

"Oh! let me get mine too. I always remember better when I read out of my own." And Margery was off to her room.

"Bring mine too!" called Marion. So they all three sat down, and mother helped the little girls to find the place, and then read:

"And let us consider one another, to provoke unto love and to good works."

"I thought provoke meant to tease," said Marion after a pause.

"We almost always use it that way now, but it has another meaning," said Mrs. Benson.

So they went to father's big dictionary, and finding the word, Margery read slowly: "'Provoke: to make angry, to offend.'" Then a little farther down, "'To stir up, to induce.'" It kind of means to persuade—doesn't it?" she asked.

"Yes," answered her mother.

And then they were all still a moment, till Margery said:

"We'd better learn that for next Sunday's verse."

The next night, as the girls were going to bed, their mother came in for her little bedtime talk. They chattered away about the happy day they had had, then said their prayers, and tumbled into bed.

"Mother," said Marion, as her mother stooped for a good-night kiss, "Margery provoked me to-day."

"Did she?" said mother, knowing there was more to come.

"Yes, she provoked me to good work," went on Marion. "She was reading, and I wanted her to go down to the big barn to see the new little calf, and she said she would if I'd dust our room. It was my day, and I had forgotten it; so she helped me do it, and then went with me."

Mrs. Benson smiled as she kissed Margery.

"And have you provoked Margery that way, little daughter?"

"No, not yet," said Marion, sleepily; "But I'm going to to-morrow: I've got it all planned."—*Sunday School Times.*

When Tired Out,

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. S. T. Newman, St. Louis, says: "Of great service in many forms of exhaustion."

Does a Three-Year-Old Baby Pay?

BY A FAMILY MAN.

Does a three-year-old baby pay for itself up to the time it reaches that interesting age? Sometimes I think not. I thought so yesterday, when my own baby "scrubbed" the carpet and his best white dress with my bottle of ink. A clean dress was put on him, and he was playing with the coals ten minutes after. Later in the day he pasted two shillings' worth of postage stamps on the wall, and poured another shilling's worth of the choicest "White Rose" perfumery out of the window "to see it wain."

He has already cost over £10 in doctors' bills, and I feel that I am right in attributing my few grey hairs to what I endured walking the floor with him at night during the first year of his life.

What has he ever done to pay me for that?

Ah! I hear his little feet pattering along. I hear his little ripple of laughter because he has escaped from his mother and has found his way up to my room at a forbidden hour. But the door is closed. He can't get in, and

I won't open it for him. No I won't. I can't be disturbed just now. He can just cry if he wants to.

"*Tat, tat, tat,*" go his dimpled knuckles on the door. I sit in silence.

"*Tat, tat, tat,*"

I sit perfectly still,

"Papa."

No reply.

"Peeze, papa."

Grim silence.

"Baby tum in—peeze, papa."

He shall not come in.

"My papa."

I am silent.

"Papa," says the little voice; "*I*

tub my papa. Peeze let baby in."

I am not quite a brute, and I throw open the door. In he comes with outstretched little arms, with shining eyes, with laughing face. I catch him up, and his warm, soft little arms go round my neck, the little cheek is laid close to mine, the baby's voice says sweetly,—

"I lub my papa."

Does he pay?

Well, I reckon he does! He has cost me many anxious days and nights. He has cost me time and money and care and self-sacrifice. He may cost me pain and sorrow. He has cost much. But he has paid for it all again and again and again in whispering those three little words into my ears: "*I lub my papa.*"

Our children pay when their first feeble little cries fill our hearts with the mother love and the father love that ought never to fail among all earthly passions. Do our children pay?

The Door of Discouragement.

Some one has said that "the door of discouragement lets in more dangers than any other."

It is a pity that some doors were ever cut through the wall, for they only weaken it. Only intruders seek to use it. Wherever a door of discouragement is found, it is safe to say, "An enemy hath done this." The great enemy of all truth, purity and good works is very skillful in cutting these doors, in some unguarded place, and then a troop of doubts and dangers come rushing in.

It is a great advantage, however, to know whose hand is in it, and who is responsible, for then one knows what to do. One thing is certain: Satan is largely responsible for discouragement, and by means of it he opens the way into weak hearts for all manner of evils and disturbances.

