From the Boy's Point of View.

What do I like best—summer or winter?
Pshaw! What a question to ask of a boy.
Winter's the time when I live in the city,
Summer's the time that is brimful of joy!
Winter just bores one, with school and its lessons;
There's old composition and 'rithmetic, too,
And spellin' and writin' and jog raphy's awful,
But summer's the time to have nothin' to do.

For, out on the farm where my grandma is livin',
There's cows, and there's horses and those things, you know;
And a fellow don't have to be wearin' his jacket,
And act like a dandy where'er he may go.
There's fences to climb, and there's rabbits to hunt for;
It's fun to go fishin', you know, and all that,
And loaf round the barnyard with hands in your pockets,
And whistle, and wear your old torn-brimmed straw hat.

Of course, summer's best! You just ask any fellow,
And see if it isn't our regular rule
That we boys should like frolic and fun in the country
Far better than city, and goin' to school!
Oh, yes, you may say it is nicer to study,
And talk about "future" and such thing, you see;
But grown folks don't know, that's my honest opinion,
Just how these things feel to a fellow like me.

—*Golden Days.*

A Lesson.

'O mother!' cried Ruth, in dismay: 'if I have to wipe the dishes, we shall miss the coach.'

Mrs. Blake glanced at the clock. 'Oh no,' she said briskly: 'there's nearly half an hour yet, and I have so much to do this morning, I really need all the help you can give me.'

'Mr. Day said they were going to start earlier this year,' said Ira, uneasily.

'Well, I'll not keep you long,' returned her mother.

'Now, Ruth, let's hurry,' urged Ira, when they were ready to go. So they almost ran, down the street, around the corner, up the hill, and then around another corner to the church, from which the excursionists to the beach had arranged to start.

Alas! there were no coaches there, and no excursionists.

Ruth and Ira looked at each other in despair, and the tears gathered in Ruth's blue eyes.

'Don't cry,' said Ira. 'I know a way to go now; and we've got money enough, too. We can take the train to the city, and then inquire the way to the wharf and take the boat. We'd get there almost as soon as the others did.'

'But mother told us never to go on the water unless she or father was with us,' objected Ruth.

'Then you won't go?' said Ira, a little contemptuously.

'Are you going?' demanded Ruth, irresolutely.

'No!' was the savage answer; and then they both turned and walked home.

The disappointment was very great, and their mother felt even worse than they did. 'I am so sorry,' she said. 'I didn't think they would start so early.'

She looked up at the clock. 'Why, it has run down!' she exclaimed. 'That explains it. I'll tell you what you can do,' she said, after she had wound the clock. 'Right after dinner you may go to your aunt Martha's, and stay till after tea. I'd let you go now, but I'm afraid it might not be convenient for her to have you all day.'

Ruth and Ira brightened, for going to Aunt Martha's was almost as great a treat as going to the shore. They always had a delightful time there with their six cousins, to say nothing of the ride in the electric cars.

Ira immediately began packing up a home-made telephone apparatus he had promised one of the cousins to put in between their house and a room over the stable; and Ruth went to making up a package of books, consisting of certain volumes she had borrowed and others she was going to lend.

After this Ruth took the baby to ride; and Ira went on several erranda, which occupied the time till noon.

Mrs. Blake had made a batch of creamcakes for Ruth and Ira to carry to Aunt Martha, and had then begun on the week's ironing, heating her irons on the oil stove, which was placed on the kitchen range, and hanging the clothes as fast as ironed on the clothes-horse which stood close beside the stove. Just before sitting down to the hasty dinner, she rocked the baby to sleep and put him in his cradle, which happened to be in the kitchen near the clothes-horse.

Ruth had on her prettiest gingham, and Ira, too, was all ready to start. So as soon as they had swallowed the last mouthful, they put on their hats, kissed the sleeping baby, took the basket of cream-cakes, and started.

Mrs. Blake followed them to the door, with the scissors to trim the ravelled end of Ruth's hat ribbon.

Just then the door of the next house burst open, and a woman rushed out, wringing her hands and screaming.

'O Mrs. Blake!' she cried out on seeing her neighbor: 'Johnny's cut himself, and is bleeding to death. Come over quick!'

Mrs. Blake, scissors in hand, almost flew across the yard between the two houses, calling to Ruth and Ira, as she ran, not to leave the house till she came back, and disappeared within Mrs. Dill's.

'Humph! I don't believe it's anything,' Ira grumbled. Mrs. Dill always makes a mountain of a molehill.'

'Well, if it isn't, mother'll be back in a few minutes,' said Ruth.

'Yes, but we'll miss the car, and have to wait an hour for the next one.'

They sat down in the sitting-room, gloomily silent. At the end of a very long five minutes Ira spoke.

'What's the use of staying in the house?' he said. 'Let's go out and sit under the oak. The baby'll cry when he wakes up, and let us know.'

'Mother told us not to leave the house,' returned Ruth, hesitatingly.

Ira waited a few minutes.

