

and imperious manners ever envy tired little women who have to ask for something cheaper.

A Boy Religion.

The late Henry Drummond said to a company of boys: "Boys, if you are going to be Christians, be Christians as boys, and not as your grandmothers. A grandmother has to be a Christian as a grandmother, and that is the right thing for her; but if you cannot read your Bible by the hour as your grandmother can, or delight in meeting as she can, don't think that you are necessarily a bad boy. When you are your grandmother's age, you will have your grandmother's religion."

Now, there is a great deal in the above for a boy to take to heart, for some boys have the idea that they will be expected to put aside most of their propensities if they take upon themselves the duties of Christian boys. This is a mistake. No one expects, no one wants, them to give up the natural rights and feelings of boyhood. They are not to be in the least grandmotherly or grandfatherly, but they are to be happy in the way that God intended all youth should be happy.

One of the truest-hearted Christian boys I know is also the merriest. No one would think of calling him "grandmotherly." He reads his Bible, too, and goes regularly to church, and to Sunday school.

What is Economy?

There is an idea prevalent that economy and saving are allied terms, but the idea is false. Economy and saving may be, but are not necessarily one. Sometimes economy is spending and spending with a liberal hand. Economy is the wise use of the material one has. To save a dollar and waste one's nervous energy to the point of exhaustion is the grossest extravagance. This is one of the lessons which is hardest for a woman to learn. She can gauge the comparative values, however, in this way if she will. The essential things are those which abide and which one has in himself, beyond all changes of fortune and of time. Whatever improves these, adds to them, enriches them, is something worth gaining and to obtain it is wise economy. Whatever weakens it or lessens it is false economy. It matters little in the course of a life whether one has a ruffle more or less or not; it matters much whether in seeking for the adornment one has grown so weary that cross words have come. Every strain of that kind, if it comes as the result of trying to save, has cost more than it saved. It is a wise economy, whatever it costs, which saves one's nature whole and sweet, one's brain clear and keen, one's body responsive to one's will and one's entire being in perfect tune with the Infinite.—Selected.

Stingy Jim.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a penny, nor a bite of an apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled, or his hoop, or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he said, "p'raps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness

of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your hoop to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it."

The hoop was sent off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by-and-by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the hoop. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother, "but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite so well as before. He gave away his sixpence that he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:

"I don't like this giving away things, it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny ran up the street bowling the hoop, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a turn. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him and said:

"You might give Johnny my o'd overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my hoop. I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.—Selected.

A Prayer.

BY ALICE CAREY.

I have been little used to frame
Wishes to speech, and call it prayer;
To day, my Father, in Thy name,
I asked to have my soul stripped bare
Of all its vain pretense—to see
Myself as I am seen by Thee.

I want to know how much the pain
And passion here its powers abate;
To take its thoughts, a tangled skein,
And stretch them out all smooth and
straight,
To track its wavering course through sin
And sorrow, to its origin.

I want to know if in the night
Of evil grace doth so abound,
That from its darkness we draw light,
As flowers to beauty from the ground;
Or if the sins of time shall be
The shadows of eternity.

I want, though only for an hour,
To be myself, to get more near
The wondrous mystery and power
Of love, whose echoes, floating here,
Between us and the waiting grave,
Make all of light, of heaven, we have.

What a Beaver Did.

Mr. A D Bartlett, son of the late superintendent of the London Zoo, has an interesting story of a captive Canadian beaver. A large willow tree in the gardens had blown down. A branch about twelve feet long and thirty inches in circumference was firmly fixed in the ground in the beaver's enclosure. Then the beaver was watched to see what he would do.

The beaver soon visited the spot, and walking around the limb commenced to bite off the bark and gnaw the wood about twelve inches from the ground. The rapidity of his process was astonishing. He seemed to put his whole strength into his task, although he left off every few minutes to rest and look upward, as if to determine which way the tree would fall.

Now and then he went into his pond, which was about three feet from the base of the tree. Then he would come out again with renewed energy, and his power-

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

KEEP LITTLE ONES WELL DURING THE HOT WEATHER MONTHS.

If you want to keep your little ones hearty, rosy and full of life during the hot weather give them Baby's Own Tablets the moment they show signs of being out of order in any way.

This medicine cures all forms of stomach and bowel troubles, which carry off so many little ones during the summer months, and is the best thing in the world for sleeplessness, nervousness, irritation when teething, etc. It is just the medicine for hot weather troubles; first, because it always does good; and, second, because it can never do any harm—guaranteed free from opiates. Mrs. W. E. Bassam, Kingston, Ont., says:—"I began using Baby's Own Tablets when my little girl was about three months old. At that time she had indigestion badly; she was vomiting and had diarrhoea constantly and although she had an apparently ravenous appetite her food did her no good and she was very thin. Nothing helped her until we began giving her Baby's Own Tablets. But after giving her these the vomiting and diarrhoea ceased and she began to improve almost at once. I have since used the Tablets for other troubles and have found them all that can be desired—they are the best medicine I have ever used for a child."

These Tablets are readily taken by all children, and can be given to the smallest, weakest infant by crushing them to a powder. Sold at drug stores or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

ful teeth would set at work anew upon the branch

About four o'clock, to the surprise of those who saw him, he left his work and came hastily toward the iron fence. The cause of this sudden movement was soon apparent. He had heard in the distance the sound of the wheelbarrow, which was brought daily to his paddock, and from which he was anxiously expecting his supper.

The keeper, not wishing to disappoint the beaver, although sorry to see his task interrupted, gave him his usual allowance of carrots and bread. The fellow ate it and was seen swimming about the pool until about half past five. Then he returned to his work.

In ten minutes the "tree" fell to the ground.

Afterward the beaver cut the log into three convenient lengths, one of which he used in the under part of his house.

Some one has said that kind looks, kind words, kind acts, and warm handshakes are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble, and are fighting their unseen battles.—Methodist Recorder.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address:
Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn, New York