

O that we may with joy behold Him! that we may be glad when we see the Lord! Awful as will be His majesty as Judge of the whole earth, yet to those who love His appearing there will be no cause for fear. There will be nothing to mar the gladness of the Christian soul. The peace which He spake to the little band which welcomed Him with trembling joy, that Peace will He speak to all who have tried faithfully, however imperfectly, to lead the life of His children. "Come ye blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

BOBBIE LEARNS A LESSON.

Uncle Will bought Bobbie a dog, which Bobbie named Joss. Joss was a puppy; but he grew fast, and soon was quite large.

"Bobbie," said his mother to him one day, "why don't you teach Joss some tricks? He belongs to a very fine breed of dogs, and looks bright. I would teach him something."

"Very well," said Bobbie, much pleased, "what shall I teach him?"

"Suppose you teach him to carry your tin pail when you go over to Mr. Smith's for yeast," said his mother.

"That would be fine," said Bobbie; so that very day, as he had to go for yeast, he thought that he would have Joss carry his little pail for him.

"Come here, Joss," he said, with a little whistle, which Joss knew very well. Joss came running as fast as he could, wagging his tail, and looking very gay and happy.

"Here, sir," said Bobbie, putting the pail between Joss's teeth; "take my pail, sir!" Joss took it, shook it, and then dropped it.

Bobbie put it in Joss's mouth again, and again Joss shook it and dropped it. Bobbie tried it three or four times; but the result was just the same, though he frowned at Joss sternly and cried out in a very cross tone, "Don't you dare to drop it, sir!" The pail began to get a good many dents in it. "It's no use," said Bobbie; "I shall spoil the pail, and Joss will never learn a thing." So he went back to his mother and told her his story.

"I know just how you feel, Bobbie," said his mother. "I have been trying to teach a little boy to say, 'Yes, ma'am,' and 'No, ma'am,' for several years, but still he says, 'Yes' and 'No,' instead, nearly all the time."

Bobbie hung his head; and his mamma went on: "I shall keep on trying, though, and you had better too. Perhaps we shall both succeed in time. I will get you a new little pail for the yeast, and you can keep the dented one on purpose to teach Joss with. You mustn't get tired trying. Just think of the years I have been trying to teach my little boy a few simple words."

Bobbie said "Yes, ma'am," very carefully, and the next day he went to work at training some more. Before many days Joss would carry the pail nicely. Then Bobbie taught him to stand on his hind feet and beg, and to go for the paper, and to do many other tricks. Joss used to stand on his hind legs, and made a very funny noise which Bobbie called "singing," though it was really only whining and yelping.

Training Joss made Bobbie understand something of how hard it was for his mother to train him. Because he liked to have Joss do just right, he tried harder to do right himself.—*Our Little Ones.*

EASTER.

BY ELLEN HAILE.

Why do they call to me?
What have they found?
Under that budding tree,
Close to the ground?

An egg—a mystery,
Smooth, blue, and round,
That's why they call to me:
That's what they've found.

Safe in the tiny shell
Lies a little bird;
They know the story well,
Often they've heard:

How broods the mother small
Over her pretty nest,
Guarding her treasures all
Neath her warm breast.

'Till from the prison gloom
Comes the new-born,
As Christ from out the tomb
Came first on Easter morn.

THE PARABLE OF THE FLOWERS.

It has been said that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. A fanciful saying, perhaps; yet many of us would like it to be true. You would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them; nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard them; if you could bid the black blight turn away, and the knotted caterpillar spare; if you could bid the dew fall upon them in the drought, and say to the south wind, in frost, "Come, thou south, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out." This you would think a great thing. And do you not think it a greater thing, that all this (and how much more than this!) you can do for fairer flowers than these—flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them; flowers that have eyes like yours, and thoughts like yours, and lives like yours; which, once saved, you may save for ever? Is this only a little power? Far among the moorlands and the rocks—far in the darkness of the terrible streets—these feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn and their stems broken; will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their shuddering from the fierce wind? Shall bright morning follow morning for you, but not for them; and the dawn rise to watch, far away, frantic "dances of death," but no dawn rise to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet, and woodbine, and rose; nor call to you through your casement, "Come into the garden?" Will you not go down among them?—among those precious living things, carrying new courage, strength to start up into purity, washed from the dust, opening, bud by bud, into the flowers of promise? Still they turn to you, and for you.

"The Larkspur listens— I hear, I hear!
And the Lily whispers— I wait."

Have you noticed another line in those stanzas?

"Come into the garden,
For I am here at the gate alone."

