

Sunday Reading.

Mignonette and Sweet Alysium.

When I fix my yard in spring,
Fore the leaves has started yet,
I begin to plan, first thing
For my beds of mignonette.
One down here beside the gate—
Kep' it there sence 'sixty-nine—
One up yonder, where the late
Sunbeams likes to set an' shine.
They're sech cozy, lovin' flowers;
I could jest kneel down an' kiss 'em,
Pet an' juss with 'em for hours—
Mignonette and sweet alysium.

Yes, an' sweet alysium, too;
Most folks has their preferences.
Some likes holly hawks, a few
Growin' stately by the fences.
Some likes lillies, straight an' white;
Well, they're sweet enough, land knows!
An' the good Lord puts a sight
Of His comfort in a rose.
Then the clovers, crownin' clost—
I should aw'fully hate to miss 'em!
But there's two that I love most;
Mignonette and sweet alysium.

Some folks says there's flowers above.
Scriptur's silent there, I know.
But I think the God of love
Surely must hev fixed it so.
Ef it really wasn't wrong
I could almost make a prayer—
That I've loved 'em here so long,
An' I want to find 'em there.
They're old friends I've planned to meet,
An' I don't expect to miss 'em,
Growin' by the golden street—
Mignonette an' sweet alysium.
—Mabel Earle.

Jasper's Thanksgiving Lunch.

Jasper is not one of those little boys who is allowed to eat a cookie whenever he feels hungry, or who is seen playing in the front yard with a mouth smeared with ginger-snap. Not he!

No; if Jasper has anything to eat between breakfast and mid-day dinner, it is called an eleven o'clock lunch, and a bib is tied under Jasper's chin, and he sits in a chair, and eats buttered bread spread with sugar, or a quartered apple, all nicely prepared and put on his alphabet plate.

One morning when the hands of the clock were nearing eleven, Mrs. Trebor who lived across the street, came to borrow a little French mustard from Jasper's mother. Jasper was watching the clock, and soon he said:

"Mother, it's most time for my 'leven o'clock lunch,—isn't it?"

"You will have to wait, Jasper," said his mother, "until Schneider's wagon brings the Graham crackers."

"But I'm very hungry said Jasper.

Why should the groceryman be late?
"Jasper," said Mrs. Trebor, smiling kindly, "if your mother will let you, you shall eat your eleven o'clock lunch with me to-day."

"Oh! I could not let you take the trouble," said Jasper's mother.

But when Mrs. Trebor explained that it would be no trouble, Jasper was allowed to go.

Mrs. Trebor had a pretty house and a canary bird. There was a broad cushioned seat in her bay window, where Jasper sat and waited, with some pictures to amuse him, while Mrs. Trebor fixed the lunch. She brought it on a small red tray. There was an orange, and there were little brown crackers, not like any that Jasper's mother bought. There was a slender glass of water too. Not a very large lunch, but the little boy enjoyed it and the new dishes, and the stories Mrs. Trebor told him while he ate. When the lunch was finished, Jasper's face told what a good time he had had. He ran home very happy.

Mrs. Trebor must have enjoyed the lunch party too, for just two days later a little note came to Jasper through the mail. It read:

Mrs. Trebor would be pleased to have Master Jasper Warner take eleven o'clock lunch with her every day in November.
R. S. V. P.

Jasper gasped with delight and "May I?" he pleaded.

She will write Mrs. Trebor an answer. She is very kind," said Jasper's mother.

Jasper printed his answer.

I will come.

JASPER WARNER.
Then his mother wrote a little note too, and sent it, with Jasper's, to Mrs. Trebor. Every morning in November, Jasper, with clean hands and face and freshly brushed hair, pulled Mrs. Trebor's door-bell, and Pattie the maid laughingly let him in, and invited him to walk upstairs.

Sometimes Mrs. Trebor was out shopping or calling, but the lunch was always there in the same place by the window-seat on the little red tray, and covered with a napkin. It was never just the same twice. When Mrs. Trebor was out, Pattie stayed with Jasper while he ate his lunch, and was almost as kind as Mrs. Trebor would have been.

The day before Thanksgiving, Mrs. Trebor had hot chocolate in a dear little cup and animal crackers. While Jasper sipped the chocolate, she said:

"I shall be away to-morrow, Jasper, all day. I am going to spend Thanksgiving with my brother and his boys and girls, and I have told Pattie that she may take dinner with her aunt. What do you suppose I am going to do about your eleven

CHILDREN

Are they troubled with headaches? Are the lessons hard for them to learn? Are they pale, listless and indifferent? Do they get thin and all run down toward spring? If so,

Scott's Emulsion
will do grand things for them. It keeps up the vitality, enriches the blood, strengthens mind and body. The buoyancy and activity of youth return.

