

### "Do Unto Others."

Do you wish for kindness? Be kind  
Do you ask for truth? Be true.  
What you give of yourself, you find;  
Your world is a reflex of you.

For life is a mirror. You smile,  
And a smile is your sure return,  
Bear hate in your heart, and ere will  
All your world with hatred will burn.

Set love against love. Every deed  
Shall, armed as a fate, recoil;  
You shall gather your fruit from the seed  
That you cast yourself in the soil.

Each act is a separate link  
In the chain of your weal or your woe;  
Cups you offer another to drink,  
The taste of their dregs you shall know.

Look without. What you are, doubt it not,  
You will see, you will feel in another;  
Be your charity stainless of blot  
And how loving the heart of your brother!

—Luella Clark.

### A Story For Married People.

The ringing of the door-bell has a pleasant sound to me, especially in my idle moods. Like an unopened letter, there is a mystery about it, and one waits with a pleasurable excitement to see who or what is coming.

Returning home one day, earlier than usual, I found my wife had gone out; and while lounging idly over the paper, the bell rang.

I waited expectant till Bridget appeared with a note, containing a request from my old friend, Dr. Stearns, to ride out to his residence in the country the next day, to transact some business that had been long pending, and an invitation to bring my wife and spend the day.

I was pleased; first, because I wanted the business completed; and secondly, because I thought I needed a day's recreation.

But the next morning everything seemed to go wrong. Alice could not accompany me, and I could not get off as early as I wished; and consequently I was peevish and fretful; and Alice reflected my humor, I suppose, as it appeared to me she had never been so unamiable.

At length, however, I drove away, though not in a very pleasant mood. It was a lovely October day, and as I rode along noting the tints of the landscape, memory went back to the golden autumn when I wooed and won my bride.

How lovely Alice was then! I thought. And how happy we were! But that was long ago. Yet nature is the same though we are changed. Let me see; we have been married three years; is it possible it is no longer!

And I felt a pang as I contrasted the past with the present, to think that we could settle down into the common-place life we now led.

We had no serious trouble; we didn't quarrel; though when I felt cross, or other things didn't go to suit me, I took no pains to conceal it, and often spoke harshly to Alice, who sometimes replied in the same spirit, sometimes with tears. Yet we were generally good friends. But the charm, the tenderness of our early love had imperceptibly vanished.

I had become careless about my appearance at home, and Alice was equally negligent. Her beautiful brown hair, which she used to wear in the most becoming curls, was now usually brushed plainly behind her ears, unless she was going out or expected company. I dismissed the subject with a sigh, at the doctor's gate, with the reflection that it was the same with all married people—must be so, in fact—for how could romance and sentiment find place among so many prosy realities?

I suppose we were as happy as anybody; and yet, it was not the kind of life I had looked forward to with so many bright anticipations.

The doctor came out and greeted me cordially. In the hall we met Mrs. Stearns, looking fresh and lovely in her pink muslin wrapper, and her jetty hair in tasteful style. She scolded me playfully for not bringing my wife, chatted a few minutes, and flitted away, while the doctor, remarking that his motto was business first and pleasure afterward, led the way to the library.

As we entered the room I noticed a vase of bright autumn flowers on the table, imparting an air of taste and cheerfulness to the apartment. I made some remark about it, to which the doctor responded:

"Yes, I am fond of flowers and like to see them in the house; and as I spend much of my time here, my wife always keeps a vase of them on the table as long as they last."

Our business was finished before dinner, and we walked out in the grounds, which were quite extensive, and tastefully arranged.

There were a variety of flowers in bloom, and I noticed that the doctor selected here and there the finest, until he had a handsome bouquet.

When we reached the house Mrs. Stearns was on the steps. The doctor, still continuing our conversation, gave her the flowers, with a slight bow and smile; and holding up a spray of crimson berries, which

we had broken off, she bent her head while he fastened it among the dark tresses of her hair.

It was a trifling incident, yet their manner arrested my attention. Had I been a stranger, I should have pronounced them lovers instead of sober married people. All through the day I noticed the same delicate attention and deference in their deportment to each other.

There was nothing of which the most fastidious guest could complain; yet, while showing me the most cordial attention, they did not seem to ignore each other's existence, as married people so often do.

I had never visited the doctor before, and was very much pleased with his tasteful home. I said so, after dinner, when we strolled out into the woods.

"Yes," he said, "I think it is pleasant;" and he added, "I believe I am a contented man. So far I am not disappointed in life."

"How long have you been married doctor?" I asked.

"Ten years."

"Well," I pursued, "can you tell me whence the bright atmosphere that surrounds your home? Tell me how you and Mrs. Stearns manage to retain the depth and freshness of your early love, as you seem to do? I would think the wear and tear of life would dim it somewhat. I never saw a home where my ideal of domestic happiness was realized before. It is what I have dreamed of."

