

## COURAGEOUS JOHNNY.

"Come on, come on, these rocks shall fly from their firm base as soon as I," Roared Johnny in a voice so loud it proved him hero of the crowd; He was a captain, with a sword Made from a bit of whittled board.

They marched upon the village green; And though no foe just there was seen, They trod as proudly as if war With all its glories were not far, And, as if spurring them to strife, One big boy whistled for a life.

They had a tin pan for a drum That made the very echoes hum; Their paper caps had tufted peaks; Tired were their legs and hot their cheeks; They moved in rather zigzag line; Yet it was martial, bold and fine.

Just then old Brimble chanced to pass, Nibbling the wayside weeds and grass, Seeking the daintiest bits to eat—Clover or thistles, prickly sweet, And, anxious for a patch of shade, She came upon this grand parade.

She lifted up her neck-eyed face; Grave was her look, and slow her pace; So long she stared, 'twas evident She greatly wondered what it meant; And if her horns were seen to shake, Clearly 'twas only by mistake.

But Johnny spied her, nearing thus, Looking so huge and dangerous, Just as he finished the third time Shouting his fierce, defiant rhyme; Down dropped both voice and sword, and he Over the fence went instantly!

Easy and pleasant 'tis to quote The valorous words another wrote; But he who rank and file would lead Should prove his courage by his deed, Small virtue has the eloquence Of him who's first to climb the fence.

—Youth's Companion.

## Selected Serial.

## JESSIE WELLS.

BY PANSY.

## CHAPTER XX.

JESSIE AT TWENTY-SIX.

Ten years since Jessie's sixteenth birthday! Mrs. Vernon Clyne was twenty-six. She thought of it, as she sat there in the twilight. She did not feel as old as that, though she had for six years been the wife of a faithful pastor. They were at the old home now, her husband and herself, or rather, they were seated in the familiar parlor at the parsonage, with everything looking pleasant and home-like about them, from the pictured faces on the wall—Mr. Clyne and "Brother Maurice"—to Mrs. Clyne with her baby, in the low rocking-chair. Wayland, too, was there with his wife, for he had never been able to forget the waiting angel on the hill-top, and had gone up to meet her, and together he and Corrie journeyed upward.

They had been at home all that day, Jessie and Wayland, helping Laura to pack and look and strap, for they had gathered at the homestead to witness Laura's marriage on the morrow. Ed Kent had been waiting all these years for her. They had been at home a week—the lawyer and his wife, and the minister and his wife. They had gathered at the old church on the Sabbath, and had met every one of the household, from Dr. Wells down to fair-haired Lily, around the communion table—a united family!

Jessie liked to watch Lily moving round the familiar rooms at home. She remembered herself so well at Lily's age, and Lily's childhood associations were so different from hers! She never knew Wayland, save as noble Christian brother, to whom all a family looked up in pride and love. She had very little recollection of sister Jessie, save as the minister's sister, whose home in the city she dearly loved to visit, and she knew father and mother only as those whose side she, night and morn-bowed in prayer. Mother was guide and counselor—the one, more than any other, in whom she placed her loving trust; and father, her ideal of devoted Christianhood. Ah, yes, Lily's was a childhood. She and Walter were fair to be as intimate as ever, and and Jessie had been, with difference: that Walter already had over and led and petted his sister.

These thoughts passed through her mind, sitting in the twilight parsonage parlor, whether they were for a little pleasant visit to the evening. The brother and sister were discussing new books to be read. Wayland, borrowing ink, answered the letters of a client, which had just come to him, in time for the night. The minister talked with Mrs. Clyne, and played with baby Jessie

on her lap, and Mrs. Jessie sat and thought.

Wayland glanced toward her now and then. The letter didn't seem to absorb his whole attention. He had wheeled the little table at which he was writing near the window where she sat, and presently he spoke to her in a low tone:

"I don't suppose you have the faintest idea where you were just about ten years ago to-night?"

"Dear me!" said Jessie. "No, I haven't. How could I remember so far away as that?"

"Well, now, I have a vivid remembrance of even the dress you wore, and the very log on which you sat."

"O Wayland! Were we?"

"Yes," he answered, smiling, and continuing his writing.

Ten years since they took that memorable walk to the woods! That was not quite four months after her sixteenth birthday. She remembered the time, and even the dress and the log, now. She watched her brother's face as he wrote. What a difference had ten years made in that! Suddenly she turned from him to the pictured face on the wall, "Brother Maurice," of whom she had heard so much, then back again to her own brother. Mrs. Clyne had said the two were alike, and they were. She could trace the resemblance distinctly now.

