

Poetry.

WITNESSES.

"I am working alone, and no one heeds"
Who says so, does not know
There are clear eyes watching on every side,
And wherever our feet may go
We are "compassed about with so great a cloud,"
That if we could only see,
We could never think that our life is small,
Or that we may unnoticed be!

We seem to suffer and bear alone
Life's burdens and all its care;
And the sighs and prayers of the heavy heart
Vanish into the air;
But we do not suffer, or work alone,
And after a victory won,
Who knows how happy the hosts may be
Who whisper a soft "Well done!"

Oh, do not deem that it matters not
How you live your life below;
It matters much to the heedless crowd
That you see go to an fro;
For all that is noble and high and good
Has an influence on the rest,
And the world a better for every one
Who is living at his best.

But even if human eyes see not,
No one is unobserved,
There are censures deep and plaudits high
As each may be deserved;
We cannot live in a secret place,
There are watchers always at life,
For heaven and earth are full of life,
And God is ever nigh.

O for a life without reproach,
For a heart of earnestness!
For self forgotten, for meanness slain,
For hands well-used to bless!
God, raise us far from the little things,
And make us meet to be
Skilled-workers here in the place we fill,
And servants unto Thee.

—Marianne Farnham.

THE SONG OF THE HEART.

Blithely sings the young heart, and cheerily shines
The sun;
'Tis spring of the year, 'tis early morn, and life is
But begun.
The day is bright, the heart is light,
And all the future years
Stretch forth as life, with never a care,
No clouds nor tears.

Boldly sings the young heart, but scorchingly
shines the sun;
'Tis the summer now, 'tis midday heat, the life-
work is begun,
But hope runs high, while the steadfast eye,
Fixed on the goal of fame,
Heeds not the glare, for he who will dare
Must win a name.

Cheerily sings the old heart, while slowly sets the
sun;
'Tis autumn chill, 'tis eventide, and rest is now
begun.
Brave was the heart that did its part,
And ever upheld the right;
Now sets the sun, the work is done;
Now comes the night.

Hushed now is the tired heart, and set now is the
sun;
'Tis winter time, the stars gleam out, the new life
is begun.
Calm is the sleep, and long and deep,
But bright will be the waking day;
The cross has been borne, the crown will be worn
Through all eternity.

—Charlotte's Journal.

The Fireside.

A LITTLE WOMAN.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

She was a very little woman, not more than four
years old, and I am afraid she was running away.
Perhaps I ought not to say running, for she
walked gravely and deliberately along the street,
looking about her with an observant air. She had
on a ruffled white apron and a brown stuff dress,
and over her head she had thrown an apron of blue
and white check in the place of a bonnet.
The apron was so large, and the little woman so small,
that while she clung to the apron, she looked like
her round chin, one corner trailed on the ground
behind her. The apron also served as a shawl for
a rag doll with no features to speak of, whose head,
with a ghastly wound on top, peeped out under the
little mother's arm. A great many people were
coming and going, but the little woman did not
notice them. She was singing to herself and the
doll.

"'Tis his hand that leadeth me."

She only knew this one line, so she sang it over and
over as she went on, walking close to the fence,
and peeping into yards where flowers were growing,
and into basements, where she had glimpses of
tables covered with red cloths, and shining copper
towers in the middle like revolving batteries.
She was directly in the wake of a fat woman, who
turned the stream of travel one side, and left a quiet
little path for her small follower.

Presently the little woman stopped. She had
come to a yard filled with trees and flowers around
an old-fashioned brick house. The flowers were
old-fashioned too, but they were all of the sweetest,
and over them the cherry boughs were like one
great bouquet. The little woman forgot to hold the
apron under her chin, and it slid down to the side.
She took her doll from under her arm and held her
close to the fence that she might see, and
smell the blossoms, and hear the fine, clear
piping of the bees at work among them. There
was a wonderful bird flashing about the trees like
a great golden blossom. The bird seemed always
just about to launch into a song, but was so busy
he broke off at the first syllable. A man came across
the lawn with a wheelbarrow, in which was a green
shrub. He dug a hole in the turf and began to
plant the bush; but he saw the eager little face,
and the dolly with her woe-bitten brown eyes
behind. He nodded good-naturedly.

