

Our Young Folks.

HOW HE WAKENED GRAND-MOTHER.

Mamma said, "Little one, go and see if grandmother's ready to come to tea." I knew I mustn't disturb her, so I stepped as gently along tip toe. And stood a moment to take a peep—And there was grandmother fast asleep.

I knew it was time for her to wake; I thought I'd give her a little shake, Or tap at her door, or softly call; But I had't the heart for that at all—She looked so sweet and so quiet there Lying back in her high arm chair, With her dear white hair, and a little smile That means she's loving you all the while. I didn't make a speck of noise; I knew she was dreaming of little boys And girls who lived with her long ago, And then went to heaven—she had told me so. I went up close, and I didn't speak One word but I gave her on her cheek The softest bit of a little kiss, Just in a whisper, and then said this: "Grandma, dear, it's time for tea."

She opened her eyes and looked at me And said: "Why, pet, I have just now dreamed Of a little angel who came and seemed To kiss me lovingly on my face." She pointed right at the very place. I never told her 'twas only me, I took her hand and went to tea.

TWO STUPID BOYS.

Dean Stanley once said to a boy, "If I tell you I was born in the second half of 1815, can you tell me why I am called Arthur?" The name of the hero of Waterloo was then on all men's lips.

When nine years of age Arthur was sent to a preparatory school. He was bright and clever, but he could not learn arithmetic.

Dr. Boyd writes in *Longman's Magazine* that the master of the school, Mr. Rawson, declared that Arthur was the stupidest boy at figures who ever came under his care, save only one, who was yet more hopeless, and was unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication.

Stanley remained unchanged to the end. At Rugby he rose like a rocket to every kind of eminence, except that of doing "sums." In due time he took a first-class at Oxford, where the classics and Aristotle's Ethics were the books in which a student for honors must be proficient. He would not have done as well at Cambridge, whose senior wrangler must be an accomplished mathematician.

On the contrary, that other stupid boy, "more hopeless" than Stanley, developed a phenomenal mastery of arithmetic. He became the great finance minister of after years, William E. Gladstone, who could make a budget speech of three hours' length, and full of figures, which so interested the members of the House of Commons that they filled the hall, standing and sitting till midnight.

The story has two morals. One is that a boy may be stupid in one study, and bright in all the remaining studies. The other moral is, and it is most important, that a boy may overcome by hard study his natural repugnance to a certain study, and even become an eminent master of it.—*Youth's Companion*.

NOURISHMENT.

THIS WORD EMBRACES MORE THAN ORDINARY SPECIFICS.

Nourishment Is the Corner-stone of Health—What Food is Intended to Do—Avoid Secret Mixtures When Trying to Get Well.

The ordinary specific or secret nostrum affords only temporary relief. For instance, you may buy some ordinary specific to cure a cold and find temporary relief in the stimulant or tonic contained in the mixture, but the remedy does nothing to cure the weakness that allowed you to take cold. Consequently when you are subject to another attack you will succumb in the same way with more serious results.

This is what leads to consumption.

The same illustration applies to hundreds of other complaints. If you are poorly nourished, grow weaker until your health is seriously impaired.

Nourishment means everything to health. Food is designed to nourish the body, overcome wasting and give to every part of the wonderful human machinery the right substance to keep it in working order. But we all know food frequently fall short of the mark. It may be that the digestive organs are out of order. There may be some increased demand upon nourishment made by some unnatural condition. The most learned physician is frequently puzzled to know the cause of a decline in health, but one of the first things he thinks of is to prescribe a nourishment that will counteract the wasting or other unnatural condition.

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Professor A. B. Bruce, of Glasgow, is solicitous for the welfare of the Midland Baptist College, Nottingham. He would like to see a Chair of New Testament Exegesis endowed. Pointing out that Principal Davis is admirably qualified to introduce students to the language and literature of the Hebrew Scriptures, he urges the need of another professor to render the same service in connection with the Greek Testament.

Dear Sirs,—I have used Yellow Oil for two or three years, and think it has no equal for croup. Mrs. J. S. O'Brien, Huntsville, Ont.



A Minister of the World

By Caroline Atwater Mason

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