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VELTIES.

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., F'ton.

know a little saying. That is altogether true, Av little boy, my little girl, The saying is for y u. is this, O blue and black eyes, And gray-so deep and bright; list of Books vo child in all this careless world Is ever out of sight. ist Library and cheapes

Never out of Sight.

matter whether field or glen. Or city's crowded way, or pleasure's laugh, or labor's hum, Entice your feet to stray; ome one is always watching you, And whether wrong or right, vo child in all this busy world Is ever out of sight

ame one is always watching you, And marking what you do, to see if all your childhood's acts Are honest, brave and true; and watchful more than mortal kind, God's angels, pure and white, ingladness or in sorrowing, Are keeping you in sight.

bear in mind, my little one, And let your mark be high! on do whatever thing you do Beneath some seeing eye. bear in mind, my little one, And keep your good name bright; o child upon the round, round world Is over out of sight.

Sheep or Goats.

Boarders Ac. Poor Jennie! She always enjoyed ming to the children's services," but speaker on this Sunday evening d made her feel very, very sad. Ir. D---, who had addressed children's meeting that night had

en talking about "the sheep and egoats." He had pictured to them er vividly the sheep being separated the right and the goats to the left. enie had listened with attention, d heard the words of the Master to ose on the right hand, "Come, ye ssed of my Father, inherit the kingprepared for you, from the foundion of the world." She had heard, o, the awful words of condemnation he newest at were pronounced upon those on big assorteleft, "Depart from me, ye cursed,

to everlasting fire, prepared for the wil and his angels." he wasn't afraid for herself, she sure she belonged to the sheep; mother, too, she was a sheep; but er-she felt bad when she thought Mother had already gone "to place prepared for"her, and Jennie

her father were left behind. Her ther cared for her in a rough sort of and Jennie knew he was proud his little girl, and pleased with her tentions and her endeavors to please and be "a regular little woman" but the house. He always let her to the children's services that were ed every Sunday evening in the town -d, England. Yet Jennie ald not but feel sad because he never ent to church, and very often went he public house. She cried quite a as she went home, and it was a sad de girl that went into that barelynished double-roomed house that d to keep in order. She had prayabout it as she came along, and

He noticed at once that his little was sad, and at once tried to draw of her the cause of her sadness. poor, little child, with tears in her 188, told in her own simple way of sheep and the goats-simply, but more powerfully to that father than possible to the most eloquent of achers—and the tears flowed afresh ather, are you among the sheep or

ong the goats; The father hesitated for awhile, for knew his answer would pain his lit-Jennie, but he had to admit that was afraid he belonged to "the

M kissed his rough face, and told him at mother and she belonged to "the ep;" mother had already gone "to as they hurried along. place prepared," and she was go-

Poor fellow, he did feel for his child lost children.

eetings at the Methodist church wn Westgate. He hesitated, and oke of his ragged coat; but Jennie ald go early before the people came shake the children. and they could sit in the back pew. e in her anxiety could see a way father. of every difficulty. The man was der the influence of his child at that and when she was so lovingly refuse her? He promised.

surance of her child-faith, that what to be the atchen to a bigger house they all finally went into the enclosure. complished. She herself was as neat as and that was Mary's home. she could make herself. She had put her best sewing on her father's old coat. the old hat.

less to do anything else with that lit- themselves to their letters and papers. tle girl. It was a new experience for begin.

Ere long the service began. Jennie scarcely help feeling proud of the child's sweet singing, but didn't her home. - Presbyterian Banner. like the attention it attracted to himself. While the preacher spoke that night a child was very earnestly praying; and if the prayers of such an one are not powerful to bring down the Holy Spirit in all its convincing and saving power, we should wonder what was. Jennie's father listened in a way that cheered her heart. He never offered to go out before the after meeting. But when the invitation was given to come forward he didn't go. Jennie urged him, but with tears in

his eyes he shook his head. Poor Jennie! She could not understand this. She was so disappointed that the tears came. Suddenly she got up and stepped out of the pew. There was a lull in the meeting, the people had taken their seats again, and the speaker was about to exhort a little, when some of the people in the church noticed a little girl walking quickly but quietly down the east aisle and kneel at the altar rail, and a child's voice was heard in the still, quiet church, trembling and earnestly pleading, "Dear Jesus! Father is among the goats, and Mother and I are

Then the dear child seemed to realize where she was and stopped. Just at this part were heard the heavy sobs of a man. The preacher noticed Jennie's father came out of the pew. He walked down the aisle, threw himself alongside his child, and pleaded earnestly that God would save his soul.

among the sheep, and we don't want

to go into 'the kingdom prepared'

without him. Dear Jesus! Do bring

God hears and answers prayer. That night Jennie was a happy girl, for her father was able to tell her that he belonged no longer to "the goats," but "the sheep."

Montreal. R. CALVERT.

How a Villageful of Children Ran Away.

