

clained: "Oh, mother, my heart is broken! Forgive me all the past, and by God's help I will devote myself to you every hour."

Mother and daughter became united in the sweetest bonds, for Jesus was their Saviour and Comforter, and it was beautiful and touching to see them together in the days of the mother's dependence on her daughter, the elder leaning on the younger.

"What touched you the most?" we asked Bessie.

"Mother's gentle trust in God, and the way she prayed for me," was the reply. "I had often heard her pray before, but the doctor's words, 'She will never walk again,' seemed to break my heart, and I felt as if God had put her into my idle arms to fill them."

We used to watch Bessie wheel her mother into the sunshine, and the mother's happy smile would follow her as she went in and out, and waited upon and cheered the invalid every hour of the day.

A letter came one day from an uncle in America, asking Bessie to go out to him and his wife, and they would make her heir to all they had, for they were childless. Bessie wrote: "I have a most blessed charge in a sick mother, whom I would not leave for all the wealth in the world. For fifteen years she spent her life for me, and God had to lay her aside before I could be brought to see the evils of my heart and ways and the selfishness and uselessness of my robust health."

This so stirred up the uncle and aunt that they came to England to see the widow and Bessie, and the perfect unity and sweet Christian life of mother and daughter won them both for Christ.

I wish you could know Bessie. But perhaps you know Bessie's Saviour. Ah, if you do, I need say no more, as your happy mothers would tell me, for "Who teacheth like Him?"

#### PLAYING MONKEY.

"Oh, dear! I don't know what to play," exclaimed Eugene, on a sunny morning in the springtime.


The dandelions were shining in the grass, the birds were singing in the trees, the blue, blue sky was overhead, and the organ-grinders were about! Still Eugene sat bending over with his head in his hands, looking most disconsolate.

"I don't know what to play," he repeated, not expecting that any one would hear; but some one did hear, for Horace, who had been sent off on an errand, at that moment returned and approached the front steps, on one of which his brother was sitting.

"You don't know what to play? Well, I do. I've thought of something fine. Let's go into the barn and get a box and fix it up. It'll be my organ, and you'll be my monkey."

This proposal suited Eugene. His despondency fell from him like a thick cloak on a warm day. He jumped up and followed Horace to the barn. They found an empty box of what they considered the proper size, and nailed a piece of rope to it in such a way that it might pass around the back and shoulder of Horace. A long end of the rope was then tied about

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Eugene's waist—and the equipment was complete.

Eugene fell upon his hands and feet, walking about in a truly monkey fashion, while Horace guided him by the rope, meanwhile humming a tune which was supposed to represent organ music. They soon after appeared before the window of the sitting-room, and the rest of the family went out on the piazza to see the novel sight. Horace presented a quite ludicrous appearance with his play organ strapped around his back. His music, too, was funny enough.

But Eugene was still funnier. He capered about and bowed to the audience and climbed up on his brother's back, acting as much like a monkey as he possibly could.

The audience, that is to say the rest of the family, laughed very heartily. Papa put his hand in his pocket and drew forth some pennies, which he handed to the others, and then Eugene passed his cap around for a contribution, which mamma said had certainly been well earned.

"Boys," said she, "if you will always imitate good men and good things as carefully as you have imitated an organ-grinder and his monkey, your father and I will be very proud of you."

Some time after this frolic a genuine organ-grinder came around with a real, true monkey. Great was the joy of the children, who, with their mother, all happened to be on the piazza. They liked the lively tunes which were played, and even better did they like the nimble little animal that did his best to entertain them.

It seemed almost as though he were saying to Eugene, "You did very well with your mock performance, but there's nothing like the real thing after all."

"Boys can't quite turn themselves into monkeys, even when they try. There is something different about them, though I don't know what it is. Now, look at me, if you want to see the genuine article."

"I wonder if he isn't hungry," said Eugene, who was a warm-hearted

little fellow. "Get him a cracker and try him," said mamma; but the monkey either didn't like the crackers, or he wasn't hungry, or he thought it polite just to break up the cracker and not eat very much of it.

"I'll get him some water and see whether he's thirsty," then said Eugene. So he got a saucer of water and placed it on the floor of the piazza. The monkey jumped down from the railing on which he had been perched while pretending to eat, and then, holding his cap in one paw, he laid himself down on one side, resting his ear on the rim of the saucer. In this position he managed to get a little water in his mouth. When he had been thus refreshed, his master took him away from the Allens and marched down the street, to delight other families and groups of children.

"Wasn't it too funny to see him drink?" said Eugene. "I believe I'll try to do it that way." Then he got another saucer and attempted to repeat the monkey's performance.

"You make a pretty good monkey," said mamma, when the laugh that followed had subsided, "but, after all, it is better to be a boy and be able to think and reason and do things in a manly way. I want my boys to grow up to be thoroughly manly men."

#### HOW MUCH.

"Yesterday was mother's birthday," remarked Billy Stone, as he walked proudly by the side of Miss Fowler, his Sunday School teacher. "We gave her presents."

"How nice! I suppose you love her very much, don't you?"

"Lots."

"Well, Billy, my man," said Miss Fowler, stopping a minute at the corner where she was to turn off, "don't forget our lesson last Sunday. You know what the Bible tells us about how true love shows itself."

Yes, Billy knew. He walked on, thinking of it, and presently his round face grew very sober.

"Yesterday we told mother that we gave her the presents with our love. To-day is only a day off, and I wouldn't get up in time for breakfast. I was late at school; I made the twins mad, and I sneaked out of the back door so as not to have to go for the mail. I can't see how anybody by looking at the way I've acted could

tell that I liked my mother at all."

It was beginning to rain when Billy reached home. He and the twins, who had been playing in the yard, all went into the shelter of the kitchen together.

Mrs. Stone, at work in the next room, looked out of the window with a sigh. She had so much to do, and there was so liable to be trouble when the children must stay indoors.

Billy thought of this, too.

The twins were hanging their caps up with a scuffle.

"I say, Robin," asked Billy, abruptly, "how much do you love mother this afternoon?"

Robin turned round and stared at him. What a queer question! It was not a bit like a boy.

#### FORGET YOU EVER HAD IT.

##### Catarrh, the Most Odious of All Diseases Stamped Out, Root and Branch.

Catarrh is the most foul and offensive disease that afflicts the human race. Any one with social ambitions had better renounce them if he has a bad case of catarrh, for his presence, if tolerated at all, will be endured under protest. The foul and sickening breath, the watery eyes, the hawking and spitting and fetid discharge at the nose make the unfortunate sufferer the most avoided of human beings.

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The following letter from a St. Louis lawyer is only one of thousands received praising the merits and curative powers of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets. Read what he says:

"I suffered from catarrh for 15 years. It would be worse at certain seasons than others, but never failed to annoy me and cause me more or less misery during that period. About a year ago I got so bad that I thought of abandoning my practice. I was a nuisance to myself and all who came near me. My condition was very humiliating and especially so in the court room. I had tried, I thought, every known remedy; all kinds of balms, ointments, inhalers, sprays, etc., till I thought I had completed the list. I was finally told of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets by a friend who took pity on me and, as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I got some and began taking them. I began to improve from the first day and I kept up the good work you may rest assured. In six weeks I was free from catarrh as the day I was born, but to make assurance doubly sure, I continued the treatment for six weeks longer.

"I have had no trace of catarrh in my system since. I am entirely free from the odious disease and feel like a new man. I write this letter unsolicited for the benefit of fellow-sufferers, and you may give it as widespread publicity as you wish." Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cts. a box

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