

LITTLE WINNIE.

BY REV. W. T. SABINE.

I want to tell my young readers about a dear child whose parents are members of our Church in New York.

Winnie, for this was his name, had been baptized in his infancy and was like little Samuel, the child of many prayers. Ever since his birth, some three and a half years ago, he had been watched over with tender care and love. He was a bright, happy little fellow, to whom all who knew him became much attached.

Early in July of this year his parents took him to Lake Saranac, a beautiful sheet of water in the northern part of the State of New York. Here he spent three weeks very happily. One day at the end of this time he was observed to droop. He became restless and feverish. Two days after the loving young heart had ceased to beat, and the little white hands were folded peacefully across the breast of the dead child.

So early and so suddenly was this dear boy called to join that white-robed and glorified band of whom we sing.

"Around the throne of God in heaven, Thousands of children stand."

The circumstances of his death were touching. I cannot give them to you better than in the words of his dear mother who has at my request kindly written them out for me.

"He had been in my arms most of the day. Still he was very restless and would want me to put him on the bed, and again would say, 'Oh mamma take me.' At half past three I laid him down for the last time; the doctor thinking it would be better for him to be on the bed. Just after I had laid him down his father said, 'He is dying.' Then he said to him 'Good-by, Winnie,' and he sweetly replied, 'Good-by, papa.' Kneeling at his side I said, 'daddy do you know me?' He did not answer. I then said, 'can you say mamma?' and his feeble lips replied in a whisper, 'Mamma.' I said 'can you say grandpa,' and he whispered 'grandpa.'

"After a few moments he said loud enough for us all to hear, 'I want,' I said, 'daddy, what do you want?' and he replied, 'I want God.'"

"After this all was silent for a few moments. We saw his eyes open very wide and looking so beautifully toward one corner of the room, while a sweet smile passed over his face.

"I said, 'he sees something?' so bending down close to him asked, 'Oh daddy, what do you see?' He answered 'God.' These were his last words.

"He was often talking of going home, meaning his city home, and the morning that he died asked his nurse to hand him some flowers that had been kindly sent to him.

"He picked out six white everlasting and calling them white buttercups, said, 'I want to take these home with me.' And he did take them in his little dead hand to his last earthly home."

The words of this dying child shed a beautiful light on a truth which should never be forgotten—that God loves and is willing to make Himself known even to those who are very young—that at a very early age, we may learn to trust and serve Him,—and that He can and will comfort and strengthen the youngest believer in the most trying hours.

What a beautiful death was this! There was nothing dark, or dreadful, or terrible about it. Why should there be?

"Jesus can make a dying bed, Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Little Winnie wanted God and God gave Himself to him. God answered the yearning of his young soul. He had no fears, no shrinking, no alarm, no unwillingness.

In some way we cannot explain, our Heavenly Father wonderfully, graciously revealed Himself to the dear, trusting little fellow.

Some glorious vision came to him. His very pain seemed to be forgotten. He smiled sweetly, and while the traces of that smile still lingered on his fair face, gently and brightly his ransomed spirit passed to the presence of that Saviour who had lived and died for him.

Some people may say this was all imagination; the child saw nothing; and his words meant nothing.

To some at least of those who stood by that short grave in Woodlawn Cemetery that bright summer afternoon and saw that

little form tenderly lowered into it, that vision was very real, those simple words were full of meaning. The frail, lifeless body indeed was here but the redeemed, undying spirit was with Christ forever more. Happy child! "Safe in the arms of Jesus." "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last end be like his," —Episcopal Recorder.

PARTNERS.

BY ELIZABETH F. ALLAN.

I was sitting one day last week by Mrs. Graves' little work-table, engaged in the delightful task of teaching her the shell stitch in crochet, when the door was burst open as if a cyclone was coming, and her ten year old boy bounced in. He made me a polite bow it is true, but I felt that he was a very unpleasant occurrence, for he stumbled over my feet and upset our basket of worsteds, and seized his mother round the neck for a whispering in a thoroughly tumultuous and uncomfortable way. He received a gentle rebuke for his undue haste and carelessness, and permission, evidently, to go to the bureau drawer, where I watched him upsetting a pile of clean handkerchiefs, and bringing forth in triumph—a fishing-hook!

"Does your mother always let you treat her places that way, Frank?" I asked. The bright eager face turned upon me with a surprised look, and then with a sunny glance across the table, "Oh, mother and I are partners."

