

"Accountability."

[This is the title of one of the most delectable humorous poems in "Lyrics of Lowly Life," the collected verses of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the negro poet.]

Folks ain't got no right to censur' othah folks 'bout dey habits;
Him dat giv' de aquir'ls de bushtails made de bobtails fu' de rabbits.
Him dat built de great big mountains holered out de little valleys,
Him dat made de streets an' driveways wasn't 'shamed to make de alleys.

We is all constructed diffent d'ain't no two of us de same;
We can't he'p osh likes an' dislikes, ef we'se bad we ain't to blame.
Ef we'se good, we needn't 'show off, 'cause you bet it ain't osh doin',
We gits into su'tain channels dat we jes can't he'p pu' s'in'.

But we all fits into places dat no othah ones could fill.
An' we does the things we has to, big er little good er ill.
John can't tek de place o' Henry, Su an' Sally ain't alike;
Bass ain't nothin' like a sukab, chub ain't nothin' like a pike.

When you come to think about it, how it's all planned out, it's splendid.
Nuthin's done er evah happens, d'out hit's somethin' dat's intended;
Don't keer what you does, you has to, an' hit sholy beats de dikeena—
Viney, go put on de kittle, I got one o' mastah's chickens.

Small Matters of Principle.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY

It is greatly to be deplored that some parents show such a want of principle in what they may term "little things." A boy came into his mother's room from school, not long since, with a glow of enthusiasm on his face, and held up a pocket knife. "See, mother, I traded that old, broken pencil with a boy, to-day, and got a great bargain; it's almost brand new. The pencil wasn't any good, but the boy was willing to swap, because it had such a pretty handle." The boy chuckled with delight at the thought of his shrewd bargain. The mother was busily sewing, and just glanced up at the knife her son held in his hand. Then the boy threw down his books and took his ball. As he passed out he said, "He was a little chap, and did not know how much more the knife is worth than the pencil, or he wouldn't have made such a bargain."

The mother heard the last remark, although it was made in a lower tone of voice, but she did not say anything. If that mother had been a woman of high principle, she would never have let such a transaction on the part of her child pass without showing him the advantage he had taken of one younger and less shrewd than himself. She would have insisted on his returning the knife, which was of so much greater value than the pencil, and have made him understand that the trade had been a dishonest one.

Helen had not done her examples, and it was only a half hour before school. She could not possibly do them in that time, so she said to a friend, "Let me copy my examples from your paper, so I can hand them in to the teacher, and not have to stay in after school." The obliging schoolmate allowed Helen to copy her examples. Helen's mother knew of the deceit her daughter was practicing on her teacher, but let it pass unnoticed. Helen was marked perfect in her arithmetic lesson when she did not merit it.

Sarah forgot her penny for Sunday-school, one Sunday, and a little friend who had two pennies lent her one. Sarah promised to return it the next Sunday. She told her mother about the matter, but her mother did not take that opportunity to impress upon her little daughter's mind that she must be sure and not forget to pay that debt at once. The child forgot her obligation, and the little friend did not speak of it, so it was not paid. "Only a penny!" Yes, but the principle involved was just the same as if it had been a dollar.

A father, in the presence of his little son, hired a boy to shovel off the snow in front of the house. When the job was done the father had nothing less than a five dollar bill, and of course the boy could not change it. "Come around to-night when I get home and I will pay you," said the business man. The boy came and waited, but something kept the man down town so late that he had to go home without it. The next morning the little son said, "Father, that snow-boy came for his money last night, and waited and waited." "I forgot all about that boy," the father said carelessly, "he'll probably come again to-night." But it was three days before the boy could come again, and then there had been no change left for him, and although he needed that money as a dire necessity in his home it was one week before he got it. Would the son of such a father learn promptness from his example in paying the laborer, who is worthy of his hire? Would he think it a matter of prin-

ciple that even such a small transaction as the business man regarded this one, was worthy of immediate attention?

