

Poetry.

A WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER.

A woodman lived in a forest wild.
He was poor as poor could be.
His only treasure a maiden child.
Bonny and brave was she,
And she kept his heart all warm and bright.
And welcomed him home with a kiss at night.
Three robbers passed through the lonely wood,
They stopped at the cottage door.
"My fair little maid, now give us food."
Said she, "I have no more
Than a cup of tea and an oat cake,
And father his supper of that most make."
"Go bring us quickly the oat cake,
And bring us the cup of tea."
We're weary and hungry," the robbers spoke,
"Twill be little enough for three."
"But father," she said, "has tolled all day;
I cannot give his supper away."
The robbers laughed both loud and long;
"A pretty lass!" they said.
"But give us a kiss, and we'll be gone,
And leave you the oat cake bread."
"Nay! That," she said, "I cannot do:
I keep my kisses for father, too!"
"We would sweep you up my little maid,
— You and your oat cake,
And carry you off!—Are you not afraid?
— Where none could overtake you."
Her cheek grew white with hidden fear;
"I know," she said, "but God is here!"
The father came, with the set of sun,
"Home to his cottage door."
"I am hungry and tired, my little one;
What hast thou for me to eat?"
"Supper is ready! Give thanks!" said she;
"We have oat bread, and a cup of tea."
— Joy Allison, in St. Nicholas for August.

The Fireside.

ROB'S MAGIC MIRROR.

BY PEARL FORBES.

Rob woke up cross on Monday morning. To be sure there was nothing common about that, except that he was crosser than usual. The first thing he said was: "Dear me! I wish that old bell wouldn't ring. I don't want to get up. Nevertheless he got up and dressed, putting all the while.

Breakfast was on the table, and father and mother were taking their seats as Rob came in. Who could believe that a boy could be so cross at such a bright sunny morning, and with so nice a meal before him? But Rob did not even say "Good-morning," in answer to his mother, but only this instead: "There, now, mother, you said you would have some luckless cakes!"

"They are coming, Robbie; Jane is frying them now," said his mother; "wait a minute."

"Yes, wait," he grumbled, "I always have to wait. I want my breakfast."

"Robert," said his father warningly.

When father said "Robert," it was best to be careful; and as the cakes were just then brought, Robert contented himself with looking sulky while he ate them.

By and by he broke out again: "Father, can't I have a new ball?"

"Another ball? Where is the last you had?"

"Oh, I lost that last week!"

"Then I think it will not pay to buy another for you to lose."

"O father, I should think I might have one! All the boys do but me."

"No, Rob," returned his father; "not till you can be more careful and more—"

"Pleasant," he was going to say, but Rob snapped out: "I don't care; you never let me do anything!" and marched out of the room.

"What shall we do with the boy?" sighed his mother.

"He is growing crosser every day. He needs a lesson," said his father.

School went ill that morning with poor Rob. He failed in one lesson, blundered in another, was beaten at marbles at recess, struck the boy who won, and was reprimanded by the teacher. He came home in bad humor, but was surprised and mollified to find lying by his plate a pretty pocket-case containing comb, brush, and a dear little looking-glass.

"Oh! thank you, sir," cried Rob, smiling up at his father. "I've wanted one this long time!"

"Don't lose it," replied his father; "Rob, that is a sort of a magic glass, such as you read of in Arabian Nights."

Rob looked doubtfully first at the glass, then at his father, and asked, "But what will it do?"

"Oh, never mind, you'll find out. All you have to do is to be sure to look into it whenever anything goes wrong."

Rob ran back to school, his gift safe in his pocket, and his mind so full of curiosity about it that he almost wished something would go wrong, to give him a chance to use it.

He had not long to wait. Plead of his new possession, he made haste to plead of his new possession. In spite of his rather beautiful air, the boys were all admiring the neat case and the pretty toy let articles, when Ben Barlow came up. Ben was the bully of the school, a rough, coarse lad, who took pride in "taking down" his companions. No sooner had he seen the toilet-case than he exclaimed, "Rob! that's nothing great," and, with a quick movement, tossed it into the muddy street.

"For shame, Ben Barlow," cried half a dozen voices, as Rob, white with anger, ran to pick up the case. It was covered with mud, and scratched by a rough stone, pretty and now no longer.

"You coward!" muttered Rob, shaking his fist at his tormentor. "I'll—I'll—"

"But words failed, and Rob was not ready for deeds. Instead, he began to examine his case; drawing out one by one his brush, comb, and glass, to see if each were safe. As his eye fell on the last, his father's words came to mind, and Rob scrutinized the shining surface with vague attention. Nothing remarkable happened, however; but while Rob gazed, he noticed the disagreeable scowl on the face he saw reflected. It was not a pleasant sight, and it changed the current of his thought.

