

Have Faith in the Boy.

Have faith in the boy, not believing
That he is the worst of his kind,
In league with the army of Satan
And only to evil inclined;
But daily to guide and control him
Your wisdom and patience employ,
And daily, despite disappointment
And sorrow, have faith in the boy.

Have faith to believe that some moment
In life's strangely checkered career,
Convicted, subdued, and repentant,
The prodigal son will appear;
The gold in his nature rejecting
The dark and debasing alloy,
Illuming your spirit with gladness
Because you had faith in the boy.

Though now he is wayward and stubborn
And keeps himself sadly aloof
From those who are anxious and fearful
And ready with words of reproof;
Have faith that the prayers of a mother
His wandering feet will arrest,
And turn him away from his follies
To weep out his tears on her breast.

The brook that goes dashing and dancing
We may not divert from its course
Until the wild, turbulent spirit
Has somewhat expended its force;
The brook is the life of the river,
And, if we the future might scan,
We'll find that a boisterous boyhood
Gave vigor and life to the man.

Ah! many a boy has been driven
Away from home by the thought
That no one believed in his goodness,
Or dreamed of the battles he fought;
So, if you would help him to conquer
The foes that are prone to annoy,
Encourage him often with kindness
And show you have faith in the boy.

Have faith in good resolutions,
Believe that at last he'll prevail.
Though now he's forgetful and heedless,
Though day after day he may fail;
Your doubts and suspicious misgivings
His hope and his courage destroy,
So, if you'd secure a brave manhood,
'Tis well to have faith in the boy.

—Selected

Facing the New Year.

Mrs. Ayre woke on New Year's Day
with a groan. It was a dark drizzling
morning. She had neuralgia in her
right eye. Baby had screamed with
colic half the night. Her husband had
not given her a word of sympathy or
kindness, though she knew he was
awake. He had been moody and ill-
tempered for days. Jane, the girl of
all work, had given warning the night
before. Worst of all, Robert, her
eldest son, had not come home until
midnight. He had fallen in with some
idle fellows of late, and it was, she
thought, owing to his companionship
that his standing at college was low.

She went down-stairs, her soul
feebly staggering under the burden of
woes, and opened the windows.
"In my affliction I called unto the
Lord," she repeated, looking into the
murky sky.

Suddenly a gust of sense and courage
swept through her like a fresh
wind. Afflicted? Why, God was
behind all these petty worries, just as
the sun was back of this drenching
rain! Had she no faith at all? Was
she to go with a whine and lamenta-
tion to meet the new year? God was
in it, also.

She stiffened herself, body and soul.
With the tears still on her cheeks, and
the choking in her throat, she began
to sing a gay little catch of which she
was fond, and ran to her room again
to put on a fresh collar and a pretty
cravat. She had twenty things to do
before breakfast, but she sang on while
she was about them. It was a foolish
little song, yet out of it a singular
courage and life stole into her heart.

"With prayer and thanksgiving—
and thanksgiving—make known your
requests unto God," she remembered.
She passed through the kitchen, stop-
ping to wish Jane a Happy New Year,
with a joke. The wish and the song
and the joke fell into Jane's Irish
heart like a blazing rocket into a dark
place.

She chuckled as she stirred the pota-
toes. The work at the Ayres' wasn't
so heavy after all, and herself had a
pleasant way with her, and there was
the presents now and then. In two
months she would have, enough past
her to send for her sister, an—an it's
likely Tim Flaherty would be crossin'
about that time.

Jane brought in the breakfast with
red cheeks and a broad smile. There
was no more talk of warning from her.
Mr. Ayre, lying awake in bed, was
tempted to wish the morning would
never dawn. He was a close-mouthed,
undemonstrative man, who shut his
troubles down out of sight. But the
weight of them just now was more
than he could bear. Things were
going wrong at the works; every day
he discovered mistakes and petty
frauds. He was growing old; he was
behind the times. Younger manufac-
turers were supplanting him in the
market. Sharper eyes than his were
needed to watch the men and the
books. As far as his business was
concerned, he was in a miserable, blind
alley, from which he saw no exit.

