

Father Keep Them.

Father, our children keep!
We know not what is coming on the earth;
Beneath the shadow of thy heavenly wing,
O, keep them, keep them, Thou who gav'st them birth.

Father, draw nearer us!
Draw firmer round us Thy protecting arm;
O, clasp our children closer to Thy side,
Uninjured in the day of earth's alarm.

Them in Thy chambers hide!
O, side them and preserve them calm and safe,
When sin abounds, and error flows abroad,
And Satan tempts, and human passions chafe.

O keep them undefiled!
Unspotted from a tempting world of sin;
That, clothed in white, through the bright city gates,
They may with us in triumph enter in.

The Battle in the Old Attic.

BY ANNIE WESTON WHITNEY.

"I say, Bess, I wish you wouldn't cry so hard," said Tom Sherwood tenderly to his little invalid sister, on whose account he had just spent two long hours alone in the old attic, fighting the hardest battle of his life, a battle with self. More than once he had been tempted to give up the fight, but the thought of a little sister's sufferings had prevented and he did not leave the place till he had wholly conquered self and had ceased to blame his older brother for leaving him to settle the matter. After the battle, he seemed to himself no longer a boy in thought and feeling, and it was with more than usual tenderness that he spoke to his sister, fully determined that she should never know how bitter his struggle had been.

It was scarcely a week since the three children had been left alone in the world, and their father's property was in such a condition that it was doubtful if what came to them would more than provide the bare necessities of life. From an uncle the two boys had each inherited one thousand dollars, which had been set aside for educational purposes, and Mr. Sherwood had been saving up a like amount to be used on his little daughter, who was a terrible sufferer from a trouble that would follow her through life unless soon relieved.

"Tom," said Bessie, sobbing between her words, "I didn't mean to let you know, but when John told me, before he went back to college to-day, that I must go and live with Old Miss Foley, I just couldn't help it. O Tom! what shall I do when you go too?"

"See here, Bess," said Tom, putting his arms round her lovingly, "there's no use worrying over that any more. First place, I'm not going away to study, and second place, you shall never live with Miss Foley, if I can help it, so there!"

"Not going to college! Tom, what do you mean? Why, I believe ever since you were born you've wanted to be a doctor. Tom, we've so often talked of your curing people like me, that I thought you would rather do that than anything else in the world," and there was a disappointed tone in her voice as she spoke.

"There is one thing I would rather do after all."

"What, Tom?"

"I'd rather cure my sister than a thousand others. Bess, dear, don't you see that the money that would teach me to cure others would cure you?"

"Tom," said the child slowly and earnestly, then stopped and looked at him a moment, as fresh tears gathered in her eyes, "do you really love me enough for all that, better than all the years of your life that are to come?"

"Yes, dear," said Tom, thinking of the battle in the attic and of the terrible struggle there had been to give up that future. He wondered now that it had been so hard.

"I—can't let you do that, Tom," she said, "but it will make everything easier now, just to think you were willing to do it."

"You can't help it, Bess. I've made up my mind fully on that point."

"Then what will you do, Tom, if you don't become a doctor?"

Ah! There was where the worst of Tom's struggle had been, but he did not mean to have Bessie know it, so he said, as lightly as he could:

"Mr. Stearns offered me a place in his store to-day and I shall take it."

"But Tom, you hate business so!"

"I can get used to that better than you can to suffering all your life. Bess, don't you understand that I am so glad that I have the money for you?"

Bessie did understand, and winding her arms lovingly round his neck, she told him what she had never meant to have him know, that when John had told her the money was gone that was to have been used to give her health and strength, she had been awake all night wondering if God would not soon let her die.

"You see, Tom," she said sadly, "I could not want to live and suffer for myself, and I thought you would not miss me because you would be at college—and now—O Tom, would you be sorry you used the money if, after all, I did not get well?" she asked anxiously.

"Never, Bess. I would still thank God I had the money to try with."

