

The Fireside.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

[The following poem is one of the sweetest in the language. What heart does not thrill to its wild and tender music? The "Answer" gives to it an added interest.—*Michigan Advocate.*]

Backward, turn backward, O time, in
in your flight!
Make me a child again, just for to-
night!
Mother, come back from the echoless
shore,
Take me again to your heart as of
yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of
care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my
hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch
keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to
sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the
years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in
vain—
Take them and give me my childhood
again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to
sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the un-
true,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for
you!
Many a summer the grass has grown
green,
Blossomed and faded—our faces be-
tween—
Yet with strong yearning and passionate
pain,
Long I tonight for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so
deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to
sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are
flown,
No love like mother-love ever has
shown—
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours.
None like a mother can charm away
pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary
brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids
creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to
sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted
with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it fall over my forehead tonight,
Shielding my faint eyes away from the
light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once
more
Hap'ly will throng the sweet visions of
yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows
sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to
sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have
been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall
seem
Womanhood's years have been but a
dream;
Clasped to your arms in a loving em-
brace,
With your light lashes just sweeping
my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to
sleep!

THE ANSWER.

My child, ah, my child! thou art weary
tonight,
Thy spirit is sad and dim is the light:

Thou would'st call me back from the
echoless shore,
To the trials of life, to thy heart as of
yore.
Thou longest again for my fond, loving
care,
For my kiss on thy cheek, for my hand
on thy hair,
But angels around thee their loving
watch keep,
And angels, my darling, will rock thee
to sleep.

"Backward?" nay, onward! ye swift-roll-
years,
Gird on thy armor, keep back thy tears!
Count not thy trials nor efforts in vain—
They'll bring thee the light of thy child-
hood again.
You should not weary, my child, by the
way,
But watch for the light of that brighter
day,
Not tired of "sowing for others to reap,"
For angels, my darling, will rock thee to
sleep.

Tired, my child, of the "base, the un-
true"?
I have tasted the cup they have given to
you,
I've felt the deep sorrow in the living
green,
Of a low, mossy grave by a silver
stream,
But the dear mother I then sought for
in vain
Is an angel presence and with me again,
And in the still night, from the silence
so deep,
Come the bright angels to rock me to
sleep.

Nearer thee now than in days that are
flown,
Purer the love-light encircling thy home,
Far more enduring the watch for tonight,
Than ever earth worship away from the
light.
Soon the dark shadows will linger no
more,
Nor come to thy call from the opening
door;
But know thee, my child, that the angels
watch keep,
And soon, very soon, they'll rock thee
to sleep.

They'll sing thee to sleep with a sooth-
ing song,
And waking, thou'lt be with a heavenly
throng;
And thy life, with its toil and its tears
and pain,
Thou wilt then see has not been in vain.
Thou wilt meet those in bliss whom on
earth thou didst love,
And whom thou hast taught of the
"mansions above."
"Never hereafter to suffer or weep."
The angels, my darling, will rock thee
to sleep.

LORD STRATHCONA'S ADVICE.

The life and success of Lord Strath-
cona will ever be an inspiration to young
men struggling upwards through long
years of toil and obscurity. To them
the story of his rise from junior clerk to
millionaire peer will ever possess all the
charm of romance, and the charm will
be all the greater because it is no fairy
tale they are studying, but an actual
record of effort and achievement. The
principles which have guided Lord
Strathcona throughout his long and ar-
duous life are principles which all aspir-
ing youths can make their own. On one
occasion he was asked for some words
of advice to young men, and this is
what he said: "Be content with your lot,
but always be fitting yourself for some-
thing better and something higher. Do
not despise what you are. Be satisfied
for the time, not grumbling and finding
fault. If you want to get higher, to a
better position, only cheerful persever-
ance will bring you there; grumbling

will not help you an inch. Your future
really depends almost entirely on your-
self, and is what you make it; I would
like to impress this fact on you. Do the
work yourself; don't wait for friends to
use their influence on your behalf; don't
depend on the help of others. Of course,
opportunity is a great thing, and it
comes to some men more frequently
than to others. But there are very few
it does not visit at one time or another,
and if you are not ready for it, and have
not prepared to welcome it, that is your
fault and you are the loser. Apart from
what we call genius, I believe that one
man is able to do as well as any other,
provided the opportunity presents itself,
and he is blessed with good health.
Much of what I would advise you young
men to do is contained in the old coun-
sel, 'Trust in Providence, and keep your
powder dry.'"—*Glasgow Weekly Leader.*

ONLY A WORD.