"Whew! I didn't know I looked like that," he whistled under his breath.

Just then the school-bell rang, and the boys hurried to their seats. Once again that afternoon Rob stole a glance at the magic mirror. He had failed in the spelling-lesson, had gone down two places. Now things were going wrong, if ever, and he quickly drew out the glass, but with no better result than before. "H'm!" pondered Rob, "I don't see what father meant."

At the tea-table he asked for explanations, but his father only said with a very knowing smile, "You follow directions, Rob, and you'll see before long what the magic is!" So Rob went to bed more curious than ever.

Next morning everything went smoothly till about half past eight, when, as Rob was counting his best marbles, he heard his mother's voice calling, "Robbie, where are you?"

"I want you to run to the store for some butter."

"O mother!" Rob called back. "I can't; I shall be late."

"Not if you hurry. Come, quick."

"I don't," muttered Rob, with emphasis.

Now what do you suppose put into Rob's head to pull out his glass just then? I don't suppose he called that a case of "things going wrong,"—do you? Do you suppose that the magic was beginning to work? Do you suppose he felt anxious to see his own expression at that minute?

Whatever the reason was, Rob did pull out the glass, and take a good look. Then he put it back and went into the house. In a minute more, out

he came with the butter-pail in hand, and marched over to the store.

"What is there about that glass?" he thought as he went along. "I don't see anything over, but just my own face, same as I should in any looking-glass. Don't see that's any magic. Tint's very handsome. Wonder if I do look like that much of the time. Wonder if I shouldn't look better if I kept pleasant."

Once admitted, that last thought was not to be easily banished. It took firm hold of Rob, and resulted in a stout resolve that he would keep pleasant henceforward. Poor boy! when any one has a habit of being cross, that resolve is not so easily kept. He fell into the habit of peeping into his glass on all occasions—not now to look for magical results, but to see if he had forgotten all about that—but to see if he looked any better. Of course it was not long before the boys noticed this, and began to laugh at him; and then, of course poor Rob was furious, and forgot his good resolve.

So day after day went by. Rob thought he had never passed so unhappy a week. By Saturday night he was utterly discouraged. He had been very cross that day, and he cried himself into sleep.

Sunday morning he told the whole story to his mother, with much chinking, and a stray tear-drop or two, in spite of Rob's efforts at self-control. "And there were so many things to vex me," he ended, "as since I tried to be pleasant; and—oh, dear! it isn't one bit of use."

"Robbie," said his mother, "once there was a man in a boat, floating down a river. He did not have to work at all. But after a while he took up his oars to row back. He tugged and tugged, but still the current drifted him along. Why! said the man, 'the current was not so strong before I began to row.'"

"How foolish!" said Rob. "It was just as strong, only he didn't feel it when he was floating the same way."

"Yes," said his mother; then she stopped.

"But why?" began Rob. "Oh, yes, I see! You mean things were just as bad before I tried, only I didn't notice it. But that doesn't make it look any easier,—does it, mother? And I can't be good; it's no use at all," wailed poor Rob.

"No, my darling; you can't—all alone," she answered; and there the conversation dropped, for Rob's father called that it was time for church, and he would be useless to tell Rob that the sermon he heard was not made for him. He knew it was, though how his minister had found out about him, he could not guess. And I think he was right. To be sure, the minister did not know about Rob, but God knew,—and he sent the message, didn't he?"

A part of what Rob took home was this: "Some of you are trying to do the work yourselves. You are asking 'What shall I do?' and you think that you are to make yourselves better, before you can come to Jesus. But Christ's work is finished. You cannot do it. All he wants of you is to take it, and own that it is his work, not yours."

"Here is a great advantage which a Christian has over others. Others try to cover up their sins, or pretend to think not of much consequence; but the Christian knows he may bring them all to Jesus, for Jesus has borne them all. He may confess to Jesus what others dare not confess to themselves. In Jesus' presence he dare not hide himself."

"That's what I want," thought Rob, with a glad bound of heart. "I'm willing, I know I'm willing to have Jesus do it all." So the great load was lifted.

Not many days after came Rob's birthday, such a happy one! His presents delighted him. From that dear mother there was a pretty illuminated card. "My Grace is Sufficient for Thee," from his father. On the fly-leaf of the latter were Rob's name, the date, and below this text: "Rob, ever with open-face beholding on a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord" (2 Cor. 3: 18).

