

FROM "LITTLE SUSIE'S SIX TEACHERS."

BY MRS. PRENTISS.

"Susy you were a good little girl at church this morning."

"How could I be naughty, mamma?"

"Oh! in a great many ways. One child could disturb fifty people."

"What could it do?"

"It could keep getting up and down on its seat. It could keep asking if service was almost done. It could turn over the leaves of the hymn-book and rattle them. It could gape, and yawn, and fidget. Or it might turn round and look right into other people's faces in a rude way."

Susy had seen children do all these things. Mr. Ought whispered that she had done some of them herself.

"Mamma," said she, "it is hard to sit still."

"I know it is, and that is one reason why it is good for you to go to church. You know you must sit still, and try to learn to do it. And it is well to learn to do hard things."

"What for do little children go to church?" asked Susy. "They don't know what the minister says."

"No, I know they don't understand much. But there are a good many reasons why they should go to church, even then. I cannot explain them all to such a girl as you are. But one reason is this. If they always go when they are children, they will be likely to go when they are grown up. Besides, nobody goes to hear what the minister says. We go to worship God. Even little Susy can please and honor Him by just sitting still in His house, and making no noise. And some of the blessing He has for the grown people, He showers down on the little ones who are brought there to get it."

Susy smiled. "I'll sit still, and maybe He'll shower some on me," said she.

"You needn't say maybe," said Faith. "You may say, He certainly will."

LITTLE SOMI.

A little girl of about twelve years old, Little Somi, read in the village school in the wild, tiger-haunted village of Bejjikarada, in the Telugu country, South India, where the high hills shut out the sun till eight o'clock in the morning, and the villagers all shut up the gate of the high fence which encloses each house as soon as the sun goes down in the cold weather. She was an apt pupil, and soon learned to read a little, and to sing many hymns. She asked two years ago for baptism, and was very grieved when she was told she was two young, as her father and mother were heathen, and cared not even to come to prayers. Last year we came again, and when the candidates for baptism were being examined, little Somi came and answered best of all; but still, though her father in the meantime had been often at prayers, and could, in the words of the teacher, 'talk like a catechist,' he did not want to be a Christian; so poor Somi was told to wait and pray for her father and mother. We went on to villages beyond, and came back after a fortnight. Mr. Cain, with fever on him, went straight to bed, and we had hardly got unpacked when Somi's old father came and said, 'I want to be baptised.' He was told to come after-

wards, and when he came he answered so well, and told us that God had spoken to him, telling him to arise and be baptized. We were rather surprised, when he was told to ask God for His Holy Spirit to keep him true, at his kneeling down there and then, and praying for the Holy Spirit. Mr. Cain was able to get up from his bed and baptize them the following day; and need I say that Somi's delight knew no bounds,—her prayer answered, and she and hers admitted into Christ's Church. Children, pray that God may keep them in His paths; for only those who have lived among heathen can realize, even a little, the terrible temptations which beset those newly brought to Christ; and as Somi's prayer was answered, so may yours be, and may we and they finally attain God's everlasting kingdom."

Best cure for colds, cough, consumptions, is the old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Cutler Bros. & Co., Boston. For \$1 a large bottle sent prepaid.

A LITTLE PEACE-MAKER.

Only a few days ago a mother and her daughter, on their way from Philadelphia to Omaha, were changing trains at one of the passenger stations. Suddenly the girl caught sight of her father, a San Franciscan, on his return journey from New York. He had parted from his wife six years ago an account of some domestic infelicity. She called his name. "Oh, papa! There's papa!" and ran to him. He clasped her in his arms. But her work as peace-maker was only begun. "Now, come over to mamma," she continued eagerly—"Do speak to mamma. She has cried so much and has told me often how good papa always was." That appeal was irresistible. The husband and father looked at the wife and mother; he stepped quickly to her, they clasped hands, and the unlooked-for reconciliation was an accomplished fact. The west bound train bore away a reunited family. It was a scene to make angels sing for joy.

FEBRUARY.

The first month of the new year is gone, and here we are at the beginning of February, the last winter month! According to our new way of looking at things, we ought rather to say thirty days have gone, for you remember, children, we were to live this year by the day—that is, take a fresh start each day, instead of one for the month or year. If we could see you, we should like to ask how the plan is working. Perhaps some of you may write us about it. We should be so glad if you would.

