

Father in Heaven I Cry Unto Thee.

HENRY HARVEY STUART.
Father in Heaven, I cry unto Thee,
Bending low the adoring knee;
Look not in anger upon Thy child
Who by the tempter has been beguiled.

Father in Heaven, O hear Thon my prayer!
Where but in Thee there refuge O where?
Where but in Thee can my spirit find rest?
Nought but Thy voice can give peace to
my breast.

Far from the narrow way, Father I've
strayed;
Devious pathways in sin I have made;
Far from the cross have I drifted away;
Satan hath bound me for many a day.

But to Thy service I fain would return;
Shelter me, shield me, my prayer do not
spurn;
Lay thou upon me what seemeth Thee best!
But on Thy bosom allow me to rest.

Benton, N. B. Nov. 1895.

Restitution.

'Do you want to buy any pumpkins?'
said a young voice at the window.

It was such an exceedingly business-
like voice, and accompanied by such a
very sober little face, that Mrs. Grey
had to look twice before she could be-
lieve it was Ted Nelson's.

'Why, Teddy, is that you; and are
those your pumpkins? I thought you
were saving every one of those for a
Jack-with-a-lantern procession when
your Cousin Ralph comes.

'Yes'm,' answered Ted, slowly. 'but
that was before—before we had the
cuphop, and Ned and me learned about
res-ti-tu-tion,' bringing the long word
out carefully. 'Say, did you know all
those verses about paying double and
making res-ti-tu-tion, if a man destroys
what belongs to somebody else, were
in the Bible?'

Mrs. Grey admitted her knowledge
of the passages mentioned, but she
could not see what connection they
had with Ted as a peddler of pumpkins.

'They've got a good deal to do with it,'
said Ted, ruefully. 'We've got to do
it, Ned and me, and we never knew
about 'em till grandma showed us.
Being sorry ain't enough; you've got
to make res-ti-tu-tion.'

'But your grandma didn't have any
pumpkins, and if she did, how could
you have spoiled them? questioned
Mrs. Grey, in bewilderment.

'No'm; it was dishes,' explained Ted,
reluctantly at first, and then appar-
ently determining to tell the whole story.

'It was the slight-of-hand man who
began it. Did you go and see him? Well,
maybe ladies don't care about such
things, but boys do, and we went. You
wouldn't have believed all the queer
things he did; swallowing knives and
cooking eggs in his hat, and every-
thing. Of course, we knew we couldn't
do such things, but it did almost seem
as if we might dance over the plates
and cups, and toss them up the way
he did. Ned thought about it. He
was lying on the lounge one evening
and watching Lina set the table for tea.

'You couldn't dance in and out over
the dishes like the professor did, and
toss up the cups without breaking 'em,'
said Ned.

'I could if I had 'em on the floor,' I
told him.

'Let's see you,' says he.

'It didn't take long to put some of
'em down, and I was hopping in and
out among 'em, and tossing cups to
Ned for him to toss back to me, when
Lina came in again.

'Ted Nelson!' said she; and she said
it so like forty exclamation points that
I slipped and came down crash on two
saucers, and Ned missed the cup I'd
tossed to him too. It struck him
plump on the nose, and then smashed
on the floor. Of course he howled, and
then grandma came in.'

Ted paused as if the rest of the story
were not easily told. 'Well, it was
that evening, after Ned had his nose
done up in court-plaster, she told us
how being sorry wasn't enough, and
showed us the verses. The worst,
though, about cups and saucers—
grandma's kind—is that you can't get
one or two. You have to buy a whole
set.' Ted sighed, and then returned
to business. 'Want to buy any pump-
kins?'

As soon as change could be made
and a great yellow ball deposited on
Mrs. Grey's table, then the small red
wagon passed up the street, and the
young vendor voice was heard shouting,
'Pumpkins, pumpkins!'

A few days later Ted met his old
friend again with a bright face.

'Yes'm, we sold 'em for enough to
buy a new set, and an all-alone China
cup besides, that has all pretty flowers
and gold on it; and grandma says we
can call it a reminder cup.'

'Reminder of what? asked Mrs.
Grey, with a smile.

That one 'don't beforehand is better
than a dozen 'wish-I-hadn't's' after-
ward,' answered Ted promptly.—
Morning Star.

There is no sweeter repose than
that which is brought with labor.—
Cicero.

Twelve New Dresses.

'It's going to be a beautiful party
mother. There are to be twelve girls,
and each one is to have a fairy lamp
at her plate. Oh, no—not twelve, either;
there will be only eleven of us. Belle
Marks won't go.'