'Well, are you going?' he asked crossly.

'Going where?'

'Out under the oak, of course.'

'No,' answered Ruth, decidedly: 'I'm not. Are you?'

'No!' snapped Ira. 'Mother told us not to leave the house.'

Then they looked at each other, and laughed.

'Let's have a game of checkers,' Ruth proposed.

'All right,' agreed Ira, jumping up to get the board.

Ruth paused, in the act of crowning her first king, to lift her head and sniff the air. "Seems to me I smell smoke,' she said slowly, still sniffing.

Then Ira sniffed. 'It *is* smoke!' he cried, turning pale, and starting up.

The board fell to the floor, and the checkers rolled all about, as they both rushed to the kitchen.

'*O-h!*'

A light wind had arisen, and, blowing on the oil stove, had caused the blaze to burn higher, and set fire to the clothes on the clothes-horse; and, as Ruth and Ira entered the kitchen, a corner of the light cotten coverlet over the baby was sending up a little flame.

Ruth seized the cradle and dragged it half across the room, frantically put out the little blaze with her bare hands, and then snatched up the baby; while Ira, with all fury, pumped the wash-basin full of water to dash over the clothes-horse.

In three minutes every spark of fire was out. The baby was crying, and Ruth was hugging and kissing him, and crying, too. Ira had found the mop, and was wiping the water from the floor, carefully concealing his face from Ruth; for he was ashamed to be caught showing emotion.

When Ruth warmed the milk for the baby's dinner, Ira took his turn in petting him; and then they both watched him eat, and after he had eaten they carried him about and took a great deal of pains to amuse him.

At length, as he seemed to prefer creeping about the floor to anything else, Ruth and Ira let him have his sweet will, and, collecting their scattered checkers, sat down near the window to continue their playing.

'Dear me!' exclaimed Ruth, after several games, 'it's after three o'clock, what do you suppose is the reason'—

'Here she is now,' said Ira.

Seeing them at the window, Mrs. Blake came in the front way. She looked very tired, and Ruth and Ira studied her face earnestly.

'Is—Johnny'—began Ira, in an awed tone.

'No, dear,' said Mrs. Blake, reading what was in his mind. 'He's going to get well, though it will take a long time. The doctor said, if I had been half a minute later, it would have been too late.

''Tis too bad you had to be disappointed a second time, but it couldn't be helped,' she went on. 'As soon as I had tied a strip of my apron around the poor boy's leg above the cut, and twisted it up with the poker, I had to go for the doctor; and, when I had helped him tie the artery and put Johnny to bed, then Mrs. Dill began to have fainting fits, and I couldn't leave her till just now, when her sister—

'Do I smell smoke?' she said, interrupting herself, and then hurrying out to the kitchen, while Ruth and Ira began telling her about the fire.

She turned very pale at sight of the blackened clothes; and, when she learned about the little coverlet, she caught up the baby from the floor, and, holding him fast, began to cry.

This last was so rare an occurrence that it filled Ruth and Ira with dismay; and they hung about her, begging her not to.

Finally, she wiped her eyes, smiling at their distressed faces. 'I'm all right now,' she said; 'and you are good children. You've stayed indoors all the afternoon. Now go out and swing in the hammock.'

They swung back and forth in the hammock for some time in silence.

'It doesn't seem as though I should ever again be even *tempted* to disobey mother,' said Ira, at length, with a little choke in his voice.

'And I shall never feel so badly about being disappointed,' said Ruth, soberly. 'I shall think 'tis for some reason. Supposing we hadn't missed the coach, or supposing we had started a little earlier and gone to Aunt Martha's.'

'That isn't near so bad as supposing we had taken the cars and gone to the shore or gone out to sit under the oak,' said Ira. 'If we had disobeyed mother, Mrs. Dill would have had to use up that half-minute in coming clear over, and Johnny would have died, and the—baby—would—'

'O Ira, *don't!*' sobbed Ruth.

'Well, I won't,' said Ira. Then, after a minute, 'I say Ruth, let's go into the house and see the baby.'—*The Independent.*

The Books of the Bible.

OLD TESTAMENT—39.

