

not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call the cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sent to prison that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished.

Mother of the Trained Nurse.

Miss Florence Nightingale, who celebrated her 83rd birthday a short time ago, constantly receives gifts of fruit and flowers which remind her as she lies in bed or on her invalid chair that she is not forgotten.

The name of Florence Nightingale, it is safe to say, never will be forgotten. She is the mother of the trained nurse, and the story of her heroic service on the battlefields of the Crimea will be an inspiration to women for all time. Sir Robert Rawlinson, the engineer sent out by the Government to investigate the condition of the hospitals at Sebastopol and Scutari, declared that if the people of England could have seen these places they would have torn the Government to pieces; but Florence Nightingale lived among these scenes by day and night, battling with disease which was killing men like flies.

In these beds of fever and discomfort the Lady with the Lamp came like an angel from the skies. When the war was over some soldiers at a banquet in London were asked to write down the name which had most endeared itself to them in connection with it, and when the papers were collected there was only one name on them all—Florence Nightingale. Queen Victoria proposed her health in a toast, and the people of England gave her a fortune, which she gave them back again in the form of a training school for nurses.

"Why?"

Mr. Harold Spender, the Alpine climber, in his book on the High Pyrenees, tells of an unexpected climax to one of his feats.

With two companions he had scaled one of the most difficult peaks, and, descending, found refuge from the storm and night in the chalet of a goatherd. The three men, half frozen, and exhausted with the long and terrible strain, but glowing with triumph, crouched before the fire.

The goatherd's wife, a dull old woman, stood looking at them silently for a while, and then pronounced a single word:—

"Pourquoi?" (Why?)

Mr. Spender declares that he and his companions looked at each other with an expression of surprise on each face. They had risked health and strength and life itself. "Why?" What had they gained?

There was no answer. The one word struck like a blank wall across their consciousness of useless struggle and suffering and danger.

There are other heights in the world besides those in the Alps, which men try to scale to a little purpose, barren heights at the top of which is neither profit nor honor.

It Struck Home.

It is related of an old woman in Dr. Todd's famous church, who kept a small grocery shop, that she was dishonest in her dealings with the few townspeople who bought of her. One Sunday Dr. Todd preached a powerful sermon from the text "False weights are an abomination unto the Lord." The old woman was very much roused by this sermon. She was trying to tell an old acquaintance about it.

"A very wonderful discourse, Maggie, Ah, but he came down upon the sinners. It would ha' done your heart good to hear him."

"What was the sermon about? What was the text?"

"Ah, I cannot remember the text."

But it was about weights and measures and groceries and balances."

"But what was the subject? What was the theme of his discourse?"

"O! the theme! I don't know. But this I do know, Maggie; I went right home and burned my half-bushel!"

The Lad with the Loaves and Fishes

It is said that once the great musical conductor, Sir Michael Costa, was leading a rehearsal. There was a multitude of players, and off in a far corner a man with a piccolo. Said the man to himself, "With all this tumult of organs and drums and trumpets and cymbals, it makes no difference what I do," so he stopped. Immediately Costa threw up his hands and ordered silence. "Where is the piccolo?" he cried.

Ah, the child may have only a small part to play in the great world-orchestra, but

The Conductor has a Quick Ear.

He misses the least note that should be in the music, and is not. May we not believe that the great miracle of the loaves and fishes would have been spoiled for the Master if that small boy had not cheerfully given up his meagre lunch?

But we must not be too sure that the child's part is small. Certainly it was not a small part in that miracle. When Hell Gate was blown up, and that formidable obstruction to New York's commerce was in an instant removed, that instant represented not only the work of hundreds of strong men for many months, but also the touch of a little child's finger upon an electric key. Not seldom is a child found at the electric focus of life, ready and able to set in motion forces infinitely stronger than itself is.

That is one reason why the right training of a child is such a great thing. A lovely story is told of a woman nearly a century old, who lay dying, and as she lay there she kept asking, "Is it dark?" "Yes Janet, it is midnight." "Are all the children in?" Years ago her children, grown up, had preceded her to the spirit world, but she imagined them back again, and died with

The Question of Motherhood upon her Lips.

Ah, yes! "Are all the children in?" That is the question of questions; for if the children are brought into the fold, it will speedily be well with the whole round earth. As Jean Ingelow wrote:

Far better in its place the lowliest bird Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,

Than that a seraph strayed should take the word

And sing His glory wrong.

Yet, after all, the lad with the loaves and fishes did a little thing; he only gave away (perhaps sold—who knows?) the lunch that his mother had given him and his father had earned; and he got it back again in a few minutes. The great thing was done by our Lord in taking the child's little deed and magnifying it to cover the needs of five thousand persons.

That is only a token—writ large for all ages to note it—of how Christ is always

Ready to magnify Our Small Deeds

of obedience and self-sacrifice. His are the Midas fingers and turn all our dross to gold. Through all his life that boy must have rejoiced: "It was my lunch the Master used that glorious day!" And he is rejoicing over it even now, I hope, in Heaven.

How many such joys are we preparing for ourselves as the days go by?

The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat frequently puts a strain upon the system that produces internal complications, always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful ailment is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.

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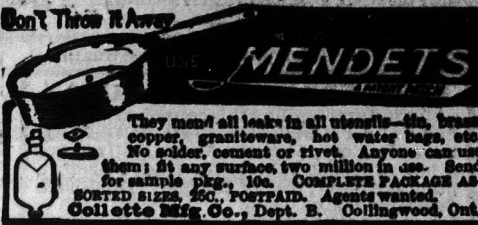
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