

THE FAITH OF A CRIPPLE BOY.

It was a beautiful June day. The sun was shining bright and warm. The flowers and trees were all in bloom. Everybody seemed to be happy but me. I had what some people called the "fidgets." Everything seemed to be going wrong. I tried to read the daily paper, but couldn't see anything but "murders, robberies and fires." I got my Bible, but couldn't get my mind on it, so I laid it down. I went to the bookcase and picked up a book—I knew not what. I soon found that it was "Cicero's First Oration on Cataline." I had read it many times. I left the office and started for a little walk. I knew not where, as I was a stranger, having lived there only one month. I found myself strolling down the only street the little town had, and was soon in the main road leading westward.

To my right were beautiful fields of corn; to my left, meadows green with clover and grass, where the sheep and their lambs were grazing quietly. I kept on walking until I came to a small brook where the ripples and bubbles were flowing gently over the rocks. A little bird was sitting on one of the rocks, sipping the clear water and looking up to heaven as if she were thanking her Creator for providing for her. Her thirst was soon satisfied, and she flew away and was seen no more.

I was sitting on a stone thinking of many things, when I heard a voice in the willows a few yards up the stream. I arose and started to see who it was. I crept quietly along until I was within a few feet of where a crippled boy sat reading a Bible. He seemed to be about fourteen years of age. He saw me coming and quit reading his Bible. I saw that he was frightened, and assured him that he wouldn't be harmed by me. He invited me to sit down and talk to him, as he was alone and hardly ever met anyone; and it was not long until we were in an interesting conversation concerning many subjects. He told me that he had never attended school and was living with his grandmother, as his father and mother were both dead; also that he was educating himself to be a preacher. He talked on the Bible and God and how he loved them. I then told him how I was situated, that it seemed that God had never watched over me like he did other people, and never had blessed me with money and many other things that I wanted so badly. He looked me straight in the eyes and answered: "My dear friend, I can't understand how you can sit under the canopy of heaven and talk thus about your Father, who is watching over you this very moment.

"You say that he has never blessed you and that you are unhappy. How can you say that. Just think one moment. He has given you health, the best thing that a man can have. He has given you a strong mind and a good education. Oh, if I only had those three things you would never hear me utter one murmur."

We talked a good while, and when I got ready to leave my faith in God was stronger than ever before. I promised I would buy him a new Bible and furnish him all the latest magazines and papers. He thanked me not only by words, but by dropping a few big tears.

The sun was sinking in the West when I left him at the door of his little home and started for my own home. I was happy now. He had lifted a shadow from over my life. I saw and understood things as I never had before. The pastures and fields that I had passed just a few hours before looked much prettier to me now than they did then. I never had thought about God being the one

that had given me health. I felt ashamed to think that a little ignorant, crippled boy had taught me so much; but he had, and there was no use to deny it. When I reached home that night I prayed as I never had before.—Joe Sullivan in Cum. Presb.

EDUCATION WASTED.

A professor of Greek in one of our leading universities published a volume not many years ago on certain features of the ancient Greek dialects. It was a book technical in its nature, and intended only for scholars. Soon after it was published there appeared a criticism, in which several errors made by the professor were pointed out. The criticism was signed by a guard on the Sixth avenue elevated road of New York City. A reporter hunted him up and found an accomplished Greek scholar. "I was the best Hellenist of my year at Dublin," said the guard sadly. "But how does it happen that you are doing this kind of work?" queried the reporter. "Whisky," was the only answer he got.—Exchange.

TWO LITTLE MAIDS.

(By J. W. Foley.)