See and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

o'clock lunch?"

"I don't know," said Jasper, and he looked very solemn as he thought of going hungry on Thanksgiving Day, of all days in the year. Then he said, very meekly, "P'r'aps mother could find me a lunch to-morrow."

"But I have invited you to be my guest all of November," said Mrs. Trebor. "I will send your lunch to you in a basket."

The next morning was chilly, and there were stray snowflakes in the air. Jasper's mother and father were going to church, and uncle George and aunt Caroline were coming home with them to dinner.

Jasper had seen the big turkey, with his knees drawn up, slipped into the oven to roast, but he was much more interested in the door bell.

Pretty soon the bell rang. Jasper followed Kate to the door, but afar off for fear of drafts. Yes, it was a basket, on the card it said:

"To be opened by Jasper himself when the clock strikes eleven."

Mother and father went to church. Kate and Norah were busy in the kitchen. Jasper, his basket on his knees, sat well in view of the library clock. Would it never say eleven?

Of course it did at last, and Jasper's eager little fingers untied the string and lifted the cover of the little red-and-white basket.

Three red carnations! And on a slip of paper, printed plainly, so that Jasper could read it: "Because it is Thanksgiving Day." Three cookies with currants! One in the shape of a heart, one a man with currants for eyes and nose and mouth, and one a turkey. Jasper was sure it was a turkey, even if his legs were so strange.

Two turtles came next,—the raisin kind, with cloves for head, feet and tail. Then a small decorated box full of little chocolate drops, and around them all, a gay Japanese paper napkin.

Jasper was still munching a turtle when mother and father, Uncle George and Aunt Caroline, came home.

The man and the turkey had been much too pretty to eat.

"Where are you, Jasper, dear?" mother called. "What are you doing?"

Jasper wriggled down from his chair with the cookie man in one hand, and the cookie turkey in the other. If Mrs. Trebor could have seen his face, she would have been sure her lunch was appreciated as he called:

"I'm being thankful."

Poor Old Margaret.

Old Margaret was a poor Scotch charwoman, as rugged in disposition as she was in person. She was not altogether ignorant, but her observation of places and people was apt to be cynical and short sighted. In the well-to-do families where she worked she was often reprimanded with her neglect of the church, but she gave no more than sullen head.

"It's a' very weel," she would mutter alone, "for the fine leddies and gentlefoiks to be gangin' to kirk in their guid cloes! They've naught else to do. But they'll nae nag me there wi' their sonsie talk. I'll bide by mysel'."

Old Margaret was not a happy woman—as any one could easily guess. She had nothing in her, either by nature or grace, to make her so. One day she was darning the dining closet in a house where the minister happened to be a guest at table, and she overheard some of his conversation. Words came to her that stilled her vexed spirit and forced her to listen. That night she went home thinking. She would like to know more, she told herself, 'about a Gospel that gies rest to a soul when it bides in a body.'

The next Sunday she went very early to the church, and made her way unnoticed into one of the alcoves behind the organ. The following week, and the week after that, she was in the same place. On the third Sabbath, the preacher's sermon

seemed to search her out. She heard him say:

"I bring this message of God, in its fullness, to the richest and to the poorest. There is enough for every sinner in the city—would they might all come in and listen! If half of them were here, they would fill 'every nook and corner of this church, even the alcoves behind the organ."

At this point there was a strange interruption. Old Margaret walked out of her concealment, and stood with tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Wad ye mind prayin' for a pair body?" she sobbed. "I'm ane o' the sinners ye say God means to pity."

The effect was electrical. A rush of sympathy succeeded the consternation that had hushed the audience. None felt more than the minister. He looked at his stylish people, and thought of the Pharisee and the publican in the temple.

But there was no Pharisee in the congregation now. The proudest had quivering lips and moistened eyes, and the young and giddy turned pale. To them, as they testified later, when the poor scrub-woman suddenly appeared, standing in her brown serge gown, it seemed as if one of the oaken caryatids had actually stepped down from its cornice and spoken! There was no more preaching needed that day. The meeting ended with prayer and song, and every worshipper went home with a thrill of soul that was like the fire of Pentecost.

The duration of the feeling could best be told by the narrator of this incident, a lady from Scotland, who attended the great International Convention in Boston. Enough to say that the humble working woman was but one of many fresh recruits to the ranks of Christian faith and service.