"Mother is sorry to trouble you, but she needs the money for the wash so much. You see Johnny is sick, and"—When Mrs. Baxter heard that pathetic child voice in her ear she exclaimed: "O yes, I entirely forgot that I promised to send my little girl with that money." When the washerwoman's child had gone this same little girl said: "You know, mamma, I asked you twice to let me go to Mrs. Brady's with the money, and you said there was no hurry about it." What impression of trustworthiness for one's word did that child learn of her mother's careless keeping of her promise to one who had served her, and who was kept waiting for her just dues so long that her sick child really suffered in consequence. The poor can make no debts, you know. They must pay down or go without.

Children are very quick to learn what is right and wrong in the way of honesty and trustworthiness. How wonderingly the child looks at the mother, as she receives a coming guest with a show of pleasure, when the same child has heard her mother, only a short time before, speak in the most depreciating manner of that very guest.

Ah, father and mother, let our children learn from us to be straightforward, honest, true and trustworthy, even in the smallest dealings. The glories of the world are nothing in comparison with a solid, right character. To be trustworthy in every word and action in one's life is far surpassing all other honors in this world. Impress upon your children the great importance of being true, and noble of principle, even in the minutest details of life. Never let underhanded, crooked, dishonest things pass unnoticed, but show the upright way at once.

Uprightness and true sincerity in one's purposes of life are characteristics that never bring any one to confusion or in temptation as regards deceit and falsehood. To have our children noble characters we must be living epistles of truth, justice and mercy ourselves. We must be Christ-like in our daily lives. Smiles says: "The good and true draw others after them. They brighten and lift up all who are within reach of their influence. They are so many loving centers of beneficent activity. Let a man of energetic, upright character be appointed to a position of trust and authority and all who serve under him become, as it were, conscious of increasing power." "And Edward Garrett says: "No life can be pure and true in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life, not be purer and stronger thereby." Another writer says: "Every duty, even the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience. Little duties uprightly performed, make the will supple and prompt to obey. The commonest life may be full of uprightness and fidelity to God and one's fellows." And St. Paul says: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—think on these things."

—The Standard.

A Mistaken Mother.

"Why don't you let Helen do that sewing?" I said to my weary friend, who was nodding over a bit of mending. "Sure y she knows how to mend a plain garment like that."

"She never has learned to sew," was the reply. "She is always busy with her books, and I hate to worry her. She will have a hard enough time by and by. I mean to make her life as easy as I can while she is with me."

It was so with the dish-washing, the bed making, the cooking. "Helen doesn't like to do this, that, or the other. She is out with her friends. She is reading. She is tired. I don't like to make a drudge of her. I don't wish her hands to be like mine. These were some of the sayings of the mistaken mother as apologies for the fact that Helen never helped in household affairs, though there was no servant. Poor Helen! I pitied her from my heart. She was learning algebra and geometry, French and Latin, but was deprived of the sweet lessons in loving help, self denial, womanliness, and thoughtfulness, that only a mother can give in the school of home. Helen was listless, idle, thoughtless, except in school, dependent upon others for the service that every woman should know how to perform.

What of Helen's future home and the husband whose life she will largely make or mar? What of the possible children whose teacher and trainer she must be? The untrained girl finds endless difficulties before her when she is at last separated from the mother who has waited on her from baby hood. She has no skill, no deftness, no pleasure

in duties for which she is utterly unprepared. The smallest service seems irksome. A slender income seems a great misfortune. She envies the ease of the rich, who can buy the service of trained helpers. She is deprived of the joy of development, of self-mastery, of power in a domain which especially belongs to her.

I know a home in which from their earliest years the girls and boys are taught to work through play. Bringing in wood for mamma is turned into a game. Washing the dishes is the foundation for a story. Baking day sees little cooks with little kneading boards and little pans and tiny cakes and loaves for dolls and baby tea parties. The mother is a child with her children, a girl with her young girls, a comrade with her boys, but always life is a merry school with an unselfish thought for the responsible life in the great grown up world.—The Congregationalist.

Giving Doth Not Impoverish.

