

Our Young Folks.

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

Over the tops of the trees
And over the shallow stream
The shepherd of sunset frees
The amber phantoms of dream
The time is the time of vision;
The hour is the hour of calm.
Hark! On the stillness Elysian
Breaks how divine a psalm!
Oh, clear in the sphere of the air,
Clear, clear, tender and far,
Our aspiration of prayer
Unto eve's clear star!

O singer serene, secure,
From thy throat of silver and dew
What transport lonely and pure,
Unchanging, endlessly new—
An unremembrance of mirth
And a contemplation of tears,
As it the musing of earth
Communed with the dreams of the years!
Oh, clear in the sphere of the air,
Clear, clear, tender and far,
Our aspiration of prayer
Unto eve's clear star!

O cloistral ecstatic, thy call
In the cool, green aisles of the leaves
Is the shrine of a power by whose spell
Whoso hears aspires and believes!
O hermit of evening, thine hour
Is the sacrament of desire
When love hath a heavenlier flower
And passion of a holier fire!
Oh, clear in the sphere of the air,
Clear, clear, tender and far,
Our aspiration of prayer
Unto eve's clear star!

—C. G. D. Roberts in *Youth's Companion*.

HIST!

'There, now you've done it!' And Tom Reynolds gave his little sister a quick push, which sent her crying to her mother, while he stooped to gather up the type which she had accidentally overturned.

'I didn't mean to do it,' sobbed Bessie, from the shelter of her mother's arms; while Mrs. Reynolds led reproachfully. 'How could you be so unkind, my son?'

Already ashamed of his rash violence, the boy said half apologetically. 'Of course, I needn't have got mad; but I'd such a time sorting over the type, and she came along so suddenly. I'm awful sorry, sis,' he continued, 'and I'll give you my new pencil if you'll stop crying.'

Accepting his offer, Bessie's tears soon ceased to flow, and after she and her mother had left the room Uncle Will, looking up from his newspaper, said sympathetically: 'That hasty temper of yours causes you considerable trouble, doesn't it, Tom?'

'It's just awful!' responded Tom: 'it's always making me do or say something to be sorry for. You don't know anything about it.'

'Perhaps I know more than you think,' continued Mr. Wetherby, with a quiet smile. 'When I was about your age, my temper was as much worse than yours as you can imagine.'

'It hardly seems possible, uncle. How do you manage to keep it down?'

'Did you ever notice that, when anything aggravating happens to me, I keep perfectly still for a moment?'

'Yes, but I didn't suppose you were trying to do so. Do you stop and count a hundred?'

'No. I just listen.'

'And what do you hear?'

'Before I give you my answer I will tell you something that lies back of it, and which will perhaps impress it more firmly upon you.'

'One day, when I was about as old as you, I was out in the yard setting a trap for some pigeons; and, just as a regular beauty was stepping in and I was about to pull the string, my pet spaniel came running up, and, jumping upon me, twitched the cord from my hand. It was just a moment too soon; and, as the startled bird flew swiftly away, I felt angry enough to kill the innocent cause of my disappointment. He was still frisking around me, and, in my passion, I seized a large stone, and raised my arm to hurl it with all my strength. But just then a sharp, half-whispered 'Hist!' attracted my attention; and pausing, with my hand still upraised, I turned to see our old gardener standing near in a listening attitude.

'What is it?' I exclaimed, half startled by his manner and expression.

'Don't you hear something?' he asked.

'Why, no,' I replied.

'Can't you hear a voice saying, 'Don't do it! don't do it?' he continued.

'Oh, I know what you mean now,' I said, hardly knowing whether to smile or to be vexed at his little ruse; but by this time my anger had abated, and, stooping involuntarily to caress the little animal, which was really so dear to me, I thought how easily I might have taken his life, and I said repentantly, 'I'm glad you stopped me, Martin; and I wish you'd remind me whenever you see I'm so mad that I hardly know what I'm doing.'

'All right, Mister Will!' he replied, 'if you'll only stop a bit when you're angry, and listen to what conscience says.'

'The old man was faithful to his promise; and over and over again I heard that warning expression, until even when he was not near I came to listen involuntarily for the 'hist! hist!' and the voice of conscience which was so sure to follow.'

