

## Poetry.

## KEEP THE FAITH.

Keep then the Faith,—the Faith of Calvary,—  
The Faith that op'd the blinded Calvary's eyes,—  
The Faith that led us through the desert's sea,—  
The Faith that shone through Abraham's sacrifice.

Keep then the Faith—in childhood's early day,  
While yet the dew of innocence remains;  
Soon in the morning sun they'll pass away,  
Unless by Faith stored up, as Autumn grain.

Keep then the Faith—in the bright morning of youth,  
When hope beats high, and all things live for thee;  
Gird on thy sword and battle for the Truth,—  
Yield then thy Time and win Eternity.

Hast thou been wounded in the thick affray?  
Bind up thy wounds, and still go bravely on;  
Thy gaze firm fixed on Him who leads the way;  
Thy His help the battle shall be won.

Keep then the Faith—in manhood's golden noon,  
The breach that thou hast made, stand fast within;  
Hold to thy purpose. Christ Himself shall soon  
Remove thee far from trouble and from sin.

Keep then the Faith—even shadows fall  
And treasure memories hold their sacred sway;  
Life's labor done,—awaiting but the call  
That bids the soul depart its house of clay.

So shall thy life, when fading, like the rose  
Still shed its perfume with each dying leaf,  
Till, at the last, when bright the morning grows,  
(In whispered accents of a deep belief.)

"Father, the Faith I've kept. In joy and grief,  
In hope, in happiness, despair and woe,  
Thou hast my refuge been; Christ my belief.  
Take now Thine own. I am prepared to go."

—N. Y. Observer.

## The Fireside.

## THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

"No, I will not lend you my sled, Willie, I want to use it myself, so you needn't beg any longer," said little Charlie Albertson, as he and Willie Miller were standing on the village hill one winter's afternoon. "If your father is too poor to buy you one," he continued, "I can't help that; so move out of the way now, for I want to ride down hill."

The little boy moved away, and watched the flying sled with longing eyes. Charlie was right, though he did not know it. Willie's father could not afford to buy his little son a sled; for it took all his hard-earned money to purchase clothes and food for the many little ones at home, and Willie had tried to make one, all in vain.

It was a trial for him to see the other boys coasting, and he could not help thinking that Charlie was unkind to refuse him "just one ride." But he brushed away the tears and ran home, trying not to feel so very sorry.

Did the ice melt after Willie left, or were the sled runners out of order? What is the reason that Charlie did not enjoy coasting as he had done before? There was no one now to beg for "just one ride," no one to stand in the way, then why was it the little boy so soon left the hill and dragged his sled into the house?

In the evening just as Charlie had finished studying the last lesson, his father looked up from a book he had been reading, and asked the little boy if he could say all the commandments.

"Yes, indeed, papa," replied Charlie. "What a question! I knew them all years ago."

"Very well, repeat them," returned Mr. Albertson.

Charlie commenced and ended the tenth exultantly, without missing one word.

"Go on," said his father, "I want to hear the eleventh."

"The eleventh, papa?" exclaimed the child, "I never heard of it. There are no more in my Bible, at any rate," and Charlie brought his little Bible, open at the twentieth chapter of Exodus.

"Suppose God should give us a new commandment wouldn't you call that the eleventh?" asked his father.

Mr. Albertson then turned to the thirteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and asked him to read the thirty-fourth verse.

"A new commandment I give unto you. That you love one another as I have loved you, that you also love one another," read Charlie.

"Now, when I tell you," said his father, "that I passed through the woods on the hill this afternoon, I guess my little boy will know why I wanted to hear if he remembered the eleventh commandment."

Charlie blushed; for he knew that his father must have heard his cross words to little Willie, and he felt very sorry indeed that they had ever been said.

"I wonder if my little son knows how hard Mr. Miller has to work in order to buy even bread and clothing for his many children," said Mr. Albertson.

"I wonder if he saw the tears that filled little Willie's eyes, as he turned away from the hill this afternoon. If my little boy had seen how sadly the poor child looked, I do not think he could have enjoyed coasting afterwards."

"And I am sure," said Mr. Albertson, "that Charlie, trying in vain to dry the tears, which would come, as he thought of Willie, 'I am very sorry that I was so unkind; but what can I do now?'"

