

The Winter Rain.

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

I love to sit at evening's close
And listen to the wind that blows
The rain amid the trees;
And hear the cheerful chimney sing
A song to winter's parting wing,
In drowsy harmonies.

'Tis sweet to list the splashing rain,
The soft sound patters in my brain
Till, like the frost-bound earth,
My frozen fancy gains new powers,
And burgeons forth fresh leaves and flow-
ers,
Bright dreams of coming birth.

Forsooth how many pleasant things
The tireless hand of Nature brings,
Intangible, yet sweet!
Unlike the fields that catch the rain,
I hear the sound and cull the gain
Safe from the tempest's beat.

While listening to the storm without,
I wonder what they dream about—
The flowers beneath the mold;
Perchance, like maidens fair and gay,
Their dreams are all of rich array
To witch the wood and wold.

The rain is never sad to me;
In truth, it hath a note of glee.
Each drop that downward goes
May give sweet life-blood to a pink,
Or set a daisy's eyes a-wink;
It may be so, who knows?

So let it rain, I love the chime.
Each crystal raindrop ticks the time
Till days of bloom and song,
To fragrant flowers and birds in tune—
Fair guests that never come too soon,
And never stay too long.

—Sunday-School Times.

Let the Boys be Boys.

Not long since it was my fortune to sit in a railroad car in close proximity to a very attractive looking woman, who had with her a little son about nine or ten years old. He was a handsome boy, and would be noticed in a crowd for his bright intelligent face and general make-up, which was something above the average. Like most boys of his years he was on the lookout for new things and places, and ready for action whenever there was an opening.

We stopped at a railroad junction and the conductor announced that we should have to wait twenty minutes for the belated train, which was to carry our car on to its destination. Twenty minutes is a long time for a restless small boy to wait and he wanted to vary the monotony and get off and take a run along the station. His mother forbade that on the plea that the morning was damp, and he might catch cold. Then he took a stand at the rear end of the car that he might at least see the "lay of the land," but he was called in from there, that being too exposed a place for so dull a morning. His next outlook for rest and change was the window, which he leaned out of in apparent content until his mother discovered where he was, then that perilous place had to be abandoned and he was directed to put down the window and sit still inside. He took all this interference of his mother's with a remarkable showing of patience and obedience; but as he sat there on a seat all alone he began to take off his close fitting kid gloves—and again his mother discovered that he was out of the line of propriety, and commanded that he should leave them on—"but they are all sticky, mamma." "Well, never mind," she said, "you keep them on." "But they don't feel nice, mamma. I want them off." "Well, you can't have them off; you put that right on again," pointing to one nearly removed. So after considerable plying and unhappy look on the part of the boy, he gave up to wear his gloves and sat down in silence to await the coming of tardy train.

I was a silent, but not a thoughtless witness of this mother's treatment of her child. It occurred to me that this might be a process by which a dulleard could be manufactured. Would not this naturally active boy, held in and restrained at every turning, begin to think by the time he reached man's estate that to dress up and sit around is the correct thing for gentlemen to do? Is there nothing in the old saying—"as a twig is bent," etc.?—Can a boy who is not permitted freedom of action even in harmless and unimportant things, ever make a wise, energetic business man? If not a positive sequence, is there not at least great danger that mothers who are constantly nagging their children will lose their hold on their affections, and that in the ripened years to come they will cease to respect the authority that dealt so unwisely and unsparingly with them in their helpless days? I know the mother above referred to was a good woman, and her intentions toward her boy were the very best, but do not parents as often err from want of reflection concerning cause and effect as from any other reason? "Provoke not your children to wrath," was as strongly enjoined upon parents as that other injunction, "Children, obey your parents." Both are from the same trustworthy source and if we with the wisdom of years

forget our part of the contract we must not be amazed if children depart from them. It is a mistake many parents make when they lay great stress on unimportant matters, while so many snares and pitfalls are passed by unnoticed. What is an ungloved hand or a damp morning, that a brave hearty boy must shun them? For pity's sake, good woman, don't coddle your boys into effeminacy. Let them run and grow strong, and have independent and good minds; it is enough to call a halt where you know there is danger then if they disobey and have to suffer for it they will realize the value of your admonitions, and be more ready to heed them.