Forty young men and women, volunteers from the Sunday school, formed themselves into a missionary band. The hearts of a lukewarm people were kindled to consecrated zeal. The new life surprised into activity by poor old Margaret's unexpected appeal was not a paroxysm.

Help of Hindrances.

Hindrances are helps in God's plan. We have reason to be grateful for the obstacles which we encounter, rather than for the favoring conditions which surround us in our daily path. A man is likely to be stronger in proportion to the conflicts which he must engage in. No man can slip or fall up hill; it takes climbing for that. Nor will a man's muscles grow or strengthen except by hard use or opposition. If a young man has everything to contend with in his life course, he ought to feel that God is giving him the best opportunity imaginable. If he starts out with riches and friends and health, and such helps to success, he can feel that God can help him to make progress in spite of all these, not on account of them. He is not, however, so well off as the boy who has a hard time. This is the way in which God works in this world. Dr. Bushnell says: "God understands his own plans, and he knows what he wants a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities." What ought to encourage us most in God's service are our discouragements.

Why Nurse Mary Was Glad.

No one knows the full value of familiarity with the Bible till he meets the appeal of a dying soul.

"You may say something," said a dying soldier to nurse Mary.

"What shall I say?"

"You may say the Lord is—"

His breath was almost gone. Nurse Mary bent over the dying boy, and repeated in reverent tone:

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will—"

"Yes," he whispered, "the valley of the shadow."

And in the shadow he fell asleep, fearing no evil, for nurse Mary knew how the "Shepherd Psalm" begins!

Full of Sound and Fury.

For three hundred and sixty four days in every year civilized persons residing in cities devote much time and thought to the abolition of needless noises. They approve asphalt pavements, patronize rubber-tired vehicles, denounce superfluous engine bells and steam whistles, and in sundry other ways consider the health and comfort of persons who have sensitive nerves.

On the three hundred and sixty fifth day, the Fourth of July, the small boy and his big brother make as much noise as might have been made by all the adult citizens during the rest of the year.

Of course the boys must 'celebrate' Grown folks admit that, and try to be patient. But if the boys observed the signs of the times, they would—metaphorically

speaking—contrive to put rubber tires on their celebration, and move it on the asphalt instead of jolting it over cobblestones.

The commissioners of the District of Columbia have this year forbidden the sale of giant crackers, and at the time of writing, the Massachusetts Legislature seems likely to take similar action; not in order to diminish noise, but in the interest of public safety. But soon the principal may be established that noise itself as well as the noise producing contrivance, is dangerous. If the boys wish to preserve any of their Fourth of July privileges, they should begin to practise methods of having a good time that do not rend the firmament.

YEARS OF AGONY.

RESULTING FROM SCIATICA IN AN AGGRAVATED FORM.

Many Nights the Sufferer Could Not Lie in Bed, and His Leg Was Frequently Swollen to Twice Its Natural Size.

From the Journal, St. Catharines.

Mr. John T. Benson, stationary engineer at the Ridley College, St. Catharines, is known by most of the residents of the city. For years Mr. Benson suffered acute agony from sciatica, and notwithstanding numerous forms of treatment, found little or no relief, until he began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills speedily restored his health, as they have done that of thousands of others who have given them a fair trial. To the reporter who interviewed him, Mr. Benson said:—"I certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they have released me from a form of torture that has afflicted me almost continuously for twenty years. The pain began first in my back, then shifted to my hip, and thence down my leg. It became so severe that it seemed as though the very marrow in my bones was being scalded, and at times I could scarcely repress crying aloud from the agony I endured. I tried all sorts of liniments and lotions, but got no relief. I doctored with several physicians, even going to Buffalo for treatment by a specialist there, but in no case did I ever receive more than temporary relief. It may be easily imagined that the pain I endured told upon me in other ways and I became almost a physical wreck. At times my right leg would swell to nearly twice its normal size. Then the pain and swelling would shift to my left leg, and the agony was something awful. I suppose that during the period I was afflicted I have hundreds of times laid on my back on the floor with my foot and leg elevated on a chair in order to obtain slight ease from the pain I endured. The muscles and sinews in my legs looked as though they had twisted and tied in knots. The trouble went on in this way until finally nothing but opiates would deaden the pain. A few years ago I read of a cure in a similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. For some time after I began their use, I could not see that they were helping me, but I decided that I would give them a fair trial. By the time I had used a half dozen boxes, there was a decided improvement in my case, and I continued the use of the pills until I had taken twelve boxes, when I felt my cure was complete. Several years have since passed and I have had no return of the trouble, so that I feel safe in saying that the cure has been permanent.