"O father!" cried Rob with sparkling eyes, "now I know what you meant by saying there was magic in my glass. But I don't think it is a bit like the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"No matter," said his father, smiling; "your face already shows the magical effect of the Spirit. I hope it will go on till I am changed into the same image," Rob whispered very low.—S. Times.

WILLIE AND EVA.

Willie was as pretty a boy as one would wish to see; as bright a blue-eyed, dimpled little fellow as ever trotted at a mother's side. But Willie had a dreadful temper. Many a school scolded on his bumpy brow, and many a harsh word fell from his pointing lips. Full often did his sister Eva receive a blow from his hand, which brought the tears into her gentle eyes.

One day Willie and she were playing in the garden, and Willie, having caught a butterfly, was impatient, and told him it was very cruel; but Willie only laughed. Then Eva tried to rescue the poor insect, and Willie, in a passion, struck her with his little clenched fist and out her lips. Then she left him, and crying bitterly, went into a summer house, and sobbed herself to sleep.

Then old Father Dromio came, and told her a story. He told her that once, in a far away land, there lived a very fierce and cruel giant, who would torture those he caught, and sometimes even kill them, and that the people of that land became very much afraid of him, and the king offered a reward to any knight who should kill the giant and rid the country of him.

Very many brave and noble men tried; but all were driven back either with hard words or hard blows; or, after being tortured, were thrown back on the road and left to die.

Mighty heroes were made to destroy the giant, but they had no power over him; wounds and blows he seemed to laugh at.

At last a young knight offered to try and rid them of the monster. He was laughed at by the people as a silly boy, and none cared to help him.

"To slay the giant," was the reply.

"Nay, thou canst not do that," said the fairy; "but if thou wilt do as I tell thee, thou mayest, perchance, put him to flight, and eventually drive him away altogether."

"Oh, tell me how, kind fairy," exclaimed the young knight.

"Throw aside thy sword and armour, and take in thy hand these sweet-scented lilies of the valley, whose petals might vie with the snow in purity; and, when he shall come forth in fury to crush thee, throw one of the flowers in his face, or at his breast, or in his path, and he will fall back; and thus continue, making a throw for every thrust of his, and thou shalt surely conquer."

The young knight placed the flowers in his hand, and vanished.

The young knight did as he commanded; and when the giant came upon him with rage, he gently threw a blossom in his path.

The giant stumbled, and then flushed and drew back.

The knight followed him up, throwing the ground around him with the fragrant flowers, until at last the giant flung down his arms and fled.

Eva awoke, and thinking about her dream, asked her nurse what it meant.

The nurse thought over the dream, and explained as follows:

"The giant's name is Bad Temper, which makes itself a terror and a sorrow to all who are near. It is not to be conquered by hard words nor blows, but by kindness and gentle answers, which blunts its sharp sword and breaks down its mighty strength. Little acts of kindness will soon put it to flight, as the sweet-scented flowers did the giant in your dream. And now, Eva, go and play with Willie."

Eva ran away to her brother, and a little bird told me that now Willie and Eva are never apart, and that they never quarrel.

So much for a dream, little ones. Always remember, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."—Waters' Catholic.

THOU AND I.

BY FREDERICK CARY.

Strange, strange for thee and me
Sally afar;
Thou safe, beyond above,
I 'neath the star;
Thou where flowers deathless spring,
I where they fade;
Thou in God's paradise,
I 'mid the shade.

Thou where each eagle breathes balm,
I tempt-tossed;
Thou where true joy is found,
I where 'tis lost;
Thou counting ages thine,
I not the morrow;
Thou learning more of bliss,
I more of sorrow.

Thou in eternal peace,
I 'mid earth's strife;
Thou where care hath no name,
I where 'tis life,
Thou without need of hope,
I where 'tis vain;
Thou with wings dropping light,
I with time's chain.

Strange, strange, for thee and me;
Loved, loving ever;
Thou by life's deathless fount,
I near death's river;
Thou winning wisdom's lore,
I strength to trudge;
Thou 'midst the seraphim,
I in the dust.

HOW TO LOVE GOD.

In a beautiful village, a boy about ten years old, lay very sick, drawing near to death, and very sad. He was joined here, with an only brother, to a great estate, and the inheritance was just about coming into his possession, but it was not the loss of this that made him sad. He was a dying boy, and his heart longed for the treasure which he knew never had been his, and which was worth more to him now than all the gold of all the western mines.

One day I came into his room. I sat down by him, took his hand, and, looking in his troubled face, asked him what he was so sad for.

"Uncle," said he, "I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which he said these words, and the look of trouble which he gave me. I said to him:

"My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love Him without trying to do it."

"What do you say?"

