

### Money Spent Not in Vain.

One beautiful Sabbath afternoon, Wen Hsin, a Chinese girl, lay dying in our Peking school.

We knew that she must soon go, and so, as it is the custom in China, she was bathed and dressed in her graveclothes. Her glossy black hair was knotted on the top of her head with bright red cord. She wore a dark blue garment with a bit of bright trimming down the edge; snowy stockings, and embroidered slippers were on her feet. Her white hands were folded peacefully, and she lay so calm we knew she was resting in the arms of Jesus, and only waiting for him to take her spirit from the poor worn body.

It was the hour of the Sunday school. They knew in the chapel that she was dying, and through the open windows we could hear them singing, "There's a land that is fairer than day."

The big little clock on the square red table kept on ticking, ticking until the Sunday school was dismissed, and many of her schoolmates gathered sorrowfully around the brick bed on which the dying girl lay.

Several of her old friends came in from the neighborhood. None of them had ever seen a Christian die before, and they gazed with wonder upon the peaceful girl and went back to their homes with the wondrous news that Wen Hsin lay dying and was not afraid! Somebody in America had given thirty dollars a year to support her in a Christian school.

As she found how precious it was to have the dear Lord Jesus go with her through "the dark valley and the shadow," she was thinking of them, the kind friends so far away, who had done so much for her.

I said to her, "Wen Hsin, do you want anything?"

"I—want—to—write—a letter."

"O, you are too weak! What is it you want to say? Tell me, and I will write it for you."

Gathering up all the strength she had left, she gasped it out in her weakness, a word at a time:

"I—want—to—tell—my—American—friends—they—did—not—spend—their—money—in—vain—for—me."

Soon she had closed her black eyes, and went away from the brick bed to the mansion prepared for her, but she had sent her precious message to cheer and encourage the home workers in the mission cause.—World-Wide Missions.

### A Lump of Sugar.

One bitter cold morning last winter, as I was standing with my little Charley at the front parlor window, I saw a horse coming down the street, drawing a light wagon and driven by a young man. They came on until they were just in front of our house, when the horse stopped, backed the wagon up to the curbstone and refused to go any further. The young man began whipping the horse.

At last, when he found the horse would not go, he sent to the stable for the hostler, who came hurrying down. Together they whipped the horse, but to no purpose.

At last I became worried, and said to my little boy, "Charley, go down to the cook and tell her mamma wants her to give you a large lump of sugar, and take it out to the man and ask him to give it to the horse."

Charley was pleased, and going quickly to the cook, got the sugar and carried it out.

"Mister! Mister!" I heard him say, "here is a lump of sugar to make that horse go."

The driver gave him the sugar.

Then the men waited until the horse had finished it, then the driver got into the wagon, pulled the reins, said, "Get up!" and the horse went on without further difficulty.

Charley came in delighted. "If I were that man," said he, "I would carry a lump of sugar in my pocket when I had to drive that horse. And now," continued he, "please give me a lump of sugar, too." And he got it.—Dumb Animals.

### Rules for Dolls

'A wooden-headed doll should be careful not to hit her head against her mother's test she should hurt her.

'A wax doll should avoid the fire, if she wishes to preserve a good complexion.

'Often an old doll with a cracked head and a sweet smile is more beloved than a new doll with a sour face.

'It is a bad plan for dolls to be stretched out on the floor, as people are apt to tread upon them; and a doll that is trodden on is sure to go into a decline.'

Madge was reading these rules to her doll with a sober face. Then she laughed.

'Dolly,' she said, 'it's funny; but I really believe these rules are more for me than they are for you.'—Sel.

### Rhubarb and Raspberries

BY MRS. HELEN L. RICHARDSON.

"Do tell me, Mrs. Wilson, what your Washington pie is filled with; it is delicious."

