

The Little Ones He Blessed.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Remember if ever the children
Who were blessed by the Master of old,
Who had made them his treasure,
The dear little lambs of his fold;
Remember if angry and wilful,
They wandered afar and astray,
The children whose feet had been guided
So safe and so soon in the way.

And my heart can not cherish the fancy
That ever those children went wrong,
And were lost from the peace and the shelter,
That out from the feast and the song,
The day of gray hairs they remembered,
I think, how the hands that were given
Laid on their heads when Christ
uttered,
Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Has said it to you, little darling,
Who spell it in God's word to-day;
And too may I sorry for sinning,
You also believe and obey;
And will give the dear Saviour in heaven
One little child shall go wrong—
Lost from the fold and the shelter,
That out from the feast and the song.

The False Balance.

Two little girls, in the early morning
On an October day, were dressing in a
happy fashion, and rather one of them
was dressing, and the other sat on the
edge of the bed looking at her.
"There," said Bess, impatiently, "now
that mean old shoestring must go and
back, and I know that bell's just
going to ring. Turn over the leaf,
Gussie, so we can be learning the text
while we do our hair."

Gussie got up on the bed, and turned
over the leaf on a roll of texts which
hung on the wall, and then stood a
minute reading it to herself.

"Why don't you hurry?" said Bess
looking up at her, "you'll be awful late."
"My senses me! what a text to pick out
for folks. 'A false balance is an
abomination unto the Lord.' I should
think that verse was meant for grocery-
men that don't weigh things right, and
just wish they had to learn it."

"It's easy to learn, anyhow," said
Gussie, "only I like to think about my
senses. Some of them seem just on pur-
pose for me, like 'Not slothful in busi-
ness,' and 'Whatsoever thy hand,'"

"Yes," said Bess, complacently, "you
are slow, Gussie, and such a put-offer;
but there isn't a thing in this verse to
think about."

There was a little silence, for Bessie
was brushing her thick, curly locks,
and it took all her patience to struggle
through the tangles.

"That's because you didn't brush it
last night," said Gussie.

"I suppose so; but it is such a bother.
Dear me! I'm just going to braid it
this way; I can't stop."

"O Bessie! you know mamma won't
like it; it spoils your hair," said Gussie.
"It'll do for once," said Bess; "it looks
all right, anyhow."

"I wonder," began Gussie, and then
suddenly stopped.

"What?" inquired Bess.

"I didn't know—I thought maybe
that might be what the text meant,"
said Gussie, slowly; "sort of half doing
things; 'not giving quite so much as
you pretend to'—"

"Gussie stopped, afraid of offending
the sister of whose superior gifts she
stood greatly in awe; but Bess only
laughed, as she answered: 'You do
think of the queerest things, Gussie.'"

That was what they all said of Gussie,
but she kept on thinking.

It was her day to dust the parlors.
"I'll help you," said Bess; and then
you'll get through so we can go for
chestnuts."

"But you don't do the corners, Bessie,
and you haven't moved any of the
books," said Gussie, as she watched her
sister's rapid whisks of the duster.

"What's the difference?" said Bess;
"it looks all right; you suppose anybody's
going to peep around after a speck of
dust? There, now, that's done."

But Gussie, with the thought of the
false balance in her queer little head,
kept on until the work was thoroughly
done, saying to herself, "If I pretend
to give mamma a pound of work, and
only give her half a pound, I'm sure
that's a deceitful balance."

Only one thing more stood between
the little girls and the holiday excursion
for chestnuts. The history lessons
must be learned for Monday, and then
they would be as free as the birds.

"How I hate it," said Gussie, "stupid,
dry stuff about ad-min-is-ter-a-tion. I
don't see any use in knowing it, any-
how!"

"I'll tell you what," said Bess, "let's
begin about the middle, because the
first of it never does come to us."

"And then," said Gussie, Miss Marcy
is s'pose, of course, we know the be-
ginning."

"Yes," nodded Bess, beginning to
gabble over the words; "I'm going to
finish in half an hour—'On account of
these things it was plainly impossible.'"

"But we don't know what things,"
said Gussie.

"No, and I don't care."

"And if Miss Marcy's poses we know
and gives up a credit, it'll be a deceitful
balance, 'cause we make her think
we know a pound when we only know
half a pound."

Bessie's face flushed a little. "I
just wish Gussie Maynard, you wouldn't
talk any more about that groceryman's
text. It's just nonsense trying to
make it fit us."

But, after all, Bessie did not feel
quite comfortable, and she went back
and learned the beginning of her lesson.

"There," she said, "that's full, good
weight, and I don't intend to be a
'bomination any more.'—Record of
Christian Work.

The Stain that Wouldn't Rub Off.

He was but six years old, and a boy
of six cannot be expected to know as
much as a boy of twelve. That was
one reason why Charlie needn't have
been quite so sharp in his rebuke.
And then Mother showed him another
reason that evening.

Charlie and Freddie were 'cutting
across fields' and as they went along,
were gathering flowers for Mamma.
Charlie was walking ahead, and so far
had spied all the flowers, which he
then with gracious condescension
allowed Freddie to gather. Suddenly
the little boy caught sight of a bunch
of yellow beauties with deep-brown
centres. They were down at the
bottom of a little hill, and the grass
around them was most brilliantly green
and velvety. Charlie had evidently
not seen them, and Freddie darted
down the slope.

"Here, Freddie!" shouted Charlie,
glancing over his shoulder, "don't you
go down there. It's all muddy."

But the warning was disregarded,
and the next moment Freddie had
sunk in the slime half-way up his fat
little legs.

"Now ho'm I goin' to get you out of
that," demanded Charlie, crossly. "I
told you not to go in, and you went.
Now I'll have to get all muddy myself
pullin' you out. Stand still!" this
more sharply than ever. "Don't try
to get in any deeper than you are.
Quit your blubberin' now. I'll get
you out some way."

But it took a long search for a limb
of suitable length before Charlie,
standing on the edge of the swamp,
pulled poor little Freddie on firm
ground again, though in doing it he
nearly threw the little fellow on his
face.

Freddie's sobs broke forth afresh,
and the older brother relented a little.

"Here," he said, in a gruff tone, that
was assumed to hide the tenderness
which he feared might show, "now I'll
scrape off the mud with a stick, and
when your shoes dry they can be
blackened, and you will look almost
new again. I tell you, though, Freddie,
you ought to have listened when I
told you the mud was there."

"I didn't see any mud," whispered
Freddie, "the grass was prettier there
than anywhere else."

"That's just it," replied the brother,
'when you see such awful green grass
as that you can know there's a swamp.'"
"But I didn't know," protested the
little fellow, and I couldn't see any
mud."

Then that's just why you ought to
have listened to me," declared Charlie,
feeling that he must not lose this
opportunity of rebuking still further.
"You see I'm twice as old as you and
ought to be supposed to know twice as
much." This last sentence had a
sarcastic tone that hurt Freddie,
though Charlie was pleased with this
conceit.

In fact he was so well pleased that
he couldn't forbear repeating it to
mamma, though he really had not
meant to be too hard on his smaller
brother.

"You see, Mamma," he said, "I told
him I was twice as old as he was and
know about twice as much. That's
what he got for not minding me."

Then Freddie could bear the re-
proaches no longer. He was sitting
on mamma's lap with his little bare
feet rubbed quite dry, and she was
wiping away the tears, and telling him
it might have been much worse, and
that he was her own baby boy, and the
rest of the nice things mothers say
when their children are in trouble.
So this last speech of Charlie's was
really too much.

"Why don't you always mind?"
Freddie burst out, sitting bolt upright
and digging his fists in his eyes to stop
the welling tears. "He don't mind
Papa, Mamma, for I saw him smoking
a cigarette in the barn. I peeked
through a hole and saw him. He'd
better tell himself to mind, hadn't he,
Mamma?"

Mamma only looked at Charlie, but
it made the blood rush around his
throat and up his face to the very roots
of his hair. That evening, though,
she came in his room after he was in
bed. She turned out the light—for
she was one of those mothers who
know a fellow can tell things better in
the dark—and then she said:

"How about the smoking, Charlie?
Did Freddie tell me the truth?"

This time she couldn't see the blush
—though it was there—and she could
barely hear the whispered "Yes'm."

Then, like all wrong-doers since the
time of Adam, he began to excuse him-
self.

"I didn't do it, just to disobey Papa,
I truly didn't. Mamma. But half the
boys in our class smoke cigarettes, and
I don't see where's the harm in it."

"Neither did Freddie see the mud,
and you were very cross with him be-
cause he did not obey you who were
twice as old. Papa is more than three
times as old as you. Don't you think,
then, that he should know at least
three times as much as you? Don't
you think when he tells you that
cigarettes are very harmful, that you
should believe he knows the truth of
what he is saying? He tells you
that the boy who smokes cigarettes
can never be as strong and healthy a
man as the boy who does not smoke.
He tells you that the man with a weak
body can never do as valiant service
for God or the world as the man who
is strong. He tells you that the boy
who deliberately does those things that
will injure the body, is not only com-
mitting a great wrong against himself
and the world in which he is to be a
worker, but he is sinning against God."

"Remember, dear," she was bending
over him for a good night kiss, "re-
member that Freddie's mud was easily
brushed off; but every act of disobe-
dience or wrong-doing of any kind leaves
an indelible stain on the soul.—The
Presbyterian.

How Tom Used Tacks.

A gentleman had visited the school
that day, and had talked to the
scholars.

Tom Baxter knew that the gentle-
man was a good man, and that what
he said was true. But Tom did not
understand what he meant when he
said: "If we would have friends we
must watch for opportunities to do
good, and then we must use tact."
If the gentleman had said "discretion,"
"wisdom" or "common sense," Tom
would probably have known what he
meant, but tact was a new word to him.

Now Tom had many queer ideas.
He did not ask as many questions as
boys usually do, but had a way of
thinking out things for himself.

Tom knew about t-a-x, tax, and
t-a-c-k-s, tacks, and concluded that
the gentleman must have meant one
of these, but that he had a peculiar
way of pronouncing the word.

Tom knew how, when his grand-
father was a boy, the American people
refused to pay a tax on tea, and that
taxes did much to bring on the War of
the Revolution. Then, too, he had
heard the men who sat on the boxes
in the grocery store at the corner com-
plain that taxes were too high now.
So he knew that people did not usually
like those who levied a tax upon them.

It was house-cleaning time, and
Tom had been sent to the store twice
for tacks.

"Now, if mamma did not put tacks
in her carpet it would not stay in its
place, and would look dreadfully, and
people would call her slack, just as
they do Mrs. Jones, and would not
like her. Women ought to be good
housekeepers," he reasoned, sagely.
He decided that it must be tacks,
small nails, that the gentleman meant.
But he could not see how a boy like
himself could use tacks so as to gain
friends. However, he placed some
tacks in his pockets so as to have them
ready if he found a chance to use them.

"Tom, I wish you would take this
paper over to Mrs. Hopkins," said his
sister Mary to him the next morning.

When Tom reached Mrs. Hopkins,
she had just placed the linoleum on
the kitchen floor, and was preparing
to tack it down.

"Ah!" thought Tom, "here is an
opportunity to use tacks."

"Let me tack the linoleum down
for you Mrs. Hopkins. I have noth-
ing else to do."

"Oh, thank you, Tom," said Mrs.
Hopkins gratefully. "You are a good
boy. My rheumatism is so bad I can
scarcely get up and down."

"I should think that John would
be ashamed to leave such work for his
mother to do when she is so lame,"
thought Tom, but he said nothing.

"I wonder if I can find another
chance to use tacks," said Tom, as he
started for home eating a huge piece
of gingerbread. "Why, what is the
matter, Charlie?" he asked, as he
came upon a very little boy crying.

"I have broken my wagon," sobbed
Charlie, holding up a toy cart.

"Another chance to use tacks,"
thought Tom. "Here, Charlie, give
me the cart, and I will mend it for
you."

"What makes you look so happy?"
asked Mary, as Tom entered the house
with shining eyes.

"I have found two chances to use
tacks already this morning," replied
Tom.

"To use tacks!" exclaimed Mary,
"What do you mean?"

"Why, Mrs. Hopkins had the rheu-
matism, and I tacked her linoleum
down for her, that is one. Then
Charlie broke his wagon, and I tacked
it together for him, that is two."

"But why do you say a chance to use
tacks?" asked Mary.

"Why, the man at school yesterday
said that if we would have friends we
must watch for opportunities to do
good, and then we must use tacks."

Mary looked puzzled for a moment,
and then she laughed, and said, "Oh,
I see; 'must use act,' not 'tacks.' The
gentleman meant that we must be care-
ful to do good in such a way as not to
hurt the feelings of those to whom we
are trying to be kind."

"It was kind of you to tack Mrs.
Hopkins' linoleum for her; but if you
had reminded her that her son ought
to be ashamed to let his mother do such
a work you would have hurt her feel-
ings, for she does not like to have John
blamed."

"Mrs. Hunt can scarcely read at all.
Though she dearly loves to hear the
Bible read, she prefers to have people
believe it is her failing eyesight and
not her lack of education that keeps
her from reading for herself. If you
should offer to read for her you could
use tact by remarking, what is quite
true, that the print in her Bible is
fine."

"Mrs. Chapman would be glad to
have you read to her, but she is very
sensitive about her rapidly falling eye-
sight. You could use tact by asking if
she would listen to your reading, and
tell you how to pronounce the long
words."

"Though there may sometimes be a
chance to use tacks in doing good,
there is always a chance to use tact."
—Sunday School Advocate.

Cat Worsted by Sparrows.

The following account of an attack
of a lot of angry sparrows upon a wick-
ed cat is taken from "The New York
Times." The incident is reported to
have occurred in Newport, R. I.:

"A full-grown Maltese cat was
literally pecked to death by a flock of
sparrows on Pelham Street recently.
The ivy which climbs the north wall
of the United Congregational Church
long furnished a snug retreat for count-
less sparrows that build their nests
there, and the thickness of the leaves
hides the places where the birds build
their nests. This particular cat, how-
ever, had been watching the birds dis-
appear among the leaves, and its in-
stinct taught it that there must be a
nest of little ones.

It climbed the ivy, and after many
slips managed to reach a point where
it had seen a sparrow disappear among
the leaves. The cat put its paw
where it supposed the nest was situated.
A loud chattering followed, and a flock
of enraged sparrows flew from all parts
of the ivy, and with one accord pounced
upon the bewildered cat.

Pecking and fluttering, the birds
attacked the cat viciously, while the
latter cried out and hissed and with
one disengaged paw struck at its tor-
mentors. The defense was of no
avail, and the assault was kept up
until the cat, no longer able to with-
stand the onslaught, fell to the ground
a bewildered mass of bristling fur.
Even the birds did not give up the
attack, but kept at their enemy until
they were tired.

The cat did not stir from where it
had fallen, and from time to time one
of the sparrows would fly to the ground
at a point of safety and eye the feline,
evidently to be sure that there was no
cause for further alarm. The cat,
however, lay motionless, and the
sparrows popped about the ivy, chat-
tering in triumph.

Some time after the battle one of
the witnesses of the encounter con-
cluded that he would examine the cat
to see what its injuries might be, and
was surprised to find the animal dead.
Its eyes had been literally pecked out
and its head was a mass of bleeding
wounds from the sharp bills of the
birds."

I Didn't Think.

"I didn't think," said a smart-look-
ing boy one day, as he stood with
downcast eyes in the presence of a
grave-looking man, his master.

"You didn't think, eh? Then I am
ruined because you are a thoughtless
boy. You may go, sir," replied his
master, in a tone of voice which ex-
pressed both sorrow and sternness.

The boy silently left the room. He,
too, seemed sad, and a tear glistened
in the corner of his eye.

What is the matter? What has he
done? I will tell you.

He was an apprentice. His trade
was that of a carpenter. It had been
a part of his duty to light the fire in
the shop half an hour before the men
came to work. One cold windy morn-
ing he lighted the fire as usual; but in
doing so, he left a shaving burning out-
side the door of the stove.

