

For Others.

Why is your voice so sweet,
O little brook?
You sing along the wheat
To gladden every folk;
You flash your silver light
Around the daisied hill,
And, dawn or darkest night,
I know you're singing still.

O daisies, white and gold,
Why is your smile so fair?
Your beauty, all untold,
Is here that all may share.
You peep from grassy ways
The lovely world to see,
And all the precious days
You are a joy to me.

Sing, brook, upon your way,
Your happy little songs!
Wee daisies, light the day
In white and golden throng!
You teach while I live,
A lesson ever fair;
How sweet it is to give,
How best it is to share!

—S. S. Times.

Is it Wrong to Attend the Dancing School?

BY EBEN BUMSTEAD.

We know a superintendent of a Sunday school who has his boy take lessons in dancing. It is well known that multitudes in the churches think the same course to be a wise one. But how many of these Christian parents have any knowledge of the dance as it exists to-day? If they knew but one tenth of the evil that takes place in and results from the dance halls, and even private parlor dances, we feel sure that they would at once take their children from so great danger.

What can be the object of this Sunday school superintendent, but that his boy may learn to do as the world does, to mingle more gracefully in its society, to spend his evenings in that which they think is the queen of worldly amusements? If this be his object, how can it be reconciled with the admonitions, "Be not conformed to this world" (Romans 12: 2); "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him" (1 John 2: 15); "A friend to the world is the enemy of God" (James 4: 4).

The Bible clearly indicates that there is to be a dividing line between the world and the disciple of Christ. On which side is the dance?

Are the low-cut dresses, bare arms, and tightly clinging gowns befitting the modesty of one professing to be clothed in Christ's robe of righteousness? Can the giddy music, the overheated room, and the embrace of the opposite sex tend to purity of thought? Is the position assumed in the waltz tolerated in any other place? In a word, is it not all tending to temptation, if not actual sin? And how can a Christian pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and then allow his children to go into the most captivating temptation ever invented?

Great as is this evil, there seems to be almost no voice to speak out and warn against its bold effrontery. The dancing school is not only tolerated, but it is supported by a large portion of the church, while in many cases Christian people open their parlors for private dances.

I know of an academy for young ladies, members of whose board of directors are among the foremost Congregational ministers of Massachusetts, that allows the girls to have weekly dances among themselves. Though they come from Christian homes, and may have been taught by watchful parents to look upon dancing as a sin of worldliness, yet in this seminary, which is one of the very best, they have every encouragement and means to learn to dance. This season there was only one student who had the courage to refuse. Another student declined to dance for some time, knowing that her mother, then in heaven, had been opposed to it, but finally she yielded to the solicitations of the other girls.

In answer to the question so commonly asked, "What harm can there be in parlor and boarding-school dancing?" we will give the words of Mr. T. A. Faulkner, ex-dancing master, ex-champion dancer, and ex-president of Dancing Masters' Association of the Pacific Coast: "In these places," he says, "are taught the rudiments of an education which may make them graduates of the saloon or the brothel."

"I do not say that it always does, but I do say that it often does."

"I only wish that certain parents who think they are restricting their children to 'parlor dancing at home only,' could have been with me the night of May 30, 1892, and have seen, as I did, their girls, some of them but twelve or fifteen years of age, dancing in a public saloon, where so much beer had been spilt on the floor that the women had to hold their dresses up to keep them from getting soiled and wet as they danced."

"This is usually the result of teaching the child to dance, and

then to restrict it to home dancing. If they once become fascinated with it they must and will, by some means, fair or foul, have more of it than their homes afford."

"The safe side is the best side. Keep them from taking the first step to ruin, and they can never take the last."

It is a sad commentary on the dancing school that dancing masters find it necessary to close their schools for a season, lest the young ladies who have been ruined bring the school into disgrace, as is shown by Mr. Faulkner in the following incident: "I met on the train, while leaving town one day, a young woman, who, a few months before, had been a member of my select dancing academy. She had been ruined there, and was one of the discarded ones when the school was closed for a few weeks, as all dancing schools have to be every little while, to get rid of those girls who have met with a fate similar to hers."

"I entered into conversation with her, and found she could no longer endure being shunned and slighted by all her old companions, and was running away from home. I knew that her parents would be heart-broken, and that she, without the protection of a home, would soon sink into utter abandonment, and I tried every persuasion to induce her to return to the home she was leaving. I—who was still teaching the very thing which had been her ruin, now that self respect, and all that life was worth living, was lost to her forever—I tried to save her from further degradation."

"After I had argued for some time with her she turned fiercely upon me, her once beautiful eyes now filled with a desperation born of despair, and said, with a look and tone of reproach which I shall never forget, 'Mr. Faulkner, when you will close your dancing schools and stop this business which is sending so many girls by swift stages on a straight road to hell, then, sir, and not till then, will I think of reform.'"