"Think for yourself, Charlie," said Mr. Albertson, "and try to find some way to show your love for poor little Willie."

Charlie thought a long while, and then springing up, clapping his hands, exclaimed, "I know what would be splendid, papa; I will take some of the money that you gave me at Christmas, and buy a sled for Willie; wouldn't he be pleased?"

"That is a capital plan," replied his father, "and to-morrow we will go to select one."

Very early the next morning Mr. Albertson and Charlie started out, and bought the prettiest sled in the village store, and before school commenced, Charlie asked Willie if he would not like to try it.

The poor boy was delighted, and after having ridden down the hill several times, brought the sled back to Charlie, with many thanks.

"Keep it," said Charlie, "and excited that he did not know what to say; 'I don't want it; it is yours; I didn't mean to be so cross.'"

Willie could not understand what was meant, and it was some time before he could realize that the beautiful sled with a prancing black horse painted on it, was really his own, "to keep for ever and ever," as Charlie said. Then how happy he was, and how happy they both were together, I cannot begin to tell my little reader.

"I mean to write my little reader."

"Yes, my darling," said Mr. Albertson; "but do not forget to ask God to write on your heart as well, and give you strength to keep it always."

"Yes, indeed, I will ask Jesus to help me," said Charlie, "for I never could keep it all alone."

Now, I wonder what the little boy is going to do who has just finished this story. Will he lay the paper aside, and forget the beautiful new commandment Christ has given him, or will he not rather think of the great love Jesus showed for him when dying on the cross that he might live, and pray God to help him forth his love for that dear Saviour, by keeping the new commandment?

Apple fritters—Apple fritters make a nice and cheap dessert. Prepare a batter as for griddle cakes; that is, a thin, batter made of flour, sweet milk, and baking powder, or flour, sour milk and soda. Then stir in apples which have been chopped fine, the quantity depending on your taste. Fry them as you would griddle cakes, and serve with a syrup made of melted white sugar.

## THE HOMELESS ONE.

For he has holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.

God provides a home, or a place to make one, for every living creature in the world. "For he has holes, and the birds of the air have nests," but Jesus said of Himself, when He was on earth, "The Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Where was Jesus' home? In heaven. He had left it to save us from sin and bring us also to that home above. "Before He came to the earth He was at home with our Father in heaven; rich; before He became poor for our sakes."

He left behind Him the world as was, and "daily His light, rejoicing always before Him." From that beautiful home on high Jesus came down the angel's ladder that Jacob saw to the manger cradle, and changed Himself to a little babe, and then, after awhile He went down another step to seek and save outcast and sinful souls—from the manger where He was born for us, to the cross where He died for us.

But there was no room for Him in Bethlehem when he was a babe, except in a stable; and then there was no room for Him in all Judea, when He came to be killed, and His mother carried Him away in the night to Egypt; and there was no room for Him after He grew up even in Nazareth, where He had lived, for the people tried to throw Him over a precipice for telling them to stop doing wrong; and then there was no room for Him in Jerusalem, where the people stoned Him because He told them of their sins; and at last there was no room for Him in all the earth, and wicked men hung Him on the cruel cross, where He died for us.

But when Jesus went back in the clouds to His heavenly home, He said He would make a home for Himself in every heart that loved Him. "Lo, I am with you always." He went out of sight into men's hearts as well as into heaven, and so He is nearer to His people now than when He was on earth, because He now dwells in our hearts.

A little fellow reading about Jesus having nowhere to lay His head, burst into tears and said, "I'm sure, mamma, if I had a little room I would have given it to my pillow."

We cannot give any pillows to Jesus to-day for Him to rest upon, but we can give Him our hearts for His home.

A little boy who was asked where Jesus lived answered, "He lives in our army now." But we have Jesus not only around us, but also within us.

If Jesus makes a home in our hearts, He will take care of us when we are helpless and homeless, and provide a home for us.

On a cold dark night, when the wind was blowing hard, Conrad, a worthy citizen of a little town in Germany, sat playing his flute, while Ursula, his wife, was preparing supper. They heard a sweet voice singing outside:

For he has holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.

Every bird in its nest; Every flower in its bud; And for me there is no rest.

