

Rocking the Baby.

I hear her rocking the baby—
Her room is next to mine—
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms
That round her neck entwine,
As she rocks and rocks the baby,
In the room just next to mine.

I hear her rocking the baby
Each day when the twilight comes,
And I know there's a world of blessing and
Love
In the "baby-by" she hums.

I can see the restless fingers
Playing with "mamma's rings,"
The sweet, little, smiling, pouting mouth
That to her in kissing clings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
And dreams as she rocks and sings

I hear her rocking baby
Slower and slower now,
And I hear she is leaving her good-night
Kiss
On its eyes and cheek and brow.

From her rocking, rocking, rocking,
I wonder where she starts
Could she know through the walls between
Us

She is rocking on a heart—
While my empty arms are aching
For the form they may not press,
And my empty heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness?

I list to the rocking, rocking,
In the room just next to mine,
And breathe a prayer in silence,
At a mother's broken shrine,
For the woman who rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine.

—Selected.

Remedy For Social Evils.

Society is a most curious piece of mechanism. The machinery is very delicate and very complicated. That it should now and then get out of order, need surprise no one. The wonder is, that it can run for three days without friction and breakage. Once out of order, it is curious how we have to go to work to right it. You cannot stop it, as you can a factory, for repairs. The wheels roll on without intermission, day and night, year in and year out. The repairs must be made while the machinery is in motion, and thus require tact and the best method in handling. For the want of these, many efforts at improvement are without success. The reformer, with the best of intentions, fails to adopt the method which alone can be fruitful in good results; or, if the method be good, he is unskilled in its use, so that the work is marred in his hands.

No observer of social movements can fail to notice how much energy is expended in vain to secure reform. It is a mere beating of the air, or possibly the favorite measure proves a boomerang to hurt the one who uses it. Vituperation is a favorite weapon of offense against social ills. The mouth of the reformer is full of cursing and bitterness. The indictment is unmistakable, terrible. The English language is taxed for epithets vile enough to characterize the villainy, and to denounce the men connected with it. The denunciation may be deserved. The half may never be told of the great wrong. By this way of proceeding against it produces two bad effects: It is quite liable to sour the temper of all who indulge in it or sympathize with it; and we know of nothing so hopeless as the case of a sour reformer. Against all the lessons of experience he is trying to catch flies with vinegar; and if they fail to be caught by such an unscientific method, he is wrought up to more intense indignation. Badly as the course hurts the reformer himself, it produces little effect on the evil to be eradicated. If anything, it sets it more firmly in self-defence. In dealing with social wrongs, it has ever been a most difficult matter to set forth the plain truth without awakening angry passions on both sides. Blessed is the reformer able to speak the truth in love!

But the removal of most evils has come in another way. It has been by building up something good to take the place of the bad. The vacancy must be filled. Society knows nothing of the vacuum which holds so important a place in the physical world. The garden in which you sow no good seed will grow an ample stock of weeds; but the weeds are choked out when you seed with clover and timothy. In this our Lord furnishes us an example. With some pretty plain truth for the incorrigible Pharisees, He trusted for the success of His cause to the new forces brought into society. Into the darkness of the world there streamed light from a higher sphere. To the soul burdened with sin there was the promise of new power. Into the kingdom of darkness, long ruled by Satan, He projected the kingdom of light, whose diffusive rays and ameliorating, elevating influences have been felt in molding and regenerating the ages and generations. When the stone kingdom fills the world there will be no room for the devil's. To get Satan out, you must get Christ in; and with Christ once in, you need have no trouble about His arch enemy. He will simply be without occupation. The new King will have captured all his subjects.

No Reason for Hurry.

This good story, which is wandering about in the newspapers, has a lesson for those jostling, hustling persons who make great haste with but very little speed:

An old gentleman, evidently a philosopher, had been spending a week in Chicago. He had been jostled on the sidewalks, crowded against walls, prodded in the side and shoved hither and thither in the midst of a turmoil such as he was quite unused to. His visit was at an end. He was going to a quieter place. He had just bought his ticket, when a station official said briskly, but not unkindly:

"Hurry up, sir, or you'll miss your train."

No doubt the old gentleman seemed a little "slow."

"Hurry, there, hurry," shouted a gate-tender.

"I don't have to, do I?" said the old man.

"You do if you want to catch that train."

"But I don't have to catch it unless I want to, do I?"

"I suppose not; but Chicago's a fast place, sir, and you can't keep up with the possession if you don't hustle."

"People don't get honest here any faster than they do elsewhere, do they?" asked the old man seriously.

