

Deacon Jones' Grievance.

I've been watchin' of 'em, parson,
An' I'm sorry fur to say
'At my mind is not contented
With the loose and careless way
'At the young folks treat the music;
'Taint the proper sort of choir,
Then I don't believe in Christians
A-singin' hymns for hire.

But I never would 'a' murmured
An' the matter might 'a' gone
Ef it wasn't fur the antics
'At I've seen 'em kerry on;
So I thought it was my dooty,
Fur to come to you an' ask
Ef you wouldn't sort o' gently
Take them singin' folks to task.

Fast, the music they've be'n singin'
Will disgrace us very soon;
It's a cross between a op'ry
An' a ol' cotillion tune,
With its dashes and its quavers
An' its hifalutin style—
Why it sets my head to swimmin'
When I'm comin' down the aisle.

Now it might be almost decent
Ef it wasn't fur the way
'At they git up there an' sing it,
Hey dum diddle loud and gay.
Why, it shames the name o' sacred
In its brazen worldliness,
An' they've even got 'O' Handred
In a bold, new fangled dress.

You'll excuse me, Mr. Parson,
Ef I seem a little sore;
But I've sung the songs of Israel
For three score years and more,
An' it sort o' hurts my feelin's
Fur to see 'em put away
Fur these harum-scarum ditties
'At is capturin' the day.

There's another little happ'nin'
'At I'll mention while I'm here,
Jus' to show 'at my objections
All is offered sound and clear.
It was one day they was singin'
An' 'was doin' well enough—
'Singin' good as people could sing
Such an awful mess o' stuff—

When the choir gave a holler
An' the organ give a groan,
An' they left one weak-voiced feller
A-singin' there alone!
But he stuck right to the music,
'Tho' 'twas tryin' as could be;
An' when I tried to help him,
Why, the hull church scowled at me.

You say that's so-low singin',
Well I praise the Lord that I
'Grewed up when folks was willin'
To sing their hymns so high.
Oh, we never had such doin's
In the good, ol' Bethel days,
When the folks was all contented
With the simple songs of praise.

Now I may have spoke too open,
But 'twas too hard to keep still,
An' I hope you'll tell the singers
'At I bear'em' no ill-will.
At they all may git to glory
Is my wish and my desire,
But they'll need some extry-trainin'
'Fore they join the heavenly choir!
—Paul L. Dunbar.

Boys' Mothers and Mothers' Boys.

BY MRS. H. R. ROCKWELL,
"Sit down and sit still." This was addressed in a peremptory tone to a boy of eight, by his loving mother.

"Why, what has the boy been guilty of that you subject him to the tortures of the inquisition?" said I.

"Done," replied his mother, "every-thing that he should not do. He is perpetual motion incarnate. He drives me to distraction with his running in and out, asking for this thing and that."

"I suppose he takes the Bible literally," said I, "and asks, expecting to receive,"

This sobered the mother a little with out enlightening the boy, and I proceeded to read her a lesson, first, however, getting the boy reprimanded and sent to the barn with a message.

"Now, Laura," said I, "you will make of that boy, either a knave or a fool. He is all life, all animation. Give him occupation, but not torture. I'll guarantee to keep him quiet half an hour in this very room, and not pinch him either."

"You are welcome to try," said she.

"But seriously what has he done to offend you?" I asked.

"Look at that floor. I have just spent an hour picking up and putting in order, and in my nervous haste have upset my work basket. Now, if there is one thing more than another that aggravates me, it is a disordered work basket. Thread unwound, silk tangled, hooks, eyes, needles pins and buttons in a hetero generous mass. A good half hour's work to re-arrange it, and so many other things to do, and just at the point of despair, in comes that elf of mine, with sticks for a kite, and begins to bother me for strings and a button hook, and walks right through my basket. Is it not enough to make me scold him?"

"No, I do not see yet that boy deserved punishment. I think you are the naughty one."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that the sweet child of yours is the best gift that God has bestowed on you, and that if God

should call him away you would cherish all those kite sticks, and give all your life for one sound of his cherry voice. Hear him whistling now. His voice will be a fortune to him, and the ingenious way in which he has cut those very kite sticks, marks him for more than an ordinary boy."

Of course every mother likes to hear the praise of her children; and this one was no exception. So I had gained my point with her and then proceeded to show her what I would make of just such a boy.

Calling him from the open window, I saw him come with a bound, and thought of the great possibility bound up in that little but healthy body which so readily obeyed the summons.

"Charlie," I began, are you so fond of making money as your big brother? I hear he has already bought a printing press, and anticipates a great fortune in card printing for his friends."

"I never get a chance to earn any money," said the boy, "because every-body says I'm too young, but when I get as old as Robbie, I'm going to make boxes and book racks and sell them like Joe Harvey. I'll make lots."