But the hurt which was sorest was
no matter of business. Robert was
low in his Greek class, and still lower
in his Latin. He was growing reck-
less, running with low companions. What
he had hoped from that boy! For
himself he had no ambition—but for
Robert! He was to be a great lawyer
like his grandfather. But here he was
going to the dogs—at nineteen!

For days Mr. Ayre had borne his
misery in grim, ill-humored silence.
But now in his stern despair he felt he
had been silent too long. He would
speak in a way which Robert would
remember to his dying day. He got
up, resolving, as he pulled on his
boots, that the boy should either turn
over a new leaf that day, or leave the
house.

"If he is set on going to ruin, it
shall not be under my roof! I'll not
patter with him!" he thought, his jaws
set and pale. "I'll disown him."

Just then a cheery song rang
through the house. It was the very
spirit of good sense and courage. Poor
Hetty. She had been sick all night,
and worried with that crying child,
and there she was facing the New
Year with a song! "And I behaved
like a brute to her," thought Mr.
Ayre.

He was very fond of his wife. As
he stood shaving himself he listened
to her song, and his lips trembled a
little. Hetty used to sing Rob to sleep
with that ditty when he was a baby.
What a big fellow he was! Big in
every way. There never was any-
thing mean or sneaking about Rob—a
headlong, affectionate, foolish lad.

He listened as he bristled the
razor, holding counsel with himself in
the glass. There could be no doubt
that Hetty had twice his courage to
face disaster. It was her faith per-
haps. As he laid down the razor, he
noddod to himself, almost with a
smile. "I reckon I was too hard on
the boy. I'll give him another chance."

He heard Rob's step on the stairs,
and opened the door, waiting.
Rob had wakened with an aching
head. Defeat at school, the foul talk
of his last night's comrades, his first
drink of whiskey all tore the poor boy's
brain. He rose sullen, and ready for
fight. His father and mother would
both attack him, no doubt. He was
tired of lecturing. He would cut
loose, and earn his own bread like a
free man.

Just then his mother's voice reached
his ears. It was full of tenderness
and cheerful hope. It was that old
song she used to be always singing. He
listened with a forced scowl. But
presently his face softened. Things
insensibly began to look brighter. It
was impossible that life had reached so
terrible a crisis. There was the
savory smell of breakfast coming up,
and the children laughing, and his
mother singing gayly. He came down
the stairs with a sudden throbbing at
his heart.

Could he go back and begin over
again? He had been an innocent boy
a year ago. If father would only hear
reason for a minute.

His father looked out of his door.
"Rob, my son," he called pleas-
antly.

"Yes, father," the boy answered,
stopping eagerly.

"Come in; I want to have a
minute's talk with you. You were out
late last night. You are often out
late."

Robert looked him straight in the
eyes.
"Yes, father, I've been in bad com-
pany. I know it. I'm ashamed of
myself."

"Your mother does not give up,"
said Mr. Ayre irritably. "She has
faith in you. I don't see how she can
begin the New Year with a song. Be-
tween you and the trouble at the
works, I feel as if my reason was
going."

"What is wrong at the works?"
said Rob, anxiously. "Sit down,
father! Don't give me up. Have a
little faith in me. With God's help
I'll start afresh. Don't give me up."

Mr. Ayre looked sharply into the
boy's face. It was honest; it bore the
mark of no bad passion. Perhaps he
had not understood Rob—perhaps he
had made some mistake in managing
him.

"Why do you waste your time and
my money, Robert? You are doing
no good in your studies—"

"Father," said Rob, boldly, "I'll tell
you the truth. I hate books. I never
shall be a scholar. Let me go to work.
Put me in the factory to learn the
business. That is what I have wanted
all my life. I don't care how hard the
work is—"

Mr. Ayre's countenance changed as if
a cloud had vanished and the whole
face of the earth had lightened. Here
was the answer to the riddle! Of
course, the boy was meant for busi-
ness! Cool, shrewd, honest, wide-
awake! Why had he been so blind?