Will a discouraged soldier fight with enthusiasm and confidence? Will a discouraged workman be diligent and faithful? Will a disheartened student rank high in his class? Nay, verily. When one stops to ask with a sigh, "What is the use?" he loses precious time that he will never make up till he "puts a cheerful courage on."

Courage belongs to youth. Young hearts are hopeful and confident, and not easily dismayed, and this is a part of the heritage of young lives. It comes from above, as does every good and perfect gift. But it will not do to trust to natural courage, for even in life's morning-time the tests are sometimes severe. Boys and girls, young men and women, are often surrounded by difficulties, hedged about by hard things, appointed to do hard tasks. Then, to all, of every age, come the temptations of life, and many an eager spirit with high aims and fervent longings after the best and holiest living, and most consecrated service, is discouraged all the more readily because it can accomplish so little when the desires are so great.

It is no strange thing that happens. From the time that the Israelites compassed Edom and "the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way," until this day, discouragement has been a temptation and a snare and a source of weakness. Let no one be surprised, then, to find that this door has been set open in his own life by the enemy, but let him straightway shut it. There is but one way; fervent prayer will shut it, faith in God will bolt it, and hope and courage will double-bar it, defying the forces of unbelief, cowardice, and laziness that are without, forbidding them to come in. Even if giants threaten the portal, "The Lord is with us; fear them not."

Others have found health, vigor and vitality in Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it surely has power to help you also. Why not try it?

A Glimpse of Venice.

If you could go around the world and see everything, which of the great old cities should you want to visit first? To Venice, that beautiful city of the sea, is where I should go. Long and long ago, a few poor refugees from Greece and Italy sought a home on a group of low sand islands in the Adriatic, off the coast of Italy. That was the beginning of Venice. Its facilities for commerce were unequalled and it soon grew to be a great trading centre and became rich and independent. The people built great ships and ventured further into the unknown seas than anyone else.

This one city built upon more than sixty islands of sand, marsh and seaweed, became a great republic, a nation of itself, and maintained its independence against a league of all the kings of Christendom. Many beautiful churches and palaces and bridges were built there more than four hundred years ago, and there they stand to-day, and we should see them if we could go to Venice.

On the largest of the islands was built the great church of Saint Mark. He was the patron saint of this repub-

lic standing in the sea, and his winged lion was emblazoned upon its banners and flags and was borne on the masts of its conquering fleets.

The body of Saint Mark rests under the great altar in the centre of the church. The large open space before the church is called the Piazza, and reaches from the front of Saint Mark's to the Grand Canal. Near to the margin of the canal are two great pillars of red granite, one having on its top a figure with a sword and shield, and the other a winged lion. On the Piazza stand two ancient, lofty watch-towers, keeping guard over the Adriatic.

There are always flocks of pigeons about Saint Mark's, which are so tame that they never move out of your way, but run before you as you walk, and perch upon the window-sills. These birds used to be considered sacred and were maintained by the republic; and the people to-day still have such affection for them that the pigeons are never injured, nor want for food.

Beside the church of Saint Mark on the great piazza, stands the palace of the old Doge of Venice, the former duke or mayor of the city, one of the most beautiful buildings in the world. The Piazza of Saint Mark's is the great resort of the people in summer and winter, by day or night. Here all their brilliant ceremonies and gay shows take place: and here on summer nights, with the moon shining upon the blue waters, and the salt breezes from the sea refreshing the city after the hot sun of the day, the people assemble to hear the bands play and to enjoy themselves. And out on the Grand Canal gondolas, or Venetian boats, flit hither and thither, their lights gleaming like fireflies in and out of the darkness.

Being built on islands, the city is connected by water passages instead of streets. These canals run very irregularly through the city, emptying into each other, into the Grand Canal or into the lagoon, as the Gulf of the Adriatic, where the city lies, is called. The Grand Canal winds through the city in the shape of the letter S. This Canal is crossed by many great bridges, one near the centre being called the Rialto. The footway of this bridge is lined with shops, and here was the ancient exchange or "board of trade" of the old merchants of Venice.

There are no horses or carriages in this strange city. The people would have no use for them; but up and down the canals move the light, pretty gondolas, to carry passengers from one part of the city to another. When Venetians celebrate their national holidays, their processions are formed of numberless gaily-decorated gondolas, with flags flying and bands playing, the gondoliers keeping time to the music in their rowing.

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