"Well, Charlie, I suppose you would not mind an odd job now and then, if it paid pretty well, would you?"

"O, I don't care what I do, if I'm only big enough," said Charlie.

"Well, I have a job for you, Charlie, that I think will take you about half an hour. What do you think your time is worth?"

Charlie pondered; like many a man between fear of losing the job by charging too much, and fear of losing some money by charging too little, and like the little philosopher he was, he compromised by asking me what I thought it was worth.

"Well, for a boy of your age, I should think about five cents; that would be at the rate of eighty cents a day of eight hours. There are some men who do not earn that much, you know."

Charlie was greatly pleased with the idea of eighty cents a day, and wanted to go and tell Robbie of his good luck before beginning his work.

I told him that unless he went immediately to work he was in danger of losing the opportunity, and he expressed himself ready and willing to begin at once.

"It is a bargain that you work steadily and faithfully for half an hour for five cents?" I asked. "Remember it is work, steady work."

"Yes," replied Charlie, "it's a bargain."

"Then," said I, pointing to the overturned work basket "put that in order; put all the pins in the cushion, all the needles in the papers, wind up all the spools of thread, and pick out carefully all the snarles of silks, and let me see how neatly you will do it all; meanwhile, your mother and I will walk in the garden and see what other things can be turned to your profit."

Charlie drew a long sigh as he looked at the basket, but he was too much of a man to back out, and when he did begin, it was with a will. The same energy that threw down the kite sticks, and the same care and ingenuity that made them were now employed, and long before the half hour had expired, Charlie was deeply interested in his employment.

"Now," said I to my friend as we strolled down the path, "you see you are the naughty one and ought to be punished."

"I am punished already," she said "at least I am humbled."

"Well, that ought not to be, either; you ought rather to be exalted to know that you are the mother of so good a boy."

"What is your secret?" she asked.

"For an active, healthy lad, occupation; and to cultivate his self-respect, make it remunerative; to cultivate conscientious application, make it a business transaction, but never tell a live boy to 'sit down, and sit still.'"

—Christian Intelligencer.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS Cures Headache and Dyspepsia.

An Emergency Closet.

I think we have all known what it is to be aroused from a sound sleep by the terrible sounds of the croupy cough (at least we who are mothers), and we have sometimes remembered with dismay that we had no peace or other remedy at hand. And some of us—I trust not many—have seen our teething babes go into convulsions in the middle of the night, when there was no fire in the kitchen stove nor hot water in the boiler. Lesser evils too, as burns cut fingers, and so on—how often were there is a family of little children do we have to doctor such ills?

After a good many tribulations for lack of the right thing at the right moment, I established in my home an emergency closet.

Its position recommended it most highly. In the corridor between my own door and that of the nursery

it stood, and it seemed to have been made for nothing else, for it was shallow, with many shelves across one half of its space, and the other half was reserved for hanging purposes.

The first rule I made was this: Nobody was to go to it except in an emergency. The next rule forbade anything being placed in it save by myself. The third and last was that the key should always hang beside the locked door, beyond the reach of the little ones.

And having prepared my closet and announced my rules, I proceeded to arrange the interior and classify its contents.

The top shelf contained medicines, all distinctly and carefully labeled, and with good stout corks or glass stoppers in the bottles. Little boxes of ointments and salves stood well in view in one corner, and there were three spoons of the three sizes called for in giving medicine. On the shelf below was a box of mustard plasters, a bundle of old linen, some of it cut into strips and rolled for bandages, and some left in large pieces is needed, a bundle of white flannels, old and soft; a pile of half-worn towels; another of old sheets; and a thin old blanket, to be put around a hot bath while giving it to a sick baby. On the same shelf, by the mustard plasters, was a jar of mustard, one of flax-seed, and one of hops.

On the lowest shelf stood a coal-oil stove, a large copper kettle, and a deep in foot-tub large enough to hold a child of two years with plenty of hot water to cover it to the neck. Here also were sponges of different sizes.

From the hooks hung several useful articles. A warm eider down flannel wrapper, too faded to see daylight, but the very thing for a sudden tumble out of one's warm bed in the cold winter nights; other flannel garments of various sizes useful as wrappings for children, bags of herbs, bags of woolen rags, bags of old linen too far gone for anything but lint, and a number of other odds and ends, all having a distinct and well known value.

Having placed each article in its established position, I could go to my "emergency closet" in the dark, if needful, and place my hand on exactly what I wanted. If my sisters who are house mothers will try my plan, I am sure they will acknowledge that it is a good one.

For my part, I know not how I managed at all in the days when I had no "emergency closet."—Harper Bazar.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY The Great Blood and Nerve Remedy.

