

hardly out of sight when a boy came running into Jerry's store. Jerry hoped that it was a customer, and one who had a favourable interest in the cider question. He had an interest, but not a favourable one.

"Won't you—won't you—" said the boy, all out of breath, "please come—up—to—your daughter's?"

"Why so? What—what is the matter?"

"Her little Jerry has fallen out of the window."

"Out of the window?" said Jerry, grabbing his hat and running after the boy.

Little Jerry was his pet. The house of his daughter was reached.

"O father! Jerry went out of the window, and there he is in bed. The doctor says it will be some time before he is well."

"How did it happen?"

"He—he—drank some cider, and it made him unsteady."

"Some you sent up here, and it got too strong for the little fellow," she said, hesitatingly.

"Humph!" mumbled Jerry.

He did what he could for the child's comfort, and returned to his store. Then he pitched the cider-press into the yard back of the store.

"Last of the stuff I will sell, and Hannibal shall come back to-night," declared Jerry.

Back came Hannibal, to look as sweet as once he had looked sour.

Jerry did not tell his customers why he stopped the making of cider,—whether a stone had triggered the wheel, or the wheel was rusty and needed "iling." It is a fact, however, that the wheel never turned again.—S. S. Times.

HOME TALKS.

I am going to preach a little sermon to the boys to-day. A preacher always takes a text, and of course I must have one. My text is "don't." The old-fashioned preachers always had several heads in their sermons, and I will give you several heads.

I. *Don't smoke.* The habit is filthy. It is injurious. It makes a boy look like an idiot. I suppose he thinks it helps to make a man of him, but it does not. I cannot think of any sight more disgusting than a boy with a cigar in his mouth. Not long since I knew of one boy who came in before ten, his breath defiled with tobacco smoke. He had been having his first puffs at the end of a cigarette. The first result at home was that no one of the family could kiss him; the next was that his mouth had to be thoroughly washed with soap and water. He says he is not going to smoke any more—that it does not pay. (It might be well for boys' mothers to make a note of this cure.) So this is the first head of my sermon—*Don't smoke.*

II. *Don't loaf.* This word is not very elegant, but I think you will understand it. Don't lounge about stores or shops or street corners. Nothing good ever comes out of it, but any amount of harm. The first evil in it is *idleness*. No noble boy ever wants to be idle for an hour. Time is too precious to be squandered when there are so many grand things to be done—far more than enough to fill every minute of time. The next evil in it is that it puts you in bad company—among those who have all kinds of bad habits. If you want to see what effect this will certainly have on you, take a dozen rotten decaying

apples, and then take one bright, good apple and lay it among them, and leave it there for a few days to see what will become of it. That is if you loaf. *Don't loaf.* The loafer's school is where all sorts of worthless characters and all manner of criminals are trained.

III. *Don't keep your hands in your pockets.* In the first place, it tears out your pockets. Ask your mother about this. In the next place, it looks bad. It makes you appear awkward and ungainly. It seems as if your hands were useless appendages and you did not know what to do with them. In the next place, it looks lazy. Hands are made to work with, and not to be stowed away idly in the bottom of your pockets. Keep them out and keep them busy. There are plenty of things to do. If you ever make anything of yourself, you must use your hands. Always try to keep them clean, but don't be too anxious to have them soft and white. A horny and sunburnt hand is often a good deal better sign of a man than pale, delicate fingers. Let me whisper a secret, boys, into your ears. There is a splendid fortune in your two hands if you know to get it out. But you cannot *hatch* it out by keeping them warm in your pockets.

IV. *Don't dilly-dally.* Whatever you have to do, do it—do it promptly do it with energy, do it well. Don't mope over your lessons. Don't loiter on the way when you are going anywhere. Don't play ball as if you had rheumatism in all your joints. When you have lessons to get, give your whole attention to them, and master them if it keeps you up half the night. When you are walking, walk briskly; there is a great deal of character in a person's walk. When you are playing, play with all your might. A stupid, moping boy never amounts to anything of a man. Put your best energy into everything you do. Don't dilly-dally.

V. *Don't use slang.* It is low and vulgar. It is the language of the street-corners and the saloons. It trains you in habits of rudeness in speech. It makes you boorish. Next to a clean heart keep a clean tongue. The doctors look at your tongue to see if you are sick or well. A bad tongue shows sickness. So the speech of the tongue tells what you are morally inside. A refined nature is always refined in speech. A gentle spirit always speaks gently. A rude manner of speech tells of rudeness within. Never use any coarse or vulgar language. Never utter a slang word. Keep your speech clean and refined. It will be a fortune to you all your life if you form the habit now. Don't use slang.

