

steps and ask for "more." We can't help hoping that, perhaps, he may come around again after all.

The Multiplication Table.

Kitty sat out under the sweet apple-tree in the golden October noon-time, crying real salt tears into her Primary Arithmetic.

"Now, what's the matter, Kitty-leen?" asked big brother Tom, coming out with his Greek Grammar under his arm. "I suppose you were eating sweet apples and studying, and I came out to do so, too, and here you are crying."

"It's—this—dreadful—multiplication table!" sobbed Kitty. "I can't never learn it, never!"

"Hard?" asked Tom.

"Oh, it's awful! Harder than anything in your college books, I know. It's the eights this afternoon and I can't learn 'em, anyhow."

"Don't you know how much eight times one is?" asked Tom, picking up a small apple and beginning to eat it.

"Yes, of course. Eight times one is eight. I can say up to five times eight all right."

"Can you? Well, that's encouraging, I'm sure. Let's hear you."

Kitty rattled it off like a book.

"Five times eight is forty"—and there she stopped.

"Oh, go right on," said Tom. "Six times eight is forty-eight."

"I can't," said Kitty. "I can't learn the rest. I've tried and tried, and it's no use."

"Do you learn so hard?" asked Tom. "Now hear this, and then repeat it after me as well as you can."

And Tom repeated a verse of a popular college song.

Kitty laughed, and repeated the nonsense word for word.

"Why, you can learn!"

"But that has a jingle to it. It is not like the dry multiplication-table."

"Let's put a jingle into that, then."

"Six times eight was always late, Hurried up, and was forty-eight; Seven times eight was cross as two sticks, Had a nap and was fifty-six; Eight times eight fell onto the floor, I picked it up and 'twas sixty-four; Nine times eight—it wouldn't do, I turned it over and 'twas seventy-two."

"Did you make that all up, now?" asked Kitty, in wonderment.

"Why, yes," laughed Tom.

"Oh, it's splendid! Let's see, how is it?" And she went straight through it with very little help. "Ten times eight is eighty. That one's easy enough to remember."

"And now," said Tom, when she had the jingle well learned. "Say the table aloud and the jingle in your mind as you go along."

Kitty tried that, and a very few times made it a success. With the ringing of the first bell she was ready to start for school, with those "dreadful eights" all perfect.

"You're the best Tom in the whole world!" she said, with a good-by kiss. "And I don't believe there's another boy in college that could make such nice poetry."

Tom laughed as he opened his Greek Grammar.

A Brave Christian Soldier.

At the close of the first day's fight at Fredericksburg, America (on December 13th, 1862) hundreds of wounded were left dying on the field. Their agonizing cries went up for "Water! water!" but none could help them, and the roar of the guns mocked their

distress. Many who heard the poor soldiers' piteous appeals felt the pangs of human compassion, but stifled them under necessity. But at length one brave fellow behind the stone rampart where the Southern forces lay, gave way to his sympathy, and rose superior to the love of life. He was a sergeant in a South Carolina regiment, and his name was Richard Kirkland. In the afternoon he hurried to General Kershaw's headquarters, and, finding the commanding officer, said to him, excitedly:

"General, I can't stand this any longer!"

"What's the matter, sergeant?" asked the general.

"Those poor souls out there have been praying and crying all night and all day, and it's more than I can bear. I ask your permission to go and give them water."

"But do you know," said the general, "that as soon as you show yourself to the enemy you will be shot?"

"Yes, sir, I know it; but to carry a little comfort to those poor fellows dying I'm willing to run the risk. If you say I may, I'll try it."

The general hesitated a moment, but finally said, with emotion: "Kirkland, it's sending you to your death; but I can oppose nothing to such a motive as yours. For the sake of it I hope God will protect you. Go!"

Furnished with a supply of water, the brave sergeant immediately stepped over the wall and applied himself to his work of Christlike mercy. Wondering eyes looked on as he knelt by the nearest sufferer, and, tenderly raising his head, held the cooling cup to his parched lips. Before his first service of love was finished every one in the Union lines understood the mission of the noble soldier in grey, and not a man fired a shot. Hatred forbore its rage in a tribute to a deed of pity.

The Anxious Leaf.

Once upon a time, a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?" And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!" And the twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid, hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to." And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on rustling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all the leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced



R. A. Gunn, M. D., of New York city, is known to the medical profession and to the public throughout the entire land. He has had an opportunity of seeing people's needs, both as Professor of Surgery in the U. S. Medical College and in his extensive practice. In speaking about one of his patients who was afflicted with the most terrible of all modern maladies, Bright's disease of the kidneys, he said:

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up and down merrily as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October.

And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy." Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it; and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said, "Oh, branches! why are you lead-color and we golden?" "We must keep on our work-clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over." Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

—I would say to all, use your gentlest voice at home; watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is joy, like a lark's song, to a hearth at home. It is a light that shines. Train it to sweet tunes now, and it will keep in tune through life.

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