Tears filled the good man's eyes, as he said, "What a fine, sweet voice! What a pity it should be spoiled by being tried in such weather."

"I think it is the voice of a child. Let us open the door and see," said his wife, who had lost a little boy not long before, and whose heart was opened to the little stranger.

Conrad opened the door, and saw a ragged child, who said: "Charity, good sir, or your ragged child, who said: 'Come in my little one, said he. 'You shall rest with me for the night.'"

The boy said, "Thank God!" and entered. The heat of the room made him faint, but Ursula's kind care soon revived him. They gave him some supper, and then he told them he was the son of a poor miner, and wanted to be a priest. He wandered about and lived, and lived on the money people gave him. His kind friends, who were not let him talk much, but sent him to bed. When he was asked, they looked in upon him, and were so pleased with his pleasant countenance that they determined to keep him if he was willing. In the morning they found that he was only too glad to remain.

They sent him to school, and afterward he entered a monastery. There he found the Bible, which he read, and from which he learned the way of life. The sweet voice of the little stranger learned to preach the good news. "Justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Conrad and Ursula, when they took that little street singer into their house, little thought that they were nourishing the great champion of the Reformation. The poor child was Martin Luther.

If we have Jesus in our hearts, He will guide us and comfort us as He did Luther, and provide homes and other necessary things for us.

In a house where they have not heard of Jesus, they do not have real homes, such as we have, but mothers and children are treated cruelly as if they were only slaves; and sometimes they are sold or killed, as if they were only cattle. But Jesus not only gives us the happy Christian homes we have here on earth, but He has a far happier and more beautiful home in heaven for every Christian. He came to the earth to tell us about these heavenly homes, and to make a way by the cross so that we can get to them, and to give us strength in our hearts to turn out of the road to hell and climb up to heaven, and then He went back to prepare places for us and to help us from above to reach them.—Christian at Work.

## CLEANING HOUSE.

There were four children playing together in the door-yard, a pretty cottage on Elm Street. The sun was shining brightly, the air soft and sweet, laden with the fragrant breath of the beautiful hyacinths from "mamma's flower-bed" under the sitting-room window—enough of beauty, one would think, to cause the children to laugh for joy. But it did not have that effect just now; even the warbling bird in the elm-tree overhead was unnoticed by the four pairs of eager eyes just below.

Sweetly the blue-eyed boy, but Sadie, aged ten, the eldest of the four, did not listen to his song. She was talking to Freddie (aged eight), and this is what she said: "You're a mean, good-for-nothing boy to tear the ribbon off my hat, and I just hate you, I do."

Freddie made up a horrid face at Sadie. He did not dare slap her, because she was large and strong; but he could vent his anger on little Mamma, two years younger, so he pulled her doll away and threw it on the ground. She screamed, and ran to get it, but Freddie reached it first, and grabbed it by the long tresses, and said, "Mamma gave me an angry pup, and he fell upon the grave with a face down, snarled his face with gravel, as well as scratching his face until it bled. Just as he picked himself up and ran with outstretched hands to strike Mamma, crying, 'You mean, good-for-nothing dirl! Cousin Fanny, who had been a witness of the whole scene, opened the gate and came toward the children.

"Where's your mamma, Sadie?" she asked.

"Cleaning house; and, O Fanny! you don't know how nice it looks as if they have gone!"

"Where have they cleaned?"

"Oh the parlor is finished. The carpet has been up and the wall tinted, and it's all settled again, and it is so sweet and clean in there."

"What makes it sweet?"

"Mamma has a jar filled with something fragrant that Cousin Lou sent her."

"Ah! that's it, is it?" said Fanny, sitting down, and taking Frank upon her lap to wipe the little soiled, tearful face. "Why don't you clean house?"

"Me? Why, Cousin Fanny, what question to ask! I'm not big enough to clean house."

"I think you are plenty big enough. What have you been doing to-day?"

"Taking care of Freddie, Mamma, and Frankie."

"What do you call taking care of them?"

"Why—why—taking care of them, of course."

Cousin Fanny handed a package to Mamma, and told her to take Freddie and Frankie over to the porch steps and give them the contents between them, saving some for Sadie. After they had gone, she put her arm about Sadie and said gently: "It doesn't seem to me to be taking care of Freddie to only

him a mean, good-for-nothing boy, and Sadie, I wish you would begin cleaning house right away."

