

ty-five cents ; getting shoe mended, forty cents ; soda water, ten cents ; missionaries, five cents ; getting bat mended, fifteen cents ; lemonade for the boys, fifty cents ; bananas, twenty-five cents ; collection in church, two cents.'

'Please give me the book, uncle.'

'I'm glad you don't forget your charitable duties, Phil,' said his uncle, giving up the book with a mischievous smile.

Phil took it in some confusion. He had heretofore thought but little more of his spending than to remember his mother's wish that he should keep an account of the money with which she kept him so liberally supplied. Now, in looking over his hasty entries, he was astonished.

'Well, well !' he exclaimed, as he added up one page, 'two dollars and ninety cents for eating and play, and seventeen cents for giving. And I bragging to the boys what a good thing it is to give regularly.'

He was a conscientious boy, and his heart smote him as he ran over the long list and thought with his newly awakened feelings of the bread of life which that much money might have carried to starving souls. If his mother had aimed to teach him a lesson through his account book she had not failed.

He got up at last and stood before the glass.

'Now my young man,' he said, shaking his head very threateningly at the boyish face he saw there, 'you know very well that a quarter for peanuts doesn't look any larger to you than a pin's head, and that a quarter for giving looks as big as a cart wheel—but that's got to stop, sir ! This book isn't going to hold any more accounts of dollars for trash and cents for Sunday-school.'—*N. Y. Observer.*

A LITTLE GIRLS LETTER.

The following touching letter was addressed by a little girl seven years of age to Mr. Moody which he read at one of his meetings in London.

Dear Mr. Moody:—

Would you be so kind as to pray at your next prayer meeting for my dearest mamma who is ill in London that God may be pleased to make her better again. I love her so and I have no papa, and I am only seven years old. Mamma is a dear Christian and has taught me to love Jesus.

(Thank God for such a mother and such a child interposed Mr. Moody with falter-

ing voice,) I like your hymns very much and am learning the easy ones, for some seem made for little children like me.

I am, your little friend.

THE SNAKE IN THE BOTTLE.

'A working man had settled in Australia upon a small allotment of land which he obtained from the Government. He married and was soon surrounded by a family. By hard work the trees were felled and the timber burnt off and he had quite a considerable farm. His live stock increased and he began to thrive, and everything might have gone well with him if he had not been the victim of strong drink. From a frequent tippler he became at length a confirmed drunkard. Of course the farm was neglected and everything was impoverished. Soon he began to sell the live stock and at last all had gone except one pig which was ready for the knife but would in all probability never be eaten but drank. He went to bed one night after having taken his usual "night cap" and fell asleep. He dreamed that he was very thirsty and had gone to the bottle for another drop. He was about to lift the bottle when a snake thrust its head out from the place where the cork should have been and with open jaws and protruded tongue began to strike in all directions. He seemed fascinated by the deadly fire of its eye, and just as in his dream he was about to be struck for death he awoke. His first instinct was to thank God that it was only a dream, and the second was to turn over in his mind what it could mean. Oh ! said he to himself there is a serpent in the bottle and I will have no more to do with it. He tumbled out all the paraphernalia of the old serpent, became an abstainer and what is better still, a Christian and was soon the centre of holy influence in all the region round about. We can only hope that any of our readers who delight in their little drops may behold just such a vision.'

HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER

There is a touching story of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson, which has had influence on many a boy who has heard it. Samuel's father, Michael Johnson, was