

Forty.

THE REFINER.

"Sweet to know that He who tries
The silver takes His seat
Beside the fire that purifies,
Let too intense a heat—
Raised to consume a base alloy—
The precious metals, too, destroy.
"Tis sweet to think how well He knows
The silver's power to bear
The ordeal through which it goes;
And that, with skill and care,
He'll take it from the fire when fit,
With His own hand to polish it.
"Tis blessedness to know that He
The work He has begun
Will not forsake till he can see
The blessed work well done;
An image by its brightness shown
The perfect likeness of His own!
But oh! how much of earthly mould—
Dark relics of the mine,
Lost from the ore—must He behold!
How long must He refine
Ere in the silver He can trace
The first faint semblance of His face.
Thou Great Refiner! all Thou say,
Thy purpose
Moved by Thy hand, beneath Thine eye,
And melted at Thy will,
Oh, may Thy work forever shine
Reflecting beauty pure as Thine!

The Fireside.

PAYING HIS OWN WAY.

Milton Ainslie closed his grammar and lexicon, folded his neatly written exercise carefully and hid his books on the corner of the shelf. Then he went down to the cellar for coal and wood to kindle the morning fire, and finally he shut and bolted the doors back and front, fastened the windows, and, everything being done, came and seated himself, great lad though he was, beside his mother's knee. He was fifteen years old, tall and strong, but he was not ashamed to show his mother that he dearly loved her. She patted her thin hand caressingly over his tangled mass of brown curls, and he reached up to it and touched it to his lips. Thus they sat, when a low step came down the stairs, and Milton's father entered the room.

"Ah, my son! Making love to your mother, as usual, I see! Well, you couldn't be in better business," said Mr. Ainslie, smiling. Yet even as he smiled, a shadow came on his face, and presently he sighed.

"My dear!" said the wife anxiously, "you are worn out. You are working too hard."

"Oh, no," he answered cheerily, "my article is nearly done and I have finished the last batch of books, but even book-revising grows monotonous sometimes. Milton, I have received a good offer for you. Sheldon & Wright will take you in as clerk, with a small salary only, while you are learning the routine of the office; but the prospect is a fine one. Mother knows that I see no way of paying my academy bills for the next year."

"Yes, Milton, as father says, we are very poor. That interest keeps us down, and if you go to Sheldon & Wright you could board at Uncle Neil's, and it would cost very little, and—"

The mother stopped. She could not go on with those sorrowful eyes fixed upon her face. She knew too, what the sudden paleness and the resolved set of the lips meant. Boy though he was, Milton Ainslie had a strong will and could stand by his purpose.

"Do you and father want to get rid of me?" he inquired.

"Can you ask?" said his father.

"Well, then, I will go on and do as I have always said I would, prepare for college. And then go through it and study for a profession. With an education I can conquer circumstances. Without it I shall be a bit of drift, for I have no head for trade. Father, I'll pay my own fees after this."

"My boy, how can you? Believe me, it costs me much to come to you, but people are even now committing unduly upon me in keeping you with Professor Faint, while Jennie and Mabel are at Miss Bacon's, and the little ones are still to be educated. Everybody in Brierton is aware that I am no longer under a salary."

"Mrs. Ainslie spoke before her son could answer."

"I do not think it a matter which affects all Milton's future that we should be guided by the criticisms of strangers. Jennie and Mabel have their aunt's little legacy, and that will carry them through. Brierton is a gossiping place; but I care little for its gossip," she said.

"Well, leave it to me," was Milton's last words, as he said "good night."

The parents sat and talked awhile over the fire. They were aristocratic both, and had been used in younger days to wealth. Of late they had been struggling with poverty and were growing disheartened. Some of the practical people who are always at hand with advice had been talking to Mr. Ainslie, who was sensitive and impressionable, about his folly in keeping Milton at school.

"The boy should go to work," they said, ignoring the fact that there are many kinds of work in the world, and that some can do one kind and some another.

Milton went to bed and to sleep.

