

## A Misspelled Tale.

A little buoy said, "Mother, dear,  
May Eye go out to play?  
The son is bright, the heir is clear:  
Owe, mother, don't say neigh!"

"Go fourth, my son," the mother said,  
The ant said: "Take your slay—  
Your gnoiss knew sled, awl painted read.  
Butt do knot lose your weigh."

"Ah, know," he cried, and sought the  
street,  
With hart sew full of glee  
The wether changed, and snow and sleet  
And reign fell steadily.

Threw snowdrifts grate, threw watery  
pool,  
He sne with mite and mane.  
Suld he: "Though Eye would walk by  
rule,  
Eye am not rite, 'tis plane.

"Eye'd like to meat sum kindly sole,  
For hear gnu dangers weight,  
And yonder stairs a treacherous whole—  
Two sloo has been my gate.

"A peaco of bred, a gneiss hot stake,  
Eye'd chews if Eye were home,  
This crewel fate my hart wood brake—  
Eye love not thus to rome.

"Eye, week and pall, have mist my rode."  
But hear a carte came passed.  
He and his s'nd were safely toad  
Back to his home at last.

## CIGARETTES.

"Does cigarette smoking injure the  
lungs?" asked some one of a leading  
New York physician.  
For his answer the  
doctor lighted a  
cigarette, and in-  
haling a mouthful  
of smoke, blew it  
through the corner  
of his handkerchief,  
which he held  
tightly over his  
mouth. A dark-  
brown stain was dis-  
tinctly visible.

Just such a  
stain," said the doc-  
tor, "is left upon  
the lungs." If you  
ever smoke another  
cigarette think of  
the stains you are  
making.

There is a disease  
called the cigarette  
eye, which is re-  
garded as dangerous.  
A film comes over  
the eye, appearing  
and disappearing at  
intervals. And did  
you know that boys  
have been made  
blind by smoking  
cigarettes? How  
would you like to  
part with your sight  
and never again be-  
hold the light of  
day or the faces of  
your friends? Shall  
I give you two or  
three pictures? A

writer greatly interested in young peo-  
ple (Josiah Leeds) described a pitiful  
spectacle which he saw—a pale, woe-be-  
gone boy, standing at the entrance of an  
alley, without a hat, his dilapidated  
trousers very ragged at the knees, his  
hands in his pockets, shivering with cold,  
yet whiffing away at a cigarette.

Dr. Hammond says, "I saw in Wash-  
ington a wretched-looking child, scarcely  
five years old, smoking a cigarette and  
blowing the smoke from his nostrils.  
His pale face was twitching convulsively,  
his little shoulders were bent, and his  
whole appearance was that of an old  
man."

## THE COW THAT SAILED TO THE FAIR.

When I was down on Cape Cod last  
summer, I heard an amusing story about  
an old sea captain and his cow. Captain  
Patterson, after sailing the sea for more  
than forty years, finally retired to a lit-  
tle farm near Barnstable, where he set-  
tled down, with a horse, a cow, and two  
or three dozen hens. His cow, though  
a lank and rather stubborn creature, was  
said to come from very good stock; and  
when the Barnstable people took it into  
their heads to have a fair, Captain Pat-  
terson determined to exhibit his cow.

