

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.

BY A. R. SWINBURNE.

ALL the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells of earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sound of woods at sundawn stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm wan weather

One thing yet there is that none
Hearing ere its chime be done
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of men beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong, and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from the morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes, nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold
As the radiant mouth of gold
Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden crested wren
Were a nightingale—why, then
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
Laughs a child of seven.

ESTIMATING BOYS.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

BOYS, do you know that you are more closely watched by older people than you are aware of? They make an estimate of you in a half unconscious, half purposeless way, neither from curiosity nor yet because they take any especial interest in you. Indeed, they take no interest in you at all. Many little things you do come to their ears, or under their observation and they form an aggregate from which surprisingly accurate conclusions can be drawn.

I have in my mind, at present, two boys. I know them by sight and by name, and that is about all. No—that's not a precise statement. I know a good deal about them, and it all came to me incidentally, I might say; at least I made no effort to obtain the knowledge.

A merchant drops into my office. "I want to hire a boy," he says. "Charlie Compton has applied. Can you tell me anything about him?"

I look at the ceiling in a recalling way. It isn't in my heart to injure Charlie's

prospects, but my friend has asked me for my opinion, and I must answer him in fairness.

"He will not suit you," I am constrained to say.

"Why not?" asks my friend.

He swears, bullies over the smaller boys, and neglects his studies. I have seen him smoking cigarettes and playing ball on Sunday."

"No, he will not suit," the merchant says, echoing my previous words. "I have another applicant, for you see I advertized. His name is Robert Thompson. Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes," I exclaim.

"And can you recommend him?"

"I believe I can," I reply. "In fact, I am sure I can. If I hesitate, it is because I do not know him intimately, but, rather, in a sort of general way. He is at the head of his class at school, is kind to his widowed mother, and respectful to his superiors."

"Too goodey-goodey, maybe," suggests my friend.

I shake my head at that.

"He plays with much heartiness," I remark. "He does everything with heartiness. He is boisterous, but there is no depravity about it. It will not do to bottle a boy up, you know. He must effervesce. A boy who mopes never amounts to much."

"That's so," endorses my friend. "Well, I'll give Robert Thompson a trial."

It is in some way like this that boys have been advanced or retarded, without the least suspicion as to what it was that operated for or against them. It is wise for them to be circumspect in their conduct, and to remember that those who are older are making just such mental inventories of them as I have described.

BREATHING EXERCISE.

BY R. J. ROBERTS.

WHATEVER will increase the breathing capacity will improve the health, and the following exercise, if done properly in the fresh air, and with the clothing loosely worn, so as to enable you to breathe deeply, is one of the best known to increase the interior size of the lung room. Hold head up, shoulders back, and chest out, inflate the lungs slowly through the nose until they are brimful, hold until you have counted ten, without opening your lips, exhale quickly till your lungs as nearly empty of the bad air as it is possible to get them. Repeat same exer-

cise, trying to hold the lungs full while counting twenty. Try it again, and see if you can hold your breath half a minute. Finish up with three or four deep long drawn inspirations.

One of the best times for taking this exercise is when you are going to or coming from work or studies. Hold your breath while walking ten steps, then twenty, etc. The advantage of being in the open air and sunshine is that the air is fresher than is generally found indoors. Take this medicine three times a day, either before or after meals. If taken after, it will be found to greatly help digestion.

If this exercise should make you dizzy at first, take it in small doses until your blood can stand the stimulation of its purifier. The daily practice of this outdoor breathing exercise has been known to increase the size of the chest two inches in one month.

NOT ALL.

BY AUNT RUTH.

"Now," said Willie, "I have given my nickel to the society, and I guess that is all they want me to do."

"No, Willie Boy," said Aunt Carrie with a voice so very earnest that Willie raised his head to look her straight in the eyes.

"Why, auntie, I thought it was just the money they wanted and nothing else. What else could there be?"

"Little folks can give," said auntie even more earnestly than before, while her arm stole around Willie, "and they can pray, too."

"Why, auntie, what could I pray, a little boy like me? I wouldn't know a word to say," and Willie hung his head in some confusion.

"There is the very line in the prayer the dear Lord himself has made for little boys and girls. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

"O auntie, I never thought of that before!"

But you will think of it now, Willie Boy, and when you come to it, put all your heart and soul into it, and beg God hard to help the poor heathen understand, and to let his kingdom soon come on earth."

How many of our little missionary workers will pray that line in our Lord's Prayer as Willie Boy's auntie told him to pray it?

It is not only the gifts, but the prayers of the children that are to conquer this world for Jesus.