'Please, uncle,' said Tom, with a half smile, as Mr. Wetherby ceased speaking, 'won't you say it to me a few times, and see if I can't get to hearing it for myself? It is such an encouragement to think what a success you have made of it.'—*Morning Star*.

FRITZ, THE RESCUER.

Not many miles from our home there once lived an old man, whose story we children never tired of hearing.

For twenty years he had lived in a small log house in the woods quite near the river. The only friends that old Simon knew were the birds and the squirrels and a large dog. This dog, whose name was Fritz, was always beside the old man. On the bench that served for a table was set, at meal-time, a plate for Fritz as well as his master. When the old man started with his axe for the woods, Fritz was by his side, drawing the sled or wagon that was to bring back the firewood.

One evening in summer Simon was sitting beside his door, with Fritz not far off. Suddenly they heard a strange sound. 'What is that I hear?' cried Simon, and as he spoke, Fritz gave a leap toward the bank of the river. There in the middle of the stream, and being carried along by the rapid current, was a small skiff. As the boat drew nearer, they could see in the stern a child, whose little hands were clasping the sides of the boat.

Fritz saw the child. He looked at his master as much as to say, 'I'll save the baby,' and then dashed into the stream. Old Simon watched him with anxious gaze. Fritz reached the boat, caught the floating rope in his teeth, and swam toward the shore. Slowly they drew nearer and nearer, until the boat was so close to the shore that old Simon helped Fritz with his burden. He tenderly lifted the child in his strong arms and carried him to the cottage. The little boy looked up into the old man's face, and then went to sleep.

For two days the child played about the door of Simon's home, with Fritz always on guard. The third day after the rescue another boat came down the river. You may believe that the man who rowed was anxiously watching the shore, and what a shout of joy there was when the father saw his little boy. Fritz began to bark, too, and there was great excitement.

The father told Simon how the baby had strayed away, and how the whole town had been looking for him. Some one had at last discovered that a boat was missing, and so he had come down the river.

Simon was offered a home in the city, but the old man loved the woods and the river too well to leave them. For ten years after, so long as Simon lived, there came down the river, once a year, the father and his son. They came with gifts for the one who had saved the boy's life. Brave Fritz was remembered, too, and ever afterwards wore about his neck a silver cross bearing the words, 'Fritz, the Rescuer.'

E. R. H.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing, and of making one's self popular, is to be cheerful. Joy softens more hearts than tears.—*Madame de Sartory*.

THE CROOKED TREE.

'Such a cross old woman is Mrs. Barnes! I never would send her jelly or anything else again,' said Molly Clapp, setting her basket down hard on the table. 'She never even said 'Thank you!' but 'Set the cup on the table, child, and don't knock over the bottles. Why don't your mother come herself instead of sending you? I'll be dead one of these days, and then she'll wish she had been a little more neighborly.' I never want to go there again, and I should not think you would.'

'Molly! Molly! come quick and see Mr. Daws straighten the old cherry-tree!' called Tom through the window; and old Mrs. Barnes was forgotten as Molly flew out over the green to the next yard.

Her mother watched with a great deal of interest the efforts of two stout men as, with strong ropes, they strove to pull the crooked tree this way and that. But it was of no use. 'Tis as crooked as the letter S, and has been for twenty years. You are just twenty years too late, Mr. Daws,' said Joe, as he dropped the rope and wiped the sweat from his face.

'Are you sure you have not begun twenty years too late on tobacco and rum, Joe?' asked Mr. Daws.

'That is a true word, master; and it is as hard to break off with them as to make this old tree straight. But I signed the pledge last night, and with God's help I mean to keep it.'

'With God's help you may hope to keep it, Joe,' responded his master. 'Our religion gives every man a chance to reform. No one need despair so long as we have such promises of grace to help.'

'That is my comfort, sir,' said the man, humbly; 'but I shall tell the boys to try and not get crooked at the beginning.'

'Mother,' said Molly, as she stood by the window again at her mother's side, 'I know now what is the matter with Mrs. Barnes. She need not try to be pleasant and kind now, for she is like the old tree—it is twenty years too late.'

'It is never too late, with God's help, to try to do better, but my little girl must begin now to keep back harsh words and unkind thoughts. Then she will never have to say, as Joe said about the tree, 'It is twenty years too late.'—*Sunday School Herald*.

MORAL BACKBONE IN THE YOUNG.