"We must talk it over, Robert.
We must talk it over."

His voice fairly trembled with ex-
citement. He shut the door.

Mr. Ayre was called half a dozen
times, in vain, to breakfast. He came
at last with Robert. The two men had
bright, pleased faces.

"Well, mother!" cried Mr. Ayre,
"Rob and I have a grand scheme. He
is to be my right-hand man in the
works. Confidential clerk until he
learns the business, and then junior
partner. What do you say to that? I
declare I feel as if a mountain had
been lifted from my back!"

Rob was standing behind his
mother. He pulled back her head
and kissed her. She said nothing,
but the happy tears rained down her
cheeks.

"I'm going to begin all over again,"
he whispered.

"Thank God! I knew it would come
right."

"Breakfast, breakfast!" cried Mr.
Ayre setting to work vigorously, while
the children drummed on their plat-
ters. But Rob stood by his mother,
gently stroking her hand.

"Dear old mother!" he said, "that
was a good song of yours this morn-
ing."

"Yes, Hetty," said her husband.
Your voice is as sweet as ever. But
your heart seemed to be singing to-
day, and to good purpose."—*Congre-*
gationalist.

"The Ne'er Do Weel."

"I'm not a bit afraid but James will
make a living; he's as steady to work
as a man. And John, he's a good
worker, too; he's always at the head
of his class in school, and he can be de-
pended on to do his chores and what-
ever is expected of him. But I don't
know about William; he's a queer
boy! I'm afraid he's a ne'er do weel.
What do you think I found him doing
this morning?" and Mrs. Crawford
waited for her husband to guess. She
was always forecasting the future of
her three boys, and their characteris-
tics and ways of doing things were a
never-ending subject of talk with her.

"I don't know," said Mr. Crawford,
absently, "what was he doing?"
"He said he was examining his
dandelions. He had tied a bit of
thread about a dozen or more of
dandelion blooms, and was watching
to see how many days after their
blooming before their white heads rose
up straight covered with fuzz."

"What was the good in that?"
"That was just what I asked him,
and he said he wanted to know how
many days it was from flower to seed.
Darwin used to study things that way.
I told him he'd better get his lesson
and do his chores, and be ready for
school in time."

"He's always finding things that
nobody else sees. Yesterday he
brought home a cast-off toad skin, the
first I ever saw, and he soaked it in
water and stretched it out so we could
see the tiny glove. He's put it in his
room with all his other things."

William's room was a veritable
curiosity shop. There were birds'
nests of various kinds, cast-off snake
skins, cocoons, bugs, beetles, butter-
flies, moths, and what was a matter of
wonder to his friends, William had a
name for every one of them. He knew
what the nests were made of, and
would show you one lined with sheep's
wool, another "bedded with the down
of willows," another in which horse-
hair formed the soft mattress for the
nestlings, another lined with coon's or
squirrel's hair, another in which cast-
off caterpillar skins partly composed
the nest. He could tell you the num-
ber of eggs each bird laid and their
color.

William's father was a farmer, and
from early boyhood William had loved
to take long wood-land rambles. He
learned to call all the trees by name—
his father taught him that. He knew
where every bird had its nest on the
farm, and would climb the trees and
watch the little builders at their nest-
making. Once, curious to see how
many eggs a woodpecker would lay,
he removed the egg laid each day until
he had sixteen! But his tender sym-
pathy with the birds kept him from
robbing their nests.

When he went to college his room
became a museum. His classmates
ridiculed him, called him a "bugolog-
ist," and prophesied that he would
never amount to much, so low was his
standing in the classics; but William
held on his course, kept up his country
rambles, didn't quite fail in his exam-
ination, and finally took his diploma,
undoubtedly the best educated man in
Nature's school that his alma mater
turned out for many a year.

A score of years has passed, and
more. With pen, with pencil, in his
study and on the platform, William
has been occupied in interpreting
Nature to those who would know more
of her. Him she seems to have taken
to her heart and revealed to him many

of her secrets inscrutable to ordinary
mortals. But he first took Nature to
his heart and beguiled her of her
wisdom.