"Oh! Tom, Tom! I never thought you cared as much as all that; but you know I can't let you do it."

"You can't help it, Bess, I must cure my little sister now, before I think about any one else."

"Then Tom," said the child, earnestly. "I do hope that some day you may be very, very glad. I shall ask God every day to make you so."

They were only a boy and girl, but that day each learned to look on life more earnestly than before. Bessie allowed Tom to consult their guardian and to persuade him to see the great physician who thought he could do so much for her; but her little brain was busy for months after that with thoughts she kept to herself. When she was almost entirely cured her good physician found her one day in tears, and on questioning her learned something of her hope for the future. She told him of Tom; of how he had given up the ambition of his whole life to make her well, and of how she had planned to work for him so he could study as he would like; but it would be so long to wait till she was big enough.

"We won't wait for that," said Dr. Taylor, pleasantly. "The next time he comes we'll talk to him about it."

"Not now, please. I don't know yet, you know."

"But I do," said the doctor, and when Tom came he questioned him and found that the ambition and aims he had resigned had been as strong as any he had ever had himself.

"Did you ever think," he said, "of borrowing the money with which to study?"

"It would be useless to think of that," said Tom. "I am so young no one would trust me so long a time."

"Suppose I were willing to trust you?"

"You, sir!" said Tom, surprised.

"Yes, I found it necessary to borrow money myself when I was studying and am willing to help you now. I may be glad to accept your assistance from time to time in part payment of your debt. Your manner of curing your patient here convinces me you will some day be an honor to my profession."

Tom's eyes opened wide for a moment and then he looked troubled, and Dr. Taylor questioned him again.

"It's about Bess," he said. "You see while I am studying I can't be doing much to help support her, and she may need more than she has."

"That you have already provided for. A week ago your guardian handed me a check for one thousand dollars which I invested in a somewhat risky venture. Later I discovered where the money came from, and immediately went to look after it, and found to my surprise that it had doubled itself. I could not think of using a cent of that for myself, Tom, after what you had done, so I invested the whole amount in your sister's name. If she does not have enough to live on from other sources while you are studying, she can draw on that; but I promise you, whatever happens, she shall not suffer."

Tom tried to speak, but something choked him, and looking round he found that Bessie was crying softly. Kneeling beside her, he let her tell him how happy she was.

"I just knew you would be glad some time," she said, "but I didn't think of it so soon, Tom. Tom, if I thought I was not going to get well now, I shouldn't mind half so much. I couldn't mind anything now, you know, Tom, and she tried to smile behind the tears, "because I am sure you love me so well. Some day, when you are a big doctor and have patients like me, I am going to help you take care of them, and I'll tell some of them how you cured your little sister before you would learn to cure any one else, and it will make them love you so much more, but no one can love you as much as I do. O Tom, Tom—I am so proud of you!"—Chris. Inquirer.

Being Obliging.

One day, when little Arthur was making mud-pies in the front yard, he heard some one call him. It was his Aunt Jane, who was standing on the front porch, with a letter in her hand.

"Run across the street and put this letter in the box, Arthur, please," she said.

"No, I don't want to," answered Arthur, who did not like to be disturbed.

So Aunt Jane went across the street herself, and mailed the letter.

Not long after this, Arthur's mother asked him to take a spool of silk to Aunt Jane, who was up-stairs.

"No, I don't want to," answered Arthur again.

His mother said nothing, but when she went up-stairs herself with the silk she had a little talk with Aunt Jane about Arthur.

An hour later Arthur ran to Aunt Jane with a broken whip.

"Please mend this, Aunt Jane," he cried.

"No, I don't want to," said Aunt Jane, without looking up from her sewing.

Arthur seemed surprised for a moment; then hung his head, and turned away.

When supper was over, Arthur carried a book of fairy tales to his mamma.

"Please read me a story, mamma," he said.

"No, I don't want to," said his mother, who was knitting.