In Genesis you trace the works of God's creating hand;
In Exodus see Israel march to gain the Promised Land.
Leviticus contains the Law—holy, and just, and good.
Numbers records the tribes enrolled, the spies the land that viewed.
Moses, in Deuteronomy, describes God's mighty deeds;
Brave Joshua o'er Jordan's flood the host of Israel leads.
In Judges sad rebellion oft provokes the Lord to smite;
But Ruth records the faith of one well pleasing in his sight.
In First and Second Samuel of David the king we read;
Ten tribes in First and Second Kings refuse to serve his seed.
The First and Second Chronicles show Judah captive made;
But Ezra leads a remnant back by princely Cyrus' aid.
The city walls of Zion Nehemiah builds again:
Whilst Esther saves her people from the plots of wicked men.
In Job we read how faith will live beneath affliction's rod;
And David's Psalms are precious songs to every child of God.
The Proverbs like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear;
The Preacher next tells every man how vain are all things here.
In mystic Song of Solomon find Sharon's sweetest rose;
While Christ as Prophet, Priest and King, the "rapt Isaiah" shows.
The warning voice of Jeremy backsliding Israel scorns;
His plaintive Lamentations each her awful downfall mourns.
Ezekiel speaks in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries;
Whilst kings and empires yet to come Daniel in vision sees.
Of judgment and of mercy great, Hosea loves to tell;
Joel describes the blessed days when God with man shall dwell.
Among Tekoa's herds and flocks Amos received his call;
Whilst Obadiah's chapter tells of Edom's final fall.
Jonah enshrines a wondrous type of Christ our risen Lord;
Micah pronounces Judah lost—lost, but again restored.
Nahum declares on Nineveh just judgment shall descend;
Habakkuk's visions give a view of Chaldea's coming end.
Next Zephaniah warns the Jews to turn, repent and live;
And Haggai writes to those who saw the second Temple thrive.
Zechariah nobly prophesies of Christ's triumphant reign;
Then Malachi the list completes till God shall speak again.

NEW TESTAMENT—27.

Matthew and Mark, and Luke and John, the Holy Gospels write,
Describing how the Saviour lived, and died, and passed from sight.
The Acts of the Apostles show God's signs in every place;
And Paul in Romans teaches us how man is saved by grace.
Corinthians (First and Second) do instruct, exhort, reprove;
Galatians declares the truth that faith doth work by love.
Ephesians and Philippians tell what Christians ought to be;
Colossians bids us live to God, and for eternity.
Thessalonia's two epistles teach the Lord will come again,
While Timothy and Titus show that pastors are but men.
Philemon marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know;
Hebrews reveals the Law was framed the Gospel's truths to show.
James teaches without holiness faith is but vain and dead;
Peter in two epistles points the way the saints are led.
In First and Second and Third John love is the silent spell;
Then Jude gives awful warning of judgment, wrath and hell.
In Revelation view the scenes till earth come to an end,
And learn the lesson of the whole—Jesus, the "sinner's Friend."

John v. 39. Psalm cxix. 97, 105.

—*Onward.*

All Sorts.

They tell me that a bicycle saves a man money. 'Well,' replied Whykips thoughtfully, 'I probably would never have collected my accident insurance if it hadn't been for one.'

Hot weather proves depressing to those whose blood is poor. Such people should enrich their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The small boy was playing cowboy, more to his own satisfaction than that of his nervous father; 'I am the Wild Wolf of Bitter Creek,' he yelled. 'And this is your night howl,' said the parent, appearing with a strap. And Willie howled.

Nervous debility is a common complaint, especially among women. The best medical treatment for this disorder is a persistent course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to cleanse and invigorate the blood. This being accomplished, nature will do the rest.

Bingo—I tell you that carpet I got is going to last as long as we live.

Kingley—How do you know? You've only had it a week.

Bingo—But my baby has been playing on it ever since without any signs of wear.

'Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?' asks Macbeth. Certainly, my lord; the condition of the mind depends largely, if not solely, on the condition of the stomach, liver, and bowels, for all of which complaints Ayer's Pills are 'the sovereignest thing on earth.'

'There, John, are these like the tea biscuit your mother used to make?'

'Um—I think so. Let's see. Too much saleratus, rather heavy, rather overdone. Yes, M'ri', I believe they are almost an exact counterpart.'

"A Prominent Witness."

Rev. J. M. McLeod, Pastor of Zion Church, Vancouver, B. C., writes, July 3rd, 1894:—'It is nearly three months since I finished the package of K. D. C. which you sent me; and though I have for more than twenty years suffered from indigestion that one package seems to have wrought a perfect cure. Since taking your remedy I have not had the slightest symptom of a return of my old enemy. It affords me much pleasure to recommend K. D. C. to the numerous family of dyspeptics as the best known remedy for that most distressing malady.'

Elder Berry—Dr. Thirdly has prayed for rain until he is clear discouraged.

Mrs. Berry—What is he going to do about it?

Elder Berry—Name an early date for the Sunday school picnic.

Russian Official—You can't stay in this country, sir.

Traveler—Then I'll leave it.

Official—Have you a permit to leave?

Traveler—No, sir.

Official—Then you cannot go. I leave you 24 hours to make up your mind as to what you shall do.

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There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle'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.

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Accommodation for Pt. du Chene	10.10
Express for Halifax	13.10
Express for Sussex	16 35
Express for Quebec and Montreal	22 10

A Buffet Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 and Halifax at 7.20 o'clock.

Buffet Sleeping Cars for Montreal, Levis St. John and Halifax will be attached to trains leaving St. John 22.10 and Halifax at 18.40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Moncton (Monday excepted)	5.00
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)	8.05
Express for Sussex	8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene	12.55
Express from Halifax	15.50
Express from Halifax, Campbellton and Pictou	18.30

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