

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door for the children,
Tenderly gather them in—
In from the highways and hedges,
In from the places of sin.

Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold;
Open the door for the children—
Gather them into the fold.

Open the door for the children;
See! they are coming in throngs—
Bid them sit down to the banquet,
Teach them your beautiful songs!

Pray you the Father to bless them,
Pray you that grace may be given;
Open the door for the children—
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Open the door for the children,
Take the dear lambs by the hand;
Point them to truth and to goodness—
Send them to Canaan's land.

Some are so young and so helpless,
Some are so hungry and cold!
Open the door for the children—
Gather them into the fold.

THE CHERRIES.

Sabina, the daughter of rich parents, had a nice little room to herself; but it had a very untidy appearance inside. She never cleaned it up, and all the good advice of her mother, that she should keep it in better order, was in vain.

One Sunday afternoon she had just dressed herself, and was about to go out, when the daughter of their neighbour brought her a basketful of fine black cherries. As tables and window-sill were already covered with clothes and other things, Sabina set the basket down on a chair, which was covered over with blue silk, and then went out with her mother to walk to a neighbouring village.

Late in the evening, when it was already dark, she came back to her room very tired, and immediately hastened to a seat. But scarcely had she seated herself when she jumped quickly up again, and uttered a loud scream of terror. For she had seated herself exactly in the middle of the basket, which was piled up full of cherries.

At her screams her mother immediately hastened to her with a light. But what a sight she saw! The cherries were all crushed; the juice flowed on all sides over the chair; and Sabina's new white silk dress was so entirely spoilt, that it was never fit to be used again.

But besides this her mother gave her a severe scolding, and said: "You see now how necessary it is to keep things in order, and to give to each thing its proper place. You are now punished for your disobedience and your untidy habits; in future remember the saying,—

"Neglect on Order to attend—
Disgrace and loss will be thy end."

A NEW LEAF.

Harry Wilde says he has "turned over a new leaf." His teacher thinks he has, and his mother knows he has. "The boys," Harry's old companions, laugh a little, and say, "Just wait awhile and you'll see!"

What has Harry done?

He has smoked his last cigarette; he has bought his last sensational

story-paper; he has taken hold of his schoolwork in earnest; he has turned his back on the "fast" boys, and says to them in some manly way when they want him to join them in some of their old-time wicked fun, "I can't go into that with you, boys."

At home he is a different boy. There is no more teasing to spend his evenings on the street; no more slamming of doors when he is not allowed to have his own way; no more sour looks and lagging footsteps when required to obey.

Just this: A looking-glass was held up before Harry's eyes; in it he saw himself a selfish, conceited, wilful boy, on the road to ruin. The sight startled him, as well it might. He did not shut his eyes, as he might have done, but he looked long enough to see that he was fast getting to bear the likeness of one of Satan's boys, and he said, "This won't do; I must be one of God's boys."

Harry soon found that he could not change one of his evil ways, so he was obliged to let God make the change in him; and it is indeed a great change.

Harry has chosen "the good part." Will you, dear girl?

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FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Dr. Jos. Holt, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."

THE THREE WISHES.

While sitting at the dinner-table with his family, a gentleman had these words said to him by his son, a lad of eleven years:

"Father, I have been thinking, if I could have one single wish of mine, what I would choose."

"To give you a better chance," said the father, "suppose the allowance be increased to three wishes, what would they be? Be careful, Charlie!"

He made the choice thoughtfully: "First of a good character; second, of good health; and, third, of a good education."

His father suggested to him that fame, power, riches, and various other things, are held in general esteem among men.

"I have thought of all that," said he; "but if I have a good character and good health and a good education, I shall be able to earn all the money that will be of any use to me, and everything will come along in its right place."

A wise decision, indeed, for a lad of that age. Let our young readers think of it and profit by it.—*Sel.*

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TO DO MY DUTY.

Harry Somers, the other morning, thought he had a very hard time. He got up late, for he thought it would be a good thing to lie in bed and get a little more sleep. So when he came down to breakfast, his father, mother and sisters had gone from the table. Somehow, the table did not look just right, and nothing tasted as it should. So Harry, as he could not quarrel with anybody, just quarrelled with his breakfast. The potatoes were cold, the meat was tough (so he said,) the bread was dry, the table was "mussed," and, for his part, he did not like the way the things were managed at his home. With such a breakfast as that, he did not feel like going to school, and he did not know but that the best thing he could do would be to hang around.

His mother came around by this time, and hearing his complaints, said:

"Harry, you are unhappy, and you are unhappy just because you have not done your duty. You heard my call, but you would not get up. You yourself did wrong, and that has made everything else go wrong. Nothing looks right or tastes good to a boy when he is mad with passion."

Harry quickly answered:

"Mother, it is pretty hard after a poor breakfast, eaten all alone, to be found fault with, and to be sat down on in that style. If there is anything I like to do, it is to eat, and I think that I do it pretty well. When I get to be a man, I shall eat a late breakfast, and it shall be hot. I wish things were different."

"There, Harry, you have quarrelled with your breakfast, and now you are ready to growl at your mother, and to scold about the dear home that shelters you; and all because you would not do your duty in a little matter. Now I want to tell you about half-a-dozen little boys I met the other night, as they were going home in the rain from their work at the Brown Mill. It was 7 o'clock at night, and the little fellows had to walk nearly two miles to their supper, after having been at work from 7 o'clock in the morning. They were not scolding; they talked pleasantly with me, told me that they got from two to three dollars a week; that they ate their breakfast at six o'clock in the morning; that they did not have to work so very hard, for they could sit down occasionally. When I said to one of them:

"You are doing your duty in that 'state of life to which it has pleased God to call you,'" he at once said:

"I try to do my duty at the mill, but I don't expect to work there always; my teacher in the Sunday School tells me to look at the Catechism, and read it just as it stands, 'to do my duty in that state of life to which it shall please God to call me.' I hope it will please God to call me, if I am

faithful, to something higher than carrying bobbins in the Brown mill.

"Now, Harry, it makes me so sorry to think that the little mill-boy could be so happy and trustful in his toil, and that my Harry should be so cross and unreasonable in his life of ease."

All that Harry could think of saying just then, was this:

"Mother, I think I had better go to school and behave myself, and may be the dinner will be all right."—*The Church.*

SORRY IS NOT 'NUFF.

"Allan! Where is Allan!" A moment ago he was playing with his little cart in the yard, hauling earth to the currant bushes. I cannot tell how many cartfuls he carried. He was as busy as a little man. But Allan is gone; their is his cart.

"Allan! Allan!"

"Ise here," at last said a small voice from the back parlor.

"What are you there for?" asked his mother, opening the door and looking in.

Allan did not answer at first. He was standing in the corner with a very sober look on his face. "Come out to your little cart," said his mother; "it is waiting for another run."

"Ise not been here long 'nuff," said the little boy.

"What are you here for at all?" asked his mother.

"I punishing my own self. I picked some green currants, and they went into my mouth," said Allan.

"Oh! when mother told you not to! Green currants will make my little boy sick," said his mother in a sorry tone.

"You needn't punish me," said Allan; "I punish my own self."

His mother often put him in the back parlor alone when he had been a naughty boy, and you see he took the same way himself.

"Are you not sorry for disobeying mother?" she asked Allan.

"I sorry, but sorry is not 'nuff. I punish me. I stay here a good while and thinks."

Is not Allan right? Sorry, if it is only sorry, is not enough. How often children say they are sorry, and yet go and do the same thing again! That is very short, shallow sorrow. Allan felt this; so he was for making serious work of it.—

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