Auntie Wilson's tea parties were famous for novelties, but this pie surpassed any of her recent concoctions.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mrs. Richards," laughed Auntie Wilson. "Rhubarb happened to be plenty last season, and raspberries were scarce; so I endeavored to 'make a merit of necessity,' as the old saying goes, by combining them. I'm glad you like it." "Rhubarb and raspberries!" chorused the trio.

"The last thing I ever should think of doing," Mrs. Richards remarked, although she was careful to add that Auntie Wilson had the name of being the most expert "mixer" in the village.

"But how did you do it?" asked Mrs. Allen, alert for explanation.

"Well," began Auntie Wilson, knitting her brows, "I sort of guessed at it, to tell the truth. I never bother with receipts, you know."

A smile went round the table. When had anyone ever succeeded in getting a "line and rule" receipt from this little woman?

"I really think that judgment and taste are about the only rules to go by in making it," she continued. "I peeled and cut a certain quantity of rhubarb—about three pounds, perhaps—and added one-third the quantity of raspberries, sugar to taste, and cooked the mixture until it assumed the consistency of any ordinary jam."

"No water?" queried Mrs. Allen.

"The rhubarb furnishes all the liquid necessary. This will keep indefinitely, and it also may be canned like any other fruit."

"How very simple!" exclaimed her visitors.

Yes, it is simple, and it was delicious; and every one of these women went home and made some rhubarb and raspberry jam by Mrs. Wilson's "hit or miss" receipt and all three were delighted with the result of their labor.

You need not hesitate to try it, sisters, for I was one of the women.—New York Observer.

### BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

CURE ALL MINOR ILLS, AND BRING JOY AND COMFORT TO BABY AND MOTHER.

Disease attacks the little ones through the digestive organs. Baby's Own Tablets are the best things in the world for all bowel and stomach troubles for children. They act quickly and gently, and always cure indigestion, colic, constipation and diarrhoea. They are also a great help to teething children. Mrs. Gabrielle Barnes, Sx Mile Lake, Ont., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets reached me just in time as my baby was very ill with indigestion and bowel trouble, and I am happy to say the Tablets relieved him after a few doses. He is now doing splendidly with just a Tablet now and then when he is restless. I am the mother of eight children and have tried nearly all the old remedies, but have never found a medicine equal to Baby's Own Tablets."

The Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and crushed to a powder they can be given to the smallest, feeblest child with a certainty of good results. Sold by all druggists, or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

### Baby's First Summer.

Never give the child warm water to drink, as it is as flat and distasteful a drink to the child as it would be to the adult; when properly cooled it is palatable and quenches thirst. Never cool it by putting ice in the water, as iced water is not good for the infant, and ice contains many impurities. A young infant should have two or three teaspoonsful between its meals, also a teaspoonful at feeding, as this assists in keeping the mouth clean. An older child should be given more in proportion to its age, and a child between one and two years should drink from a half-pint to a pint of water each day.

It is often wise after a child has reached his first year to lessen the number of feedings during the heated term. If, for instance, a child is being fed once in three hours, and there is any tendency to vomiting, or loss of appetite, it will be found very beneficial to make the intervals of feeding four hours. When this is the case the quantity may be increased a little, and as a usual thing the child will continue to gain in weight, oftentimes more rapidly than when it was fed more often.

A mother need not become alarmed because now and then during the summer her child refuses to take a meal, or even two. Do not force the child to eat; the little rest he insists upon giving his stomach is often the means of saving both stomach and intestines from a serious upsetting.—Mariana Wheeler, in Harper's Bazar.

Our country is prosperous in trade, not according to what it imports, but according to what it exports. Every country wants to become, not a debtor nation, but a creditor nation. And so it is in higher matters. The true success of a country is not in what it receives in the way of ideals, influence, and men, but in what it gives.

Kipling's refrain, "Lest we forge" is an echo of Moses, "Then beware lest thou forget the Lord which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt." Righteousness exalts a nation, not self-righteousness. There is a great difference between being lifted up and being pulled up. True humility is the foundation of religion and of patriotism also.