The next morning he was up early doing the various chores, assisting to get the breakfast, and holding the baby while his mother stirred up batter for cakes.

"I should be lost without you, my dear," she said when all was ready and they took their places at the table.

"I must be off early," the boy said, and he started for school at eight instead of half-past.

"I wonder what plan he has in his head," she thought, looking after him. But the dishes were to be washed, the bread to be baked, the children's lessons to be heard before they went to school, the baby to be washed and dressed, and a half-dozen other things to be done through one pair of hands before dinner-time. The house, too, must be kept very quiet, that Mr. Ainslie might write without interruption. So she had not much time for wondering.

Meanwhile Milton had gone straight to the minister's house and had been shown to the study. "Mr. Lee," he said, as he bowed, cap in hand, "would I do for sexton, do you think? I heard on Sunday that the church is looking out for somebody."

"You?" exclaimed the pastor. "Why, Milton, the duties are responsible, and—arduous—yes, I should call them arduous. You go to the professor's daily!"

"I am stout and strong. I can make the fires, sweep the church, ring the bell, clear away the snow and do all Mr. Lee does, if I can have the wages he earns. I want to keep on with my studies, but I can not do it unless I can pay my own way. Father can not afford to pay me longer."

Mr. Lee's memory went back a few years to his own boyhood. He had not had a richer father to aid him. And he had thanked every day for the tough experiences which had stiffened his muscles, and he had braced his heart for life and duty.

"I will speak to the committee, Milton," he said, "and I think they will give you a fair trial. It will not be child's play, my boy, but I think there is the stuff men are made of in you."

Summer and winter for the next two years, the church of Brierton was taken care of by its new sexton, Milton Ainslie. At first, some of his companions held themselves a little aloof from him, because of his office; but he did not mind their coldness. He was bent on learning, and to learn he was willing to make sacrifices. His father blushed when he heard what Milton had done, but was

ashamed of the blush, as he ought to have been, and his mother uttered no remonstrance. In winter he had many a hard hour's work, many a cold walk in the bitter wind and the dark nights, but when the villagers heard his merry whistle as he plodded homeward, or caught the gleam of his lantern, they nodded approvingly, and more than one said: "There's a grit in Milton Ainslie! He'll be in the pulpit yet."

This was the greatest promotion they could think of.

Away went the weeks and months; and summer visitors who flocked to Brierton for pure mountain-breezes and sweet sunshine, began to notice the gentlemanly young man who was always on duty at the church. He studied as faithfully as he worked, and always had a text-book in his pocket to use at odd minutes. In due course, the time passed, and Milton was ready to go to college. There he found that he had no light task before him, although his diligence and thoroughness well served him that he gained a scholarship. But a brave heart never flags in the face of difficulty, and he went forward with honor. The day came at last when the Brierton prediction was fulfilled, and the lad who had been sexton was heard in the pulpit, an eloquent preacher of the truth of God. Father and mother, silver-haired now, listened to his voice with deep gladness in their hearts. The fair young daughters, who sat by their mother, were proud of the brother who had thus far proved himself a true man, and Milton Ainslie thanked God and took courage as he looked forward to the coming years.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

NO!

"No!" Clear, sharp and ringing, with an emphasis which could not fail to arrest attention.

"I don't often hear such a negative as that," remarked one gentleman to another as they were passing the playground of the village school.

"It is not often anyone hears it. The boy who uttered it can say 'yes,' too, quite as emphatically. It is a new-comer here, an orphan, who comes with his uncle about two miles off. He works enough, too, to pay his board, and does more toward running the house than the old man does himself. He is the coarsest-dressed scholar in school and the greatest favorite. Everybody knows just what to expect of him."

"Quite a character. I should like to see him. Boys of such sturdy make-up are getting to be scarce, while the world never had more need of them than now."

"All that is true; and if you wish to see Ned, come this way."

They moved on a few steps, pausing by an open gate near which a group of lads were discussing some exciting question.