Partners! I felt a sudden pang in thinking of my own well-regulated nursery, whose clock-like rules permitted no such invasion of my places by my young folks.

"I won't go above the dam, mother," were the boy's parting words, as the door closed with a bang that alarmed the plaster.

"Frank is not always so noisy," apologized the mother. "He is very much excited just now, and I must—save my little lecture about his want of consideration until it will be more likely to avail something."

"But do you give your children such right of way through all your places?" I asked my interest in the shell stitch gone.

"Not quite all," she answered, laughing, "I have a few little nooks that are sacredly my own, but only a few. Frank uses the right word when he says we are 'partners,' and I don't know when he has enjoyed anything as much as being allowed to keep that new fishing-hook in my line of handkerchiefs;" and the mother laughed afresh at the odd hiding-place the boy had invented.

But I was burdened with the consciousness that I should have snubbed my young man upon any such unreasonable proposal, and I pressed the discussion.

"How can you keep any order, or teach any order," I asked rather pettishly, "if you do not insist upon things being kept in their right places?"

"I do try to check the troublesome propensity to leave things lying around," answered my companion; "but oh, Elsie, don't you remember from your own childhood how much nicer and more secure our mother's places seemed for our treasures? The new fishing-hook is of the same value to Frank that your diamond ring is to you; more, indeed, for it gives him more lively pleasure, I am sure, and no place of his own seemed good enough for it. It was a very small sacrifice on my part to allow him to tumble my clean handkerchiefs, but the gratitude it awakened in that precious little heart has bubbled up and over in many a kiss and caress that was infinitely sweet to me."

"He got that word 'partners' from a story they are fond of hearing me tell, of a bit of my own childhood's experience. I had some bad tricks, as a child, that were hard to come by in the country, big wood fires blazed on our hearths all winter, and seemed an irresistible temptation to me. Of course I was punished, time and again, but nothing ever seemed to cure me, until one day my mother found me, with long pieces of twisted paper, trying to see how near the flame I could hold them without their lighting. Instead of the punishment I expected, my mother sat down by me on the floor, and played with the fire with me for half an hour. By that time my craving was satisfied, and the morbid satisfaction that the forbidden pleasure had exercised over me was gone. 'Now, Nellie,' said my mother, as she brushed up the litter, 'we are partners in

this game, and it will be very unfair if you ever try to play it without me.' I never did, and the idea of being 'partners' with mother held me with a strong grasp all my life; it brought me to her side with many a question of this or that, which I am persuaded most young people settle for themselves, and often settle the wrong way."

I began to feel sorry for my poor little, well-mannered children, who had never known the sweetness of playing "partners" with mamma; but they were young enough, thank God, to begin yet, and I trusted I was not too old to learn.

"Aren't you afraid to trust Frank to go to the mill-stream?" I asked, kissing my friend good-by; "it's horribly deep above the dam."

"He never goes above the dam," she replied with proud content; "that's a part of the partnership!"—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRENT LESSONS.

(From Peloubet's Select Notes.)

March 23.—2 Thess. 3, 1-18.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

I. Free course of the Gospel. It is said in Arizona, Conn, where they make copper wire for the telegraph, that electricity will flow freely through pure copper wire, but that most copper has with it an alloy of tin which obstructs the flow. Ordinary copper wire has 25 per cent of impurity, but by great skill and labor they have reduced the obstructing alloy to two per cent, and the electricity had free course. So it should be the endeavor of the churches, as well as of individual Christians, to remove every alloy of sin or worldliness from them, and let the spirit of God flow freely through their lives and their characters.

II. Give you peace. (Ver. 16.) "Their peace shall flow like a river." Beginning in a little mountain spring, it flows, a little rill, over many a stony obstacle, down precipices, through forests and green fields, gleaming in the sunshine, sombre and slow in the shade, but continually growing stronger and deeper, receiving new life from other streams, till at last it becomes a broad and deep river, flowing peacefully over the rocks that broke it into foam in its earlier career, and feeling the pulsations of the tide-waves of its ocean home.—P.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

In this lesson, the title is the subject, Christian Diligence. I. Preparations (vers. 1-5.) (1) By prayer. Note (a) the things Paul would have them pray for; (b) the fact that the prayers of such Christians as these were an aid to Paul; (c) the hindrances to the Gospel; (d) how it is glorified. (2) By the help of God. The faithfulness of God, obedience, the love of God, the patience of Christ. II. Christian diligence. (Vers. 6-15.) (1) The evil of idleness. (2) The treatment of busybodies. (3) Paul's example of diligence. (4) The need of diligence. (5) Its benefits to the person. (6) The source of prosperity to the nation. (7) Never be weary in doing good. III. Rewards of peace. (Vers. 16-18.) (1) Why Christ is the Lord of Peace. (2) The nature of the peace He gives. (3) How to obtain it. (4) The grace of the Lord.