"Where are you going, Sis?"

"Anywhere," said the little woman.

"What you looking at?"

"God's flowers," was the grave answer.

The man laughed again, and pushed up his hat.
"Then the Gov'nor's flowers; want some?"

The little woman only nodded, but her eyes grew
large and round with wonder and expectancy as the
man broke a white bough from the cherry tree and
a purple spike of hyacinth, and he put them in
her hand, saying, "Now run home, or that young
lady will be took up by the police; looks like
she'd had a row."

The little woman had neither eyes nor ears for
anything but flowers. The man went back to his
work, and she went slowly on. One block, two
blocks, six blocks, then she came to a little tri-
angular park at the intersection of the streets—a
very small park, with only grass and a few trees in
it, and an iron drinking-fountain for horses just
outside the fence. Two dusty horses were drinking
from the round iron bowl, and a dog was eagerly
lapping the slender stream that spilled over upon
the stones below. The little woman went to the
park and sat down under a tree. She was just be-
ginning to be afraid she was lost, but she could not
be very unhappy while she had her flowers. She
sat very still looking at them, and to her great de-
light a brown bee came sniffing at the white cups
for an instant as he passed. Stretched on the grass
near was a boy—a big boy; the little woman would
have called him a man. He had red hands and a
sunburned face, and coarse, clumsy clothes. You

would not have looked twice at him, but the little
woman looked and looked and saw that he was cry-
ing. She looked again, and then crept a little
nearer, holding her doll very tight.

"Dose you want some of God's flowers?" she
asked, holding the sweet things toward him.
The boy took them eagerly—took them all; but
just as the little woman was going to cry he gave
them back to her, so she broke off a piece of the
cherry bough and one little stemless hyacinth, and
gave them to him. The boy had but lately come
to the city. He was hungry, he was friendless, he
was utterly discouraged, he had taken the first step
downward. But when he saw the familiar scent
of the cherry blossoms, and the sweet pure pitiful
eyes of the little woman looking at him, it brought
back the homely brown house among the hills, and
the little sister who believed in him and trusted
him.

"I'll try one day more," he said resolutely,
"and if I can't get work, I'll go home; I won't
stay here and go to the bad."

Surely they were "God's flowers" which the
little woman had given him.

She sat quietly under the tree, taking sometimes
to her doll, and counting the hyacinth bells over
and over. She knew now she was lost, but she was
not really frightened. She felt sure some one would
come by and find her. The market-house clock
began to strike twelve. With the first stroke
a babel of sounds broke in. Steam whistles in
every key, bells that clanged slowly, bells that rang
wildly, clocks striking from a dozen steeples, and
through them all the slow, deep boom of the market
clock. The street was full of hurrying people going
home to dinner. Clattering over the pavement
came an empty express wagon; the driver hesitated,
then turned up to the brimming water-basin, and
let the big gray horse plunge his nose in the cool
water. A flock of house-sparrows were taking
shower-baths in the overflow; and as the driver
waited, his eyes followed them with amusement
from the water to the branches where they dried
their feathers. What was that under the tree? A
child lying asleep on the grass?

"Looks like my little woman," said the driver,
jumping over the fence and coming up to the tree
in three strides.

"Sure you live, it's herself," he said as he
picked the little sleeper up in his strong arms. He
stepped again for the doll, and thrust it head first
into his pocket; but the little hand clung to the
flowers even in sleep. The big horse whisked them
away, but with the jolting of the wagon the blue
eyes opened.

"What ye 'epose mother'll say?" asked the
driver, pressing the soft cheek against his rough
coat. "Where was ye goin' anyhow?"

"Just went a-walkin'," said the little woman,
"and I couldn't go back 'cause the house got
lost."

When the terrified mother had assured herself
that her darling was safe and sound, when the little
woman was crowding her whiskered fingers into her
tin cup, the father looked up from his dinner to
say, "Curious how I happened to drive by the
park to-day; haven't been that way in a week."

"'Tis his hand that leadeth me," sang the little
woman over the flowers.

The father looked at the mother and nodded.
"Might be," he said, thoughtfully.—S. S. Times.

GIRLS SHOULD LEARN DOMESTIC DUTIES.

A mother has no right to bring up a daughter
without teaching her how to keep house; and if
she has an intelligent regard for her daughter's
happiness will not do it.

By knowing how to keep house she does not mean
merely knowing how books should be arranged on a
centre-table, and how to tell servants what is
wanted to be done. We mean how to get a break-
fast, a dinner, a supper; how to make a bed; how
to sweep a room; how to do the thousand and one
different things which are requisite to keep a house
in order and to make it pleasant.

A person who does not know how to do a thing
well does not know how to have it done well. No
number of servants makes up for the want of knowl-
edge in a mistress.

A family employed a girl to do general house-
work. She came just at night, and the first thing
assigned to her to do was to wash the supper dishes.
She washed them in cold water, and without soap.
A gentleman sent home a roasted piece of beef
and a quantity of cut porter-house steaks. When
he sat down to dinner he learned that the new cook
had roasted the steaks! Yet many a boarding-
school miss, at the time of her marriage, might
make errors of this nature.

Not one woman in a thousand knows how to
make bread as good as it can be made. And sour
tempers, scoldings, dyspepsia, with all its indescrib-
able horrors, and even death itself, not unfrequently
result from bad cooking.

Mother, whatever else you may teach your
daughters, do not neglect to instruct them in all the
mysteries of housekeeping. So shall you put them
in the way of good husbands and happy homes.—
The Household.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME.

"Lydia, why do you put on that forlorn old
dress?" asked Emily. Manners of her cousin, after
she had spent the night at Lydia's house.

The dress in question was a spotted, faded old
summer silk, which only looked the more forlorn
for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumpled
and faded.

"Oh, anything is good enough for home," said
Lydia, hastily pinning on a soiled collar, and twist-
ing up her hair in a ragged knot; she went to break-
fast.

"Your hair is coming down," said Emily.
"Oh, never mind: it's good enough for home,"
said Lydia, conclusively. Lydia had been visiting at
Emily's home, and had always appeared in the pret-
tiest morning dresses, and with neat hair and dainty
collar and cuffs; but now that she was back at
home again she seemed to think that anything
would answer, and went about untidy and in soiled
finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and
polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but
with her own family her manners were as careless
as her dress. She seemed to think that courtesy
and kindness were too expensive for home wear,
and that anything would do for home.

There are so many people who, like Lydia, seem
to think that anything will do for home; whereas,
effort to keep one's self neat, and to treat father,
mother, sister, brother and servant kindly and
courteously, is as much a duty as to keep from
falseness and stealing.—Selected.

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

"I would be ashamed to tell mother," was a
little boy's reply to his comrades, who were trying
to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her; no one will know
any thing about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and I would
be mighty mean if I could not tell mother."

"It's a pity you were not a girl. The idea of a
boy running and telling his mother every little
thing."

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble
little boy. "I have made up my mind never, so
long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed
to tell my mother."

Noble resolve; and one which will make almost
any life true and useful. Let it be the rule of every
boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be
ashamed to tell mother.—Selected.

When using lemons for any purpose, it will be
found an economical plan to grate the yellow rind
off, mix it with an equal quantity of sugar and put
it up in an empty box with a tight cover. This will
be delicious for flavouring curdles, molasses cake
and anything else where lemon extract is used. It
retains the strength of the lemon while cooking and
is much more delicate to the taste than the oil or
extract of lemon.

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STORIES.

A BRAVE BOY.

