

Our Young People

Grandma-Land.
There's a wonderful country far away,
And its name is Grandma-Land;
Tis a beautiful, glorious, witching place,
With grandmas on every hand.
Everywhere you may look or go,
Everywhere that the breezes blow,
Just grandmamas! Just grandmamas!

In this wonderful country far away,
Where grandmamas abide,
In this beautiful, witching Grandma-Land,
The good things wait on every side—
Jam and jelly-cake heaped in piles;
Tarts and candy 'round for miles;
Just good things here! Just good things there!

In this wonderful country far, afar,
Where blow the candy breezes,
In this beautiful, glorious pudding-land,
Each child does as he pleases,
All through the night, all through the day
Every single child has his way,
Each his own way! Just as he pleases!

In this wonderful country far away—
In this gorgeous grandma clime—
When tired children can eat no more,
There are stories of "Once on a Time."
Stories and songs are told and sung
Of when the grandmamas were young—
"Once on a Time!" "Well, Let Me See!"

To this wonderful country far, afar,
Where only good things stay,
To this beautiful, glorious Grandma-Land
Good children only find the way.
But when they sleep and when they dream,
Away they float on the gliding stream
To Grandma-Land! To Grandma-Land!
—Harper's Young People.

The Scarecrow.
When Farmer Jones had shot a crow—
It was no easy task, you know—
He hung it in his corn-field, where
He thought the live crows it would scare.

The crows could not don mourning,
since
They always wore funeral tints.
So they resolved to hold a wake
For their departed brother's sake.
They met and mourned him 'mid the corn,
And, growing hungry towards the morn,
Devoured the crops and then withdrew,
Leaving the scarecrow and the view.
—Harper's Young People.

Pitapat and Goldie.
Pitapat was a gray cat, with a white forehead and black stripes, and white stockings on her feet, and big eyes that shone like stars.

Goldie was a canary, with bright golden feathers, and long legs, and a sharp bill, and bright black eyes.
When he wanted to see anything he turned his head sideways. He came out of a neat little egg, in a long green cage at grandma's house. I often saw his mother feed him and his three little baby brothers and sisters. When he was old enough grandma gave him to me. He sang beautifully.

Auntie gave me Pitapat. When she was a kitten I put ribbons round her neck. Some were blue and some were red. She would run after a ball.
One day she went down into the cellar and caught a mouse. I told her how wrong that was, but my papa said that cats would do such things as long as they were cats.

One day mamma took me to a china shop to buy a little pink bathtub for Goldie, who loved to bathe, and a saucer for Pitapat to drink milk from. We stopped at the chemist's for cuttle-fish and a paper of seed for Goldie, and bought a nice piece of cat's meat for Pitapat. The things were all in mamma's shopping-bag, and she let me carry it. I could hardly wait until the door was opened, I was so anxious to get in, and I ran up to the playroom two steps at a time.

Generally, when I opened the door, Pitapat cried "Mew!" and Goldie chirped a "How-do-you-do." This time I heard not a sound.

The window was open, and outside, on the roof of the porch, sat Pitapat, with her back up and her tail as big as a sausage. And—oh—alas! I shall never forget that moment—there, on the floor, was Goldie's cage, upside down, the bottom out and empty.

I gave a great cry. Mamma said: "Oh, dear, how dreadful!" And papa came in at that moment.

"Just as I thought," he said. "Pitapat has found Goldie too great a temptation to resist, and has eaten her, bones and all. But who took the cage down?"

"Oh, papa," I said, "I left it on the table. I forgot, but the door was shut."

"The door is shut now, but the bottom is out," said papa. "Don't cry so. I'll get you another bird."

"It won't be Goldie," I said. "Oh,

cruel Pitapat!"
"Mew!" said Pitapat. "Mew, mew, mew!"

She came in at the window and rubbed her hand against my dress; but I just hated her.
I caught up my little re-handled broom and chased her out of the house into the street.

"Stay there, you wicked thing, I said. 'You shall never come into my house again! You are a murderess! You killed my sweet, sweet Goldie, and ate her up!'"

Oh, how I cried after that! I almost made myself sick. When dinner was ready papa carried me down in his arms, but I could not eat anything. I kept thinking of Goldie, all munched up, and of Pitapat, that I used to love so and had driven away.

After dinner we went into the library. Mother made me lie on the sofa, and played on the piano for me. Papa asked me if I wanted a little dog. But I said: "No, thank you. I will never have a pet again."