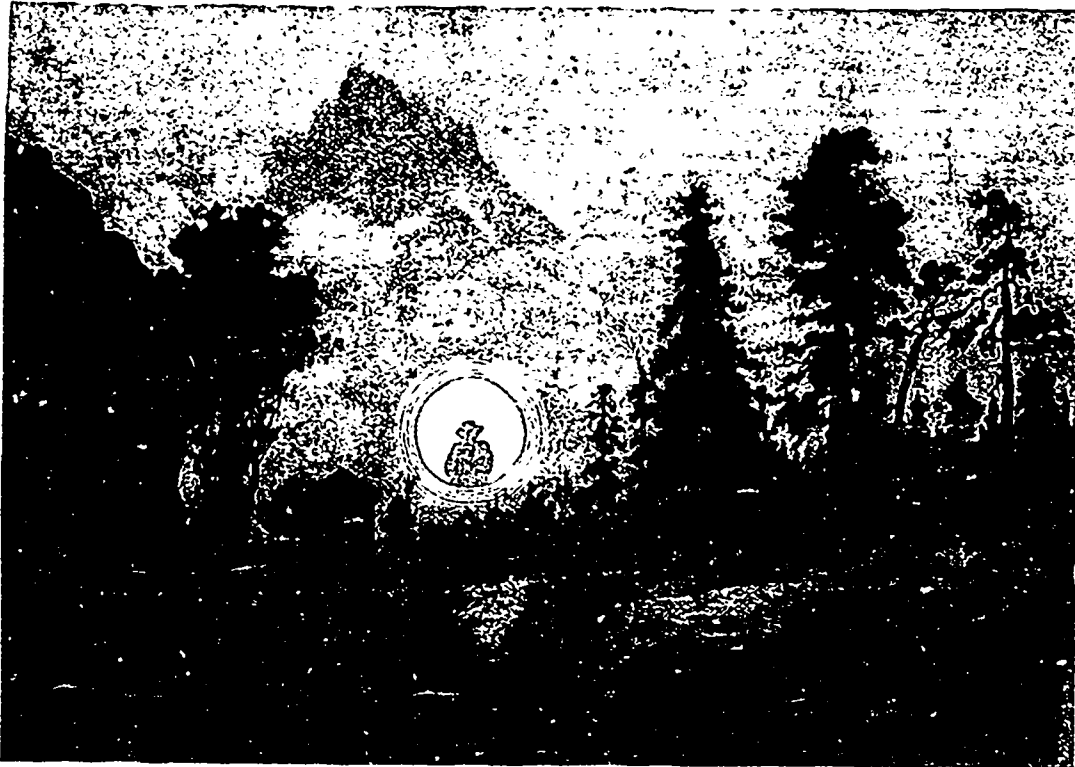
But when the day came for driving her  
to the grounds, the cow showed that she  
had a mind of her own, and would not  
budge a step beyond the farm-yard gate.  
In vain the old captain tugged at the  
rope, pummeled her sides, and pushed

her flanks. The cow wanted to go to  
pasture, and was bound she wouldn't go  
to the fair.

Captain Patterson's patience was near-  
ly gone, when suddenly an idea occurred  
to him. Though he was not strong  
enough himself to force the cow to go to  
the fair, his sea-training suggested some-  
thing that was! Tying the cow to the  
gate post, he went up into the loft of his  
barn and threw down an old sail, stepped  
to a dory mast. Then he put a horse's  
blanket-belt through an iron ring, strap-  
ped the belt around the cow, inserted the  
end of the mast in the ring, and bound  
the mast to the side of the cow with  
some fifty feet of rope.

The wind blew "quartering," and when  
the captain untied the cow and raised  
the sail, the canvas swelled out over the  
cow's back, and away she went "silding"  
down the road, mooing and plunging, and  
trying to stop herself in vain. Captain  
Patterson seized her tail, and, using it  
as a rudder, guided her skillfully in the  
right direction. With every fresh puff  
of wind the obstinate cow would be  
hurried along, faster and faster, while  
the dust blew up in clouds, and the sail  
flapped and tugged, as Captain Patterson  
held to the main-sheet with one hand  
and the cow's tail with the other.

It was a hard voyage for both of them  
but not a long one; and when they came  
in sight of the fair-ground, everybody  
ran out to see the remarkable sight of a  
cow being sailed through the streets like  
a ship. Cheers and laughter filled the  
air; and when the captain finally whirled  
his cow around at the gate of the fair-  
ground, and brought her neatly "up into  
the wind," the shout that arose might  
have been heard two miles away.