"It isn't right, and I won't have anything to do with it. When I say no, I mean it."

"Well, anyway, you needn't speak so loud and tell everybody about it," was responded impatiently to this declaration.

"I'm willing everybody should hear what I've got to say about it. I won't let anything that don't belong to me, and I won't drink either away."

"Such a fuss about a little fun! It's just what we might have expected. You never go in for fun."

"I never go in for doing wrong. I told you no, to begin with. And you're the ones to blame if there's been any fuss."

"Ned Dunlap, I should like to see you a minute."

"Yes, sir." And the boy removed his hat as he passed through the gate and waited to hear what Mr. Palmer might say to him.

"Has your uncle any apples to sell?"

"No, sir. He had some, but he has sold them. I've got two bushels that were my share for picking. Should you like to buy them, sir?"

"Yes, if we can agree upon the price. Do you know just how much they are worth?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then. I will call for them, and you may call at my house for the pay."

This short interview afforded the stranger an opportunity to observe Ned Dunlap closely. The next day a call was made at his uncle's, and although years elapsed before he knew what a friend he had gained that day, his fortune was assured. After he had grown to manhood and accepted a lucrative position, which was not of his seeking, he asked why it had been offered him.

"Because I knew you could say 'no' on occasion required," answered his employer. "No" was the first word I heard you speak, and you spoke it with a will. More people, old and young, are ruined for want of using that word than for any other cause. They don't wish to do wrong, but they hesitate and parley until the tempter has them fast. The boy or girl who is not afraid to say 'no' is reasonably certain of making an honorable man or woman."

"Yes" is a sweet and often a loving word.

"No" is a strong, brave word, which has signified the defeat of many a scheme for the ruin of some fair young life.—*Temperance Banner.*

THE TIGER.

The royal tiger of Asia is an animal celebrated for its beauty and its sagacity, cunning, and prodigious strength. Its skin is a bright tawny yellow, with glossy black stripes running down from its back. Its tail, which is long and supple, is ringed with black, and its large head is marked in a very handsome manner. It is like a great cat. Its jutting cheeks are ornamented with white whiskers, and its big paws are like those of a pussy magnified fifty times. Its motions are very graceful, and whether lying down, its nose on its paw, sleeping, or walking through the paths of its native jungle with soft cat-like tread, it appears formed of muscle and sinew, without a bone in its body, so gracefully does it curve and twist itself as it moves.

The tiger is not considered a courageous beast by hunters, who say that if it faced buffalo, it will turn and slink away among the bushes, if it can. But if it can attack a hunter from behind, it will spring upon him, filling the air with its savage growls, and probably kill him with the first blow of its mighty paw.

The strength of this creature is almost incredible. It will break the skull of an ox, or even that of a buffalo, with the greatest ease. A single foot of a buffalo belonging to an peasant in India, while passing through a swamp, became helplessly entangled in the mire and underbrush. The peasant left the buffalo, and went to beg his neighbors to assist him in extricating the poor beast. When the rescuing party returned, they found a tiger had arrived before them, and having killed the buffalo, had laid it down to eat.

The tiger was much more than a match for the peasant and his friends, and his beautiful skin was made to atone in a measure for the murder of the buffalo, which, when weighed, tipped the scales at more than a thousand pounds—a tremendous load for so small an animal as a tiger to shoulder and carry off with ease.

The tiger is very troublesome to the inhabitants of certain localities in India, as it attacks the herds, and makes off with many a fat bullock; and when unable to find other provender it will even attack the huts of the natives, sometimes tearing away the thatch, and springing in with a loud roar on a startled family. Instances are rare, however, of tigers attacking human beings, except when surprised and driven to self-defense. In some portions of the country they are very abundant, and may be heard every night roaring through the jungles in search of deer and other beasts upon which they prey. Even the savage wild boar of India does not terrify this queen of cats, and often bloody battles occur between these two powerful beasts.—*Harper's Young People.*

RULES FOR HEALTH.