Their quiet was interrupted. An old gentleman came to see his pastor. "Would you like to see me alone?" asked Mr. Clyne, coming forward.

"No, sir; no, we are all friends here," said the old farmer, glancing around the room. "I want to get a bit of advice, sir, about my boy. I can't say as I know which way to turn with him. It stands to nature, you know, that I can't be always keeping of him away from the village. He's seventeen or more; come of the age, you know, when he won't bear no more control than a colt, and what with saloons and groceries, and one place or another, where he will go, I must say I'm dreadful uneasy about him."

Mr. Clyne sat down beside him, and father and pastor had a long talk over the serious question.

Wayland looked up, finally, from his finished letter.

"Has he a sister, Mr. Stebbins?"—coming forward as he spoke.

"O, yes," answered the gentleman, looking somewhat astonished at the question. "His sister is two years or so younger than him. She's away at boarding-school now."

"Is she a Christian, sir?" Wayland asked again, speaking in an earnest tone.

"Yes, that she is; and as good a girl as ever lived. I take comfort in my daughter, at all events."

"Send for her," said Wayland, briefly—"send for her, Mr. Stebbins. She will save her brother." Then, smiling at the good old farmer's bewildered look, he added: "You see, sir, I speak from experience in this matter."

After their caller left, the circle narrowed around baby and her mother, and Corrie, still sitting on the low ottoman, laid her hand on Jessie's, as she said, softly:

"She has been a dear sister to others besides you, Wayland."

"O," said Jessie, with the old girlish flush rising in her face, "don't flatter me. I can see all the ways in which I might have done so much, and didn't."

The two ministers answered only by exchanging quiet smiles; but as he went down the hall with the friends, who all returned early to Dr. Wells' and the waiting sister, so soon to be a bride, Jessie's old pastor said to her, in a low tone:

"I'm sorry we can not induce Vernon to stay for another Sabbath. I'm going to preach a new sermon from an old text. Shall I tell you what it is?"

And, as Jessie bowed and smiled her answer, he repeated, in reverent tone:

"They go from strength to strength; every one of them in Zion appeareth before God."

THE END.

WOMAN AND HER DISEASES is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

## A NEGRO'S EXPERIENCE.

As I passed a small colored church I halted a moment to speak with the aged sexton who was sitting in a pensive mood upon the front steps. His once stalwart form was much bent by reason of the weight of years and the infirmities of age. His locks were silver, while his real ebony face was lighted up with an expression of the purest kindness. I said:—

"Uncle Payne, where were you raised?"

"Ober de mountains, sah, down in ole Forquier."

"What is your age?"

"I's nigh on to eighty, so de white folks say."

"Well, you are getting quite aged, Uncle Payne?"

"Yes, sah, I's gettin' ole, and has spent de most ob my life in sin an' folly, serbin de debil."

"Ah! that is bad, Uncle Payne; but how long since you became a Christian?"

"Sens jis' afore de wa', sah."

"Well, it has been a good while since then, Uncle Payne; you should have considerable experience by this time."

"Yes, sah, I ought to hab, but I's jis' now learnt how to chaw de cruses."

"How is that, Uncle Payne? I do not quite understand what you mean."

"Well, sah, you see I came to Jesus, an' gib my heart to him, and for a long time, I thought de Lord must be feedin' me with pie an' cake, an' all good things. I was not pleased if he didn't, but now I's satisfied any way. I can take a crust from his hand as well as anything. I's got de witness in me."

I went away pondering over what I had heard. I said, "Oh! there is the secret—the witness in me." How many are there who follow the Master not because of the miracles which he did, but because they eat of the loaves and fishes and are filled! How many seek "the pie and cake," but spurn the idea of crusts though presented by the Father's hand! We must take the crust as well as the cake, if we would have the witness in us.—*Messiah's Herald.*

## WHAT AILED OLIVER.

"Get up, little boy! You are lying in bed too long; breakfast will soon be ready. The canary-bird has taken his bath, and is now singing a sweet song. Get up! get up! or I'll throw this pillow at you."

"Don't throw the pillow at me!" cried Oliver. "I'll promise to get up in five minutes."

"If you would be healthy, wealthy and wise, you must rise early, little boy," said Charlotte.

When Oliver came down to the breakfast table his father said, "How is this, Oliver? You are late again."

"I went to sleep and forgot all about it," said Oliver.