"Mamma doesn't want me to. She's about to clean my room, and I'm to have a white dresser, tied with blue ribbons, and a white bedspread, tied with blue. She's going to let me help regulate both, but not clean."

"Ah! but—Sadie, I want you to clean and regulate both. Don't you know the hymn 'Whiter than Snow'?"

"O Cousin Fanny! now I know what you mean: you want me to be a better girl—is that it?"

"Yes, dear; I want you to ask Jesus to help you brush all the sin out of that little heart, and then come in and take possession; will you, dear?"

Evening had come. Mamma's cleaning for the day was finished. She joined her little ones in the sitting-room. Sadie had her arm around Frankie, and Freddie and Mamma were sitting at her feet while she told them a wonderful story.

"Sadie is the best sister in the world, mamma," Fred said, looking up joyfully.

"I love her a hundred hundred," Mamma added, and Frank put in, "An I love her a hundred booby, too."

"Have you had a hard day, dear?" asked Sadie's mother. Sadie whispered her answer: "It was hard this morning, mamma, but lying dead, too, mamma. Do you understand?"

"Yes, dear, I think I do. You 'sweet and garish,' too," and she kissed Sadie's cheek.

"Yes, mamma, and I mean to try to keep so 'whiter than snow'—you know."

"Try alone, Sadie?"

"No, mamma; I've asked Jesus to help me clean house, and he did, and he'll help me keep it clean."

—S. S. Times.

## OUR DAILY BREAD.

Only to-day I look down the coming morning; Behold, and keepst thou slow with care and sorrow; Give us, we ask, to-day our daily bread—

Only to-day!

We have no strength to walk unless thou lead us; Sin hides each side the straight and narrow way; Our hungry souls must faint unless thou feed us—

Help us, we plead, to live aright to-day—

Only to-day!

We would not pierce the misty clouds around us; Nor fathom what the future has in store; But day by day thy loving care hath found us; Lead us to-day, O Lord, we ask no more—

Only to-day!

We could not bear the weight a life-time carries; Our strength grows weak as if we do not try; To-morrow comes with face that never taries; Help us to-day, O Lord, is all our cry—

Only to-day!

## TOO CERTAIN.

"Father, I am tired of reading the Bible. I have read it so often that I know everything in it."

"Everything, my son? Do you think you could not find one chapter that would contain something you never noticed?"

"Yes, father, I think so. I am sure I know all that is in the historical parts of the Bible."

"Well, let me try you. When were a large number of men fed with a few loaves of bread, and a supply left for them to have eaten?"

"Why, father, surely I remember Christ's feeding several thousand persons at two different times, with a few loaves and fishes."

"Very well, those are two instances. Now tell the third."

"There is no other in the Bible."

"You are perfectly sure of that, are you? Suppose you reflect a little before you answer again."

"Yes, father, I've thought, and I'm certain there is no other miracle of the kind mentioned in the Bible."

"Well, my son, open your Bible at the fourth chapter of the fourth book of Kings."

"The fourth book of Kings? Father, there is no such book."

"Hand me the Bible. What does this title say?"

"It is 'The second book of the Kings, commonly called the fourth book of the Kings.'"

"Well, there is one thing learned by the boy that told the Bible so well! Now turn to the fourth chapter, and read from the forty-second verse."

"Here it is, sir: 'And there came a man from Bashan, and brought the man of God—'

"Who was the man of God?"

"I must look. It was the prophet Elisha."

"Now proceed."

"And brought the man of God bread of the first-fruits, twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn in the husk thereof. And he said, Give unto the people, that they may eat. And he set before them, and they did eat, and left thereof, according to the word of the Lord."

"That will do for this time, my son! I have never wanted to make the reading of the Scriptures tedious by requiring you to read them continually, without giving you other books to read. But I wanted to convince you how mistaken young people are apt to be in their ideas of their own knowledge. There are thousands of children—yes, and of men and women too—who would read with great interest many passages in the Bible if they found them in a fresh and beautiful volume which they loved to contain nothing but what was published for the first time. Remember this, and let me advise you to read the four books of Kings, and to make a list of all the passages you will find there, which, like the one you have just read, are as new to you as if you had never heard nor read them."—Savior's Magazine.