Arthur's lip quivered, and his eyes were full of tears as he sat down on a cushion in a corner to look at the pictures in the book.

But he forgot his trouble when his papa came in.

"O papa!" he said, running to him; "please make me a whistle."

"No, I don't want to," said his papa.

This was too much for Arthur, and he burst into tears. But no one comforted him, and nurse came and took him off to bed.

While she undressed him she told him that no one could love a little boy who never wanted to do favors, and if he were not ready to oblige others he must not expect others to oblige him.

The next morning Aunt Jane came out again with a letter. As soon as he saw her he left his mud-cakes and ran to her.

"Let me put the letter in the box, Aunt Jane," he said.

Aunt Jane smiled and kissed him as she gave him the letter. She saw that Arthur had learned a good lesson, and he never again refused to do a favor.

—Selected.

Labor's Assistants.

The housekeeper well knows that if she would be free from the moth that doth destroy, from the fly that tantalize, from the bug that disgust, she must use the ounce of prevention liberally, and that at no time is the ounce of prevention so sure to make the pound of cure unnecessary as at this season. Many remedies are vouchsafed for as the most efficacious to rid the house of pests. For roaches, bed-bugs, in fact all vermin that delight in cracks and crevices, benzine is an almost certain destroyer. Put pure benzine in a machine-oil can, and squirt into the places where these terrors of the housekeeper hide.

Ammonia is also a remedy not dangerous, but most effective. Ammonia should not be used on paint and varnish; it discolors the paint and turns varnish white. Borax, powdered, is an effective exterminator of roaches; sprinkle freely around the sink and pipes, the floor and base board, not once or twice, but every night for a week, and the result will justify the trouble.

Moths are destroyed and their eggs will never hatch where any pungent odor remains. Camphor is very effective, but must be used liberally. Not here a little and there a little will answer, but a deluge to the pest world, and constant vigilance is the price to be paid for freedom from house pests.

Home Hints.

Eggshells crushed into small bits and shaken well in decanters three parts filled with cold water, will not only clean them thoroughly, but will make the glass look like new.

The frequency of the pulse-beat is increased by drinking hot water or tea, diminished by drinking these cold. Adding a warm covering to the covering of the body increases the pulse by about ten beats a minute. Mental activity diminishes it more or less.

If, after having a tooth pulled, the mouth is filled with salt and water it will allay the danger of having a hemorrhage.

Young Folks' Column.

Conducted by C. E. BLACK, CASE SETTLEMENT, KINGS CO., N. Y.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 23.)

No. 146.—

RECORDS

ELIA

AV

RCOE

ENTERED

E E

D

The Mystery Solved.

(No. 23.)

No. 146.—

RECORDS

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The Mystery Solved.

(No. 23.)

No. 146.—

RECORDS

ELIA

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No. 147.—P—lu—M

A—lt—O

R—ai—N

A—mb—O

D—ra—G

I—de—A

S—ki—M

E—tu—I

A—ri—A

PARADISEA. MONOGRAMMA.

No. 148.—T A B L E

A V A I L

B A B E L

I E G E

E L L E N

No. 149.—

(a) Abednego. (b) Abba.

(c) Aaron. (d) Abeli.

(e) Drusilla. (f) Abraham.

No. 150.—1. 1 Cor. 4: 10.

2. Col. 2: 21.

3. Sol. Songs 1: 13.

4. Jer. 17: 1.

5. Prov. 23: 20.

No. 151.—Mark 12: 37.

No. 152.—Eloquence.

No. 153.—

O—mri. 1 Kings 16: 23, 24.

M—oses. Ex. 3.

N—aman. 2 Kings 5: 1.

I—shbosheth. 2 Saml. 4: 5, 6.

S—himei. 2 Saml. 16: 5.

C—hilion. Ruth 1: 2.

I—conium. Acts 13: 55.

E—numaus. Luke 24: 18.

N—icodemus. John 3: 1.

C—aesar. Acts 25: 11.