And just as I said that the door-bell rang and in came the girl.
"A lady to see you, ma'am," she said. And in walked a stranger.

"I don't think you know me, Mrs. Brown," she said. "I live next door. Today, just after you went out with your little girl, my big cat Whiskers jumped out of the window upon the porch, and went into your house, call him as I might. The next moment something fell, and Whiskers came flying out with your gray cat after him; and I saw your canary fly out, too, and up into our tree. Whiskers must have tried to catch it. He is wild for birds. But your pussy fought dreadfully with him. I was shocked. And all the while I heard the poor bird crying out up in the tree. And the wild birds kill canaries, you know. So I called in a lad out off the street and asked him if he could catch the canary. And he said he thought so, for it could not fly very far. And he has been up in the branches all this while! He has just caught it, and I do not think he is hurt a bit. 'I am so glad!'"

Then in came the boy, with Goldie in his hands—my dear, pretty Goldie, alive and well, and mine again!
How mamma and papa thanked the lady! And what a lot of money papa gave the boy, though the lady had given him some before!

It was worth anything, papa said, to see his little daughter happy once more. Bridget ran for the cage and we put Goldie in it and gave him some seed and sugar and water and cuttle-fish.

"After all, Pitapat was innocent," said mamma.

"Oh, my poor Pitapat!" I cried.
And I ran to the door and looked out. It was quite dark, but I heard a little sad cry somewhere, and there in the corner of the garden I found my poor kitty, cold and hungry, and took her in my arms.

"I ought never to have believed it of you, pet," I said. "It was wicked of me. Can you forgive me?"
Pitapat answered "Mew!" and rubbed her nose against my hand.—[Dawn, in the Woman's Journal.]

The Lord hath need of your love, your words, your work, your money, your influence.—[Mosley H. Williams.]

An Enormous Revolution.

Have you ever duly considered the enormous revolution of thought which has been wrought by the words of Christ? It would be well if occasionally we could detach our minds from our theological conceptions of Christ, true and reverent as they may be, and endeavor to estimate the immense intellectual force which he has exerted on the world. Where is there any other force like it? What other words have gone on echoing in the human mind through many centuries, and begetting from age to age new evolutions, and revolutions of thought, and a constantly progressive vision of conduct? The more deeply this phenomenon is studied, the more clearly will it appear, that merely considered as an intellectual force there has never been in the world any influence comparable with that of Christ's. There is a memorable letter of Browning's in which this is put with great force, and the deduction drawn is that this intellectual force of Christ is so great that the mind can only bow before it and call it divine. Browning quotes a story of Napoleon, who one day in St. Helena, after a prolonged study of the Gospels, closed the book and said, "I am an underlander, a reader of men. I tell you, this Man was more than a man." And he finishes the letter by saying that one night a group of literary men were discussing how they would feel if suddenly the great men of the past entered the room. "And if Shakespeare entered?" said someone to Chas. Lamb, "what then?" "We should all rise," said Lamb. "And if Jesus Christ?" "We should all kneel," he replied, bowing his head as he spoke. The distinction between Christ and all others who have ever spoken to the minds and souls of men could not be more finely put. For Shakespeare, for Gladstone, we rise; to Christ we kneel.—[The Young Man.]

The Russian courts have reversed the assumption of the American tribunals that when a husband and wife are drowned in the same disaster the wife dies first. The Russian doctors have testified unanimously that the man would be the first to die, because the woman is more agile and keeps herself longer above water.

With The Poets.

In Romney Marsh.
As I went down to Dymchurch Wall,
I heard the south sing o'er the land;
I saw the yellow sunlight fall
On knolls where Norman churches stand.

And ringing shrilly, taut and lithe,
Within the wind a core of sound,
The wire from Romney town to Hythe
Alone its airy journey wound.

A veil of purple vapor flowed
And trailed its fringe along the Straits;
The upper air like sapphire glowed,
And roses filled heaven's central gates.

Masts in the offing wagged their tops;
The swaying waves peeled on the shore;
The saffron beach, all diamond drops
And beads of surge, prolonged the roar.

As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,
I saw above the Down's low crest
The crimson brands of sunset fall,
Flicker and fade from out the west.
Night sank; like flakes of silver fire
The stars in one great shower came down;
Shrill blew the wind; and shrill the wire
Rang out from Hythe to Romney town.

The darkly-shining salt sea-drops
Streamed as the waves clashed on the shore;
The beach, with all its organ stops
Pealing again, prolonged the roar.
—John Davidson.