"No I can't say they do."

"Nor they don't become respectable citizens any faster, do they?"

"I suppose not," said the official, whose face was beginning to look puzzled.

"Nor develop the Christian graces any faster, do they?"

"No, I guess not."

"Nor reach the highest type of manhood and womanhood any faster, do they?"

This was getting almost beyond the official, but he shook his head negatively.

"Nor learn any faster their duty to their fellow men?"

Again the official shook his head.

"Nor go to heaven any faster?"

"Not much!" said the railroad man, with emphasis.

The stranger took out his watch.

"Well, I have two minutes in which to walk a hundred feet. I guess I can make it without blowing out a cylinder head, can't I?"

He spoke in a gentle tone, almost as if he were speaking to himself, and the railway official picked up his satchel and carried it for him out through the gate and across the platform.

A Word to Grown-up Girls.

"As a rule, grown-up girls have more spare time than is good for them. Many of the occupations they are accustomed to look on as the toils of their lives—fancy-work, paying visits, practising, etc.—are, as many married women and not a few girls could tell them, little more than pleasant and healthful recreations."

"If many a girl would but keep an account of her time for a week, she would be startled to find how much of it, if not absolutely lost, is frittered away. She would discover that one or two hours' reading would hardly interfere, if properly arranged as to time, with any of her amusements and occupations, and would be simply invaluable in giving ballast to her mind, as would an hour a day devoted to the conquest of a modern or ancient language, or to the study of mathematics."

"Let a girl, even if she cannot find time for self-improvement, give up a novel-reading for a time. She will find the deprivation will be far less than she would have imagined, and may console herself by reflecting that the taste for novel-reading is easily regained, while the appetite for graver study cannot be found if once really lost."

"Girls who love good poetry will be astonished at how much they can get by heart by learning one or two verses every morning while dressing, and to find how infinite a treasure through their whole lives will be those 'jewels which on the stretched forefinger of all time sparkle forever,' and which they have made their own by committing to memory."

Her Husband's Family.

How many a wife has wrecked her happiness on the conviction that she has not married her husband's relations. A writer in *Harper's Bazar* gives this sensible advice to brides:

The young wife who leaves her own family in a measure, that is, in its close daily life, and enters largely, as she must need do, into the life and circumstances of another family, will do well for herself if she takes with her the determination to love and be loved there. It is an ill adviser who cautions her to stand upon her rights, and to let the others observe in the beginning that there is to be no interference. It is time enough to resent interference, if it is of the unwarrantable sort, when it comes, and not go bristling all over with arms and

armor to invite attack anywhere. She could remember, too, that sometimes parents have a right to interfere. Even if the interference comes at last, even if it be ill-judged, she will do better to meet it gently than to repel it forcibly. She will be wise to look at the possibilities of her future, too, and to see the folly of weakening any of the anchorages, as one may say, of her husband's life; to see the better part of increasing his love and fealty to his own people, to appreciate the help they will always be eager to give her in strengthening the good and in repressing that which is not so good; the restraint they will be in case of need, the wall of support to all of her endeavors. And even if she never require any help of this sort, and the very thought be a profanity, she should convince herself that her husband's people have, before any thing else is said a right to her affection. They are the ones of whose flesh and blood, of whose life and manners, of whose thought and principles, was born that which is most precious of all the universe to her; they can not be quite unworthy of some portion of that which their son evokes. Sometimes she will find these good people aching for her love; and whether they are so eager as that or not, if she only gave it to them with a quick and tender heart, taking theirs for granted, whatever are her imperfections they will be forgiven, whatever are her excellencies they will be exalted, and she will make for herself and for her husband happiness far exceeding that to be had by any other course.

Take the Broad View

"School is a stupid place," said Tom, dolefully, "an endless round of problems and exercises."

"Piano practice is stupid work," says his sister Nora, disconsolately. "I'm sick of scales and octaves and five-finger exercises."

"A housekeeper's work is never done," sighs the mother of Tom and Nora, laying down the broom to take up her mending basket. It seems hard that woman must give up her girlish freedom and accomplishments merely to darn jackets and wash dishes."

"This treadmill of business is enough to kill a man," says the father of Tom and Nora, lugubriously. "Accounts and bills, bills and accounts! It's a wonder the monotony doesn't drive me into insanity."