The dancing master was stirred by her words. He renounced the business, and is to-day a devoted follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. The case of this young woman is not one a few, but of many. It is the story of three fourths of the harlots in our cities. Mission workers who have taken statistics among fallen women tell us that seventy-five per cent ascribe the first cause of their downfall to dancing. Professor La Floris says: "I can safely say that three fourths of these women (2,500 abandoned women in San Francisco) were led to their downfall through the influence of dancing."

A chief of police of New York City has said that "three fourths of the women and girls who are living lives of immorality have been led from the path of virtue through the dance." My only object in writing on the unpopular side of a popular subject is that Christian parents may be aroused to the danger their children are in, if they dance; and that those parents who are debating the question of sending their children to dancing schools may have a few reasons why it is not a wise thing to do.

A friend told me that his wife took into their home a young girl with an illegitimate child, who one day said to his wife: "Mrs. —, do not ever allow your daughters to attend a dancing school. When my father sent me to the dancing school he started me on the way to hell."

Boston, Mass.

The Hen and the Egg.

It takes everybody to know everything, and a little questioning reveals a vast amount of ignorance in those who think themselves very wise. A French writer tells the following story:

A young man from the provinces, who was sent to Paris to finish his education, had the misfortune of getting into bad company. He went so far as to wish, and finally to say, 'There is no God—God is only a word.' After staying several years at the capital the young man returned to his family. One day he was invited to a respectable house where there was a numerous company. While all were entertaining themselves with news, pleasure, and business, two girls, aged respectively twelve and thirteen years, were seated in a bay window reading together. The young man approached them and asked, 'What beautiful romance are you reading so attentively, young ladies?'

'We are reading no romance, sir; we are reading the history of God's chosen people.'

'You believe, then, that there is a God?'

'Astonished at such a question, the girls looked at each other, the blood mounting to their cheeks.'

'And you, sir, do not believe it?'

'Once I believed it; but after living in Paris and studying philosophy, mathematics and politics, I am convinced that God is an empty word.'

'I, sir, was never in Paris. I have never studied philosophy nor any of those beautiful things which you know. I only know my catechism, but since you are so learned, and say there is no God, you can easily tell me whence the egg comes?'

'A funny question, truly. The egg comes from the hen.'

'Which of them existed first—the egg or the hen?'

'I really do not know what you intend with this question and your hen; but yet that which existed first was the hen.'

'There is a hen, then, which did not come from the egg?'

'Beg your pardon, miss; I did not take notice that the egg existed first.'

'There is, then, an egg that did come from a hen?'

'Oh, if you—beg pardon—that is—yes you see—'

'I see, sir, that you do not know whether the egg existed before the hen or the hen before the egg.'

'Well, then, I say the hen.'

'Very well, there is a hen which did not come from an egg. Tell me, now, who made this first hen, from which all other hens and eggs come?'

'With your hens and your eggs, it seems to me you take me for a poultry dealer.'

'By no means, sir. I only ask you to tell me whence the mother of all hens and eggs came.'

'But for what object?'

'Well, since you do not know, you will permit me to tell you. He who created the first hen, or as you would rather have it the first egg, is the same who created the world; and this being we call God. You, who cannot explain the existence of a hen or an egg without God, still maintain the existence of this world without God.'

The young philosopher was silent. He quietly took his hat, and, full of shame, departed, if not convinced of his folly at least confounded by the simple questioning of a child. How many there are who, like him, professing to be wise, seem very foolish, speaking evil of things they know not of, denying things they have never investigated. How many skeptics can tell why the leaves of an apple tree are arranged in spirals around the stem, the fifth leaf standing directly above the first? Or, why in millions of bushels of ears of corn no ear is ever found with an odd number of rows. Can chance count?—Rev. H. L. Hastings.

Teasing Children.

The young child with its fresh innocent ways, is not infrequently regarded as a plaything for the entertainment of its elders, and so is teased and tormented in all sorts of ways because its response is so novel and interesting. Of course, parents would not call such treatment teasing, but that is precisely what it amounts to from the child's standpoint. Just recently the writer was witness to a scene which is typical of much that may be observed in one's environment if he has an occasion to look for it. A little child disliked very greatly to have any thing touch its nose, and would make the liveliest efforts to dispel whatever came in contact therewith. The sweet baby movements were, naturally enough, very amusing to an adult who did not see anything in them but fun for himself.

Frequently some mature person who knew the child's characteristic in this regard would place a finger or other object near the delicate member to see the little one strive, with arms, head and body, to drive it away. On one occasion a grown woman, whose years should have taught her better, was seen to tantalize the child for two or three minutes, finally throwing it into a state of fatigue. When it grew restless and began crying, it was grabbed up, tossed and thrown about and talked to in a loud voice. This violent stimulation overcame the child's impulse to cry for the moment, but had the effect to further fatigue it, which was shown later in continual crying until it fell asleep. If one will think of such things going on day after day throughout the early life of a child, the irritable, unbalanced, disagreeable children of one's acquaintance may be accounted for—at least, in part.