One bright summer morning, over forty years ago, a little villags in North-western Ohio was in a great state of excitement because every child in the village had suddenly disappeared before breakfast. There was reason for uneasiness; for it was a new country and the fears of the parents suggested wolves, bears, or even Indians, little nine-year-old housekeeper though they saw no signs of them. Where could the children have gone? Had they fallen into the creek or into en she reached home, her father the big rain-water troughs that ran across the end of each house? Each father ran to the creek and each mother peered into her rain-water trough; but no children were to be found. They hadn't gone to the

neighbors, for all were alike bereft. There were wringing of hands and hurrying of feet and shouting and general bewilderment, until Mrs. Forrest said she saw the marks of little bare with trembling lip she asked of him | feet in the sand. Then all the fathers started to follow the tracks, and all the mothers hurried to get breakfast for they knew the little folks would be very hungry when they came home, which would surely be very soon.

The tracks led along the hot, sandy road; and the swift feet of the men Then she scrambled upon his knee gained upon the wavering steps of the little wanderers. They would soon be in sight, the men said to each other,

Yes: after half a mile had been too, and Oh, they did want him to passed, they paused on the brow of little hill, and saw in the hollow the

r trouble, and he did dread the Then half of the fathers shouted, lought of at any time being separated "Mary!" and all the little girls stopped and looked back; and half the fathers Then Jennie used all her powers of shouted, "Henry!" and all the boys suasion to induce him to promise to stopped and looked back. And then and take her with him to special both boys and girls began to run, but were soon caught by the fathers, who, now that they were no longer afraid that something dreadful had happened omised to try and mend it; and they grew angry, and began to scold and

"Where were you going?" asked one

"To grandpa's," said Henry. "To drandpa's," lisped Mary.

Which Henry? Why, there was Hous for his well-being, how could but one. And there was but one Mary? Only one. Those two were drove of pigs following a man. Of It was an awful long day was that all the children there were in the whole course I was interested, my curiosity onday for Jennie. She thought the village. And how big was the village. was greatly excited, and so I deterfor the meeting would never It had just two houses and a post- mined to follow. I did so, and to my

The post-office was a post with a box on the top. When the mail-earriand brushed it, and even tried to clean | er came through the village every two weeks, he left the mail in the box. He kept his word. He felt power- The whole village came out and helped

the father to go into that empty church | walk home, although Mary was not led by his little girl into the back pew, quite three years old, and was clad and await the time for the meeting to only in her night dress. Henry was a year older, and was dressed.

Mary has forgotten all about it; but knew the hymns, and the father could her father says that, even after forty years, he is sorry that he did not carry

Respect to Parents.

Within living memory the respect honor, obedience to the commands and wishes of parents was deeper than it is now. In a past generation men would have been disgusted and shocked at the petulant, disrespectful de: meanor now often shown to parents at the vulgar dishonoring terms in which many even habitually speak of their fathers. I have heard the story told among the young almost with admiration how once a worthless graduate told his father that he really could | Edited by C. E. BLACK,not walk down the high street of Oxford with him unless he dressed in more fashionable clothes. Many fine young gentlemen who are not worthy to tie the shoe latchets of the fathers on whom they depend, almost seem to think it derogatory to use the grand old honored name, "My father." For that term of respect and love a spurious conceit substitutes some cant or loveless synonym. There are fathers in all classes whose children take all the love and self-denial of parents as the merest matter of course, as something due to their own transcendent merits, and give nothing in return. The boy of the working class who is earning his own living at sixteen often thinks it quite intolerable that his parents should have the slightest claim upon him in their destitute old age. 'Parental authority," says the man who is most experienced in London among the young, "seems among some classes to be discontent, and the parents of children seven years old sometimes come to me and say they have no sort of control over their own children." The tradesman's son, whose father has given him an education such as he himself never had, is ashamed of his father, because, though far superior to himself, he drops his 'h's," or does not know the conventions of etiquette; the daughter whose smattering of shallow accomplish. ments has led her to mistake herself for a lady, looks down on her worthier mother from the height of her inferiority, as a person to whom she must leave the whole domestic drudgery whilst she is reading sickly romances

An Undervalued Sister.

or murdering flabby music on the

A boy of five or six years, according to a story in the Chicago Herald, was made happy by the arrival of a baby sister. He had been the only child in the family, and, being a good and obedient boy, had been humored till he was perhaps in some danger of being spoiled. Before the new sister was many weeks old, however, Master Fred began to feel that his own position was sadly altered. The stranger had supplanted him. Father, mother, and servants were all the time talking about the baby. There was no mistake Fred was no longer king. The boy began to be unhappy, and just then he remembered a placard which his father had put up in a conspicuous since. point on the premises some months before: "Ashes to give away. Inquire within." Fred had taken great interest in this notice, and inquired minutely into its meaning. He remembered now that very soon afterward a man called and carried away the ashes. He had been to the kindergarten, and could spell and print concoct the following sign, which his astonished father one day found posted in a sightly position as he came

home to dinner: "A BaBY to give awaY. INquire of FrED."

Lured to Death.