The doctor smiled, and, pointing to a thrifty grape climbing over a neat lattice, and loaded with purple fruit, he said:

"That vine needs careful attention and if pruned and properly cared for, it is what you see it; but if neglected, how soon would it become a worthless thing. So the love which is to all, at some period, the most precious thing in life, and which needs so much care to keep it unimpaired is generally neglected. Ah! my friend, it is little acts—trifles—that so often estrange loving hearts. I have always made it a point to treat my wife with the same courtesy that characterized my deportment in the days of courtship; and while I am careful not to offend her tastes and little prejudices, I am sure mine will be equally respected."

That night I rode homeward pondering the doctor's words, and reviewing the years of our married life. I was surprised at my own blindness, and determined to recall the early dream if possible.

The next morning at breakfast I astonished Alice by my careful toilet, chatted over the dinner, and, after tea, invited her to ride. When she came down in my favorite blue organdy, with her hair neatly combed I thought she never looked lovelier.

I exerted myself, as of old, to entertain her, and was surprised to find how quickly and pleasantly the evening passed.

I resolved to test the doctor's theory perfectly, and the result exceeded my most sanguine expectations.

For all the little nameless attentions so gratifying to a woman's heart, and so universally accorded by the lover and neglected by the husband, I find myself paid a thousand-fold; and I would advise all who are sighing over the non-fulfillment of early dreams, to go and do likewise, remembering that that which is worth winning is worth keeping.—Selected.

### Heine's Death-Bed.

Henri Heine, one of the most sceptical and cynical writers of the age, had passed through terrible torments caused by a disease of the spinal marrow. One day, as a friend was calling upon him, he said: "If I could only walk on crutches, do you know where I would go?"

"Straight to the church."

"You jest."

"No, no; straight to the church."

His illness continued, and this is the narrative of another of his friends, who visited him some years later, in 1849:

"I found Heine in Paris, but in what a state! He was lying on a mattress spread upon the floor. The poor man was almost wholly blind, and his body was a prey to the most poignant anguish; his withered arms stretched lifeless by his side; his disease incurable. His back, burned in spots by the surgeons, was one sore. He seemed the very picture of pain; and yet his fair and noble visage had a strange aspect of peace and submission. He talked of his sufferings as if they were those of another. For a long time I could not understand so much peace and resignation in the midst of such an experience, especially in the case of one who had declared himself an atheist!"

"He was not long in giving an explanation. A smile upon his lips, he described to me yet further the dreadful suffering he endured, and, after having said that he should never get better, he proceeded in that steady and powerful voice which still remained despite his utter weakness:

"My friend, believe me, it is Henri Heine who tells you so; and after having reconsidered and maturely weighed what has been written on this subject by men of all sorts; believe me, I have reached a conclusion that there is a God who judges our conduct, that the soul is immortal, and that after this life there is another, when the good will be rewarded and the wicked punished. Yes, this is what Henri Heine says, who has so often denied the Holy Ghost. If ever you have doubted these grand truths, fling from you these doubts, and learn by my example that nothing but simple faith in God's mercy can sustain, without repining, atrocious pains. Without that faith, convinced as I am that my bodily state is desperate, I should long since have put an end to my days."

"Profoundly moved, I seized his hand. He went on: 'There are fools, who, after having passed their lives in scepticism and mistake, and denied God in their words and acts, have not courage to own that they are wholly deceived. As for me, I feel compelled to declare that it is a curd falsehood which long made me blind. Only, at present I see clearly; and any man who knows me most confess that it is not because my faculties have become weak, for never was my mind more clear and strong than this moment it is.'—From a French Newspaper.

### The Change.

We were holding revival services, and responses were given daily to the invitation to come forward for prayers. One evening I went down the aisle (my custom in revival effort) speaking to different ones, urging them to go forward. Among the number was an intelligent young lady living with her aged grandmother. I took her by the hand and asked her to come to Christ, and then and there to take the first step by going forward for prayers. With lips firmly set she refused.

"Do you not purpose to become a Christian?" I asked.

"Yes, sometime."

"Let that sometime be now," said I, and again appealed, but with the same decisive refusal. With a few words more I left her and went to others.

The congregation had been singing, "Come to Jesus," verse by verse to the close. The time for prayer had come. I returned to the altar, where the evangelist stood waiting; and, to my glad surprise, among the number there was the young lady referred to. The invitation had been accepted, the decision made. She took a firm stand for Christ at once.

A little later than this she wrote to her mother in—Nothing was said about the step already taken, but the tone of the letter was a surprise. The mother wrote back, asking, "What has changed you that you write so differently from what you have before?"

The daughter answered, telling the story of her conversion and joy. The news rejoiced the mother, who in turn urged the daughter to be faithful and true for her own, and especially for her father's sake, that he might be brought to Christ.