The writer has had opportunity to study, with some care, the effect which a lady with high pitched, nervous voice and intense nervous face and manner, but otherwise of most estimable characteristics, had upon a little child, H—. When-ever she was near H—, she insisted upon taking her, and she thought the proper mode of entertainment was to shake and toss and pat her, and to make a great amount of noise and fuss over her. As a consequence, a half hour of such treatment was enough to fatigue H—for a whole day, and her disposition at such times would be quite changed from a happy, good-natured child to one easily irritated and satisfied with none of her ordinary pleasures. A nervous, irritable parent will breed these qualities in his children, because his personal contact will over-stimulate them and they will be in a state of chronic fatigue. Such a parent will be apt to nag his children. To be constantly forbidding or commanding, these arouse emotions which draw off the energies from the brain very rapidly. Antagonism is a breeder of nerve fatigue, and some children seem hardly ever to be free from it during waking hours.

Again in many homes older children make the life of the smaller ones wretched much of the time. The writer knows a family where there are three children, the youngest about two years of age. The older ones seem to find no greater pleasure than to tease the baby on every opportunity, for she occasions them much merriment by her violent vocal and bodily expressions whenever she is tormented beyond endurance. One does not need to remain about this home long before seeing plainly that this child is being worried into an ugly disposition. Even at two years she has reached the point where she is intolerable much of the time, showing her unbalanced condition by flying into a passion over every little thing that occasions her displeasure. The attitude of the older children serves to keep her in a more or less constant state of fatigue, and the actions performed in this condition are rapidly forming habits, thus determining her character.—Popular Science Monthly.

Maxims of Benjamin Franklin.

Benjamin Franklin drew up the following list of moral virtues, to which he paid constant and earnest attention:

Temperance.—Eat not to fullness; drink not to elevation.

Silence.—Speak not but what you may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Order.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolution.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

Frugality.—Make no expense, but do good to others as yourself; that is, waste nothing.

Industry.—Lose no time, be always employed in something useful, but avoid all unnecessary actions.

Sincerity.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.

Justice.—Wrong no one by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

Moderation.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.

Cleanliness.—Suffer no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

Humility.—Imitate Jesus Christ.

Meddlesome Neighbors.

One of the aggravations of life is the meddlesome neighbor. That person pries into the private affairs of everyone in the neighborhood; carries stories back and forth that set friends at enmity, turning trivial remarks into deliberate statements, magnifying chance expressions, distorting sentiments and altering the tones in which thoughtless things were said; knows everybody's business better than them selves, and insists on offering advice at every turn; tries even to come between husband and wife, to criticize one to the other, to bring disagreements between them.

The meddlesome neighbor is a nuisance. Interference from that quarter must be summarily suppressed at any cost of insult, breach of friendliness, and calumny. Far better an open foe outdoors, with peace at home, than a false friend sowing the seeds of discord and trouble in the family.—Catholic Columbian.

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it even color, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

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Holding on to Trifles.

A little child was one day playing with a very valuable vase, when he put his hand into it and could not withdraw it. His father, too, tried his best to get it out, but all in vain. They were talking of breaking the vase, when the father said, "Now, my son, make one more try; open your hand and hold your fingers out straight, as you see me doing, and then pull."

To their astonishment the little fellow said, "Oh, no, pa, I couldn't put out my fingers like that, for if I did, I would drop my penny." He had been holding on to a penny all the time! No wonder he could not withdraw his hand. How many of us are like him! Drop the copper, Surrender. Let go, and God will give you gold.—John MacNeil.

The greater a man is in power above others, the more he ought to excel them in virtue. None ought to govern who is not better than the governed.—Syrus.



When a man neglects his health for a day he marks two days off the calendar of his life. When he neglects his health for two consecutive days he marks four days off his life's calendar. And so on. That's about the ratio, and it doesn't take many days to cross off an entire year. And yet men recklessly neglect their health for weeks at a time. It is the easiest thing in the world for the average man or woman to get good health and then keep it. It only needs a little stitch here and there. The big, dangerous maladies that threaten life are only the culmination of the little illnesses that are neglected. If when a man feels "knocked out," "out of sorts," "run down," overworked or overworn he will resort to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery he will soon feel bright, strong and vigorous again and able to combat all the big maladies in the doctor's books. Moreover the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sure and speedy cure for some of the most dangerous diseases. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of consumption. It cures nervous prostration and exhaustion. These are not mere assertions. Thousands of grateful men and women have testified to the facts, and hundreds of their names, addresses and photographs are printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser.

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