"Come here, my boy, and let me feel your pulse," said his father, "I should not wonder if Oliver were suffering from a disease which is very common at this time."

Oliver gave his hand to his father, who, after feeling his pulse, said,

"Yes, it is as I thought. Poor Oliver has Slack's disease. Take him up to bed again. Put his breakfast by the side of his bed, and when he feels strong enough he may eat it. He may stay at home from school to-day."

The little boy went up-stairs with his sister and was put to bed. He could not sleep, however. He heard children playing out of doors, he heard Ponto barking and Tommy, the canary-bird, singing a sweet song.

Then Oliver called his sister, and said, "What is Slack's disease? Is it dangerous?"

"I rather think not," said Charlotte. "You dear little simpleton! don't you know what father meant? He meant you were troubled with laziness—that's all."

Oliver saw that a trick had been played on him. He jumped out of bed, dressed, and ate his breakfast, and ran off to school, where he arrived just in time.

Since that day Oliver has been the first up in the house. He is no longer troubled with Slack's disease.

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## NEGRO APHORISMS.

Old times was too good to be true. When all de half bushels fits de same size, you may look out for the millenium.

Folks ought to talk about de neighbors like de tombstones does.

De old cow dat jumps de drawbars too much is practersin' for de tanyard.

De safety o' de turnup patch depends mo' on de size ob de turnups dan on de tallness ob de fence.

Lots o' hens los' deir eggs by braggin' on 'em too loud.

A man's raisin' (bringing up) will show itself in de dark.

Some folks medger distance by deir own roomatiz.

Eben a mud-turtle kin clam a pine tree after de tree done fell on de ground.—*The Century.*

## ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood-purifier and strength-restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by all druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on Consumption send two stamps. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

I heard an old man sing, "Religion is the chief concern of mortals here below," and when the contribution box was 'passed' around to take collections for missions he put in a nickel, and then completed the stanza.

When the services were about half through, he pulled out a large plug of tobacco, and cut off a piece to chew during the remainder of the service. The next week some parties visited him to get a contribution to a barbecue, which the neighborhood was getting up; he gave a nice beef and a year-old hog. The next Sunday he went to church and sang the same hymn. When the contribution was taken to assist in the support of a young minister in school, he looked very much displeased, and gave nothing. But as soon as services were over he said to a brother of another denomination "that he was opposed to any such 'fandangos,' this taking up collections every Sunday, is going to ruin all the churches."

There are so many who give more for tobacco and barbecues than for Christ.—*Ec.*

## Putting the Chief on His Feet.

The Hamilton, Ont., Fire Department, under the training and supervision of Chief A. W. Aitchison, is not excelled in efficiency by that of any other city in the Dominion.

Chief Aitchison, by the way, met with a very serious accident in driving to a fire not long ago. His head, shoulders and back were injured in a terrible manner. Being asked how he accounted for his rapid recovery, he replied: "Simply enough; St. Jacobs Oil can put any man on his feet, if there is any life in him at all. I used that wonderful medicine from the start, and the result is, that I am to-day in prime health and condition. St. Jacobs Oil, the panacea that comes to the relief of the Fireman for rheumatism, burns, etc., served me in my trouble and cured me quickly, completely and permanently. It is the standard medicine here in the Fire Department."

The year 1882, will be unique upon the calendar, beginning and ending with a Sunday, rich in the possession of fifty-three Lord's days—a Sabbath year—priestly with a girdle of sacredness, an enclosure entered and passed out by golden gates of spiritual rest and opportunity.—*Ec.*

## SKINNY MEN.

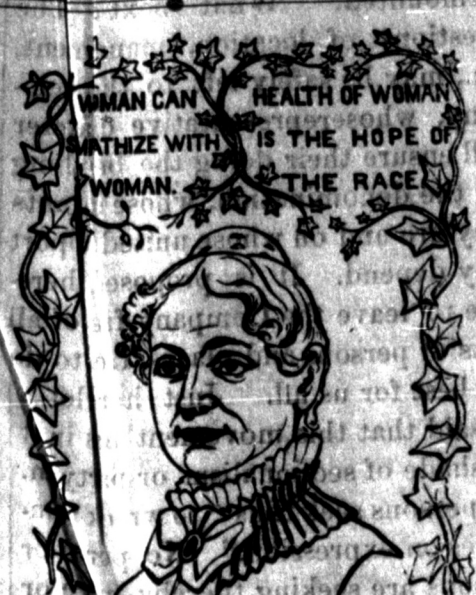
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