'Why won't Belle go?' asked Mildred
Smith's mother.

'Because she has nothing to wear
but an old dress, a real old muslin that
has been washed and darned. All the
rest of us have new dresses, and now
Belle would feel badly. We are so
sorry! Everybody loves Belle, and she
knows so many nice games to play.'

'Couldn't you persuade her to go?'
asked Mrs. Smith. 'It seems to me
she could have just as nice a time in
an old dress.'

'Oh, no, mother; she would feel
queer. I offered to lend her a dress
(I knew you would have let me), but
she wouldn't take it.'

'I like her all the better for that,'
said the mother. 'But, Mildred, did
you offer to wear your old dress, too? Maybe
that would make her willing to go.'

'Wear my old dress? Oh, mother I
don't want to do that!'

'Very well,' said Mrs. Smith, kindly.
'I won't say any more about it. When
you get to have as old eyes as mine,
little daughter, you will see that a
fine dress is one of the smallest things
in the world—a great, great deal
smaller than giving to anybody a
single hour's pleasure. But perhaps,
I am asking too much to expect you to
see that yet.'

Mildred went off to school feeling
very much stirred up in her little mind.
The thought of a new dress, with its
little frills of lace, was very tempting.

'That plain old white muslin is horrid!'
she said to herself; 'but then it would
be so nice if Belle could have part of
the fun too.'

Was it a white angel that sat at the
little girl's side and made it seem better
to please Belle than to wear her pretty
dress? Nobody saw the wings, but I
believe an angel was there.

At the noon recess Mildred and
Belle ran up to Mary Clifton with
bright faces. 'Oh, Mary,' cried Belle
gayly, 'please ask me over again to
come to your party; I want to say 'yes'
this time. Did you ever know any-
thing so sweet! Mildred is going to
wear her plain old muslin to keep me
from feeling badly.'

'You won't mind having us in old
dresses, will you Mary?' asked Milly,
in a joyous tone. 'We're going to carry
big bunches of flowers out of my garden
and that will make us look fine you
know.'

'Mind, indeed?' cried Mary. 'I just
believe—' She stopped short off, and,
kissing the two little girls, hurried
away without finishing her sentence.

But when the twelve fairy lamps
were lighted, Mildred and Belle found
out what a bright idea had struck Mary
for all twelve little girls wore old
dresses and carried bunches of flowers.

'Now, I'm never going to mind al-
l my old dresses again,' said Belle, as
she kissed the other girls good bye.

'You may all wear the newest sort of
dresses after this, and when I put on
my old white I will feel happy to think
how sweet you all were to me about it.
I just love old things.'—Christian
Quarter.

Exaggeration.

With a rueful face Helene came to
mamma one morning, exclaiming,
'This is the worst day I ever saw! It
pours in torrents, and I wanted to go
to see May; she has got the most be-
witching doll; her aunt brought it to
her; she is the nicest aunt in the world!'

As Helene paused to take breath,
her mother said,
'Helene, dear, will you candidly
answer me four questions?'

'Why, yes, certainly,' was the sur-
prised reply.

'Is this the worst day you ever saw?'

'O, you know I didn't mean that.'

'Does it pour in torrents?'

'Well, it rains a little.'

'Is May's doll bewitching?'

'Of course, mamma, I didn't exactly
mean bewitching.'

'Is Mrs. Wortman the nicest aunt in
the world? and mamma turned to wel-
come her sister, as she entered.

'No, indeed, she is not!' and Helene
put her arms with vigor about the neck
of her own aunt, who asked,
'What's this—what's going on?'

The Thimble.

A thimble was originally a thumb-
bell, because it was worn on the thumb
as sailors still wear their thimbles. It
is a Dutch invention, and in 1884, in
Amsterdam, the bi-centennial of the
thimble was celebrated with a great
deal of formality. This very valuable
addition to my lady's work basket was
first made by a goldsmith named
Nicholas van Benschoten, the ancestor
of the American family of Van Benschoten.

And it may further interest
colonial dames to know that the first
thimble made was presented in 1684 to
Anna van Wedy, the second wife of
Kiliaen van Rensselaer, the purchaser
of Rensselaer, and the first Patroon.

