

Juniors. If so, use them. Little wonder if God pronounces "woe" on a habit and traffic whose only fruits are such as the above suggest, and whose final end is death. Our duty is to abstain and to work for the overthrow of the deadly business.

August 2nd.—"How can we serve Christ in our homes?"—Rom. 12. 9, 10; 1 Pet. 5. 5.

Home is the place where everybody is natural. That is, we are our real selves among our own relatives. Often people are much more agreeable among strangers than among their own near friends. This ought not to be. Home should be the happiest spot on earth. How can we help to make it such? Our Saviour, certainly, desires our homes to be like his Father's house—and the more we can make them resemble the heavenly home the better we will "serve" him. As children we can "serve Christ in our homes." 1. By obedience to our parents. This is the Fifth Commandment, and God has ever laid great stress upon it. If we "honor" (love) our parents, we will obey them, and disobedience at home is the first step to lawlessness abroad. 2. By kindness. The "law of kindness is on her tongue" is the way Solomon speaks of his model mother in Prov. 31. 26. How often hasty and unkind words lead to domestic quarrels. "Be not hasty with thy mouth" is good advice. Kindness in speech will often prompt us to 3. Helpfulness. "Bear ye one another's burdens." There is no place like home to do this. Every day brings many opportunities to show your love by doing something to make some loved one's task easier by your assistance. 4. Cheerfulness is a blessing at home. Don't frown—smile. Keep your "black looks" for yourself when alone, and then look in the mirror and see how you like yourself. Encourage the weaker members of your family. Mind the baby, laugh his tears away, sing your choicest songs, for he may grow up with a happy heart, for "a merry heart doeth good like medicine." 5. Forbearance is another beautiful characteristic of a happy family. Don't quarrel. Forgive injuries. Don't hold spite. Forget! Many mean things have been done by spiteful children that have made hearts sore for many long days. (Read Eph. 4, 31, 32.) 6. There must be unity. Be of the same mind one toward another. When all "pull together" the load of life moves on easily; but one can make it drag heavily. Don't you be that one. . . . So obedience, kindness, helpfulness, cheerfulness, forbearance, and unity show that we are serving Christ at home, and if we do so there, little danger but we will do it elsewhere.

"Jesus, It's Me."

A pleasing little story is that of a timid little girl at a religious meeting in the south of London, who had a longing desire to come to Jesus. She said to the gentleman conducting the service, "Will you pray for me in the meeting, please? But do not mention my name."

In the meeting which followed, when every head was bowed, and there was a perfect silence, the gentleman prayed for the little girl who wanted to come to Jesus, and he said, "O Lord, there is a little girl who would not want her name known, but thou dost know her; save her precious soul!" There was a perfect silence, and, as was in the back of the chest, a little girl arose, and in a low voice said, "Please, it's me, Jesus; it's me." She did not want to have a doubt. She meant it. She wanted to be saved, and she was not ashamed to rise in that meeting, little girl as she was, and say, "Jesus, it's me."—Christian Commonweal.

Always in a Hurry.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry;
She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;
She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry,
And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,
Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime.
She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,
And yet—would you believe it?—she never was in time.

It seems a contradiction, until you know the reason;
But I'm sure you'll think it simple, as I state
That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,
And she's always in a hurry because she starts too late.

—Priscilla Leonard.

A Brave Coward.

If one is brave on the outside, quite brave in doing what is right, does it matter if, inside, one is full of fear? I think not.

Now Archibald was afraid of many things—the dark, for one thing and of going alone from his house to grandmother's for another. Yet Archibald would go upstairs at supper time, when no one else was there, and there was no light but many dark corners all about, and reach his small hand into the closet, which was even darker than the hall and the room, call up father's slippers, and then run downstairs with them to where father was waiting in the sitting-room, by the bright lamp, to change them for his heavy business shoes. Archibald would come bursting into the pleasant room with his eyes shining and his breath coming quick, and set down the slippers with an air of triumph.

"Thank you, my boy," father would say. Archibald would beam with pleasure. He never told how afraid he was of the dark hall. He did not know what it was that frightened him, but the furniture did not look as it did in the day time, and the clothes hanging in the closet would brush against him, as he opened the door, in a dreadful manner—not at all as they did in daylight.

Archibald was only five. It was four blocks from his house to grandmother's. Grandmother's house had a big yard, and steps up from the pavement, and tall, white columns at the porch, with green vines twisted round them. There were flowers in the oval beds in the grass; and in the hall a glass case holding many gay-feathered birds brought from southern lands; and in the parlor shells and coral and seaweed from a far-away ocean; and in the dining-room caraway-seed cookies in the great treen. Could a little boy go to a nicer house than that to spend the day? Besides, there was grandmother herself, always ready to tell stories about when she was a little girl.

Now when Archibald was four, his mother decided he was old enough to go alone to grandmother's. Everyone on the route to his grandmother's knew Archibald. So how could he get lost, with so many kind people on the way?

When told he might go to grandmother's all alone, and stay for dinner, and carry this little note from mother, Archibald swallowed hard. He was ashamed to say that he was afraid to walk there alone, but he was. He started bravely off, just the same; for he

was a brave coward, you see—which is an excellent thing. He looked back at mother's smiling face in the window, and tried to smile in return. Then he ran as fast as he could, and never stopped until he was safely inside grandmother's gate. He knew this time what he was afraid of. . . . Some one had said there were rats in the cellar of Mr. Bell's grocery store.

Grandmother saw how out of breath he was, and asked the reason. Then Archibald, who was only four then, burst out crying, and confessed about being afraid of Mr. Bell's rats.

"But I came, grandma, I came," he said between sobs.

"So you did," said grandma. "Any one can be brave when they're not afraid, but I call it a fine thing to be brave even when you are afraid. Now, Archibald, I will tell you what I will do. I will write a letter to those rats, and tell them to let my grandson alone."

After a happy day, grandmother handed him a little three-cornered note directed to "All Rats in Mr. Bell's Cellar." Inside she had written, "Rats, do not hurt my grand-boy Archibald, for he is a good boy."

Archibald waited proudly home, and even as he passed the grocery store, he held his head high and did not run, though his eyes shone and his breath came quick. He treasured his note, and carried it every time he passed Mr. Bell's.

No one knew he was afraid of the dark hall, so no one gave him a note to the shadows. He kept on doing the things he was afraid of in spite of being afraid. Except about those rats, he never told any one. I do not know what he is afraid of now, for he is a tall man, with boys of his own; but, if he is a coward, he is a brave one, I am sure of that.—S. S. Times.

An Evening's Fun.

Now, boys and girls, here is great fun. Get a crowd together, appoint an umpire to decide on pronunciation (with the help of the new dictionary), and offer prizes for the one who can pronounce all these words without a mistake. Perhaps you can catch father or mother on some of them too:

"A sacrilegious son of Belial who has suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasian race. He accordingly purchased a callous corset necklace of a chameleon hue, and in securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then dispatched a letter of the most exceptional calligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificial to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and howie knife, said that he would not now forget fetters hymenial with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein and discharged the contents of the carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner."

According to the statement of the ten-year-old daughter of a Massachusetts clergyman, there are ways of making an old sermon seem as new as the first. "Molly," said one of the friends of this young critic, "does your father ever preach the same sermon twice?"

"I think perhaps he does," returned Molly, cautiously, "but if that he talks loud and soft in different places the second time, so it doesn't sound the same at all."