E—lijah. Mal. 4: 5.

OMNISCIENCE.

The Mystery—No. 26.

N. B.—Contributions respectfully solicited.

No. 172.—TRANSPPOSED PLACES.

(BY GRACE E. KING, Carlton, N. S.)

1. Greampyn. 5. Nylkoorb.

2. Atusira. 5. Noeforle.

3. Anfrec. 6. Eeashtn.

No. 173.—CHARADE.

BY "BIBLE STUDENT," Brooklyn, N. S.

My first is an animal every one knows;

My second is that which brings sorrow

and woes;

My whole is quite handy when wash-

ing the clothes.

No. 174.—SQUARE WORDS.

(BY LOUISA LARKIN, East Pub., N. S.)

I. A ruler; thought; close; clothes.

II. An engine; to pain; to open;

preserved.

No. 175.—ENIGMA.

(BY B. V. C., Highland Village, N. S.)

In 1, 2, 3, 4 find a river;

And 4, 5, 6 a maiden,

Whole, a place for silver.

No. 176.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(BY A. R., Indiantown.)

My 1, 2, 6 is to decay;

My 1, 2, 3, 4 is a covering;

My whole is a boy's name.

No. 177.—BIBLE QUERIES.

(BY DISRAELI PERRY, Havelock.)

1. What man was sent to deliver Israel from the hand of the Midianites? Where found?

2. Where are the words "sickle" and "gnat" found?

3. Where are "oaks, poplars, elms" in one verse?

No. 178.—PIED PUZZLE.

BY E. GRISWOLD, Port La Tour, N. S.

"I ma het odgo pshehndr nda onkw ym ehpes."

No. 179.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

(BY M. L. GILMORE, Williamsburg.)

A letter; a resinous substance; for writing; a colour; a letter.

The Mystery solved in three weeks.

The Mystical Circle.

PRIZE OFFERS.

We will give a nice prize for the best list of answers to the eight puzzles published this issue.

Another prize will be given to the child under 14 years of age who makes the largest list of common English words from the word

SNOWFLAKE.

Each competitor must send name, full post office address, and age.

DISRAELI PERRY, Havelock, has our thanks for puzzles and poetry. Whenever you send poetry, etc., for press, write only on one side of the paper.

Solutions to Nos. 132, 134, 135, 139, 141, 144 and 145 are correct.

EDWIN GRISWOLD, Port La Tour, N. S., has our hearty thanks for the puzzles sent. Nos. 138, 139, 140, 143, 144 and 145 correctly solved.

CARRIE WADE, Cross Creek, will accept our kindest regards for the excellent puzzles. No. 150 is correctly answered.

M. McLEOD,

MANUFACTURER

—AND—

MANUFACTURERS' AGENT.

No. 36 Dock Street.

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Extracts Jamaica Ginger;
Dr. Noble's Great Cure for Summer Complaint, Cholera, etc.;
McLeod's Quinine Wine;
Tonic Cough Cure;
Rheumatic and Bone Liniment, etc.

McLeod's True Fruit Syrups,
Contains no Alcohol, Artificial Coloring or other foreign ingredients.

Strawberry, Raspberry,
Lemon, Lime Juice,
Special Blend and Imperial.

IMPERIAL and SPECIAL Blend are my own specialties which I can highly recommend—being of combinations of the flavors of the choicest fruits of the Tropics with that of our own Matchless Strawberry.

Ask your dealer for McLeod's Brands of EXTRACTS AND SYRUPS.

LONDON HOUSE
WHOLESALE.

Spring 1889.

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WE have received early shipments of the following lines of goods to which we would direct the special attention of the trade:

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Shirtings, White Cotton Terry,
Silesia, Linings, Jeans.

Owing to the sharp advance on all Cotton Goods, we would respectfully urge our Customers and buyers generally to place their orders at once, as we are quoting lower prices for many lines than the agents of the mills will sell for to-day.

Daniel & Boyd.