A fly lights on the page we read.
Who of us knows the natural history
of the fly, its varieties, how long it
lives, what transformation it passes
through? A worm crosses our path.
Do we know its name, whence it
comes, whither it goes, how it is
fashioned? A moth flies into the
candle. What can we tell of its life?
A bird sings on our window-sill "a
song without words." Here is a life
full of wonder and beauty, an artism
of surpassing skill and patience; but
of all this how little do we know!

How better can we use these sum-
mer vacation hours than in learning
those lessons taught by the ant, the
bird, the bee, the flower, of the wis-
dom and love and power of the Creator!

SAUCE.—To four large tablespoons
white sugar add two tablespoons of
butter, and one tablespoon of flour;
stir to a cream in an earthen dish;
beat white of one egg to a stiff froth
and add, then pour in a gill of boiling
water, stirring very fast. Flavor to
taste.

Farm Hints.

Warmth is an essential factor in get-
ting eggs from now until spring.

Don't allow any of your crops to be
wasted by rats and vermin.

Protect young trees early to prevent
ravages of mice or rabbits.

Now crowd the feed if you are fat-
tening beeves, pigs, or poultry.

Pigs fatten fast when kept warm,
and sound corn meal makes prime
pork.

See that the fowls are supplied with
plenty of fresh water during cold
weather.

Watch the district schools and their
teachers, and see that your boys and
girls are regular in their attendance.
It is a mistake to work colts when
they are too young. It is well enough
to put the harness on a two-year-old,
but then if he is willing and quiet
there is sometimes a temptation to
put him at hard work. But each
genuinely hard day's work that such a
colt does, will decrease his value much
more than he earns by his labor.

If a man wants to establish a market
that will give him the best price pos-
sible year after year he must be strict-
ly honest in packing and disposing of
his fruit. The rogue is soon found out.
If you have apples that you are
intending to send to market at some
time in the future, do not barrel them
till they are to be forwarded. The
fruit is liable to shrink, thus leav-
ing them loose in the barrel, or perhaps
one or two may begin to decay and
start others in the same direction.

It takes some men a long time to
learn that common cattle will not give
the same return for the labor and feed
expended on them as wellbred cattle
will, but it is a fact that all must
recognize sooner or later. Common
cattle do not bring the very top prices,
even when well fattened; they do not
make as great gain from the same
feed, and they do not mature as soon.
This last fact adds to the cost of pro-
duction by increasing the expense for
labor, and for the use of capital in-
vested in land and stock.

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DEAR SIRS,—I took two bottles of
Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and it
cured me of hoarseness and tightness
of the chest after other things had
failed. I have also tried B. B. B., it
works splendidly for weakness and
headache.

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mild effects of Carter's Little Liver
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tainly please you.

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was induced to try Dr. Thomas'
Electric Oil for a lameness which
troubled me for three or four years,
and I found it the best article I ever
tried. It has been a great blessing to
me."

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cures effected by the use of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla are kept on file at the
office of the J. C. Ayer Company,
Lowell, Mass. Probably no similar
establishment in the world can exhibit
such a mass of valuable and convincing
testimony.

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market is **Ayer's Hair Vigor**.
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humors of the scalp, restores faded
and gray hair to its original color,
and imparts to it a silky texture and
a lasting fragrance. By using this pre-
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kind in the market, and sell more of it than
of all others. No drug store is complete
without a supply of it."

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great benefit and know several other per-
sons, between 40 and 50 years of age, who
have experienced similar good results from
the use of this preparation. It restores gray
hair to its original color, promotes a new
growth, gives lustre to the hair, and cleanses
the scalp of dandruff."—Bernardo Ochoa,
Madrid, Spain.

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Hair Vigor is causing my hair to grow."

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tion I could ever find to remove dandruff,
cure itching humors, and prevent loss of
hair. I can confidently recommend it."

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markable success has been shown in curin-
g while others do not.

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are equally valuable in Constipation, curing
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stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels
Even if they only cured