THE WILD SUN.

Unfortunately, Captain Patterson's cow  
did not take one of the prizes for blooded  
stock; but the captain himself was given  
a special prize, by the Fair Commission-  
ers, for "the best device for getting balky  
cattle to market!"

## THE WILD SUN.

There are some remarkable atmospheric  
effects produced by the mists among the  
mountains of Europe. One of these is  
the phenomenon known as the Spectre  
of the Brocken. At sunrise, or shortly  
after, there is sometimes seen a strange,  
gigantic figure, surrounded by a huge  
halo, which gesticulates and follows  
every gesture of the beholder as if mock-  
ing his movements. It is, in fact, his  
shadow thrown upon a curtain of cloud,  
the halo being a reflection of the sun it-  
self.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES

## LESSON I—APRIL 4.

PETER WORKING MIRACLES.  
Acts 9. 32-43. Memory verses, 32-35.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.—Acts  
9. 34.

## OUTLINE.

1. Power, v. 32-35.
2. Love, v. 36-39.
3. Life, v. 40-43.

Time.—About A.D. 40.

Places.—Lydda, Saron, and Joppa

## HOME READINGS.

- M. Peter working miracles. Acts 9.  
32-43.  
Tu. Christ healing a palsied man.—  
Mark 2. 1-12.  
W. Care for the poor.—Deut. 15. 7-11.  
Th. A helper of the needy.—Job 29. 1-13.  
F. Rich in good works.—1 Tim. 6. 12-19.  
S. Life in Christ.—1 John 5. 9-15.  
Su. The king's reward.—Matt. 25. 31-40.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Power, v. 32-35.  
To what city did Peter journey?  
What people did he there visit?  
What sick man did he find?  
How long had the man been ill? Of  
what trouble?  
What did Peter say to him?  
What did the man at once do?  
What effect had the cure on the people?  
What is meant by "turned to the  
Lord"? See Isa. 55. 7.
2. Love, v. 36-39.  
Who was dead at Joppa?  
What did the disciples do after Dorcas  
died?  
Why did they send for Peter?  
What did Peter find when he came?  
Why was this woman mourned?
3. Life, v. 40-43.  
What did Peter do and say?  
What at once followed?  
Then what did Peter do?

They are baffled and beaten and blown  
about  
By the winds of the wilderness of  
doubt."

Foolish creatures! Things are re-  
versed now. Home has become the  
paradise of their imaginations. They  
long for the haunts of childhood's happy  
days; they listen for the voices of the  
playmates of their early years, they  
yearn for the mother-love and fatherly  
care which sought to make their now  
lost home "a fairy ring of bliss." But  
the tie once broken is rarely united. The  
past is not recoverable, but remains only  
as a lost possession in the realm of  
memory.

Therefore, oh, restless youth! unless  
the stern voice of duty demands the  
sacrifice, content thyself with things as  
they are. Say to thyself:

"Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
The bird is safest in its nest;  
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly,  
A hawk is hovering in the sky—  
To stay at home is best."  
—Our Youth.

## BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I will give that to the missionaries,"  
said Billy, and he put his fat hand on a  
little gold dollar, as he counted the con-  
tents of his money-box.

"Why?" Susie asked.  
"Cause it's gold. Don't you know  
the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold?  
And the missionaries work for Jesus."

Stillness for a little, then Susie said:  
"The gold all belongs to Him any-  
how. Don't you think it would be bet-  
ter to go right to him and give him what  
he asks for?"

"What's that?" Billy asked.  
Susie replied softly:  
"My son, give me thine heart."

Patient.—"Doctor, I'm in a bad way."  
Dr. Newmethod.—"Diet." "I can't  
sleep." "Diet." "I can't eat." "Diet."  
"I'm bilious." "Diet." "My hair is  
turning gray." "Dye it."

What is the only pain of which every  
one makes light? A window pane.

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