"I repeated the next words again, and I shall never forget how his large head eyes opened on me, and his cheek flushed as he slowly said:

"I never knew that before. I always thought that I must love God first before I had any right to trust Him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered. "God wants us to trust Him; that is what Jesus always asks us to do first of all; and He knows as soon as we trust to love God, to put our trust in Him first of all."

Then I spoke of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent him that he might believe in Him, and how, all through His life, He tried to win the trust of men; how grieved He was when men would not believe in Him, and how every one who believed came to love without trying to love at all.

He drank in all the truth, and, simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," without an effort put his young soul in Christ's hands that very hour, and so he came into the peace of God which passeth understanding, and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end. None of all the other friends, who watched over him during the remaining weeks of his life, doubted that the dear boy had learned to love without trying to, and that dying he went to Him whom not having seen he had loved.

Hint No. 4.
Beware of all the worthless business, and dirty, gross, vulgar combinations which are offered you in almost every store, and which some unprincipled shop-keepers try to palm off as a substitute for the PAIN-KILLER. These mixtures are gotten up expressly to sell on the reputation of PAIN-KILLER, but have nothing in common with it.

Hint No. 5.
If you cannot obtain the genuine PAIN-KILLER in your locality, (a fact not infrequently the case), you should address by railway to the Proprietors, and by sending them the sum of \$5.00, you can receive a bottle of the PAIN-KILLER, and a half dozen large bottles will be sent, charges prepaid, to the nearest address by railway to you.

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HOME EVIDENCE
IN FAVOR
OF THE
PAIN-KILLER.

WHY experiment with unknown mixtures without character or reputation, when this world-renowned PAIN-KILLER which has stood the test of over 40 years, can be had for the same price at any Drug Store in the Dominion!

READ THE FOLLOWING.
OTTAWA, Ont., March 5, 1880.
The writer has been selling Perry Davis' Pain-Killer for the last ten years, and can confidently recommend it to the public as a sure remedy for Chills, Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Chronic Cough, Bronchitis, Burns, Scalds, &c. &c. Have known it to cure a case of Syphilis Sore Throat of two years' standing, when all the usual remedies failed. The patient took half a bottle of the Pain-Killer one day, and gargled the throat three times a day as follows: one teaspoonful in a glass of water, and used as a gargle.

W. H. MCCARTHY.
MONTREAL, Ont., February 25, 1880.
I have much pleasure in adding to the number of the numerous testimonials you have already received, as to the value of your renowned Pain-Killer. I have sold it and used it in my family for twenty years or more, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best pain medicine I have ever used for the purpose for which it is recommended; and, moreover, every person to whom I have ever sold it, has been perfectly cured by its use. I know many persons who will not go to bed at night unless they are sure there is a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in the house. All who have used it once, will use it again; it makes friends and retains them.

Yours truly, JOHN DUMRILLE, Druggist.
SPENCERVILLE, Ont., February 25, 1880.
I have been using the Pain-Killer for many years with results that justify me in recommending it to the public. I have used it for colds and sore throats, and many other ailments for which it appears specially adapted. I have used it myself, chiefly as a liniment, and find it valuable for rheumatism, pains and stiffness belonging to old age. I pronounce the Pain-Killer a good and cheap remedy, and worthy of all acceptance, and send you this certificate that you may assure the public that it is no humbug.
Yours truly, THOS. GRAHAM.

MAKING, Ont., February 15, 1880.
It gives me much pleasure to state that during a drug career of more than a quarter century, I can testify that your Pain-Killer is the best pain medicine I have ever used for the purpose for which it is recommended; and, moreover, every person to whom I have ever sold it, has been perfectly cured by its use. I know many persons who will not go to bed at night unless they are sure there is a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in the house. All who have used it once, will use it again; it makes friends and retains them.

Yours very respectfully, JOHN G. DEANS.
STOCK, Ont., February 15, 1880.
We have great pleasure in stating that the Pain-Killer holds its position in this place as the best pain medicine. I have used it for colds and sore throats, and many other ailments for which it appears specially adapted. I have used it myself, chiefly as a liniment, and find it valuable for rheumatism, pains and stiffness belonging to old age. I pronounce the Pain-Killer a good and cheap remedy, and worthy of all acceptance, and send you this certificate that you may assure the public that it is no humbug.
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PORTLAND, Ont., February 15, 1880.
I have used your Pain-Killer for the last twenty years. I can testify that it is the best pain medicine I have ever used for the purpose for which it is recommended; and, moreover, every person to whom I have ever sold it, has been perfectly cured by its use. I know many persons who will not go to bed at night unless they are sure there is a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in the house. All who have used it once, will use it again; it makes friends and retains them.

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