The Bedouin's Rebuke.

Neeber, a Bedouin of noble heart,
That from good men received of praise the fee,
Owned a brave horse, with which he would not part,
Because from death he once had run him free.
The man and beast were friends, and it is vice
To sell our friend or friendship for a price.

The horse was black and strong, his step was proud,
His neck was arched, his ears alert for sound,
His speed the tempest's, and his mane a cloud;
His hoofs woke thunder from the desert ground;
His eyes flashed lightning from their inmost core;
Victor of Distance was the name he bore.

Daher, a Bedouin of another tribe,
Had often wished to buy this famous beast;
And as he smoked, and heard his friends describe
Its comely parts and powers, the wish increased;
But Neeber said the horse should not be sold,
Tho' offered wealth in camels and in gold.

Then Daher put on rags, and stained his face,
And went to wait for Neeber, seeming lame.

Him soon he saw approach at daring pace
Upon the envied horse, and as he came
He cried to him: "For three days on this spot
Have I lain starving—pity me my lot."

And, seeing Neeber stop, said on, "I die—
My strength is gone!" Down Neeber sprang,
And raised him gently with a pitying sigh.

And set him on his horse; a laugh outrang,
And Daher shouted, as he plunged his spurs,
"Fair price refused, one sells at last for burrs."

"Stay! stay!" cried Neeber; Daher paused to hear:
"Since God has willed that you my beast should take,
I wish you joy; but tell no man, for fear
Another who was really starved might make
Appeal in vain; for some, remembering me,
Would fain to do an act of charity."

Sharper than steel to Daher seemed remorse!
He quickly turned, and, springing to the ground,

With head bowed low brought Neeber back his horse;
Then, falling on his peaceful breast, he wound
His arms about his neck to make amends,
And ever afterward the two were friends.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoot, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For delicate and debilitated constitutions these pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

How Primitive Christians Observed Sunday.

A growing discussion on the proper character of Sabbath observance seems to be one of the features of recent magazine and newspaper literature. The Sunday question is always a live one, not only in theological but in political circles as well, and a contribution recently made to it by Prof. Zahn, of the University of Erlangen, Bavaria, is one of importance. Prof. Zahn is accounted the leading conservative specialist in Germany in the department of early Christian research, his only rival, Harnack, being classed among the liberals. Zahn's conclusions will not, however, bring strength to the Sabbatarian side of the controversy, as he holds that there is nothing in the earliest Christian literature to support the views of the Sabbatarian. The results of his researches are set forth in the sixth of a series of historical sketches published together under the title "Skizzen aus dem Leben der alten Kirche" (Sketches from the Life of the Primitive Church).

He speaks of the differences between the early Christians of the St. James type and those of the Pauline type in matters of Jewish ceremonial, but says they were a unit in regarding the Lord's Day as entirely distinct from the Jewish Sabbath. Sometimes both days were observed, "but the Christians of the first three centuries," he says, citing Justin Martyr also in proof, "never thought of regarding the Sunday as the continuation of this Jewish Sabbath, or even to call this day 'Sabbath'—the Day of the Lord, referring to Christ, being the name uniformly used. Prof. Zahn then continues as follows:

"If we ask the Christians of the earliest centuries, the oldest witnesses as to the idea of Sunday, for the reason which they had in marking this one day above all the rest, they will with one voice declare, 'We celebrate this day because Christ on this day rose from the dead.' The Sunday was for them a weekly recurrence of the Easter festival. Throughout Sunday was regarded as a day of joy. While the Christians were accustomed on other days to pray kneeling, the resurrection of Christ, of which this day was the memorial, gave them courage to stand upright on their feet before their God, and to forget their unworthiness, which had been buried by Christ in death, the memory of which had been celebrated the previous days on their knees. On Sunday the early Christians prayed standing. Already at a very early day the custom of celebrating Wednesday and Friday in addition to Sunday had been introduced into the Church and this brought all the more sharply the characteristic idea of the Sunday worship. Those other days were days of fasting and humiliation; Sunday was a day of joyful and glad worship. On this day only did the services culminate in the memorial feast of the Savior, the Last Supper, which belonged to the 'Day of the Lord.' To fast on Sunday was regarded as unseemly, and later even as a sin. And even apart from the services the Sunday was regarded as a day of rejoicing. Even the rigoristic Tertullian, at the close of the second century again and again emphasizes this. . . .

"That on this day the ordinary business and work of life were laid aside as much as possible, was regarded as a matter of course; but it is characteristic of the original character of Sunday observance that in the oldest Christian literature there is practically not a word about this matter, the negative idea of rest from daily labor did not enter as a prime factor into the conception of the proper observance of this day. Christians are indeed rebuked for allowing their business to keep them away from the services, but not Sunday work itself, but the overestimation of worldly work and indifference therein shown to God's word and services, is pronounced as a grievous sin. Even as late as the fourth century, when writers warn against the celebration of the (Jewish) Sabbath by abstaining from work, a similar demand is not made as conditional for the Sunday. . . .

"We see that this original conception of Sunday observance departs widely from that idea which zealous friends of Sunday observance are apt to emphasize in our day. It has not been my purpose to present a theory of the Sunday or to oppose false ideas. But history is a great teacher, and by repeating what she teaches erroneous views of themselves fall to the ground."—[Translated for the Literary Digest.]

Jean Ingelow is surrounded by a flock of household pets in her quiet home in Kensington, where she spends her winters, as well as in her summer home in Nice. She is 74 years old now and she lives very quietly and rarely puts anything forth in print. There is nothing romantic in the poet's appearance. A sweet-faced gray-haired woman in a cap, she says little of her work unless pressed to do so, and finds her chief pleasure in hearing that her words have been of help to this one or that. Queen Victoria is numbered among Miss Ingelow's personal friends and literary admirers.

The never failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

A Smile And a Laugh.

What are you doing with those pots of paint, Silas?"
"New scheme o' mine, Mirandy. I'm goin' to put 'em under the hens, so's they'll lay Easter eggs in 'em."

Mr. Goodly—My little man, do you know this is Sunday?
Little Man—Well, what would I be havin' my fish line along with me for if I didn't?

Inks—There are very good characters in society novels.
Winks—No wonder; there are very few in society.

Caller—I wonder if I can see your mother, little boy? Is she engaged?
Little Boy—Engaged? Whatcher givin' us? She's married!

He—You want to know what I'd be if it were not for your money?
She—Yes, I do.
He—A bachelor.

"Cousin Ethel, is Col. Blazer a brave soldier?"
"Oh, I don't think he's afraid of powder."
"No, I don't think he is, for I saw his nose against your face last night."

A little boy, on returning from Sunday school, said to his mother:
"This catechism is too hard; isn't there any kitchyism for little boys?"

"I may tell you at once that I can put up with everything except answering back."
"Oh, madam! sure that's just like myself. We shall get on splendidly."

Suitor (seeing flower on the table)—May I take this as a token of your friendship?
Fashionable Miss—No, sir. Why, that's my new bonnet!

Committeeman (to public-school teacher)—We was thinkin' o' puttin' up a nice motto over your desk to encourage the children; what do you say? How would "Knowledge Is Wealth" do?
School Teacher—That wouldn't do. The children know how small my salary is.

A young lady had given a young gentleman her photograph. He was enamored with it, and made the remark, "Some day, with your permission, I shall plead for the possession of the lovely original."
He did not expect this: "Then I shall give you the negative."

A little girl who had heard her family talking about hysterics was present when a story was told at which her mother laughed immoderately. The child seemed much impressed, and looking anxiously at her mother, she said gravely:
"Mamma, ain't you afraid if you laugh so much you will get hysterical?"

A Unitarian minister of this State has a small boy just now devoted to athletics. It was the good fortune of the family to entertain Mrs. Julia Ward Howe the other day, and the elder daughter tried to impress the little fellow with the importance of their guest.

"She is a great woman," said the sister.
"Not so very," said he.
"But I mean she is a very remarkable woman, dear."
"H'm!" was the answer; "I don't believe she can even hang by her toes."

Mr. Wiman gave two handsome public bath-houses to Toronto, which are situated on either side of the bay, and inscribed in bold letters "Wiman's Baths." Some time ago, as the British Association excursion was sailing into that city, one of the scientists discovered the signs.

"Ah," said he, turning to a friend, "I told you the Americans were an uneducated lot!"
"Why so?" returned the other in amazement.

"Don't you see those signs there! What an atrocious way to spell 'women's'!"

FOR HER COLOR.—It was a great event for Daisy when her little sister was born. Her delight was unbounded. At the same time she felt a great increase of age and dignity, and announced to her mamma that she no longer wished to be called Daisy, but by her own name—Isabel.