Folk do not catch cold from a damp morning, unless they have been engendered by hot-house treatment. Those who are always fearing the ills of the flesh will be pretty sure to have them. Faith is efficacious both ways, it will help you get sick as surely as it will help you get well. Let the children be taught to use their understanding that they may be something more than mere echoes. Let them do what they wish to do in all harmless things. The question for children as for older people, is not so much what will the world say or think, as what are the inner convictions of self concerning it.

The world's benefactors are those who dare to stand alone in the right; and I feel sure they were not compelled to wear kid gloves in childhood, when they would have felt better bare-handed.

I look back through the long years to when my boy was like the one I have made a text of. Noisy, restless and full of frolic. The house seemed fairly crowded with children when he came in from school. I remember how often the head of the Sidneys, who likes to read and snore by the evening lamp in peace and quiet, would have silenced his mirth and set him down "to be seen and not heard," only he was afraid to do it. He was afraid of "the neck of the family on which the head turns." I had a few reminiscences stored up of the boyish pranks of the *pater familias*, who had not always been the quietest of lads which I felt called upon at such times to ask him if he remembered; and he usually did remember, and so our romping boy would be permitted to give vent to his exuberant spirits at home, the safest of all places for boys to let themselves out. He has left us now, and gone into the world to take his place among trustworthy, useful men, and I am sure the head of the Sidneys is thankful (though he is too manly to say so) that I would not permit him to chill the innocent youthful outbursts of his boy, when he sees how kindly he remembers the paternal roof, sending weekly messages, and sometimes other gifts as reminders of continued filial affection.

Dear mothers! don't dry up your boys in the budding season, nor permit anyone else to do it. Let them be boys.—*Farm Journal*.

"A. L. O. E."

It was under the pretty disguise of these letters that an English lady wrote many books that have delighted a generation of readers and that are still on their mission of sound, cheerful, wholesome Christian teaching. She was Miss Tucker, a daughter of an English officer who had spent most of his life in India. Miss Tucker was born in England, and never saw India till she removed thither at the age of 54 years—over 18 years ago. She loved India and felt ardently desirous to do what she could to spread the healing beams of the Sun of Righteousness throughout that great land. She had earned enough money by her books to enable her to be a self-supported missionary. A Presbyterian lady writing from India tells through the *Evangelist* how when she arrived at Amritsar a great city of the Punjab, she became the guest of the Presbyterian mission family.

"We felt that we were entering an angel. Miss Tucker came to us on a Saturday. 'What church services do you have on the morrow?' she asked some time during the day. Four were mentioned, and the question asked, 'Which will you take?' 'I think I will take them all,' was the answer, and this she did.

Two or three days after her arrival, Miss Tucker put into the hands of her host a beautiful allegory, written after her coming, and which, translated into several of the vernaculars, has since had a large circulation. This was the beginning of that work which for eighteen years this untiring worker so successfully prosecuted."

Before coming to India, Miss Tucker had learned so much of the language as to be able at once to make herself greatly useful. Zenana doors swung open to receive the gentle lady, and the women clustered around her and listened to her words, drawn by love. The Christian women called her an angel, and the heathen women a goddess. Into the lanes and byways of the city

she went with the Gospel story, deterred neither by the fierce heat of the summer nor the cold, which in the Punjab is trying, even for a European. She gathered about her not only the women, but she taught the young, opening a school for non-Christian boys, and in the Baring High School, established after Miss Tucker went to Battala to reside, she rendered most loyal, loving service. She ministered to the sick, denied herself common comforts in order to help the poor the more, and was patient with, and full of tender pity for, the erring.

