

THE NEW NAME.

By Helen Somerville.

Aunt Julia was rocking back and forth in the little parlor. Sunday was the only day that she would take time for rocking. Week-days she was always busy.

It was half past four, and Charity came in from Sunday school. Aunt Julia had given the child a home ever since the death of her parents. Charity had plenty to eat, and respectable clothing to wear, but there were other things that she longed for.

The child often sobbed herself to sleep because she missed the "good-night talk" that made going to bed a pleasure when mother was living. "Oh, if Aunt Julia would only be like mother!" she often sighed.

As she came into the little parlor, she exclaimed, "Aunt Julia, my Sunday school teacher gave me a present. See! It's a new Testament, but it's not exactly like the other one—it's re-revised. That is, some of the words are changed to make the meaning plainer."

"How did she happen to give to you?" asked Aunt Julia.

"Well, I'll tell you. You know how I have always disliked my name. It sounds so old-fashioned and hard, somehow. Mama used to call me Cherry, and Charity seems so—so horrid!" One time I saw a sign in a drug-store, "Soda-water as cold as charity," and I always think of it when you call me, Aunt Julia."

"You need not expect me to say Cherry or Chatty, for your name is Charity," said Aunt Julia.

"Oh, yes, I know," and the child gave a little sigh. "But let me tell you, Auntie, I was talking to Miss Raven about my name, and she asked me to come past her home, and she took me in, and gave me this book, and marked a chapter for me to read. She says that she is sure I shall change my opinion about my name when I read this chapter, so now I'm going up to my room to read it."

A few minutes later the child was comparing the words in the Revised Version with those in her old little Testament, opened at the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians. With wonder and pleasure she read the words, "Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love . . . doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own. . . . beareth all things, believeth all things. Love never faileth. . . . Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love."

"Oh!" she exclaimed aloud. "To think that my dreadful name has such a beautiful meaning! I shall never feel again that I dislike it. I shall always feel when people are saying 'Charity' that they mean 'Love.' And when Aunt Julia says she took me for the sake of charity, I shall know that she really took me for love's sake. That will make such a difference. Oh, I'm so glad!"

When the child returned to the little parlor, she exclaimed, "Aunt Julia, I've found out that my name means 'Love.' So now every time you call me, I shall know that you mean 'Love.' Isn't that beautiful? It makes me so happy! And now I am going to live so that you can't help thinking that I'm like my name. God is going to help me, for I've asked him. I feel that I love every one now, even that cross old man at the corner."

Charity looked closely at her aunt, and saw a tear rolling slowly down each cheek.

"Aunt Julia," she said, her voice trembling a little, "I love you! And now let me show it sometimes, be-

cause I am so mother-sick! Will you let me give you a hug?"

And the child threw her arms around the old lady's neck. To her surprise, Aunt Julia said, "The Lord bless you, my dear! Little Charity, you are a little Love!"

"IN A MINUTE."

"Well, well, don't fret; I'll be there in a minute."

But, my dear friend, a minute means a good deal, notwithstanding you affect to hold it of no consequence. Did you ever stop to think what may happen in a minute asked a contributor to the Cleveland "Press." No. Well, while you are murdering a minute for your self and one for me, before you get ready to sit down to the business we have in hand, I will amuse you by telling you some things that will happen meantime.

In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion a distance of thirteen miles. At the same time we shall have gone along with the earth, in its grand journey around the sun, 1,080 miles. Pretty quick travelling, you say? Why, that is slow work compared with the rate of travel of the light which just now, reflected from that mirror, made you wink. A minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles away.

In a minute all over the world about eighty new-born infants have each raised a wail of protest at the fates for thrusting existence upon them, while as many more human beings, weary with the struggles of life, have opened their lips to utter their last sigh.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 990 vibrations, while the highest tone reached you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.

In a minute an express train goes a mile, and a street car thirty-two rods; the fast trotting horse 147.9-13 feet; an average walker has gotten over sixteen rods.

WHERE THE LAPP BABIES SLEEP.

Before I tell you where the Lapp babies sleep while fathers and mothers are in church, I want to tell you a little about Lapland, the land of the Lapps. If you will study the map, you will learn that Lapland is the most arctic of European countries. It forms, generally, a great plain intersected by lofty, snow-clad mountain ranges. The Lapland winters are long and excessively cold. Cold weather, however, does not keep the Lapps from attending their places of worship, but they are very religious.

The reindeer is far the most valuable domestic animal of Lapland, and the Lapp follows this animal to the coast of the interior, according to the seasons, in search of reindeer moss. When the supply of reindeer moss is exhausted in the neighborhood of a Lapp village, the inhabitants remove to another place, and transport their houses and little chapels, which they again set up with religious ceremonies. The Lapps go long distances to hear religious teaching, and it is said that missionaries who go among them to teach them the way of salvation always have large, attentive audiences. When the reindeer comes to a standstill just outside of the church, Father Lapp gets out of the sled and digs a neat bed right down in the snow. Then Mother Lapp hands him the baby, all snugly wrapped in skins, and he puts it in the snow bed that he has prepared. Father Lapp then piles snow around baby, secures the reindeer, and he and Mother Lapp walk decorously into the church.

All the babies are thus left outside, buried in the snow. We are told that a baby in a snow bed is perfectly comfortable.

—If you have not the best of everything make the best of everything you have.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

WILL CURE YOUR BABY.

If your little ones are subject to colic, simple fevers, constipation, indigestion, worms, or the other minor ailments of childhood, give them Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will give relief right away, making sound, refreshing sleep possible. Better still an occasional dose will keep little ones well. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Good for the new born baby or the well-grown child. Mrs. Ronald L. Seafeld, Palmer Rapids, Ont., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used, and I would not like to be without the Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE BEST I CAN BE.

A prince went into the vineyard to examine it. He came to a peach tree, and said, "What are you doing for me?" The tree said, "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and on my boughs hangs the fruit which men will gather and carry into the palace for you." "Well done!" said the prince. To the chestnut he said, "What are you doing?" "I am making nests for the birds and shelter cattle with my leaves and spreading branches." And the prince said, "Well done!" Then he went down to the meadow and asked the grass what it was doing. "We are giving our lives for others, for your sheep and cattle that they may be nourished." And the prince said, "Well done!" Last of all he asked the tiny daisy what it was doing, and the daisy said, "Nothing, nothing. I cannot make a nesting place for the birds, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even give food for the sheep and cows—they do not want me in the meadow. All I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be." And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy, and said, "There is none better than thou."—Selected.

TRY PRONOUNCING THIS.

The following absurdly worded story, "for pronunciation only," was written on the blackboard at a teachers' institute. A prize was offered to any one who could read and pronounce every word correctly. Yet the best "pronouncer" made twelve mistakes:

"A sacrilegious son of Belial, who 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 callopie and coral necklace of a chameleon hue, and, securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel, he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then despatched a letter of the most unexceptional 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 bowie knife, said that he would not forge letters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein and then discharged the contents of the carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner."

The unbeliever will say he believes in God. The devout Christian says he believes God. The one believes in what he cannot escape. The other believes a self-revealing, ever-directing, personal friend. Abram believed God. That was counted to him for righteousness.

The spirit of retaliation is not the output of piety, but the emanation of the pit.