Little Miss Nothing-to-do
Is fretful and cross and so blue;
And the light in her eyes
Is all dim when she cries,
And her friends, they are few, oh, so few!
And her dolls, they are nothing but sawdust and clothes,
Whenever she wants to go skating it snows,
And everything's criss-cross—the world is askew,
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-to-do,
Now true,
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-to-do,
Would you?
Little Miss Busy-all-day
Is cheerful and happy and gay,
She isn't a shirk,
For she smiles at her work
And romps when it comes time for play.
Her dolls, they are princesses, blue-eyed and fair;
She makes them a throne from a rickety chair,
And everything happens the jolliest way,
I'd sooner be Little Miss Busy-all-day
And stay
As happy as she is, at work or at play,
I say.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR CLOTHES FROM MOTHS.

It will save you much trouble if you shake out all winter clothing and put the things in drawers and boxes, neatly folded and with little bags of something to scare away the moths. Camphor is generally used, and I think it is the best of all. Some people dislike the scent of camphor, and use turpentine, paraffin, pepper and spices of all kinds, as moths have a horror of strong odors. In large fur and woollen stores, powdered alum is often used, and it is said to effectually scare away moths. If woollens are soaked in a solution of alum and water, and then dried, moths will not touch them. Furs require to have the powdered alum rubbed into the roots of the hair, as it is there the moths begin the attack. But if woollens are laid carefully away, in a drawer or box that is lined with newspapers, and bags filled with chippings of Russia leather, red cedar chips, or camphor put amongst the clothes, there will be no danger of moths. If furs are taken out at times in summer, shaken, and hung in the sun, they will be all the better for it.

BABY'S GREAT DANGER DURING HOT WEATHER.

More little lives are lost during the hot weather than at any other time of the year, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera, infantum and stomach troubles come without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give promptly the short delay too frequently means that the child has passed beyond aid. During the hot weather months Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are small children. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent stomach and bowel troubles. Or if the trouble comes unawares, the prompt use of this medicine will bring the child through safely. Mrs. J. Renard, New Glasgow, Que., says: "One of my children had a severe attack of diarrhoea which Baby's Own Tablets promptly cured. I know of no medicine so good for stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DRUDGERY.

It was to drudgery that the old masters owed their success and fame. Angelo studied anatomy twelve years, posting himself on every curve, and convolution, and angle, and elevation, and depression of the human body, and this drudgery determined his style. In painting he prepared his own colours; neither servants nor students dare mix them. Raphael, who died at the early age of thirty-seven, gained his success by keeping constantly at his chosen profession. "I've made it my principle," said he, "never to neglect anything." Da Vinci often went to work at daybreak and did not come down from the scaffolding to eat or drink till the light had left him. Millais said, "I work harder than any ploughman; my advice to boys is, 'Work.'"

Drudgery is the secret of success every time. The old German inscription on a key, "If I rest I rust," is as true of men as it is of the iron in the key. To be bright and shining, to be successful and consequently happy, we must keep ourselves polished with the oil of work.

One of the chief lessons young men must learn is the nobleness of drudgery, doing that which may not have any immediate effect in stimulating the best powers, and which but remotely may serve the purpose of general advancement. It is our business to contribute to the general wealth of life—others sacrificed for us—and the one who ignores his obligation to serve his generation is a traitor to the race.

THE WEAKEST POINT.

The whole life is to be guarded and protected, because no man is stronger than his weakest point, and we may actually be weakest where we suppose ourselves to be strongest. It is possible to be careful about the mouth, and yet to allow the eye wide and perilous liberty. Alas, we can practice wickedness in silence! The eye can be enjoying a very harvest of evil whilst the mouth is fast closed, and not one sign is given by speech that the soul is rioting at the table of the devil. . . . It is of infinite consequence that we should direct our exertions to the right point, otherwise our lives may be spent in mere frivolity under the guise of great industry and faithfulness. We may be watching at the wrong gate, or we may suppose that only certain gates are to be closed, and that others may be left open without danger. . . . It is not the front door that needs to be attended to, but the gate at the back, or the little window in some obscure part of the house. When the enemy comes as a housebreaker, he does not seek for the strongest part of the castle, but for its very weakest parts.—Joseph Parker.