"We called you Daisy when you were so fair and sweet that you reminded us of a daisy. Can you not think of some pretty flower that your little sister resembles?"

Daisy meditated for some time and then gravely replied:
"I think we might call her Currant."

Here it a good advertising story from Australia. A lanky countryman from the mines goes into the Argus office.

"My guv'nor's dead, and I should like a bit of poetry or somethink put in the paper about him."

"All right," says the clerk, "hand it over."
"Can't you fix up somethink for me?" asks the miner, he was a right good chap.

"Oh, yes, replied the clerk, 'we'll manage that for you; our charge for 'In

Memorial' notices is sixpence an inch."

"Oh, thunder," exclaims the mourner, "I can't stand that, my guv'nor was six feet."

A certain young minister was preaching one morning on the subject of man praising his Creator, using the thought that all creation, even the birds, seemed to be sending up a daily hymn of praise, and why should not man do so also? Outside of the church was a grove, and it being a bright June day the air was filled with the song of birds. The minister having finished his talk about the song of creation and intending to make a climax, turned toward an open window, with an appropriate gesture, exclaimed: "Let us pause a moment, and listen to the song of praise that nature is sending up at this moment to the throne of the Creator." Everybody listened, but just then an old ass outside of the church rent the air with its "???" The minister made the pause very short.

Man progresses from aversion to love; but when he began with love and arrives at aversion he never returns to love.—[H. de Balzac.]

The Odd and Curious.

Twenty lives lie between the Emperor of Germany and the British throne.

The roar of the lion can be heard farther than the sound of any other living creature.

In proportion to the numbers engaged, Waterloo was the bloodiest battle of modern times. Over 35 per cent of the men engaged were killed or wounded.

A medical scientist states that dismal weather has a bad effect upon the reasoning powers as well as upon the spirits. He says the deductions made on cloudy days often prove to be faulty.

Diamonds may be black as well as white, and some are blue, red, brown, yellow, green, pink, and orange; but there is no violet diamond, although, in addition to amethysts, there are sapphires, rubies, and garnets of that color.

Cant, meaning mock humility, took its name from the Rev. Andrew Cant, minister of Pittsboro, in Aberdeenshire, who, during the time of the Covenanters, was famed for his winning and pre-tending fervor.

Camille Flammarion and three other French astronomers will make for the Paris exhibition in 1900 a model of the moon—a model on such an enormous scale that balloon journeys will be made around it.

The banqueting house, Whitehall, from a window of which King Charles I. stepped out to his scaffold on Jan. 30, 1649, has been turned into a museum for the United Service Institution. The building was erected by Inigo Jones in 1619. The ceiling, painted by Rubens, is said to be one of the most beautiful in the world. George I. converted the hall into a chapel, and it was used for public worship until 1890.

A newspaper published in Pekin is understood to be the oldest in the world. It dates from a period of 200 years prior to the Norman conquest of England. Naturally, its prolonged existence in an autocratically governed country like China has been marked by many vicissitudes, not the least of which is the fact, recently announced in its columns, that during the 1,000 years of its existence 1,000 of its editors have been beheaded, or roughly speaking, two per annum.

The astonishing and inhuman possibility of building up living animals from parts of several animals has been demonstrated by Dr. C. Born, a German physiologist. The experiments were made with tadpoles and other larvae of amphibians. Each of these were cut in two, and different parts were placed together in various ways, when some of them united, the hinder more readily than the fore parts. Two hinder parts, each with or without a heart, united in 24 hours, the monstrosity living and growing for a week or more.

Which Loved It Most?

"The way an Indian loves whisky beats everything," said the soldier. "I once met a Cheyenne on his pony. 'Give me a drink of whisky; I'll give you my bride for it,' says he. 'No,' says I. 'I'll give you my saddle,' says he. 'No,' says I. 'I'll give you my pony,' says he. 'No,' says I. Finally, if you'll believe it, he offered his bride, and saddle and pony all in a bunch for a drink!"

"Well, and wouldn't you give it to him for all that?" asked the soldier's listener.

"Not much," said the soldier. I had only one drink left and I wanted 'th' myself."—[Harper's Drawer.]

It is significant of the wisdom of Mrs. Ormiston Chant's crusade against the Empire Music Hall, London, that its directors have lost nothing by giving a purer entertainment. They have earned 75 per cent dividend, after meeting all expenses, and have declared a dividend of 50 per cent for the year. Virtue, purity and industry pay, and no foul odor makes their efforts offensive.