VI. *Don't let your Bible gather dust.* The best way to make yourself a grand and noble man is to get a great deal of the Bible into your heart when you are young. I know some boys make sport of the Bible, but never mind that; they will not come to anything really great unless they learn better. Besides they will want the Bible some day. They will have trouble some time, and then they will try to get help out of the dear old book. When they come to die, they will be sure to hunt up the Bible or send for

some good man to read it to them, hoping to be saved by it. No matter how they make fun of it, do you stick to it, and read it every day, and guide your life by it. A good many people let their Bibles gather dust. Now, dust spoils a book, and besides, it tells a tale, for when you see it we know that the book is not used very often. Be sure you have a Bible of your own, and do not be like the man the colporteur found. He was a rough backwoodsman, and when the colporteur asked him if he had a Bible in his house, he rumaged through some old shelves, and at last found a few torn leaves of a New Testament. "I declare, stranger," said he, "I do need some more Bible; I did not know we were so near out." It is a bad thing to be "out of Bible." Be sure that you have one and that it does not get dusty.

Now, my part of the sermon is done, your part is to begin. My part is the preaching; your part is the practising.—*Sunday-School Visitor.*

SHORT RULES FOR LONG COMFORT AT HOME.

Put self last.

Be prompt at every meal.

Take little annoyances out of the way.

When any good happens to anyone, rejoice.

When others are suffering, drop a word of sympathy.

Tell of your own faults rather than those of others.

A place for everything and everything in its place.

Hide your own troubles, but watch to help others out of theirs.

Take hold of the knob and shut every door behind you without slamming it.

Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.

Look for beauty in everything and take a cheerful view of every event.

Carefully clean the mud and snow from your boots before entering the house.

If from any cause you feel irritable, try the harder to do little pleasant things.

Do not keep your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

When inclined to give an angry answer, press your lips together and say the alphabet.

Always speak politely and kindly to your help, if you would have them do the same to you.

When pained by an unkind word or act, ask ourselves, "Have I not done as badly and desired forgiveness" —*Exchange.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A mother's love is deep, abiding and peculiar. The child, as soon as born, is taken up into her tenderest and most generous sympathies, and lives, as it were, a part of herself. This peculiar affection is as extensive as the race, for it is found among savages as well as civilized people. This affection was strikingly manifested by an Indian woman, who had lost her child. Unable to find her own child, she entered the home of a white family, and, taking in her arms the pretty

baby, lavished upon it her wealth of treasured sympathies. The mother was surprised at the peculiar exhibition, and sprang forward to rescue her child, when the poor Indian gathered up her blanket as one would a sick child, and, after clasping it in her arms, uttered a low, mournful cry. Tears ran down her cheeks as the white mother put her pretty babe back into the Indian's arms. She passed her hands over it very tenderly and gratefully, and departed. In a week she came back again, bringing a peck of ripe wild plums, and the next time two buffalo tongues. She asked permission, by signs, to kiss the baby, and it was granted. Then she departed and never came again.—*Salem Observer.*

FEMALE SOCIETY.

What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to, and at ease in, the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of having free graceful, conversations, with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The corn of the understanding and the heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like gold is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of their characters are hidden like the character and armour of a giant, by studs and knots of gold and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare.—*Selected.*

—The statistics of the Jews of the world have been recently compiled by the German ethnographical scholar, Richard Andell, and are published in *The Jewish World*. They give the whole number in Europe as 5,166,326, in Africa, 402,996; in Asia, 182,847; in America, 307,963; in Australia, 20,000; and the total number as 6,080,132. In single countries the Jews, are most numerous in European Russia, where there are 1,552,549 of them, and next in Austria-Hungary, 1,372,333. Next come the German Empire, 520,575; European Turkey, (before the war), 71,372; Great Britain and Holland, rising 68,000 each; France, 49,439; Italy, 39,350. The dates of the statistics range from 1869 to 1878. The Falashas, who number two hundred thousand, and other "pseudo Jews" are not included.

—Six young men have been sentenced to fines and imprisonment for participation in the disturbances accompanying the late removal of the remains of Pius IX. The sentences passed upon them led to fresh demonstrations, and the sign of the *Irrusta*, a clerical newspaper, was torn down, whereupon the soldiers were called out, and formed cordons across some of the streets. A committee has been raised to confer gold medals upon the six convicts. It is further stated that in various quarters of the city anti-clerical clubs are forming to procure the perpetual expulsion of the Papacy from Rome. Spain seems to be about the only thoroughly and submissively Papal country left. How would it do for his Holiness to remove and set up house-keeping at Madrid. The truth seems to be that the ultra clericals—the High Church Catholics—of Rome are responsible for fomenting the disturbances on the removal of the remains of Pope Pius IX. They clearly overshot the mark.