She continued to write books in India, in spite of her arduous labors, rising very early and doing her writing before entering on the regular work of the day. She was most faithful and loving towards her pupils, treating them as if they were her very children.

On the second of October she was present at a large missionary gathering on the occasion of the opening of a district church, and astonished all her friends by her brightness and activity. On the eleventh of November she was really ill, but with difficulty was persuaded to take her bed and give herself absolute rest. On the following Monday, feeling somewhat better, she insisted on setting off to a village which she had been accustomed to visit, but returned in so exhausted a condition as to be unable to leave her conveyance without assistance. This was the last time she attempted any active work. By the advice of friends she was removed from Battala to Amritsar, that she might have proper medical attention, and for a few days thereafter there was evident improvement, greatly to Miss Tucker's disappointment, so eager were her longings to go home to her Saviour. I feel that my work for India is done," was her saying to a friend on the 18th anniversary of her arrival there. When she found that death was near not a shadow of fear crossed her faithful and loving soul. "I know that the everlasting arms are around me," she said. "I feel them." Very quietly, and without a struggle she passed away. One whose privilege it was to minister to the beloved one during the last days of her earthly life, wrote of the end: "It was a literal falling asleep in Jesus, a lovely close to a lovely life."

During her illness Miss Tucker expressed a wish that the funeral should be as simple as possible, as an example to the native Christians. She asked that her body be laid on a native bed, and thus unadorned be carried to the grave, and that no black be worn, nor any other symbol of mourning.

We do not know of another example of such courage and devotion, such distinguished service even when age and infirmity came. Her books, translated into many languages of India, are widely read there; and her numerous works find a place in tens of thousands of libraries in Great Britain and on this side of the sea.

Taking Cold.

The season is at hand for coughs, colds, and influenza, which if neglected often result in the most serious disorders. Domestic treatment is usually sufficient if applied promptly, especially if the ordinary health of the sufferer is good. One of the very best remedies to throw off an impending cold is camphor in the alcoholic solution common in our households. Inhale its fumes frequently and freely, and the unpleasant symptoms will disappear as if by magic. Or put a few drops—say twenty or thirty, according to its strength—into a tumbler of water, and take a sip from it occasionally. The homoeopathic remedies, such as aconite, and nux or mercurius and arsenicum, are also excellent, and if properly selected, leave the system fortified against the enemy rather than weakened, as might be the result of more severe treatment.

A time-honored drink for feverishness and colds is prepared in this way: Take a desartspoonful of flaxseed, with two or three thin slices and the juice of half a lemon, and enough loaf sugar to sweeten. Pour upon this about a pint of boiling water, cover close, and let it remain till just cool enough to drink. It should be administered to the patient after he is in bed for the night. It will induce perspiration, and break up a cold if taken at the beginning. This may be varied by using a teaspoonful of corn starch or arrowroot instead of the flaxseed, wetting thoroughly with the lemon juice, then adding the boiling water and stirring briskly. It is a good plan to take lemonade, either hot or cold, somewhat freely the following day to complete the cure; and the appetite usually craves this.

Irish moss makes a delightfully soothing drink, prepared with either water or milk. It may be soaked a few minutes in cold water, in the proportion of half an ounce of the bleached and dried moss to three pints of water, then boiled a short time and strained. Any desired flavoring or spice may be added, but

it is good without. Milk, instead of water, gives a richer drink, and by increasing the quantity of moss a most wholesome and delightful blancmange is formed, to be eaten cold. This is highly recommended for consumptive patients on account of its nutritive and healing properties.

Our grandmothers thought there was nothing like "a good sweat" to break up a sudden cold when rheumatic pains and feverishness prevailed. This "sweat" is a domestic forerunner of the modern Turkish bath, and great care should be taken, whichever means is used, to avoid exposure to draughts or any chill, for a time, while the system is thus relaxed. Medical authorities advise hardening the body against the liability to take cold easily by sponging the throat and chest daily with cold water, and drying with a rough towel, using considerable friction to procure a glow. Another recommendation, from a worthy source, is to form the habit of standing by an open window soon after rising in the morning, and inflating the lungs with pure air by deep breaths drawn through the nose. It should be persevered in as a regular practice.—*Christian at Work*.