I may also add that my wife has used the pills for indigestion, headaches and dizziness, and has found great benefit from them. Words cannot express the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me, and I hope similar sufferers will profit by my experience."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Graduation Gifts.

The adornment of the interior of school-houses is no less important than the improvement of the grounds, in favor of which a sentiment so vigorous and so widespread happily exists. Less general, but steadily growing, is the demand for beautiful school-rooms.

Much is already accomplished. Local associations, town improvement societies, patriotic orders, historical societies have willingly cooperated with private benevolence. There have been bequests and memorial presentations; and a few schools have funds sufficient to render every classroom, hall, corridor, stairway, even cloak room, delightful to the eye and instructive to the mind.

Few schools can hope for such equipment—at least, all at once. There must be small beginnings and gradual growth. In many schools a suitable and charming custom has arisen of late years, by which each departing class as it graduates leaves behind it a memorial cast or picture. This may fittingly possess illustrative connection with some course of study or it may be one among the masterpieces which represent the highest reach of art in pure beauty, educative only, although powerfully, though innate grandeur or loveliness. The essential is that it should be truly

fine—the work, not necessarily of an old master, but of a master.

Fortunately, boys and girls are as quick to learn how to give as to receive, and the mistakes of class committees are few. So promising indeed is the progress of this movement among our generous young students that there is a good prospect that a few years hence the month of graduations will bring as great embellishment to schoolrooms as Arbor day will bring to the surroundings of the buildings.

LINCOLN HELPED HER.

How Nancy Scott a Runaway Slave, Found Her Husband Again.

The death at the Rhode Island State Institution for the Insane of Nancy Scott, aged 70 years which occurred during the last week of May, brings to memory a story of Abraham Lincoln which has never been published.

Way back in slavery days Nancy Scott and her husband were slaves on a Virginia plantation owned by one of the prominent and wealthy F. F. V.'s of the commonwealth. Nancy was the trusted house-keeper of the family. While young she was married to a young slave on the same plantation. Her marriage occurred about the beginning of the Civil War, and after the first few months of fighting her husband disclosed to her his intention of running away and working his way North, seeking a means of livelihood; he bade her remain where she was until he could communicate with her and said that when he became established where he was sure of supporting her he would send for her to go to him.

Months went on until one day a dusky little one came to Nancy's arms. When the baby was a year old Nancy decided to try and escape and travel North, hoping to hear some news of her baby's father. She left her cabin one night at nearly dawn, carrying her little one in her arms, and passed slowly across the country which was the fighting arena of more battles than any other territory in the South. She was trying to make her way to the Potomac River, and there, at some obscure landing, take a boat for Washington. Such a place she reached one hot day. When the boat arrived she went aboard, keeping as much out of the way of the passengers as she could. There was a group of men seated on the quarterdeck. Among them one whose lean, gaunt figure and dark, seamy, face somewhat attracted her notice.

When the boat neared Washington she left her place below among the freight and timidly went up to the gangway. The steamer had arrived at her dock and the passengers were leaving, but the group in which the dark, rugged man was seated had not yet dispersed.

Nancy Scott went forward toward the gangplank, but before she had reached it the purser stepped forward, and said harshly:

"Here, you, woman, where are you going? Where's your ticket?"

Paralyzed with fear she hesitated.

"You're a runaway nigger, and you can't go ashore; you go below and we'll see about you later."

But the dark, seamy-faced man, with the tired eyes, came up then and said quietly:

"What is the matter?"

The tears streamed down Nancy Scott's face as she said she only wanted to go ashore; that she was searching for her husband, her little one's father.

"Tell me your story," said the dark man.

In simple words she told him of her separation from her husband, the birth of her child, her weeks of weary waiting, and the eyes of the dark man grew soft with pity.

Turning to the purser he said: "Let this woman go ashore." Then talking her by the arm he walked by her side until the street was reached. Giving her some money he told her to find some decent colored family and make inquiries for her missing husband.

"Tell me your name, sir?" begged Nancy Scott.

"My name, my good woman, is plain Abraham Lincoln," said the man and turning away he lifted his hat, "just like I was a grand lady," and left her.

Nancy Scott, with the help of a pastor of a church for colored people found her husband; he had vainly tried to communicate with her many times; he had not dared to go in search of her. He was employed in a hotel and able to care for his little family comfortably.

Later he died and Nancy found employment with the family of a Treasury clerk, with whose family she came North.

Seven Years.

Of suffering relieved in as many days. Corns cause in the aggregate as much suffering as any single disease. It is the magic solvent power of Putnam's Corn Extractor that makes it speedily successful in removing corns. Take no substitute, however highly recommended. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best. Sure, safe, and painless.