Madame van Rensselaer's memory was
duly honored in Holland on the oc-
casion of the thimble bi-centennial. In
presenting this useful gift Van Benschoten
begged Madame van Rensselaer 'to
accept this new covering for the pro-
tection of her diligent fingers as a token
of his esteem.' It was not until 1695,
just two hundred years ago, that the
thimble was introduced into England
by a Hollander named John Lofting,
who opened a thimble manufactory at
Islington—Harper's Bazar.

The Noble-Hearted Boy.

One day a gentleman saw two boys
going along the street of a large city.
They were barefooted. Their clothes
were ragged and dirty, and tied to-
gether by pieces of string. One of the
boys was perfectly happy over a half-
withered bunch of flowers, which he
had just picked up in the street.

'I say, Billy,' said he to his com-
panion, 'wasn't somebody real good
to drop these flowers just where I
could find them? And they are so
pretty and sweet. Look sharp, Billy;
maybe you'll find something by and
by.'

Presently the gentleman heard his
merry voice again, saying:
'O Billy, if here ain't half a pear,
and it ain't much dirty, either! 'Cause
you haven't found anything, you may
bite first.'

Billy was going to take a very little
taste of it, when his companion said:
'Bite bigger, Billy; maybe we'll find
another fore long.'

What a noble heart that poor boy
had, in spite of his rags and dirt!—
Selected.

Solomon's System.

'Do you think it would be wrong for
me to learn the noble art of self-de-
fense?' a religiously inclined young
man inquired of his pastor.

'Certainly not,' answered the minis-
ter. 'I learned it in youth myself, and
I have found it of great value during
my life.'

'Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old
English system or Sullivan's system?'

'Neither. I learned Solomon's sys-
tem.'

'Solomon's system?'

'Yes; you will find it laid down in
the first verse of the fifteenth chapter
of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth
away wrath.' It is the best system of
self-defense of which I have ever heard.'

—Home Companion.

A MAN can do himself no greater
detriment, so far as his religious life is
concerned, than to insist that some
other man's experience shall be the
model for his own. There is no Pro-
crustean mold for Christian life, into
which the hot fluid of conviction and
feeling must be run, so as to secure
uniformity of character. We need,
on the contrary, to beware of making
the inner processes, by which another
soul enters into life, the specific pattern
to which our own movements toward
duty must be conformed. The old
Greek oracle is good advice to those
who are seeking the kingdom of God:
'Know thyself.' If so this were added
obedience to the further counsel 'Be
thyself,' many an hour of perplexity
might be spared to those, who will not
enter in, because they cannot be some
one else. What Christ wants each
soul to consecrate to him, is that indi-
viduality which sets it apart from
every other soul.

How to be Nobody.—Loiter around
your home all day Sunday in your
soiled, unpatched apparel, when you
should be clad in your cleanest linen
and finest suit, occupying a seat in
some gospel church.

When you return from your daily
labor, eat your supper, and go up to
the corner saloon, sit there upon the
beer barrels, smoke tobacco and drink
liquors.

Spend your leisure time in the bar-
ber shops, playing dominoes, checkers
and cards, to kill the precious time
God has given for nobler ends.

Withdraw from the society that is
intelligent, moral and refined, and let
your company be the non-church-goers
the for-beer-senders, and the dime-
novel readers.

Be unambitious to reach elevated
stations, listless in what you are en-
gaged, given to idleness, and satisfied
with your mental and moral growth.

All Sorts.

The man who never worries gener-
ally has friends and relatives who have
to worry for him.

A good appetite and refreshing
sleep are essential to health of mind
and body, and these are given by
Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Liverpool workhouses are to be sup-
plied with incubators, as too many
babies die there from sheer weakness.

As an emergency medicine, Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral takes the lead of all
other remedies. For the relief and
cure of croup, whooping cough, sore
throat, and the dangerous pulmonary
troubles to which the young are so
liable, it is invaluable, being prompt
to act, sure to cure.

Among every 1,000 inhabitants in
the United States there is an average
of 381 who are under 16; in France
there are only 270 such to the 1,000.

If you are anxious to find the most
reliable blood purifier, read in Ayer's
Almanac the testimonials of those who
have been cured of such terrible
diseases as catarrh, rheumatism, and
scrofula, by the use of Ayer's Sarsa-
parilla. Then govern yourself accord-
ingly.

Upon a gentleman's tomb in War-
wickshire we read that he was ac-
cidentally shot by his gamekeeper.
Under this piece of information is the
text, 'Well done, thou good and faith-
ful servant.'

To a silver wedding celebration re-
cently a pious old lady sent as a pre-
sent a pair of flatirons, a rolling pin,
and a motto worked on cardboard,
reading, 'Fight on!'