Recently this correspondence was referred to in a prayer-meeting by the daughter, who then asked that we pray for the conversion of her father. We knelt in earnest petition to the throne of grace in his behalf.

"And if we know that He hears us whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions which we have asked of Him" (1 John 5: 15). Therefore may this young lady expect the conversion of her father.

But I return to that significant question, "What has changed you?" Ah, it was Christ! This "change" is always seen in the soul truly converted to Christ. "Wherefore if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature: the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new" (2 Cor. 5: 17).

To him "who is over all, God blessed forever," be all the glory of praise in this precious work of calling the wayward "out of darkness into his marvelous light."—A Pastor in Morning Star.

### Parental Care.

It has frequently been noted by wise observers of men and things that those children who are brought up with little parental discipline develop into more capable individuals than those who are compelled at home to obey the strict letter of the law. It would seem that the old rule, "spare the rod and spoil the child," is contradicted by experience. Yet if we observe the matter closely we can hardly draw this deduction. It is certainly true that a child brought up without a freedom of action, controlled at every turn he takes, is very apt to be enervated by the process. He has learned nothing from experience, and is quite likely to yield a slavish obedience in the outside world where no obedience is demanded. In short, to use an old phrase, he has all the spirit taken out of him. This rigid

home discipline is happily rare in the present day. Only a strong intellect can survive without being weakened by such an education. All the spirit of the present day, in schools as well as in home life, is toward greater freedom of action on the part of children. Students have meetings of their own, pass laws of their own, and are placed on their honor, as it would have been impossible to do fifty years ago.

Yet to-day there can be no doubt that the average student is more of a gentleman than was the case even a score of years ago, when petty espionage was part of a disciplinary system. The outside observer is quite likely to look upon the present state of things as wholly lacking in discipline, but such is not the case. The child who is allowed to grow up helter-skelter, with no parental control or care, may develop into an able, reliable, intelligent individual, but the chances are against him. He is not to be confounded for a moment with one, who though constitutionally subject to parental care and guidance, is yet given his own free will and is made a fellow-worker with his parents, and not a servile slave. The one is allowed to run riot like a rank weed, the other to grow to his fullest capacity like a well nurtured garden plant.

Boys and girls should be allowed to have an individuality of their own; to have a room and belongings sacred to themselves alone, where they can bring their friends; and while it is necessary of course that the parents should always exercise a supervision over everything it should be a gentle supervision. They must become confidants of their children, and must themselves have lived such true and loyal lives as to be worthy of such confidence. Children, who have been brought up in an atmosphere of truthfulness, of high ideals, who have not been pampered with the gratification of selfish whims, are not likely to go far astray. The silly mother who allows her maternal love to control her common sense, who does not control her children when she sees evil impulses and evil passions taking possession of them, is of course the weakest and most objectionable parent, and the evil she has ignored, or even encouraged, may be the destruction of her child and bring her to shame and confusion.

The over-strict mother who gives her children no experience and no life of their own makes almost as bad a mistake. The right course lies between the two. The discipline of home should be an over watchful care and love which guides and warns, without compulsion, and yet is as effectual as compulsion.

WHO ARE THE COWARDS—The captain of a ship says: "I am in the habit of reading the Scriptures to the crew. I have suffered much lately at sea; having been dismasted, and had all my boats washed away, a little to the westward of Cape Clear. I then had an opportunity of seeing who was who; and I found the most unprincipled men, the most useless and the greatest cowards in this awful gale, and the Bible men altogether the reverse, most useful and courageous."

A MAN SAID to a professing Christian, who was seeking his salvation, "My wife is a member of Church, but she goes with me to the theater whenever I ask her. I think most professors of religion enjoy the world about as the rest of us. I don't take much stock in religion." His wife went with him to the theater, but he did not go with her to Church. If she had not gone with him to the theater, probably he would have felt more like going with her to Church.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

WE FIND the best Condition Powders "Maud S."

Women with pale, colorless faces, who feel weak and discouraged, will receive both mental and bodily vigor by using Carter's Iron Pills, which are made for the blood, nerves and complexion.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Many people who pride themselves on their blue blood would be far happier with pure blood; but, while we cannot choose our ancestors, fortunately, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, we can transmit pure blood to our posterity.

N. McRae Wybridge, writes:—"I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; it is used for colds sore throat, croup, &c., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds, and bruises."

Nothing creates more disease, discomfort and distress than constipation of the bowels, in B. B. B. we have a remedy sure to remove and cure it.

## "August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time I was a great sufferer. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. Then in a few moments that horrid distress would come on and I would have to eat and suffer again. I took a little of your medicine, and felt much better, and after taking a little more 'August Flower' my dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I have never had the first sign of it. I can eat anything without the least fear of distress. I wish all that are afflicted with that terrible disease or the troubles caused by it would try August Flower, as I am satisfied there is no medicine 'equal to it.'"

For that Horrid Stomach Feeling.

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