We should not leave our souls to the minister nor our health to the doctors. So the following simple rules for the preservation of health, especially through the changeable seasons of autumn, winter, and spring, should not be left entirely to health

Journal. We are right in the midst of the time when they apply:

Never lean with your back against anything that is cold.

Never begin to journey until breakfast is eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go into the cold air.

Keep the back—especially between the shoulder blades—well covered; also the chest well protected.

In sleeping in a cold room establish a habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth wide open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet; always toast them by the fire for ten or fifteen minutes before going to bed.

Never omit regular bathing; for unless the skin is in an active condition, the cold will close the pores and favour congestion and other diseases.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage nor near the window of a car for a moment.

It is dangerous to heat and even to lie.

When hoarse speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat produced.

Merely warm the back by a fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do so is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing upon ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.—*Albany Argus.*

THE STORY OF A BRAVE WOMAN.

In 1870, Mlle. Dodo, then a very young woman, held the position of telegraph agent at a station called Pithiviers, France. War broke out between France and Germany, and the charge of the telegraph became an important and responsible duty.

The country around Pithiviers was speedily occupied by the invaders, and a large force of Bavarian troops encamped near the town. One day a party of Uhlans entered the town and proceeded to the telegraph office, where the young girl was all alone watching over the trust that had been confided to her keeping. Mlle. Dodo could do nothing except abandon the place; but before she left she took the operating instruments, carefully hid them in the vicinity of the office where she might readily find them again, and herself took refuge in her room, within easy reach, should she be called on to return and resume her duties. She was well aware that this abstraction of the instruments was a very dangerous proceeding; but urged on by her patriotism, she courageously determined to serve her country still further. She knew how to make the wires reveal secrets; and notwithstanding that the office was actually in the possession of her deadly enemies, she arose at night and sought the operating-room with her instruments. She deliberately tapped the lines for information, and presently was rewarded by hearing the tick, tick of an important despatch then being sent by the German commander. Possessed of this great secret, she established communication with the French headquarters, and telegraphed to the general commanding the nature and contents of the intercepted message. This she saved an entire brigade of valuable soldiers whom the successful execution of the German orders would have doomed to death or imprisonment. The young lady only escaped the punishment of death herself owing to the cessation of hostilities.

HAVE A GOOD TIME.

My son, enjoy yourself. Have a good time; pleasure is eminently right and proper, but a good time is not secured by a headache that lasts all next day. The simplest pleasures are the most lasting. After you have spent two years in Europe, you will come back and sit down by your own fire-side and think of a picnic you went to, down the cascade, one afternoon in June, that cost you just sixty-five cents.

The "good time" that you dare not take your wife to, my son, that you would like rather than have your sisters know about them, the "good time" of them never comes back to refresh you and gladden your heart as does the memory of that sixty-five cents' picnic, when you chatted nonsense with the girl you loved, and laughed just as the leaves rustled, because you could not help it.

The "good time" that wakes in the morning and wonders where it was and who saw it and where all its money is gone; the good time that tails itself off with a headache—there is precious little fun in that. And it only takes a very little bitterness of that kind to poison and cloud the memories of your past. It does not take many such "good times," my boy, to mingle tears with your bread and gall with your drink. The sting is the smallest part of the bee, but when you pick him up by the throat, the rest of the bee will be large as an onion before you get it.

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In curing Cholera and all Summer Complaints, Cramps and Pains in the Stomach, Sudden Colds, also for Scalds, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Chills, Boils, Rheumatic Affections, Neuralgia, Toothache, Pains in the Joints or Limbs, Stings of Insects, &c., &c., &c.



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The Pain-Killer is prepared from the best and purest material, with the most approved appliances that can be had for money, and with a care that insures the most perfect uniformity. No expense is spared to make it what it is, superior to all would-be competitors, a thoroughly reliable killer of pain. Instantaneous in action, harmless and safe in the most unskillful hands.

SUBSTITUTES.

The public are cautioned against a custom

which is growing quite common of late among a certain class of medicine dealers, and which is this: