

Children's Church.

BY E. M. TRACUAIL.

The church-bells for service are ringing,
The parents gone forth on their way,
And here on the door-step are sitting
Three golden-haired children at play.

The darlings, untiring and restless,
Are still for the service too small;
But yet they would fain be as pious
As parents and uncles and all.

Each from a hymn-book is singing—
Tis held upside down, it is true;
Their sweet roguish voices are ringing
As if every number they knew.

But what they are singing they know not;
Each sings in a different tone,
Sing on, little children; your voices
Will reach to the Heavenly Throne;

For yonder your angels are standing,
Who sing to the Father of all;
Beloves best the sound of His praises
From children, though ever so small.

Sing on! How the birds in the garden
Are vying with you in your song,
As hopping among the young branches,
They twitter on all the day long!

Sing on! For in faith ye are singing,
And that is enough in God's sight;
A heart like the dove's pure and guileless,
Wings early to heaven its flight.

Sing ever! We elders sing also;
We read, and the words understand;
Yet oft, too, alas! we are holding
Our books upside down in the hand.

Sing ever! We sing, as is fitting,
From notes written carefully down;
But ah! from the strife of the brethren
How often has harmony flown!

Sing on! From our lofty cathedrals
What melodies glorious we hear!
What are they?—a sweet childish lisping,
A breath in the Mighty One's ear.

—Selected.

A Daughter Worth Having.

Two gentlemen, friends who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said: "Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you at dinner to-morrow. Remember, two o'clock sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly, "a daughter. But she's a darling."

And then they parted; the stranger in the city getting into a street car bound for the park.

After a block or two, a group of five girls entered the car; they all evidently belonged to families of wealth; they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain:

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too."

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that. Would you?" This to another girl.

"No, indeed! But there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry.

Just then the exclamation—"Why, there is Nettie! Wonder she where is going?"—caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car-driver.

When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one of the girls.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Who are they for?" said another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then, glancing toward the door of the car, saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting that she wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitting gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little ones. She laid one hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked of his sister:

"The little boy is sick, is he not? And he is your brother, I am sure?"

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss; he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss; he is my brother. We're going to the park to see if 't won't make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a low voice meant for no one's ears except those of the child. "I think it will do him good; it is lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. Where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss; we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess, maybe, Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened; and very soon she asked the girl where they lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet, which she took from a bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths was clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister in a jubilant whisper:

"She said we could eat 'em all—every one—when we got to the park. What made her so sweet and good to us?"

And the little girl whispered back: "It's 'cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes." The gentleman also heard the whisper.

When the park was reached, the five girls hurried off. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car, across the road, and into the green park, the sister, with a heart full of gratitude, following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat carriage and treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp the next day, the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly, introducing a comely lady, "and this," as a young lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah!" said the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw in the street car. I don't wonder you call her a darling. She is a darling and no mistake, God bless her."

And then he told his friends what he had seen and heard in the horse car.

Sign Posts.

The wise boys and girls learn from other's experiences. They listen when people older than themselves warn them of possible dangers. The foolish boys and girls are the ones who insist that they know so much that they need not learn more, or who think themselves so sharp, so bright, that they can see the obstacles that tripped others. The Scientific American not long since published a paragraph entitled "Mistakes of a Life." The mistakes were summed up as follows:

"It is a great mistake to set up our standard of right and wrong, and judge accordingly."

"To measure the enjoyment of others by your own."

"To expect uniformity of opinion in this world."

"To look for judgment and experience in youth."

"To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike."

"To yield to immaterial trifles."

"To look for perfection in our own actions."

"To worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied."

"Not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power."

"Not to make allowances for the infirmities of others."

"To consider everything impossible that we cannot perform."

"To believe only what our finite minds can grasp."

"To expect to be able to understand everything."—Buffalo Christian Advertiser.

Clear Through.

A little boy, only seven years old, who was trying hard to be a Christian, was watching the servant Maggie as she pared an extra large potato which was very white and nice on the outside but when cut into pieces it showed itself to be hollow and black inside with dry rot. Instantly Willie exclaimed:

"Why, Maggie, that potato isn't a Christian."

"What do you mean?" asked Maggie.

"Don't you see it has a bad heart?" was Willie's reply.

It seems that this little boy had learned enough of the religion of

Jesus to know that, however fair the outside may be, it will never do to have the heart black. We must be sound and right clear through.—Christian Observer.

The Right Kind of a Boy.

If a boy is always ready for little deeds of kindness; if he is willing to give up his own plans to help along the plans of others; if he tells the truth though it may be against himself; if he obeys his parents cheerfully and promptly, even when the task is hard and disagreeable, it is easy for any one to see what that boy desires most.