Keeping Appointments.

DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

The family were out on the broad piazza that pleasant September day, some with sewing, others knitting and olive with a book from which he was reading aloud.

"The end of the chapter," he announced suddenly, "shall I go on?"

"Yes, yes, of course," said the eager chorus; "the idea of stopping in that exciting part, when the heroine is in all kinds of trouble."

"And shall I have to leave—who would believe that it is twenty minutes to four?" Louise observed, looking at her watch regretfully; "but I promised to meet Eleanor at Vanatten's at four o'clock sharp."

"Only to find Miss Olive not present, or half an hour late," Olive said coolly. "Better not waste your strength this warm day."

"O, she will be there this time," Louise replied quickly, "For she knows how important it is, and then I made her promise so solemnly, so good-bye," and the young girl hurried away.

Nearly an hour later the book was ended; and the family saw Louise walking slowly toward them. Her face was flushed and she looked tired and annoyed.

"Well, I waited all this time, and no Eleanor," she said, as she sank on the cushioned step. "I cannot understand it, for she knows that this is the only day this week that we can go. I should have attended to it myself, but she has the book with the names of those who must be called upon. I thought of walking out to her house, but it was so late, and I remembered other times."

"When you walked the mile only to find Miss Eleanor had gone elsewhere, your appointment forgotten, and all was in vain," supplemented Olive.

"And yet Eleanor is a nice girl, and so pleasant," said Louise deprecatingly. "I don't see how she can be so remiss, and Sue Carroll and Amy Barton are nearly so unreliable."

The family went indoors, and I still sat by the clematis vine pondering the things in my heart. I have often been struck with this lack in people—the majority—in keeping appointments of great or little importance, if any thing can be termed "little" which wastes another's time and patience.

Is selfishness, indifference or laziness the cause of this general shirking, this want of trustworthiness? Or is it caused primarily from a lack of training by mothers? Are boys and girls taught, as they are other good traits, the necessity of a conscientious regard for their word in keeping appointments? We teach them to scorn a lie, but do we impress on them the disgrace of forgetting or slighting engagements? Do we insist on promptness as well? These are questions we may take time to consider, for it is a fact that if we kept our appointments, took our share—and no more—of the work we engage in, were, in brief, "true and just in all our dealings," that mythical Golden Age would become a modern reality.—Zion's Herald.

Don'ts For Women.
Dorothy Maddox in the Philadelphia Inquirer gives the following hints to her sex:

Don't get confidential. No woman ever gave her family affairs into another woman's keeping, that she did not live to see the folly of so doing.

Don't tell a woman how thin or how stout she is growing. Most women loathe either extreme.

Don't let your curiosity prompt you to ask embarrassing questions about hair and complexion. This is the time of the year when coiffure and skin cannot stand too close criticism.

Don't discuss religion, politics, or the divorce court, unless you are posted as to the inner life of your listeners.

Don't tell a sister that she looks as young as her daughter. This implies surprise that she has succeeded in cheating Father Time of his just perquisites.

Don't fall in love with your warm weather companion. The feminine sweet heart is a tricky individual. She dotes on you to-day and hates you to-morrow. In truth, nothing on earth is more unstable than one woman's affection for another woman.

Summing it all up in a nutshell, if you would woo and win friends, if you would foster tenderness of heart and refinement of soul, cultivate tact. Ah, it is of all links the most perfect in forging love or friendship fetters. It is the key which unlocks the flintiest of hearts. To be able to say the right thing at the right time is to punctuate the fact that you are in your way a genius.

Without the aid of this subtle trait one need never hope to become a social success.

The True Wife.
"Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bow-line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails were unfurled, her streamers were drooping; she had neither side-wheel or stern-wheel—still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew that on the other side, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam-tug, with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on, and I knew that if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reflux tide, no man knows whither."

We do not know who was the author of the following, but it is so beautiful it is worth copying: "A true Christian living in the world, is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water which will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So, in like manner, the Christian is not ruined by being in the world, which he must needs be while he remains in the body, but by the world's being in him."

Religion gives greater love and permanency to our relationships. Our religion makes our loves and friendships as eternal as itself. Love which is the soul of friendship, is the fruit of religion.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

For the thorough and speedy cure of all Blood Diseases and Eruptions of the skin take Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. Mrs. B. Forbes Detroit, had a running sore on her leg for a long time; commenced using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and she is now completely cured. Her husband thinks there is nothing equal to it for Ague or any low fever.

Thousands Like Her.—Tena McLeod, Severn Bridge writes: "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all last winter."

In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil thrice a day, or oftener if the cough spells render it necessary.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

"I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof."

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Academy Mines, N. S., May 6, 1893.

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Believe me, sirs, yours very sincerely

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