

the dying. On one occasion I saw him aid a Northern soldier, and he actually took the shoes and socks from his own feet and put them on the feet of a suffering and needy enemy. In view of such noble action to friend and foe, I take pleasure in nominating J. Desha Pickett, the chaplain to whom I have referred, for the office of State Supt. of Public Instruction." The speech was electric, and when Adams Co. was called, the chairman of the delegation arose and announced, "Adams Co. gives thirteen votes for 'Old Socks,'" and the whole convention followed with a burst of applause that was unprecedented, even in the enthusiastic Democratic State of Kentucky. It is needless to say that "Old Socks" was elected, and still hold the educational fort.—*New England Journal of Education.*

Sing on! we sing in glorious weather,
Fall one step over the tiny strand;
So narrow, in sooth, that still together,
On either brink we go hand in hand.
—*Jean Ingelow.*

A teacher asked a little girl who was the first man? She said she did not know. He then asked an Irish girl, who, looking very proud at being able to give the answer said, "Adam, sir." "You need not look so grand about it," said the first scholar, "he wasn't an Irishman."

A twelve-year old student of philosophy and theology in a good pastor's household thus reasoned with his parents, who were sharply reproving a child: "Papa, didn't that baby inherit Adam's sin, and isn't there a greater pressure to the square inch on such a little body, and so is he much to blame for not resisting?"

NO!

Somebody asked me to take a drink,
What did I tell him? What do you think?

I told him—No.

Somebody asked me one day to play
A game of cards; and what did I say?

I told him—No.

Somebody laughs that I do not swear
And lie and steal; but I do not care:

I'll tell him—No.

Somebody asked me to take a sail
On the Sabbath day;—'t was of no avail.

I told him—No.

"If sinners entice thee, consent thou not,"

My Bible said, and so on the spot

I told him—No.

Peace if possible, justice at any rate.—*Wendell Phillips.*

Youths' Department.

STANDING ALONE.

MRS. M. P. HANDY.

"The baby is standing all 'looney!"
The children shout in their glee,—
And father and mother and auntie
Must hurry and come and see.
So baby—the cute little darling!—
Is put through the wonderful feat,
And fondled and kissed and commended
For being so smart and so sweet.

With the cunningest air of triumph
She stands in the midst of us all,
While the outstretched arm of her
mother
Is ready to save a fall,
And whenever the little one totters,
Around her is hastily thrown.

'Tis very fine fun, thinks the baby—
This frolic of standing alone!
Ah! many a time in the future
She'll long for the aid of that arm,
When the love and the care of a mother
No longer can shield her from harm.

For oft when our need is the sorest
There's no one to whom we can turn;
And standing alone is a lesson
'Tis hard for a woman to learn.
And often and over, my baby,
Before life's long journey is gone,
You will yearn in your hours of weak-
ness,
For something to lean upon.

When the props upon which you de-
pended
Are taken away or o'erthrown,
You will find it wearisome, baby,
So wearisome! standing alone.

Psalms in the Night.

The singing hearts are ever a blessing unto themselves. A song is joy-giving. He who can sing sweetly in the undertone of his inner nature, carries a rare pleasure with him always. Hard things appear to him easy; heavy burdens seem light; sorrow knocks often; it may be, but often goes away, seldom enters.

And when it does enter—when the clouds come and the sunlight is hidden—when the soul walks down into the night and sees never a star; what then? Ah! then thrice blest is the singing heart. If it can sing psalms at such a time, the stars will shine. Dawn will quicker come, the sunlight sooner re-appear.

Sweetest of all songs are the psalms in the night. David sang with the most touching tenderness when in the gloom of deepest affliction. The heart way wail a *miserere* over its dead or its dying, but even that will be sadly sweet, and will have a hope in it. The saddest song is better than none, because it is a song.

Every song soothes and uplifts. It is just possible that a song is as

good as a prayer. Indeed, a song of the pure kind recognized in Scripture, is akin to a petition, while it is also in the spirit of thanksgiving. The "sweet singer of Israel" wedded his sincerest prayers to melody, and wafted them upwards on the night air from his throbbing heart.

Through God's grace we can all sing psalms in the night. Whatever brings the shadows, we need not be wholly surrounded by them. We can sing under stars; or if they be hid, until they come out and smile down upon us, and cheer us to a gladder strain. There are dark nights for all of us; we are in them now, or have just found them or have just found the dawn, or, perchance, are just entering the twilight. But there is a psalm for every over-creeping gloom; and if the heart but take it up and chant it, the dreariness will surely vanish, and there will come in its stead hope and light and cherishing warmth, and we shall grow glad again with the morning.—*Rural Home.*

What is Life?

A little crib beside a bed; a little face beneath the spread; a little frock behind the door; a little shoe upon the floor; a little lad with dark brown hair; a little lane that leads to school; a little pencil, slate and rule; a blithesome maid; a little hand within one laid; a little cottage, acres four; a little family gathering round; a little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound; a little added to the soil; a little rest from weary toil; a little silver in his hair; a little stool and easy-chair; a little night and earth-lit gloom; a little cortege to the tomb.

But after all these scenes are past, a glorious day shall come at last, when death's cold captives shall arise to see their Judge descend the skies. "Oh! when his glorious face I see, what shall my final portion be?"—*Sel.*

A Youthful Bank Examiner.

"One morning this week a little girl, not more than six or seven years of age, opened the doors of the Merrimack Savings Bank on Elm Street, and walked in. Her appearance and demeanor attracted the attention of the treasurer, ex-Governor Smyth, who inquired the object of her visit. She replied that she wanted to see the bank. The kindhearted Governor, attracted by the childish simplicity of

his interviewer, asked her to step behind the counter, and as she did so her wide-opened blue eyes wandered about the apartment in a calm scrutiny of its surroundings. When her little orbs rested upon the pile of shining coins of various denominations displayed upon the cashier's table, her face became a perfect panorama of expression, viewed with interest and amusement by the gallant guide. She was permitted to step inside the vault, to examine the huge locks and interior and the inner safe and its belongings, all of which she did with studious care and minuteness. All this time the bank officers looked on in mute surprise puzzled to know the motive for this rigid examination, if any she possessed. Suddenly she stopped, and looking up archly into the amused countenance of the treasurer, exclaimed "Well, I believe it's all right." "What is all right?" queried the official. "Why the bank is all right," she said, and then continued: "Mr. Bank Man, my name is Amy Bell, and my papa put \$5 into this savings bank for me yesterday, and I wanted to see what kind of a place it was. I never was in a bank before. The gentleman assured her that the money was safe, and after answering a few childish questions, she departed, feeling perfectly satisfied that all was safe."—*Ec.*

Things Worth Knowing.

That pennyroyal when disturbed in places frequented by roaches will drive them away.

That wild mint will keep rats and mice out of your house.

That five quarts of boiling water poured on a package of pearl-line will make excellent soft soap. Let it remain over night to harden.

That lime sprinkled in fire-places during summer months is healthy.

That leaves of parsley, eaten with a little vinegar, will prevent the disagreeable consequence of a tainted breath by onions.

That oil paintings hung over the mantle-piece are liable to wrinkle with the heat.

Old boot tops, cut into pieces of the required size and lined, make good, thick iron holders.

To prevent hair falling out, wet it thoroughly once or twice a week with a weak solution of salt water.

Machine oil stains can be removed if, before washing, the spot is rubbed with a cloth wet with am-