A young girl sat on a piazza of her
home, her pale cheek and drooping figure
telling of recent illness. She was watch-
ing the raking of leaves from the grass,
and as the man passed near her with his
rake she aroused herself from her lan-
guor to say:

"You keep the lawn looking so nicely,
John. I like to see it that way."
He was only the hired man, a stranger
in a strange land, and this was but one
of a score of duties that he was paid for
doing. Probably no one had ever thought
of praising him before, and he had no
answer ready.

A week later the gentle invalid was
gone—slipped away suddenly out of en-
circling arms, out of the world like the
vanishing of a snow wreath. No one
thought of John as among the mourn-
ers; he was only driver of the family
carriage which carried some of the
friends, but to one of these with whom
he found himself alone he told of the
kind commendation, the last words he
had heard the girl speak, and added,
with voice growing husky:—

"As long as I stay there the lawn will
be kept as Miss Helen liked to see it."

The little word had left a legacy of
brightness and awakened a heart to new
loyalty and faithfulness.

The art of saying appropriate words in
a kindly way is one that never goes out
of fashion, never ceases to please, and is
within the reach of the humblest.

HIS BUSINESS AND OURS.

Whitefield was one day dining with a
number of ministers at the manse of his
old friend, the Rev. W. Tennent.

After dinner the great preacher ex-
pressed his joy at the thought of soon
dying and going to heaven (as it proved,
he was near his last illness), and asked
the ministers if his joy was shared by
them. There was a general assent, but
Tennent was silent.

"Brother Tennent," said Whitefield,
"you are the oldest man among us. Do
you not rejoice that your being called
home is so near at hand?"
"I have no wish about it," said Ten-
nent bluntly.

Whitefield pressed his question, and
Tennent replied:

"No, sir, it is no pleasure to me at all,
and, if you knew your duty, it would be
none to you! My business is to live as
long, and as well as I can."

A third time Whitefield pressed his
question, adding: "If death were left to
your own choice, would you not choose
to die?"

"Sir," said Tennent, "I am am God's

The Surest Remedy is

Allen's Lung Balsam

It never fails to cure a SIMPLE
COLD, HEAVY COLD, and
all BRONCHIAL TROU-
BLES.

Large Bottles \$1.00. Medium Size 50c.
Small or Trial Size 25c.
Endorsed by all who have tried it.

Don't Chide the Children.



Don't scold the little
ones if the bed is wet in
the morning. It isn't the
child's fault. It is suffering from a weak-
ness of the kidneys and bladder, and weak
kidneys need strengthening—that's all.
You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may
entail a lifetime of suffering and misery.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

strengthen the kidneys and bladder, then
all trouble is at an end.

Mrs. E. Kidner, a London, Ont., mother,
living at 499 Gray St., says:

"My little daughter, six years old, has
had weak kidneys since birth. Last Feb-
ruary I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills
at Strong's drug store. Since taking them
she has had no more kidney trouble of any
kind. I gladly make this statement be-
cause of the benefit my child has received
from this medicine."

servant, and have engaged to do His
business as long as He pleases to con-
tinue me therein."

A severe cold settled on my throat
and lungs so that I could hardly speak.
After other remedies failed I tried Dr.
Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and one
bottle of it completely cured me.

Mrs. Thos. Carter, Northport, Ont.

The world needs you; answer its call.

A skin that burns with eczema, and
is covered with eruptions that discharge
a thin fluid, may be made smooth and
slightly with Weaver's Cerate. But this
external remedy should be used in con-
junction with Weaver's Syrup.

Sunday is like a stile between the
fields of toil, where we can kneel and
pray, or sit and meditate.—*Longfellow.*

The Doctor's ORDERS:

Fresh Air
Good Food

The
D.L. Emulsion
Trade-mark

For all those threatened
with Consumption.