Who is it, think you who stands at the gate of *this* garden, alone, waiting for you? Did you ever hear, not of a "Maud" but of a Magdalene, who went down to a garden in the dawn, and found One waiting at the gate. Whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him

often? sought Him all through the night, perhaps in vain? Well, at the gate of *this* garden He is waiting always, waiting to take your hand, ready to go down to see the fruits of the vine, to see whether the vine has flourished, and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His Hand is guiding; there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His Hand cast the sanguine seed; more, you shall see the troops of the Angel-keepers that, with their wings, wave the hungry birds from the pathsides where He hath sown, and call to each other between the vineyard rows, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines have tender grapes." Oh! among the hills and happy green-wood of this land of yours, shall the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; and in your cities shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His Head?—*From Ruskin's Sesame and Lilies—* Pp. 191-196.

A STRANGE FACT.

It is wonderful, the exquisite pain we contrive to give to people whom we really love very much! We give it by snarling and snapping, saying sarcastic, biting things; the *illness* of the family being often the busiest in this occupation. Now, with the bee, we forgive the sting for the sake of the honey, but who can forgive the wasp? And who can forgive the bee if he sting not his enemies but his friends? And that is what some of you do; and, oh! the sting rankles and poisons the life of people for whom, I verily believe, you would lay down your own. Yes, you would *die* for them, but you will not check your ill-temper or your ill-feeling enough to enable you to *live* with them.

"When two conscientious people quarrel, both think themselves right. But hard words will not mend the matter; one might as well try to mend glass windows by pelting them with stones."

MORNING STUDY OF THE BIBLE.

The best time for Bible reading is in the morning. The mind and body are fresh after the repose of the night, and the highest powers of thought may be brought to bear upon the chapter selected. But, with most people, each recurring morning brings its own pressing tasks. Business cares, the daily toil, and the duties of the household, are the first and most engrossing concerns. Some hours must pass, with very many, before they can find time to sit down to any quiet reading. I would plead, however, with every one who may happen to look at this article that the plan be honestly tried of taking some words from God's Book for the first meditation of the morning.—*Margaret J. Sangster.*

[The Emporia (Kan.) Weekly News.]
ESTABLISHED THE PROOF.

The time has long since passed when men accepted every statement as fact. Away back in the early days of the world, before men had acquired the art of lying, it may be that no one questioned the statement of another. That happy condition, if it ever existed, does not now exist. When an assertion is made in these days, men require the proof to be laid before

their eyes before accepting it. Hence any proposition susceptible of proof is easily sustained. This is the reason that the world so readily accepts the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, as the greatest remedy for pain in use. Whenever a proposition is laid down to this effect the writer has always at his command evidence to sustain it, and he, therefore, experiences no difficulty in convincing. The St. Jacobs Oil is a very popular remedy in Emporia and all through the adjacent country. The druggists here with one voice unite in saying that no one remedy sells as well or gives such general satisfaction.

Mr. Jacob Stotter, one of the proprietors of the *News*, has used the Great German Remedy for rheumatism, and does not hesitate to pronounce it a genuinely good remedy. It gave him relief.

The reporter also had an interview with Mr. W. F. Hetherington, editor of the *Sentinel*. Mr. Hetherington said he tried St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism, and found it all that could be asked. He had violent pain in the shoulders and breast, and could not obtain relief until he resorted to the St. Jacobs Oil. The remedy very soon gave him relief, and finally caused the pain to entirely disappear. Mr. Hetherington said he was greatly pleased with the action of the Oil, and believes it a very powerful relief.

Mr. C. J. Felt, agent of the Adams express company at Emporia, told the writer, while in conversation upon the efficacy of the German remedy, that it was the only thing which would give his wife relief from muscular pain during a very severe and painful illness. It seemed to soothe where all other remedies failed.

Mr. R. C. Dean, a very intelligent printer in the office of the *Wichita Beacon*, says that St. Jacobs Oil served him a very good turn one night in Washington. Mr. Dean awoke one night with a violent pain in his side. The pain was so sharp that he breathed with difficulty. He could not possibly sleep, and soon became alarmed. Getting up he went to the door of a neighboring lodger and asked if he could do anything to relieve him. The gentleman said he had nothing but a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which was highly recommended. Mr. Dean said he was ready to try anything that was suggested. He, therefore, applied the great painkiller and experienced almost instant relief. The second application restored him to a happy condition, both physically and mentally, and he went to sleep, and felt none the worse for the painful episode upon arising the next morning.

Mr. T. W. Dill, printer in the *Times* office at Council Grove, was cured of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil. Mr. Dill deposes that he suffered with rheumatism in his right arm. He took medical advice and swallowed the prescriptions of his physicians. Receiving no relief he resolved to seek the good offices of St. Jacobs Oil. He used one bottle of the Great German Remedy, and had the satisfaction of realizing a cure. He spoke highly of the merits of the Oil and expressed great confidence in it.

What is writ is writ. These be facts which no man can gainsay. They evidence the presence of a most valuable curative in Kansas, which is within the reach of all. For 50 cents one may be speedily relieved of an ordinary attack of rheumatism.