Now, as a fact, the lot of this family is not a particularly hard one. But—and in this they represent a very large class—they have never learned to take a broad view of life. Tom has never learned to think of his exercises and problems as stepping stones towards an education and towards manliness of character. Nora has never learned to think of her scale and octaves and five-finger exercise as a means by which she may become an accomplished musician and a woman of stronger character than she could be without some such rigorous discipline. Their mother has never thought of her mending and dishwashing as a part of woman's best and most blessed work, the making of home and shaping of character. Her husband has never thought of his bills and accounts as means towards a comfortable provision for his family, and towards filling his place in this world of labor and responsibility. No wonder, therefore that life and work became, to these short-sighted ones, "stupid" and "monotonous."

It will pay us all to take the broad view.—*Christian Standard.*

A HERO.

A few years ago the traveller through Switzerland might have seen a charming little village, now, alas! no longer in existence. A fire broke out one day, and in a few hours the quaint little frame houses were entirely destroyed. The poor peasants ran around, wringing their hands and weeping over their lost homes and the bones of the burned cattle.

One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors even. True, his home and cows were gone, but so also was his son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept, and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowful among the ruins, while his acquaintances had taken refuge in the neighboring villages.

Just as daylight came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and, looking up, he saw his favorite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little son.

"Oh, my son! my son!" he cried: are you really alive?"

"Why, yes, father. When I saw the fire I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed.

But the boy said: "Oh, no! A hero is one who does some wonder-

ful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah!" cried the father: "the who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."—*Selected.*

The Secret of Health.

Don't worry.
Don't hurry. "To swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

"Simplify!" "Simplify!" "Simplify!"

Don't overeat. Don't starve. Let your moderation be known to all men.

Court the fresh air day and night. "Oh, if you knew what was in the air."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction. Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Think only good thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is."

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal. "Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal."

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

If you know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.—*Laws of Life.*

"Remember, Honora," said Mrs. Perkins to the new nurse girl, "that I do not allow the children to hear stories that might frighten them when they go to bed. You may tell them about birds and harmless little fairy stories, but nothing about bears or lions."

"Yis, mem," replied Honora; and this was the harmless little story she told that night:

"Wanst there wuz a g-r-r-eat big monster of an animal wid horns and a tail of hot fire an' teeth a yard long that wint around in the dead of the night atn up little byes an' gurrils that boddered their nurse askin' her to get up an' give them wather in the night an' tellin' how she lift the baby for a wurrud wid the perlacemin in the paruk and little things loike that. An' this ter-r-rible monster could see right through solid walls, moind yeez, an' he'd ate yeez up for yeez could scrame out. Now cuddle up an' go to slape like good byes and gurrils or he'll be after yeez av yeez say a wurrud. Moind that. Shoph yer shiverin' now, Birdie; an' phwat do yeez mane by chatterin' yer teeth loike that Willie? To slape wid yeez, or yeez'll be ate up the minit I takes the light out."

HEARSAY EVIDENCE.—A eminent lord chief justice, who was trying a right-of-way case, had before him a witness—an old farmer—who was proceeding to tell the jury that he had "known the path for sixty year, and my feyther told I as he heard my grandfeather say—"Stop!" said the judge: "we can't have any hearsay evidence here."

"Not?" exclaimed Farmer Giles. "Then how dost know who thy feyther was 'cept by hearsay?" After the laughter had subsided, the judge said: "In courts of law we can only be guided by what you have seen with your eyes, and nothing more or less."

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This second triumph on the part of the witness sent in a torrent of hearsay evidence about the footpath which obtained weight with the jury, albeit the judge told them it was not testimony of any value, and the farmer's party won.—*Exchange.*

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits.

When the scalp is itrophied, or shynibald, no preparation will restore the hair; in all other cases, Hall's Hair Renewer will start a growth.

LINES FROM LYONS.

DEAR SIRS,—For several years my sister suffered from liver complaint. As doctors gave her no help we tried B. B. B., which cured her completely. I can recommend it to all.

MISS MAUD GRAHAM,
Lyons, Ont.

STRONGER EVERY DAY.

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MRS. L. THOMPSON,
Oakville, Ont.

FOR INFLAMMATION of the bowels give "Maud S." Condition Powders.

"German Syrup"

We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILLIAMS, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

MRS. JAS. W. KIRK, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs. @

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1874	64,072.88	621,362.81	1,864,302.00
1876	102,822.14	715,944.64	2,214,093.43
1878	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.14
1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1884	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1885	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1886	373,500.31	1,573,027.16	9,413,358.07
1887	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
1888	525,273.68	1,974,316.21	11,931,300.6
1889	563,140.52	2,223,322.72	17,164,383.08
1890	889,078.87	2,911,014.19	20,698,589.92

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