

His Call to Service.

Doctor Barnardo, who has done so much for the street waifs of London, came to devote his life to this work as the result of the following incident, related by an exchange:

He was closing the rooms of a city mission one night after the children had gone, when down by the stove he saw one poor little ragged urchin, standing without hat or shoes, or stockings. He said to the boy: "Boy, it is time for you to go home."

The boy never moved.

Doctor Barnardo went on closing things up, and by and by he said again, "My boy, why don't you go home?"

The boy said, "I ain't got no home."

Doctor Barnardo did not believe it, but asked the boy to come to his house, and after giving him something to eat, heard his story. He was an outcast, without father or mother, without place to sleep.

"Are there more like you?" asked Doctor Barnardo.

"Lots of 'em," said the boy.

"Will you show me some of them?"

"Yes, I can show you," said the boy.

So about midnight he went out with that boy, and they threaded their way down some of the streets of London, and then into a "close," and the boy pointed to a kind of coal bin in this area, and he said, "There's lots of 'em in there."

The doctor stooped down and lit a match, and there wasn't a boy in there. He thought the boy had been swindling him. But the boy wasn't at all abashed. He said, "Cops have been after 'em; they're up on the roof."

And with that the boy went up a brick wall on to a tin-covered roof, pulling the doctor up after him.

There, on that winter night, it happened to be a starlight night—the doctor saw thirteen boys huddled up and one little boy hugged close to his brother to keep warm; nothing under them but a tin roof; nothing over them but the starlit sky.

The boy said, "Shall I wake 'em?"

It occurred to the doctor that he had one boy there, and this boy was going to waken thirteen more, and he didn't know what to do with one, so he said, "No." But that night on that tin roof, he stood and promised God that he would devote his life to the outcast boys and children of London.

That was Doctor Barnardo's night. That night he received his peculiar call for that peculiar service, and last night, in or near London there slept under friendly, Christian roofs, nearly five thousand boys and girls, gathered by him, in course of training by him for lives of purity and usefulness.—Selected.

Vacation Reading.

There are certain things you will not forget to take with you when you go to the country for a vacation; but, unless you are specially reminded of it, you may not remember that. Besides your fishing rod, your tennis racket, your golf sticks, and such aids to your summer studies, you should not fail to put in a few favorite volumes. There should be few; possibly the fewer the better, if the company be well chosen. But do not leave yourself entirely dependent upon the chance library of a country hotel. Who does not remember being in doors on some rainy day in the country with a longing for a really good book? So, in addition to the lighter fiction already spoken of, it will be wise to take also one or two of the volumes that are inexhaustible treasures, and yet are well known to you, so that they may be taken up or put aside at will without especial care to find just where you last were reading. For

this purpose a volume of a favorite poet can hardly be improved upon, whether you prefer Tennyson, Longfellow, Aldrich, or the Quaker poet whose "Snow-Bound" should prove delightfully refreshing in a warm day.

If you have not already a favorite among the singers, choose a single-volume edition of any standard poet, and it will not be strange if you return from your summer's outing in possession of a new friend—a friend with whom you will hold many a quiet chat in winter evenings all your life long.—Books and Reading, in St. Nicholas.

The Boy That Laughs.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn."

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
His ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He smiles the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.
The Sunbeam.

A Promising Young Diplomat.

There is a certain small boy named Bertie who will make a diplomat some day. He has a sister one year younger than he is. Last Christmas their grandmother gave them an aquarium containing two beautiful little goldfish. One morning Bertie went to feed the goldfish, and he found only one fish instead of two. Said to say, the other one had jumped out of the aquarium during the night and had died.

"Sister," Bertie announced at breakfast as soon as they sat down to the table, "your goldfish is dead!" The little girl was terribly shocked and forgot that most goldfishes are exactly alike and that she and her brother had never made a division. But after the period of mourning was over she asked one day:

"Bertie, how did you know it was my fish and not yours that died?"

Bertie was nonplused for a moment and driven into a corner, so he took refuge in an air of superior contempt.

"How did I know?" he repeated scornfully. "Huh! I do that just like a woman!"

And the little sister meekly accepted her brother's decision.—Philadelphia Press.

Habits of Speech.

"Why do educated parents allow their children to contract habits of ungrammatical speech that will have to be conquered in after-life?" asked a spinster of a mother.

"Because they hate to worry the poor little things about such matters when they are young and should be care free. It seems cruel to be all the time correcting them and keeping them on their good behavior. They will have to learn the rules of our dreadful language all too soon as it is."

"Yes," said the spinster, "and in addition to learning to speak properly they will have to unlearn the tricks of speech in which they have been allowed to indulge all their little lives. I know," laughing, "that there is

BABY LAUGHS.

Baby laughs when mother gives him Baby's Own Tablets; they taste good and make him well and happy. They are mother's help and baby's every day friend. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. The tablets aid digestion, cure colic, prevent diarrhoea, cleanse the bowels, allay teething irritation, and cure all the common ills of childhood. No cross, sleepless children in homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used. Mrs. M. Ready, Denbigh, Ont., says: "I don't know what higher praise I can give Baby's Own Tablets than to say that I would not be without them in the house. I have found them all that is claimed and keep them on hand to meet any emergency." Sold by all medicine dealers everywhere, or sent by mail at 25 cents by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

much ridicule of 'old maids' children,' but I believe that my theory in this case is correct. It is a positive unkindness to let your child double his negatives and say 'ain't,' when several years from now he will be harshly reproved for such lapses. The child must learn to talk anyway, and is it not as easy to teach him to say 'It is I,' as 'It's me?' And is it not as simple for the little tongue to lisp 'I saw it,' as 'I seen it?' I love baby-talk, and should not correct a child for his mispronunciation of hard words. As he grows older he will himself see his mistakes in that line and change them. But I insist that it is a parent's duty to make the difficult path to grammatical speech as easy as possible by never allowing the little ones to stray from it in the beginning."—Harper's Bazar.

Knowing Christ.

BY FLOYD W. TOMPKINS, S.T.D.

I have almost lost the realization of the presence of Christ in my every day life, and I am afraid I have lost in great measure the reality of it also. How can I get it again?

By practice, my dear friend. The religious life follows very closely the common life in its laws, for God would have us know how perfectly natural our relationship to him may be. If you walked by your friend's side and did not say a word to him, it would become more and more difficult for you to speak to him. On the other hand, the more you speak the easier it becomes. So with the dear Lord. Speak to him about everything that comes to you. Say, "Good morning, dear Master," when you awake. Ask his help constantly, even in little things. Say to him, quietly, again and again as you work or walk, "Dear Lord!" Speak to him all the time, and see how near he will seem.

You never can lose God, and he never will lose you. If you do not realize his near presence, speak, and hear his answer. At first it may seem formal, because it is so long since you have spoken; but it will soon become natural and easy, and great peace will result. Do it voluntarily and it will soon become involuntary. Only unforgiven sin can shadow the way between God and his children.

An Arab Saying.

Man is four:

* The man who knows not and knows not he knows not, he is a fool—shun him.

The man who knows not and knows he knows not, he is simple—teach him.

The man who knows and knows not he knows, he is asleep—waken him.

The man who knows and knows that he knows, he is wise—follow him.—Translated from the Arabic.