In Connecticut a few years ago lived a lady who had a beautiful flower garden in which she took great pride. The whole country was proud of it, too, and people drove miles to see it.

She fastened two large baskets on the outside of her fence next the road, and every morning they were filled with cut flowers—the large, showy kinds in one basket, and the delicate, fragile ones in the other. All the school children going by helped themselves and studied the better for it, and business men took a breath of fragrance into their dusty offices that helped the day along. Even the tramps were welcome to all the beauty they could get in their forlorn lives.

"You cut such quantities," some one said to her, "aren't you afraid you will rob yourself?"

"The more I cut the more I have," she answered. "Don't you know that if plants are allowed to go to seed they stop blooming? I love to give pleasure, and it is profit as well, for my liberal cutting is the secret of my beautiful garden. I'm like the man in 'Pilgrim's Progress'."

"A man there was (though some did count him mad),
The more he gave away the more he had."

—Exchange.

A Word at The Door.

The minister was the last person to go out of the church. As he stood in the porch a young man passed, walking slowly down the street. He looked sick, his face was pale, and his whole appearance desponding. The minister spoke a few kind words of greeting, then went his way, hardly stopping to notice the bright and grateful expression that lit up the stranger's face.

A few weeks after, the minister was called to visit a sick chamber outside his parish.

"I dare say you do not know me," said the sick man, stretching out his hand to the minister, as the latter entered the room. "But I remember you. You once spoke a few kind words to me at your church door."

The minister hardly remembered it, but he sat down beside the sick man with a heart full of sympathy. "You see, sir, a dying man; at least I feel that this is my last sickness," said the young man, "but I cannot die so."

Life was almost over—a short, fast life, abruptly closing without any preparation for life's great end; no present comfort, no future hope—the light of earth fading into blackness. Oh for some friend to help him in these dark hours! Who? He had no pastor, no Christian friends, no helper in his sore need. His boon companions could do little for him now, their laughter and gaiety were a loathing to his poor, weary heart. But the kind words of the minister had been remembered, and he sent for him to point him the way to heaven.

One may preach by the wayside, as well as from the pulpit, and more souls might be won to Christ were kind words oftener spoken at the door.—Youth's Companion.

A Well-Kept Diary.

Not long ago, in Europe, a man died at the age of seventy-three, who began at the age of eighteen to keep a diary, which he continued to keep for fifty-two years. It is now published and is a most striking commentary on the life of a mere worldling. His life was not consecrated to a high ideal. In the book he left he states that in fifty-two years he had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he had received 43,692 as presents, while for the remaining 585,023 he had paid about \$10,432. In fifty-two years, according to his book-keeping, he had drunk 28,786 glasses of beer, and 26,085 glasses of spirits, for which he spent \$5,350. The diary closed with these words:

"I have tried all things; I have seen many; I have accomplished nothing." A stronger sermon could not be preached than to put this testimony against that of the missionary apostle, Paul: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day" (2 Tim. iv. 7, 8).

Saved by a Kind Word.

He had lost all respectability, and was a common gutter drunkard. His family had disowned him, and would not recognise him when they met him. Occasionally he would get a job at the stables where Dr. Davis kept his horses. One morning the doctor laid his hands on his shoulders, and said, "Jim, I wish you would give up the drink." There was something like a quiver on the man's lips as he answered, "If I thought you cared, I would, but there is a gulf between you and me." "Have I made any gulf, Jim?" "No, you—haven't." If you had been a millionaire could I have treated you more like a gentleman?" "No, you couldn't." "I do care, Jim." There were tears in the eyes of the man now. "I do care, Jim," with tender little emphasis on the Jim. "Dr. Davis, I'll never touch another drop of liquor as long as I live; here's my hand on it." This was fifteen years ago, and Jim is today a respectable and respected man, and an earnest Christian.—Scottish Reformer.

How to Keep Your Room.