It was only one shaving. He didn't
think it would do any harm, because
it was only a little shaving. But a
puff of wind from beneath the door of
the shop blew the shaving on the floor.
There it set a fire to another shaving;
the fire spread unperceived by the boy,
until it reached a pile of shaving, and
blazed up into the room.

Then he started and tried to put it
out. But he was too late. It was be-
yond his control. He rushed out,
shouted "fire!" and alarmed the people.
They came, but could not save the
shop. It was burned down, and its
owner, not being insured, was ruined.
He was ruined because that boy
didn't think.

"Hunger is the Best Sauce."

Yet some people are never hungry.
Whatever they eat has to be "forced
down." There is, of course, some-
thing wrong with those people. By
taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a short
time they are given an appetite and
then they enjoy eating and food
nourishes them. If you find your
appetite failing, just try a bottle of
Hood's. It is a true stomach tonic
and every dose does good.

The best family cathartic is Hood's
Pills.

How to Boil Rice.

The following is an excellent recipe
for boiling rice, and not too difficult,
either to follow or to remember. Wash
half-a-pound of rice in two waters and
pick it very clean. Then put it into
four quarts of boiling water, into which
you have thrown one saltspoonful of
salt. Boil uncovered for from fifteen
to twenty minutes on a quick fire and
quite fast. When tender, strain into
a colander, and take it to the sink.
Turn the cold water tap on it for two
or three seconds; and then turn it
into a clean, dry saucepan, by the side
of the fire, with the lid half on, and
let it dry and get hot. Shake it occa-
sionally to prevent it from burning
and when dry it will be quite ready to
serve.

Another method to dry it is to leave
it in the colander, cover it with a clean
towel, and stand it in the oven to dry,
shaking it occasionally. The last is
perhaps the best method of teaching
the art of boiling rice to a young cook,
because the least neglect in the first
way of drying will result in the rice
becoming spoilt, and if not dry and
hard, then either browned or burnt.
I am sure most mistresses have awful
recollections of seeing saucepans in the
kitchen in which rice had been boiled,
in which half the rice had been left at
the bottom of the saucepan, either
burnt or too brown to be of any use.—
Girl's Own Paper.

Home Hints.

A bag of hot sand relieve neuralgia.
A little soda-water will relieve sick
headache caused by indigestion.

It is reported from France that the
juice freshly expressed from poppy
stems, if promptly applied on bees'
stings, will immediately alleviate the
pain, and prevent inflammation.

Hot water, if taken freely a half
hour before bedtime, is one of the best
possible cathartics in severe cases of
constipation, while it has a soothing
effect upon the stomach and bowels.

To keep poultry fresh in hot weather
place a lump of charcoal in the body
of the bird, and sprinkle powdered
charcoal over it. Let the charcoal be
washed off before cooking. This will
keep it quite fresh for two days.

Do not let want of success depress
you, but struggle on. Labour hard con-
tinuously, and you will win in the end.
—George Moore.

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson,
Cameron, states: "I was confined to
my bed with inflammation of the
lungs, and was given up by the physi-
cians. A neighbor advised me to try
Mr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, stating
that his wife had used it for a
throat trouble with the best results.
Acting on his advice, I procured the
medicine, and less than half a bottle
cured me; I certainly believe it saved
my life. It was with reluctance that
I consented to a trial, as I was reduced
to such a state that I doubted the
power of any remedy to do me any
good."

BE THERE A WILL, WISDOM POINTS
THE WAY.—The sick man pines for re-
lief, but he dislikes sending for the
doctor, which means bottles of drugs
never consumed. He has not the
resolution to load his stomach with
compounds which smell villainously
and taste worse. But if he have the
will to deal himself with his ailment,
wisdom will direct his attention to
Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which, as
a specific for indigestion and disorders
of the digestive organs, have no equal.

SORE THROAT.

Mr. Chas. Johnston, Bear River,
N. S., says: "I was troubled with
hoarseness and sore throat and after
taking three bottles of Dr. Woods'
Norway Pine Syrup I was entirely
cured."

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