The celebrated Rowland Hill, who was famous for his quaint and forcible illustrations, startled his congregation one Sunday by the following. Said

"My friends, the other day I was going down the street, and I saw a the meeting in the full as- other was a board "lean-to," what was there seemed a little hesitancy, but coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

she had prayed for that night be ac- some day when Mr. Forrest got rich, I was anxious to know how this was brought about and so I said to the

"'My friend, how did you manage to induce these pigs to follow you

The two fathers made the children | my arm; I occasionally dropped a few | up of worthless, though not always

"Yes, and so," I thought, "the devil has his basket of beans under his arm, and he drops them as he goes chemist handles the raw materials in along; and what multitudes he induces large quantities. It is economy, to follow him, by a few beans, to an therefore, everlasting slaughter-house!"

If you are impatient, sit down quiety and have a talk with Job.

If you are just a little strong headed, go to see Moses.

at Elijah.

If there is no song in your heart listen to David. If you are a policy man, read Daniel.

-ST. JOHN, N. B. Devoted to

Puzzles, Solutions, Letters, Stories, etc.

OUR MOTTO: UP WARD!!

- | The Mystery Solved .- No. 41. |-

No. 240.-APE

APPLE ELM

No. 211.-Christopher Columbus.

No. 212.- "Honor thy father and

No. 213.—Railway.

Fo. 214.—1. P. ear. 2. P-ass.

No. 215.—Home.

- The Mystery.-No. 44. |-No. 227.—Drop-Letter.

-N -N-0-I - S-R-N-G

-:0:--No. 228.—ANAGRAM.

A Sun Scare. -:0:---No. 229.-PI.

DiGs Loove. --:0:-No. 230.—ACROSTIC.

'Tis in these lines you see.

On such a motley sight Venus showed out one night, Earth seemed more wild and drear-Ran from each eye a tear. Could ought there be that night, Our seemly visions blight? Aye, true, cold though it be,

No. 231.—DIAMOND. A letter; a light; a musical instrument; an animal; a letter.

-The Mustery Solved in three weeks .-

CHAT.

L. REED, St. John, correctly solves all puzzles in No. 42.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

My son George has suffered with neuralgia round the heart since 1882, but fortunately their goodness does not end but by the application of MINARD'S these little pills valuable in so many ways that LINIMENT in 1889 it completely disappeared and has not troubled him

JAS. MCKEE. Linwood, Ont.

HE QUIT THE DOCTOR. GENTLEMAN, -I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years and tried several remedies but found them of little use. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I quit the doctor, and started to use B. B. B., and soon found that there was after a fashion. So with such helps nothing to equal it. It took just three and hints as he was able to get slyly bottles to effect a perfect cure in my from the servants, he managed to case, and I can highly recommend this price \$6.50 excellent remedy to all.

BERT J. REID. Wingham, Ont.

DEAR SIRS, -I can highly recommend Hagyard's Pectorial Balsam as the best remedy for coughs and colds SAINT JOHN, N. B I have ever used. MISS F. STEPHENSON, Oakland, Ont.

Will positively cure sich headache and prevent its return. Carter's Little Liver Pills. This is not talk, but HEATED BY STEAM THROUGHOUT truth. One pill a dose. See advertisement. Small pill. Small dose. Small price.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Conwas greatly excited, and so I determined for the meeting would never the mined to follow. I did so, and to my great surprise I saw them follow him and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all and this was Henry's home. The mined to follow. I did so, and to my great surprise I saw them follow him and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, and this was Henry's home. The course of imitations, get the genuine. Sold everywhere at 50 cents per bottle \$5.50

IT PAYS

To be cautious in the choice of medicines. Many are injured by trying experiments with compounds purporting to be blood-purifiers, the principal " Oh, did you not see?' said the recommendation of which would seem man. 'I had a basket of beans under to be their "cheapness." Being made as I went along, and so they followed harmless, ingredients, they may well be "cheap;" but, in the end, they are dear. The most reliable medicines are costly, and can be retailed at moderate prices only when the manufacturing

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the valuable components which are imported, wholesale, by the C. Aver Co. from the regions where these articles are richest in medicinal properties. "It is a wonder to me that any other than Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a show in the If you are weak-kneed, take a look market. If people consulted their own interest, they would never use any other; for it is not only the best, but, on account of its concentrated strength and purity, it is the most economical."—James F. Duffy, Druggist, Washington st., Providence, R.I. Dr. A. L. Almond, Druggist, Liberty, Va., writes: "Leading physicians in this

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Sarsaparilla. I have sold it for eighteen years, and have the highest regard for its "Although the formula is known to the rade, there can be no successful imitation of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Without having the enormous facilities of the J. C. Ayer Co., it is impossible for other parties to put to-gether such valuable ingredients, at the low cost of Ayer's

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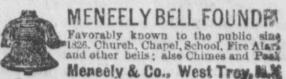
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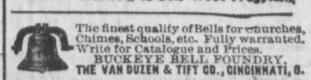
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