

Children's Department.

"HALF-BLAME, DOUBLE-PRaise."

"Half-blame, double praise,
Best win men to mend their ways."

Perhaps the now obsolete term, "an old saw," was once given to such a saying as this, because it cut so sharply, dividing truth from error. However that may be, this proverb has sharp teeth, and would do good service, if it were used, in cutting away some mistakes.

For it is a mistake to give all blame and no praise. If only young people would realize this, it would do a world of good to the younger people and children, if nothing more. Most young people come in contact with still younger ones, in the family, the circle of relationship, or elsewhere, and their influence upon these are very great, whether they know and believe it or not. Big brothers or sisters have a chance to help or to hurt the younger ones every day; they stand very near to them; they are between them and grown-ups.

A chance to help imposes a duty to help, and gives the privilege, which is a higher motive still, and there is one thing very certain: these younger ones, who have plenty of faults, to be sure, will not mend their ways by the aid of the older ones, if they get more blame for their failures than praise for their attempts to do right. Unmixed blame is so discouraging; no one, little or large, feels much heart to try again after it, much as it may be deserved. "It's no use," is the very human cry; and angry censure, particularly, rouses resentment, which is not likely to make the culprit better, for it is not akin to repentance.

Therefore it is a very safe rule to give only "half blame," to restrain part of the censure, at least, for another time, for if when one is vexed and out of patience all the blame one

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feels like delivering is poured out, there is small doubt that it will be too much.

When things go amiss, and annoyances are felt, it seems to be the most natural thing in the world to blame somebody. There is a sort of relief to the feelings in doing it, and, where it can be done, it is laid upon younger shoulders. It seems safer to do this than to accuse older ones. But that is not generous, is it?

When another vexes us, how quickly the reproof flames out! Are we half as quick to praise well-doing, as to scold ill-doing? That is not a very lovely trait, certainly. We want to conquer it by all means, and keep this bit of human nature under control. It will be good discipline to practice giving only half-blame and double-praise, and it will be something worth while to see how it helps others to mend their ways.

A COMFORT.

Clara Bell and mamma and all the rest of the family had gone to spend the summer in the country with grandma. It was a big old-fashioned, white house, on the village street. It had so many windows that it seemed to say to every sunbeam, "Come right in and make everything bright."

And the big front door was usually ajar, as if to invite everybody to come in. And everybody liked to go in, too.

Grandma had many visitors. Sometimes Clara Bell left her play under the old vine-covered porch and stole in to listen.

Deacon Hopkins was one of the visitors, and he often took Clara Bell on his knee and told her charming stories of "When I was a boy." The other children in the street somehow knew when these stories were going on, and often there was a group of eager listeners about the old man. He was very old indeed, Clara Bell thought. He stooped very much, and always walked with a cane, and his hair was as white as snow.

But his heart, dear me! it was as young as a boy's. His voice was feeble and cracked; but how he loved to sing!

Sometimes, summer evenings, he

would sit with them on the porch in the dark, and then he always began a hymn, in which the others would join. Perhaps the one he sung most was Clara Bell's favorite, too.

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

The summer days flew away. The time had come for Clara Bell and all the rest to return to the big, bustling city.

Deacon Hopkins came to make his parting visit. Clara Bell sat close to him in the twilight, while he sang verse after verse of the hymn he loved.

Then he said:
"Clara Bell, I am an old man, and I have seen many good days and many sad ones, and I have never seen any day when these lines could not comfort me. When there have been sad times, I have said: 'He bore more than this for me,' and then my burden has seemed lighter. Keep on singing, little one, and sing these words into your own heart."

Clara Bell was very still for a long time after the old man had gone. When mamma came to put her to bed, she said, "I am singing them in my heart."

A BANKER'S EXPERIENCE

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for a troublesome affection of the throat," writes Manager Thomas Dewson of the Standard Bank, now of 14 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto. "It proved effective. I regard the remedy as simple, cheap and exceedingly good. It has hitherto been my habit to consult a physician in troubles of this nature. Hereafter however, I intend to be my own family doctor."

—Enjoy the blessings of this day; and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow.

SURPRISED HIS DOCTOR.

"A little over a year ago I was laid up with Bronchitis," says Stanley C. Bright, clerk, of Kingston. "My doctor's bill came to \$42, and altogether my illness cost me \$125. This fall I had another attack. I came across an advertisement in a newspaper for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for throat troubles. I thought I would risk a quarter and try it. It cured me. After this I intend to treat my own ills."

—Not to fulfil the mission given us, is soon to be left without one, dropped out, set aside, while others do our work and receive the honour and reward which should have been ours.

THROAT TROUBLE CURED.

"I used Dr. Chase's syrup of Linseed and Turpentine for severe throat trouble," writes Mrs. Hopkins, of 254 Bathurst street, Toronto. "It proved most effective. I regard it as one of the best household remedies there is. It is easy and pleasant to take and drives out the cold with surprising celerity."

—In all troubles and sadder accidents, let us take sanctuary in religion, and by innocence cast out our anchors for our souls to keep them from shipwreck.

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Heart Trouble.

Maxwell, Ont., Canada, Jan. 6, 1897.

I commenced using one of your Electropoises in June, 1895, for valvular heart trouble, and neuralgia of the same organ. I realized improvement from the first, and in several letters to you, my sister stated the great benefit derived from its use. My heart does not trouble me now, except when I overexert myself, then I feel a slight pain in it. I only wish we had heard of it sooner as it would have saved us a great deal of useless expense. We would not part with it for any amount of money if we could not replace it.

Yours very truly, J. D. Sterling.

Rheumatism.

St. John's, Que., Canada, Feb. 21, 1895.

The wonderful properties of your Electropoise having been brought to my notice, I was induced to give it a trial on a member of my family who suffered from inflammatory rheumatism, and for the short time that I have used it I think it has afforded much relief to the patient.

Yours very truly, James O'Carroll,
(Mayor of St. John's).

Paralysis.

Minnedosa, Man., Canada, Jan. 28, 1895.

I commenced using the Electropoise last November for rheumatism and paralysis. My experience with it since then enables me to say now, that the Electropoise is the one only remedy worth trying for the above maladies. I have tried every thing else and find the Electropoise the only genuine and grand success.

Gratefully yours, Alford H. Racey.

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