His wish is to do right, and such a wish is always granted, because the Holy Spirit is ever ready to lead the willing feet into the paths of righteousness.

RANDOM READINGS.

Don't fret. Fretting is often a worse fault than the thing that causes it.

People don't grow famous in a hurry, and it takes a deal of hard work even to earn your bread and butter.—Louisa M. Alcott.

It is when we feel all broken up and wasted, and that we can only bring the bits to God, that he says Come, and he will take us and mend us, and make us whole again.—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Come, rouse thee up, put self aside, And serve thy God with care, It may be little thou canst do, In some small corner hid from view, Yet he is with you there.

Of one thing the child of God may be sure: the best things in God's plans for him are still in the future, and if there was any good in the days of old which is now lacking in them, that also shall be restored, or shall be bettered to him.—H. Clay Trumbull.

Life is kindled only by life, and the highest form of living can only be called into existence in a child by example.

It is a strange desire, to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others and lose power over a man's self.

O weary soul, full of pain and languishing, have you ever tried to cast your burden on the Lord? He invites you to do so, and waits to sustain you till you learn to know the joy of perfect rest.

It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us even more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not so much to do in shaping our lives as thoughts have which we harbor.—F. W. Tool.

And sure I am that it is better to be sick providing Christ comes to the bed side, and draws by the curtains and says, "Courage! I'm thy salvation," than to be lusty and strong, and never be visited by Christ.—Rutherford.

Men may close their eyes to the evidences of the truth of the New Testament and remain in voluntary darkness and blindness, but the evidences exist, attested by unimpeachable witnesses.—John Hall.

Yesterday is yours no longer; to-morrow may be never yours; but today is yours, the living present, and in the living present you may stretch forward to the things that are before.—F. W. Farrar.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, CARE SETTELMINT, KING'S CO., N. B.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 34.)

No. 235.—N
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No. 236.—1. Candy—tuft.
2. Cow—slip.
3. Holly—hook.
4. Lark—spur.

No. 237.—J
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No. 238.—A
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No. 239.—"Breathes there a man" with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
'This is my own, my native land?'"

The Mystery—No. 31.

No. 250.—CORNERLESS SQUARE.
(BY "VAN," YORK).
A tree; the end; void; to wash; to behold.

No. 251.—HIDDEN CITIES.

(BY EMMA L., EAST PUNTCO, N. S.)

1. The eccentric air of the man was peculiarly apparent in the small community in which he lived.
2. Mr. Jones will be at home to-day, to-night, and, probably, to-morrow.
3. If I never shot a buffalo—well, if I never shot one, I have at least seen many.

No. 252.—PRIZE FIVE-POINTED STAR PUZZLE.

FROM "GRIEELY," QUEEN'S.)

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From—
1 to 2 is to cure; 2 to 3, one of the tribes of Israel; 4 to 3 a Turkish Judge; 4 to 5, a delicate kind of fish; 6 to 5, an avenue; 7 to 6, sour; 8 to 7, a Hebrew measure; 9 to 8, to be dull; 9 to 10, to correct; 10 to 1, to strike.

The 5 points, beginning at 1, name a Bible King.

No. 353.—ENIGMA.

(BY HATTIE E. WANNAMAKE, APOHAQUIT.)
My first is a letter. Add it to my second, and it is your mother. Then add my third and it is your father. Now add my fourth, and 'tis the same possessive; then add my fifth, which completes the word, and you have a dwelling-house.

(The mystery solved in three weeks.)

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Q.—We see with two eyes, and each conveys a distinct impression to the retina. Why do we not see double?

—OCULISTICAL.

A.—Because, although each eye receives an image of the same object, differing very slightly from that which the other receives, yet as they each serve to convey but one impression to the mind, the mental perception is therefore of the one thing, and not of the two images. We have in the same way two ears, yet we do not hear double. Perceiving, it must be remembered, is a mental and not a mere mechanical operation; it is dependent upon that wonderful little camera-obscure, the eye, but it is not due merely to the mechanical action of light impinging upon the wonderfully sensitive retina placed for its reception behind the lenses of the eye. You may look at a thing, for instance, without seeing it. Why? Because the mind is employed with some other impression at the time, and consequently, that impression which the sight has conveyed to the mind is not for the instant detected, although it is frequently afterwards remembered. If we want to see well and correctly, we must keep the eye in good order and cultivate the perceptive powers of the mind.

C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured him of a bad case of piles of 8 years' standing, having tried almost every known remedy, besides two Buffalo Physicians, without relief; but the Oil cured him; he thinks it cannot be recommended too highly."

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June 15, 1887.



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