It is pretty hard, you may be thinking, even to live right for one day. Yes, it is very hard for some people, almost impossible, while it seems easy for others. Haven't you noticed this yourself? Some seem to do right almost without effort; it is natural to them. Then, there are others who are always going wrong, even though they try to do right. They are always getting into trouble of one kind or another, both at school and at home. Can you think what makes the difference between them?

Jesus tells us what it is. He says if the tree is good inside, the fruit will be good; if it is bad inside, the fruit

will be bad. By this He shows us that to do right our heart must be right. There is no use trying to do right if we have an unclean heart within us. We must ask Him for a new one. Otherwise, though for a time, perhaps, we may think we are improving, and may make our friends think so, yet the bad heart inside will soon show itself. So, that if you do feel that there is just no use in trying, go to the dear Saviour, and ask Him what is wrong. He will certainly show you, and if it is your unclean heart that is the trouble, He will give you a clean one, and will come into it Himself and live there, and make it as easy for you to do right as it has been easy for you to do wrong.—Parish Visitor.

SLIPPERY PATHS.

This time of year you see boys with run and shout sliding along our sidewalks. It seems a very harmless pastime, and the boys, you may be sure, are only doing it for fun; and yet sad consequences sometimes follow, for the paths made thus so treacherously smooth betray many an unwary walker into dangerous falls.

There is very common among young folks another bit of fun which also makes paths slippery, and in this case their own feet are the first to fall; this is the habit of making light of wrongdoing.

"Oh, I know you had to be carried to bed last night," says some girl to a young man who has been to an evening entertainment. She does not really think so; she is only poking a little fun at him.

Alas! Without putting it into words, that lad feels that if a nice good girl can speak so smilingly of getting drunk it cannot be such a vile thing after all, and so the path becomes slippery under his feet, and the danger of falling greater.

"Now, Fan, you know that's a story; why can't you learn to speak the truth?" This is playfully meant by the one girl, and playfully taken by the other, and yet—ah, yet!—clear-eyed Truth is less devoutly followed by those who thus take her name in vain.

And what is the result of speaking in this jocular way of our great enemy, the devil, as "the old gentleman," "the man from below," and so on?

Just this—that is rife amongst even Bible-reading people a secret, profound disbelief in any such being as the devil, and so, young readers, catching you on this slippery path of indifference toward him, he lures you to dreadful falls.

"Be ye therefore followers of God as dear children, and let there not be named among you filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient. Let no man deceive you with vain words."—Selected.

A GREAT SUFFERER.—That person who is afflicted with rheumatism is a great sufferer and greatly to be pitied if they cannot procure Hagyard's Yellow Oil. This remedy is a certain cure, not only for rheumatism but for all external aches and internal pains.

IN BETTER HUMOUR NOW.—"My son, aged eleven, was cured of an eruptive humour that covered his head and face with sores, by two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and Pills," testifies Mrs. Mary Fulford, of Port Hope, Ont.

EXPRESSIONS TO AVOID.

The lists of phrases and expressions to be avoided by young ladies of Wellesley College includes the following:

"I guess so," for I suppose so, or I think so.

"Fix things," for arrange things, or prepare things.

The use of "ride" and "drive" interchangeably.

"Real good" or "real nice" for very good or really nice.

"I have studied some," for studied some what, or "I have not studied any," for not studied at all.

"Not as I know," for not that I know.

"Try an experiment," for make an experiment.

"Had rather," for would rather, and "had better," for would better.

MOTHER'S, SPEAK LOW!

I know some houses, well built, and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night; and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when doors and windows were open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross words quicker than parrots. Where mother sets the example you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid; while those in many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother, or a decided look of her steady eye is law, never think of disobedience either in or out of her sight.

O mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired of the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little one, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart any good, but evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?

CORN SOWING—Is a process conducted by the agency of tight boots all the year round. Corn reaping is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure-pop corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of poisons and sore producing substitutes.

PIA
SQUAR
AND UP]

ALL
STYLE

MADE
IN
AMERICA

M

Pap

New

Manufa

MANUFAC'

Are two
The authorized

PRESI
VICE-PRESIDENTS

AUDITORS:—H. J. HI
Secretary Bos

ISSUED

LIFE INTE.

Pioneers

Issues Polici
Liability for acc
for Injuries' Ac
Policies. Premi

Agents