NO TIME TO READ.—The woman who "has no time to read" generally has no inclination to do so. The true book-lover will make time. I once knew one of these women who never take a book into their hands because they are too busy. She spends days in ruffling, tucking and embroidering, and had no spare moments in which to interest herself of the most ordinary topics of the day. I doubt if she knew how some of the most common words were spelled, judging from her pronunciation of them. In speaking of her lace curtains, she invariably called them "curtains;" and when she asked her husband to remain quiet during the summer, he answered her, "Certainly not; we shall go to the mountains in August." She had a very fine taste in the matter of dress, and was called "stylish;" but if she had spent part of the time in reading and study which she had devoted to dress, what a different influence she might have exerted upon her children, as well as upon the society in which she moved. But the mistaken woman thought it of more importance to adorn the person than to improve the mind. Cultivate a habit of reading if you have it not. We all need a little sunshine, sleep and food. How refreshing to be able to lose ourselves even for a short time in the pages before us. Let a volume lay beside your work-basket, and if you have five minutes to spare, improve them by a peep at its contents.

VENTILATE YOUR CLOSETS.—Soiled undergarments on the wall-closets should not be put into a closet, ventilated or not. They should be placed in a large bag made for the purpose, or a roomy basket, and then put in a well-aired room at some distance from the family. Having thus excluded one of the fertile sources of bad odors in closets, the next point is to see that the closets are properly ventilated. It matters not how clean the clothing in closet may be; if there is no ventilation that clothing will not be what it should be. Any garments after being worn for a while will absorb more or less of the exhalations which arise from the

body, and thus contain an amount of foreign—it may be hurtful—matter, which free circulation of pure air can soon remove.

IS IT POSSIBLE

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hop, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., make so many and such marvellous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor or Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer.—Post.

VEGETINE

WILL CURE

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Scrofulous Humour.

VEGETINE will eradicate from the system every taint of Scrofula and Scrofulous Humour. It has permanently cured thousands in Boston and vicinity who had been long and painful sufferers.

Cancer, Cancerous Humour.

The marvellous effect of VEGETINE in cases of Cancer and Cancerous Humour, has been the most profound attention of the medical faculty, many of whom are prescribing VEGETINE to their patients.

Canker.

VEGETINE has never failed to cure the most intractable case of Canker.

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VEGETINE meets with wonderful success in the cure of these classes of diseases.

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Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, &c., will certainly yield to the great remedial effect of VEGETINE.

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VEGETINE has never failed to cure the most inveterate cases of erysipelas.

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Reason should teach us that a blotchy, rough or pimply skin depends entirely upon an internal cause, and no outward application can ever cure the defect. VEGETINE is the great blood purifier.

Tumors, Ulcers or Old Sores

are caused by an impure state of the blood. Cleanse the blood thoroughly with VEGETINE and these complaints will disappear.

Catarrh.

For this complaint the only substantial benefit can be obtained through the blood. VEGETINE is the great blood purifier.

Constipation.

VEGETINE does not act as a cathartic to debilitate the bowels, but cleanses all the organs enabling each to perform its functions devolving upon it.

Piles.

VEGETINE has restored thousands to health who have been long and painful sufferers.

Dyspepsia.

If VEGETINE is taken regularly, according to directions, certain and speedy cure will follow its use.

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VEGETINE is not a stimulating tonic, which creates a false appetite, but a gentle tonic, which assists nature to restore the stomach to a healthy action.

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VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretory organs and allays inflammation.

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In this complaint the good effects of the VEGETINE are readily observed after commencing its use, as the debility denotes deficiency in the blood, and VEGETINE acts directly upon the blood.

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1881.

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I am now manufacturing Parlor Stairs, Lounges, Easy Chairs and Mattresses, and selling them CHEAP. I have 1000 Chairs received in the warehouse, the two-story and can make prices down below any other store.

To Carleton County Readers.

I have opened a BRANCH STORE in the Village of Carleton Place, Woodstock, where may be seen the only complete stock of House Furnishing Goods ever opened in the County.

Furniture suitable for Parlor, Chamber, Dining-Room, Hall or Kitchen