Anything for Money.

When Mr. Stead, was in Detroit, he entertained numerous groups of people by little dissertations on various topics of social customs and reform. Referring to the disposition of some men to do anything, no matter how vicious, which will bring no financial profit, he related his experience in Chicago with certain landlords who rent their buildings for immoral purposes. He went to one of them and said:

Do you know the character of your tenants?

I know they pay me my rent.

Do they pay you a good rent?

Yes; three times as much as would be paid me if the place was rented for church purposes.

Then, if a thief offered you two dollars for your place, and anyone else fifty cents, you would rent it to the thief?

I would.

If a murderer or a gang of murderers wanted it, and hung up all around the scalps of their victims, I suppose you would let them have it?

Yes, if they paid me two dollars when the other fellow only paid me fifty cents.

Mr. Stead thought such a man unique in unmitigated wickedness; but he does not differ in principle from other people who rent their stores and houses for saloons. It is a terrible sin to do for cash what you could not be constrained to do from humanitarian or utilitarian motives.—*Michigan Christian Advocate*.

To restore gray hair to its natural color as in youth, cause it to grow abundant and strong, there is no better preparation than Hall's Hair Renewer.

Illogical.

A well-known *literateur* not long ago delivered a lecture before a Buffalo club, and in the course of his talk he had occasion to quote Shakespeare's lines about "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," etc. At the conclusion of his address he was approached by a Scotchman, who expressed his pleasure at the talk, but took occasion to say that his approbation of Shakespeare was only limited.

"There's that bit you said about the uneasy head and the crown. I dinna like it. It's muckle foolish. Now our Robbie Burns would na ha' writ such stuff."

The lecturer was a trifle surprised, but inquired politely why the Scot thought as he did.

"Oh," said the Scotchman, "there's na a mon in Scotland, king or anybody else, sae foolish as to go to bed wi' a crown on. Any mon o' sense wud hang it over a chair before turning in!"

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ABOUT TWO months ago I was nearly wild with headaches. I started taking Burdock Blood Bitters; took two bottles and my headaches have now altogether disappeared. I think it is a grand medicine.

EVA FINN, Massey Station, Ont.

SIRS.—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me.

MRS. A. A. DOWNEY,
Manotick, Ont.

Mrs. H. Hall, Navarino, N. Y. writes: "For years I have been troubled with Liver Complaint. The doctors said my liver was hardened and enlarged. I was troubled with dizziness, pain in my shoulder, constipation, and gradually losing flesh all the time. I was under the care of three physicians, but did not get any relief. A friend sent me a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and the benefit I have received from it is far beyond my expectation. I feel better now than I have done for years."

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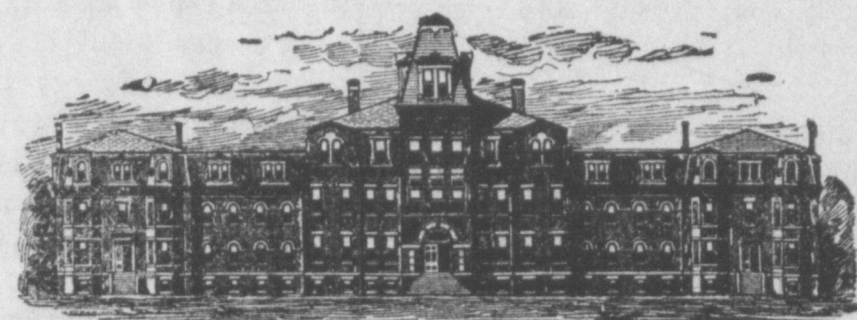
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