A look into the chamber of a boy or girl will give one an idea of what kind of a man or woman he or she will probably become. A boy who keeps his clothing hung up neatly, or a girl whose room is always neat, will be apt to make a successful man or woman. Order and neatness are essential to our comfort, as well as to that of others about us. A boy who throws down his cap or book anywhere will never keep his accounts in shape, will do things in a slovenly, careless way, and not be long wanted in any position. A girl who does not make her bed until after dinner—and she should always do it herself rather than have a servant do it—and throws her bonnet down on a chair, will make a poor wife in nine cases out of ten. If the world could see how a girl keeps her dressing-room, many unhappy marriages would be saved.—Christian Work.

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 barber shops, playing dominoes, checkers, and cards, to kill the precious time God has given for nobler ends.

Withdraw from 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.—Sel.

He who never looks up to a living God, to a heavenly presence, loses the power of perceiving that presence, and the universe slowly turns into a dead machine, clashing and grinding without purpose or end.—J. F. Clarke.

If you would be happy in this world, you must not think of the service which other people owe to you, nor consider as to how well they perform that service. Fix all your thoughts on what you owe to others.

If afflicted with scalp diseases, hair falling out, and premature baldness, do not use grease or alcoholic preparations, but apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

Shortness of Breath.

"Since last year I have had serious heart trouble caused by malaria. Shortness of breath, smothering spells on retiring, violent palpitation, etc., often made me gasp for breath. On procuring Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I found to my surprise and delight that they gave almost instant relief. I got healthy, restful sleep, my heart troubles disappeared, and I now feel very well and strong indeed." Mr. Moore, Ingersoll, Ont., makes this statement for the public good.

They Never Fail.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned. Parnee's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter."

"All I Have To Say."

A number of young men were one day sitting around the fire in the waiting-room of an English railway talking about total abstinence societies. Just then a policeman came in with a prisoner in handcuffs. He listened to the young men's conversation, but did not give any opinion. There was also in the room a Mr. McDonald, a minister of the gospel, who, hearing what the young men were saying, stepped up to the policeman and said:

"Pray, sir; what have you to say about temperance?" "Well," replied the policeman, "all I have to say is that I never took a teetotaler to prison in my life."—Unknown.

It is no wonder, with so much beating, that some hearts are broken.

An Advertisement

This is an advertisement which tells the truth about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

PEOPLE WHO SUFFER

from sleeplessness, dizziness, shortness of breath, smothering feeling, palpitation of the heart, pains through the breast and heart, anxious, morbid condition of the mind, groundless fears of coming danger, anæmia or impoverished blood, after effects of la grippe, general debility, etc., should

TRY THESE PILLS

as they cure these complaints. Every box is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded through the party from whom the pills were purchased, and we authorize them to do so on the strength of the above statement. This offer is limited to the first box used by any one person. T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto.

The Event of the Season.

JOHN J. WEDDALL'S MAMMOTH

Remnant & Bargain Sale,

Thursday, July 29th.

Large Store! Room for All!
Doors open at 9.30.

JOHN J. WEDDALL.

Tennant, Davies & Clarke

Have one of the best values in

Black Cashmere Hose

At 25 Cents Ever Shown Here.

Orders by mail promptly attended to

TENNANT, DAVIES & CLARKE

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Three trips a week for

BOSTON

Commencing May 31st, the steamer of this company will leave St. John for East port, Lubec, Portland and Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY mornings at 8.45 o'clock (standard). Returning, leave Boston every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning at 8 o'clock, and Portland at 6 p. m.

Connection made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 o'clock.

C. E. LAECHLER, Agent

Gold is King

Plant your home claim with

Steele, Briggs

"High Grade" Seeds,

sold by leading dealers.

Ask for them.

Safe investment.

GOLDEN RETURNS

CATALOGUES FREE

The Steele, Briggs Seed Co.

TORONTO, ONT.

FOR YOUR HEALTH

DRINK

Real Fruit Syrups.

STRAWBERRY

RASPBERRY

LEMON

LIME FRUIT

GINGERETTE

Made only by

BROWN & WEBB,

HALIFAX, N. S.

164 Queen Street, Fredrickton

PORTRAITS.

—FROM—

Cabinet at Life Size

—BY—

HARVEY.