Boys and girls need leading even more than teaching—to have their characters formed rather than to be informed, so that useful information must be subordinated to the production of moral backbone. To be able to give the list of the kings of Judah and Israel forwards and backwards with equal celerity is good, for all knowledge is good; but it is not conspicuously useful when a moral crisis has to be met. How to give a boy or girl strong motives for standing firm in temptation must be a main object in all successful teaching. It is the great crises of life that direct the life to its end. Is your son or pupil ready for these? Can you do anything to fit him for them? When Coleridge Patteson (called by his school-fellows 'Coley'), afterwards the martyr bishop of Melanesia, was a boy at Eton, like many other boys, he was enthusiastically fond of cricket, and not only was he fond of it, but he was also an unusually good player. At the cricket suppers at Eton, it was the custom to give toasts, followed by songs, and these songs oftentimes were of a very questionable sort. Before one of these suppers Coley told the captain that he would protest against the introduction of anything that was immoral or indecent. His protest apparently had no effect, for during the evening one of the boys got up and began to sing a song which Coley thought was not fit for decent boys to hear. Whereupon, rising from his seat, he said, 'If this sort of thing continues, I shall leave the room.' It was continued and he left the table. The next day he wrote to the captain of the eleven, saying that unless he received an apology he should withdraw from the club. The apology was sent and Patteson remained; but those who knew how passionately fond of cricket he was, knew what a sacrifice it must have

been to have risked the chance of an acceptance of his withdrawal. Now, that Eton boy by his conduct confessed Christ. It was a great temptation to him, doubtless, to be silent, and to allow the evil ribald thing to pass unnoticed. But silence in such circumstances would have been disloyalty to the Master whom he served; for him, at least, it would have been to deny Christ.

A TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCE.

THE LIFE OF A COMMERCIAL MAN NOT ALL SUNSHINE.

Constant Travel and Roughing it on Trains Weakens the Most Robust—The Experience of a Halifax Merchant While on the Road.

Acadian Recorder, Halifax, N.S.

Mr. Percy J. A. Lear, junior partner of the firm of Blackadar & Lear, general brokers, 60 Bedford Row, Halifax, N.S., comes from a family of commercial travellers. His father, James Lear, was on the road in Lower Canada with dry goods for twenty three years, and few men were more widely known and esteemed, and the genial Percy himself has just retired from the ranks of the drummer, after a varied experience as knight of the grip, which extended over seventeen years and embraced almost every town and village in Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He is an extremely popular young man, a leading member of the Oddfellows' fraternity, an officer in the 63rd regiment of militia, and a rising merchant.

'How comes it that you are so fat and ruddy after such a term of hustling railroad life and varied diet, Mr. Lear?' questioned the reporter.

'Well,' was the answer, 'it is a long story, but one well worth telling. I weigh 190 pounds to-day, and am in better health than I ever before enjoyed in my life. Two years ago I got down to 155 pounds. Constant travelling, roughing it on trains and in country hotels broke me all up and left me with a nasty case of kidney complaint and indigestion. My head was all wrong, my stomach bad; I was suffering continual pains and dizziness, and my urine was extremely thick and gravelly. I began to get scared. I consulted several physicians in Montreal, Winnipeg and other cities, but their treatment did not give me a particle of relief. One day I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I made up my mind to give them a good trial. They seemed to help me, and I bought a second, third and fourth box, and they cured me. My stomach was all right, the dizziness left my head; no more lassitude, and all traces of my kidney disease disappeared. I was a new man, and gained flesh immediately, and have never been troubled since. I consider my case astonishing, because kidney complaint, especially gall stones, is hereditary in our family. It helped to hurry my father to an early grave, and an uncle on my mother's side, Dr. Whittle, of Sydney, Australia, had been a chronic sufferer from gall stones from boyhood. I was so impressed with the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I took the trouble to send Dr. Whittle two boxes all the way to Australia. Since my discovery of the benefits of these wonderful little pink coated exterminators of disease, I have recommended the remedy far and wide, and I could enumerate dozens of cases where they have been efficacious.'

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, kidney and liver troubles, the after effects of la grippe, and all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

The volcanic blaze breaks through the loftiest mountain peaks; and so the deep discontent of the humble millions breaks through the mountain minds of their great leaders.—O. C. Burleigh.