

Children's Department.

A SHEPHERD'S BOY PRAYER.

A little lad was keeping his sheep one Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church, and the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he too would like to pray to God. But what could he say? for he had never learned any prayer. So he knelt down and commenced the alphabet—A, B, C, and so on to Z. A gentleman happening to pass on the other side of the hedge, heard the lad's voice, and looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling with folded hands and closed eyes, saying, "A, B, C."

"What are you doing, my little man?"

The lad looked up. "Please, sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me and help me take care of the sheep. So I thought if I said all I knew, he would put it together and spell all I want."

"Bless your heart, my little man! he will, he will, he will. When the heart speaks right, the lips can't say wrong."

ANECDOTE OF BISHOP BOONE.

When Bishop Boone was last in Detroit, he told the following story to the children of the Sunday schools at St. Paul's church, which he said was a Buddhist fable.

Once upon a time there were three happy creatures who lived in a beautiful green oasis in a wide sandy desert. There was grass and flowers and palm trees and sweet water, but all around was desolate, and could not support any life.

These three creatures were a monkey and a squirrel and a rabbit.

One day when they were all sitting together in a nice, shady spot, they saw an old man, so feeble that he could scarcely walk, come staggering over

the sand toward the palm trees. Let us all go out and help him in, they cried. So they all ran out and by dint of pushing and pulling and doing everything they could think of, they at last got him set down in the same cool place they had left. "Now what can we do for you?" they all said. The old man was too exhausted to speak at first, but at last he made them understand that he was perishing of hunger.

So they all started off to get him something to eat. The monkey ran up a tree and began to throw down coconuts like mad. The squirrel ran off and dug up a hoard of goodies that he had put away for future use. While the rabbit thought he knew where he could get something. So he ran off as fast as he could and was soon out of sight. He did not get back for a long time, and when he did he found the other creatures had made a fire and that the old man was sitting by it somewhat refreshed. But the poor rabbit was just tired to death. His long ears were hanging down in a dejected way and he could scarcely crawl.

"Why, what is the matter?" said the old man.

"Well," said the rabbit, "I thought I knew where there were some nice, green leaves, and I would bring them and they would be so refreshing."

Then all of a sudden the rabbit was seen to prick up his ears, as a thought seemed to strike him and he jumped into the fire and was roasted for the old man's supper. The old man turned out to be sort of god (there is always one in these stories), and to reward the rabbit he put him into the moon. We say that there is a man in the moon, but the little Asiatic children know better. It's a rabbit, and this is how he got there.

The old man found these three creatures all very kind. The monkey gave what didn't cost him anything, the squirrel what he had saved out of his abundance, but the rabbit gave himself, and this is the height of sacrifice.

"There," said the Bishop, "Isn't there any little boy here will give himself?"

A MILLIONAIRE IN A MINUTE.

Instances are on record where toilers in gold mines and diamond fields, who, by one turn of a spade, a single movement of the hand, have been transformed from penniless laborers to millionaires. But they were not so lucky as is the consumptive who finds a means of restoration to health, who learns that the dread disease from which he suffers is not incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure consumption (which is lung scrofula), and nothing else will. For all diseases of the blood, such as blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, it is unequalled.

THE SEVEN STICKS.

A father had seven sons, who were constantly at variance with each other, and who even neglected their work in consequence of their quarrels and contentions. Indeed some bad persons had the intentions of turning this difference to their own advantage, by cheating the children of their inheritance on the death of their father.

The venerable old man had all his seven sons assembled together one day. He laid before them seven sticks which were bound together, and said "I will pay directly a hundred crowns to

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New York, 393 Pearl St.; Chicago, 218 Clark St.



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any one of you who can break this bundle of sticks asunder."

Each of them strained every nerve, and each said, after a long but vain attempt, "It is quite impossible."

"And yet," the father said, "nothing is easier."

He then untied the bundle, and broke one stick after the other with little effort.

"Ah!" said the sons, "it is easy enough to do it so; any little boy could do it in that way."

But their father said, "As it is with these sticks, so it is with you, my sons. So long as you hold fast together you will succeed, and no man will be able to overreach you; but if the bond of unity, which ought to bind you together, be loosened, it will happen to you as to the sticks, which lie here broken on the ground around us."

"House, city, country,—all are prosperous found."

When by the powerful link of union bound."

AN EPIGRAMMATIC STATEMENT.

Is there anything in this world so vile As the pestilent presence of potent bile? We have it, we hate it, we all revile The noxious nausea, as did Carlyle. But why bewail what soon is mended? Take P. P. P. and have it ended. All praise the power of "Pierce's Pellet," Wise people buy and druggists sell it.

INVISIBLE REINS.

All our young readers may have power if they seek it. But what sort of power? Not the public office which makes conspicuous both their good deeds and their bad ones; not the great wealth which causes the world afoot to doff its cap while the millionaire rolls past and then curse him behind his back. Nay, but they may hold silken invisible reins of influence by which people of all conditions may be turned hither and thither, restrained, urged forward or controlled.

Would you find these invisible reins? There are many to be had; let only two of them be mentioned:

One is gentleness. "The power of gentleness," said Henry Martyn, "is irresistible." Is it not true? Look around your group of acquaintances. Whose word has most weight? Whose approval is most sought? Whose way is oftener followed? Not the blusterer's, not the bold, loud-voiced wrangler's, not the positive, unreasoning dogmatist's, but his whose gentle tone, modest opinion of self, quiet manner, willingness to stand back, all point out true wisdom.

But gentleness alone will not do; it is a strong influence, but it needs a counter-rein, lest the guidance be one-sided. Its balance is not far to seek. Let the silken rein of gentleness be united with the fine-drawn steel wire of firmness, and you hold in your grasp power which crowned heads might envy.



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ANOTHER ITEM.—Mrs. J. Thompson, of Elma, Ont., writes that she suffered from general weakness and was so reduced that at times she became almost unconscious. Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters completely cured her, and she now recommends B. B. to her friends and neighbors.