason to stop sinning.

When God decreed that the way of the transgressor should be hard, it was for the transgressor's sake that he might face a new direction, and not go on to the ruin of his body and soul. When a man wakes with a bad headache after a debauch, it is the monitor which tells him he is breaking the laws of God by sinning against the laws of the body. It is the call to a new manhood. You and I are doing harm to the saloon-soaked mendicant when we respond to his appeal for money on the street, or his appeal for food at our kitchen door. We are confirming his choice of shiftlessness, making tramp life pleasant, consecrating him to the career of a parasite on society, and ultimately to that of thief or murderer, since idleness is the mother of crime.

This is not a plea for hard-heartedness, but for thoughtfulness. If a man is unable to help himself through illness or decrepitude, he is a worthy object of sympathy and practical help. And we need to discriminate also with the poor. Many are poor as the victims of other people's misdoings. Some of the noblest and most unselfish characters in the community are found in the ranks of the poor. I am dealing here only with the professional pauper who makes himself such for revenue only; who has discovered that it is easier to beg than work, and to take his comfort while you and I earn the money to support him. Yet how many good people give money to any such person not realizing they are doing a three-fold injury, in making the man think begging is as respectable as working, in paralyzing his ambition, and killing his self-respect. Thus indiscriminate giving hurts the man, hurts society and hurts himself, by implanting the self-satisfaction of charity, which is a charity in name only.

We need to beware also of the pernicious practice of giving to child-beggars on the street, for that only entails misery and vice, by teaching that money can be gained without work; the next step is petty thieving, for when begging fails thieving begins, and after that a ruined life. The real way to help the poor without hurting them is to investigate the need, and provide not money but the food or medicine required. If there is a head to the house he should be made to understand that the help provided is only temporary, that he is the responsible head for his family. Thus we can make the poor our partners in the honest effort to improve their condition, and relief should be made dependent upon their doing what they can to help themselves. N. Y. Christian Intelligence.

A SAFE MEDICINE

FOR ALL CHILDREN

All so-called "soothing" syrups and most of the powders advertised to cure the ailments of babies and young children contain poisonous opiates, and an overdose may kill the child. Baby's Own Tablets are absolutely safe. You have the guarantee of a government analyst to the truth of this statement. Good for the new born babe and the well grown child. The Tablets positively cure such ailments as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea and teething troubles. They also cure simple fever, break up colds, prevent croup and destroy worms. Every mother who has used this medicine praises it highly. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PEOPLE DO NOT NOTICE MEN'S DRESS.

It is said that no one ever notices a man's linen unless it is soiled; or his hat unless it is of ultra shape, dusty, or shabby; or his shoes unless they are loud, neat blacking or are worn down at the heel. True, unpleasant conditions do attract more notice, but it is undeniable that the observer is always agreeably impressed by that cleanliness and good style which distinguishes the gentleman. Every young man, therefore, owes it to himself and to his friends to be well dressed. The secret lies more in the choice of clothes and the way they are taken care of than in their expensiveness and variety. Often the youth with a modest wardrobe is better dressed than the one with many suits.

VICTORIES THAT ARE TRAGEDIES.

It is a terrible thing to succeed in silencing a scruple. Success here is a calamity,—often a tragedy. Yet we all make our daily efforts to bring these moral calamities into our lives. The man who has recognized that his only hope of a clean, efficient day is to spend a half-hour at its beginning alone with God and the Bible, and who has allowed himself to be prevented from having that half-hour before breakfast, knows that the only right and safe thing to do is to take time for that prayer and study even after the day's pressure has begun. He fights the impulse: he argues that the other duties now clamoring for attention have the right to all the time. If he resolutely brushes this fallacy aside, and yields to God's insistent invitation to come apart and be alone with Him, he has made the best of a deferred duty, and the rest of the day will be the better cared for. If he succeeds in silencing the scruple, stealing himself against God's call and throwing himself with dogged indifference into the day's work, he has won a costly victory. When, like Jacob at Jabbok, God is our adversary, our safest course lies in yielding, not in struggle.—Sunday School Times.

CHANCE FOR GEORGE ELLIOT.

Mr. Fisher Unwin published recently a finely illustrated edition of *Romola*. He has since received a letter addressed: "George Elliot, Esq., care of Messrs. Fisher Unwin, 1 Adelphi Terrace, W. C."

On opening the envelope it was found to contain a circular from a London press-cutting agency inviting George Elliot to become a subscriber.—From the London Evening Standard.

In Norway the longest day lasts from May 21st to July 22nd without interruption.