A poor boy was put apprentice to a mechanic,
and being the youngest of three bound to the same
master, was often sent on errands for the rest.
His fellow-apprentices not unfrequently required
him to fetch intoxicating drinks, declaring that it
did them good. They often urged him to partake
of the intoxicating potion with them, but he in-
variably and absolutely refused. He was in conse-
quence treated by them with mockery and scorn;
often weeping in solitude on account of their deris-
ion and insults. But mark the sequel. Every one
of the scoffing apprentices became a confirmed
drunkard; but the abstinent youth realized a for-
tune of about one hundred thousand dollars. He
employed nearly one hundred men, all of whom re-
mained the use of intoxicating liquors. He also
exercised a very beneficial influence upon one thou-
sand more, helping to fit them not only for useful
and honorable positions on earth, but also for eter-
nal happiness in the world to come.

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

One day late in autumn I said to myself: "Oh,
the long winter that is coming, with its dark and
stormy days! How shall I ever get through it?"
Then I said again, or something said to me:
"But it will only come one day at a time!" How
different, how much better that made it seem!
And so, I thought, it is with days of sorrow and
doubt, and perplexity and pain. They come one
at a time. And then there is always the hope—it
may be better to-morrow.

One day at a time God gives us, with new strength
for each, if we will seek for it. He is merciful,
even in life's winter time.

THE MYSTERY.

No. 121.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.
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Long Reach, Kings.

No. 122.—ACROSTIC.

1. The waters that were sweetened for Israel's
son and sire.

2. The King whose captains were all destroyed
by fire.

3. The place where the sound was heard in the
mulberry trees.

4. The place where part of Israel are burned for
their sin God sees.

5. The place where the burning bush caused all
to hark.

6. The place where Dagon fell before the ark.

The initials make the name of a woman who loved
the Lord.

Upper Woodstock, Carleton.

No. 123.—BIBLE QUERY.

How many times does the word rose, the flower,
occur in the Bible? IDA AND MINNIE.

Frederick, York.

No. 124.—BIBLE QUIZ.

1. Where is "a great woman" mentioned in the
Bible?

2. Is "a ferry-boat" mentioned in the Bible? If
so, where? "STRAID."

Central Hamstead, Queens.

(The Mystery solved in three weeks.)

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

(May 23rd.)

No. 99.—Corinth.

No. 100.—"Whose loveth instruction loveth
knowledge."

No. 101.—1. Amos. 2. Euan. 3. Mary.

No. 102.—"The Lord is my shepherd."

No. 103.—1. Antiochus. 2. Euan. 3. Mary.

No. 104.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 105.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 106.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 107.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 108.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 109.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 110.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 111.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 112.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 113.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 114.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 115.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 116.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 117.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 118.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 119.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 120.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 121.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

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No. 125.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

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No. 135.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 136.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 137.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 138.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 139.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 140.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 141.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 142.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 143.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 144.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 145.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 146.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 147.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 148.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 149.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 150.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 151.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 152.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 153.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 154.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 155.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

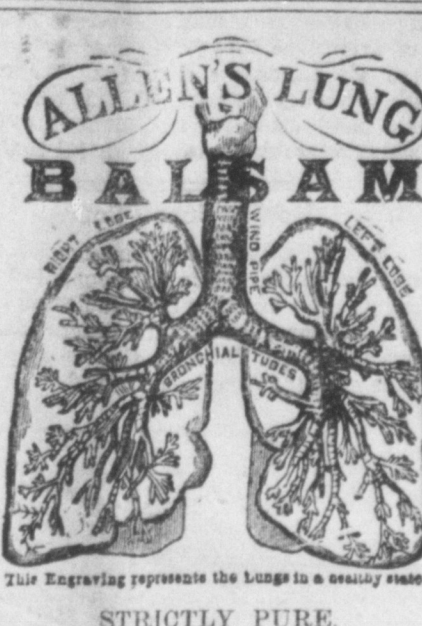
No. 156.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

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No. 159.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]

No. 160.—Psalms. [See Ezra iv. 8-12.]



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