Nothing Like It.

Rev. Charles F. Y. Bourque, P. P.,
St. Alexandre de Kamouraska, Prov.
Quebec, Canada: 'As to the merits of
your medicine K. D. C., I can assure
you that it has been a great benefit
both to myself and to one of my
parishioners, for whom I had requested
several packages. If I am ever troubled
again with dyspepsia I shall not hesitate
to make use of your remedy.'

We shall be glad to forward to any
address free sample of this wonder-
working Remedy. K. D. C. Co., Ltd.,
New Glasgow, N. S.

A New York statistician makes the
startling announcement that in a
quarter of a century foreign noblemen
have carried out of this country with
their American brides, between \$160,-
000,000 and \$162,000,000.

When a ship is launched in this
country a bottle of wine is broken upon
her prow. They have a prettier as
well as a more significant custom in
Japan, where a cage of different kinds
of birds is provided, and as the ship
begins to move the birds are liberated,
flying to all parts of the compass and
typifying the nature of commerce far
better than a bottle of wine.

A youth, to fortune and to fame un-
known, sent Dumas the manuscript
of a new play, asking the great dramatist
to become his collaborator. Dumas
was for a moment petrified. 'How
dare you, sir, propose to yoke to-
gether a horse and an ass?' The author
by return of post, wrote, 'How dare
you sir, call me a horse?' Dumas, by
next mail, 'Send me your play, my
friend!'

SCROFULOUS SYMPTOMS

Are tumors, abscesses, sore eyes,
eruptions and obstinate skin diseases.
Burdock Blood Bitters cures all blood
diseases, from a common pimple to the
worst scrofulous sore. In all cases of
this nature where the skin is broken
and sores or ulcers exist, the outward
application of B. B. B., diluted with
water if necessary, and applied on soft
linen cloths is recommended to insure
a perfect cure.

NONE BETTER KNOWN.

There is no better known traveller
in the Maritime Provinces than Mr. G.
Fred. Anderson, the popular repre-
sentative of Messrs. T. S. Simms & Co.,
St. John, N. B. Speaking of Norway
Pine Syrup, Mr. Anderson says: 'It
is the best cough cure I have ever used
and I prefer it to any other. I have
given it to friends of mine and it cures
every time. It would be a difficult
matter now to induce me to use any
other.'

The Brightest Flowers must fade,
but young lives endangered by severe
coughs and colds may be preserved by
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Croup,
whooping cough, bronchitis, in short
all affections of the throat and lungs,
are relieved by this sterling prepara-
tion, which also remedies rheumatic
pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney
difficulty, and is most economic.

Home Hints.

Poorly ventilated kitchens make
poor cooks, by destroying the sense of
taste and smell.

Use a wire frame for boiling potatoes
and see how much of vexation it saves
and how satisfactory the result.

By rubbing with a flannel dipped in
whiting the brown discoloration may
be taken off cups which have been used
for baking.

In making steamed custards, con-
stant stirring is necessary after putting
in the thickening ingredients to get a
smooth, creamy result.

Glass vessels may be purified from
bad smells with charcoal. Scour off
the grossest impurities with sand, and
then rinse out with the charcoal.

There is often a weary struggle to
loosen the top of a glass can of fruit.
There need be no trouble if the can is
quickly inverted and the head plunged
into a kettle of very hot water. The
same treatment will suffice to start the
obdurate glass stopper of a perfumery
bottle. The principle is to swell the
neck of the article, so that the cover
will move readily in it. This is best
done by the method described.

CHILLI SAUCE.—Twenty-four large
ripe tomatoes, six peppers, three
onions, two cups sugar, three table-
spoons salt; skin and slice tomatoe,
put in porcelain kettle with onions and
peppers, chopped fine; then add one
quart of vinegar, two teaspoons each
of cloves, ginger, allspice and cinnamon;
simmer two hours; bottle and seal
while hot.

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rrhoea, Leg-Weakness, Liver Complaint and Gapes.
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WILL
MAKE HENS LAY
LIKE
SHERIDAN'S
CONDITION POWDER

therefore, no matter what kind of feed you use
with it daily Sheridan's Powder. Otherwise, your well
laid all winter will be lost when the price for
a very high. It assures perfect assimilation of the
elements needed to produce health and form eggs
absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity
less than a tenth of a cent a day. No other kind is
so good. If you can't get it send to us. Ask Price
Samples for 25 cts. Five \$1. Large two-lb. can \$1.50
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