CARVING HAM.—A ham may be carved in several ways. First by cutting long delicate slices, through the thick fat, in the centre down to the bone; or by running the point of the knife in the circle of the middle and cutting thin, circular slices, thus keeping the ham moist; and last and most economically, by beginning at the knuckle and slicing upward.

GRANDMOTHER'S minute pudding, which all the family liked and I alone hated, was made in this way: Let some sweet milk come to a boil, then stir in flour which you have salted; this must be done very briskly or it will be lumpy. Stir every moment until the pudding is about like mush. Serve with hot, with sugar and cream; flavor the cream with nutmeg or vanilla.

BARLEY WATER, so often recommended for the sick, may be varied and made to relish by adding stoned raisins to it. Let it boil after putting the raisins in. If figs are preferred, cut them in pieces and put them in.

PUZZLES.

PUZZLE.

What word contains all the vowels, and in their proper order?

RIDDLE.

Three feet I have, but ne'er attempt to go And many nails thereon, but not one toe.

CHARADE.

My first makes company; My second shuns company; My third assembles company; My whole puzzles a company.

EIGHT HIDDEN BIBLE MOUNTAINS.

Plant a border of sweet mignonette. John Angil, boatswain on ship Rover. She lost her money on the street. We witnessed the balloon ascension. The magi led the caravan. They frame in ebony and walnut. We brought from the car melons and figs. They have written Mr. Gleb anonymous letters.

OUR LIBRARY. (Partly phonetic.)

- 1. A Scotch church and a combination of colors.
2. A Mohammedan relic.
3. An unclean animal.
4. An inhabitant of one of the countries of Europe.
5. A powerful ecclesiastic.
6. The absence of color.
7. A useful animal and a soft, murmuring sound.
8. To cut, and an insect.
9. A carriage, and an organ of the body.
10. A casket.
11. Not old.
12. A useful mineral, and a word descriptive of a range of mountains.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

ILLUSTRATED GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—First row: white letters, Maryland; first monogram, Frederick; second Potomac; third, Annapolis; fourth, Susquehanna; fifth, Baltimore. Second row: white letters, France; first monogram, Cher; second, Rouen; third, Marie; fourth, Nantes; fifth, Pecamp. Third row: white letters, Asia; first monogram, Kiusiu; second, Japan; third, Burma; fourth, Mandala; fifth, Osaka. Fourth row: white letters, Maine; first monogram, Deer; second, Shosher; third, Frenchman's; fourth, Machias; fifth, Portland. Fifth row: white letters; England; first monogram, Tames; second, London; third, Birmingham; fourth, Avon; fifth, Penzance.

ENIGMA.—Bar

TWO DIAMONDS.

E A d d T B
E L e g e T O o l s
D e n A l a
d s

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been sent by Hannah Gingrich, T. G. Kelyes, Abila Ferguson, and Kate Kirkwood.

IN BEIRUT a well-known Moslem had publicly declared his determination to become a Christian. The civil power was appealed to that he might be prevented. Again and again he was summoned before the judge and threatened. At last he was summoned and was asked by the judge whether he still persisted in his resolution. In the strongest terms he declared that nothing could prevent him, even should the act cost him his life. "Then," said the judge, "you have possibly a copy of the Scriptures about you; if so, you might read us a portion." The Moslem took a New Testament from his robe and read the first chapter of John, expounding as he went along. With intense earnestness he spoke of the true light—of the Word made flesh and dwelling among us—and of the law of Moses contrasted with 'ne grace and truth that came by Jesus Christ. He presented John's testimony to the Lamb of God, and Philip's and Nathaniel's, till he had finished the chapter, while the crowded court listened in breathless silence. When he paused the judge said, "That will do, you may go." The next Lord's day that man publicly professed Jesus Christ to be his Saviour, and was baptized, and no one has given him any annoyance. Several Moslems from the Lebanon have been baptized, and, by removing to a distance from their native place, they are not followed, nor in any way injured.—Messenger and Missionary Record.

IF THE STAIR-RAILS are dingy, their appearance may be improved by washing them with a little sweet milk; polish with a flannel cloth.