

Our Young Folks.

THE LITTLE CHILD AND STAR.

Oh, mother dear, how bright that star:
It shines as if for you;
How can it glitter, oft so far,
To let God's glory through?

I like those diamonds in the sky
That dazzle far and near,
Held there by Father's power on high,
And kept thus bright and clear.

Electric light shines not so bright,
Nor is it half so sweet;
How happy I will feel at night
When I'm at Jesus' feet.

SIR JAMES GRANT, M.D.

Ottawa.

TWO SIDES OF AN OPPORTUNITY.

"Yes, it is very pretty," Bertha Holmes looked with great satisfaction at the graceful draperies of a new dress she was trying on.

"I took a great deal of pains with it. I am glad you are pleased."

"O, I'm always pleased with your work, Janet." Bertha never failed in pleasant acknowledgment to those who worked for her.

After satisfying herself that all was right Janet said, with a little flush which showed that she found the pressing of her rights a difficult matter, "Would it be convenient for you to let me have the money very soon, Miss Bertha?"

"O, I suppose so, Janet. Is there any hurry?"

"I haven't been very well," was the hesitating answer, "and I have been trying to arrange to take a little holiday near the end of the month."

"I'm sure you need it," said Bertha, warmly. "Of course I will let you have the money very soon. Eight dollars? Yes, that is moderate, I'm sure. Goodbye. I'm glad you are thinking of an outing."

Bertha hurried away, fully determined to be prompt in the matter of the payment for the dress. But she was making preparations for her own outing and soon allowed the matter to escape her mind.

Ten days later Janet contrived a pretext for calling at Bertha's home.

"I was just coming this way and I thought I would just stop in with the pieces of your dress which I forgot when I brought it home."

"Yes, thank you," said Bertha. "I intended to take that money to you before this, Janet, but I forgot to speak to father. He is out of town for a day or two. Will it do the early part of next week?"

"O, yes."

"Well, I'll remember it."

"You are not looking at all well," said Bertha's mother, gazing with sympathy at the small pinched figure.

"I've been coughing a good deal lately, but the doctor thinks a little rest and change will set me up for the winter's work."

"Be sure you don't delay about paying her, Bertha," she said, after Janet had gone.

True to her promise, Bertha, early in the following week, set out with the money for Janet in her pocket. On the way she was met by a friend who asked, "Are you ready for the tennis tournament?"

"O, I had about given that up. My tennis dress looks so shabby and I am having so many other new things, I thought I'd have to get along without it."

"You can't give it up. I saw Harry Lucas yesterday, and he said they had put you on the programme."

"I really don't see how I can. My dress isn't fit to be seen in a tournament."

"Look there," pausing as the two passed a gaily decorated shop window. "There's a dress for you. Look at that blouse! Did you ever see anything more stylish than those stripes in pale blue and white? Only three dollars it's marked. And there is flannel for the skirt that exactly matches it. Just your color, Bertha."

"But I was not intending to get a new suit," said Bertha.

"But you need it, and I'm sure that's not high."

Eight dollars were in her purse. The tennis dress was most tempting, but she thought uneasily of her dressmaker's bill.

"After all," she reasoned with herself,

there can be no great hurry about paying Janet. She was not to go away until the end of the month, and that isn't here yet."

The dress was bought, and in the interest of making it, and the tournament, the days passed by without an obtrusive thought of the white face and the cough for which change was needed. The tournament took place in a neighboring town, which was something of a summer resort.

It was at family worship on the first morning after her return that the thought of Janet was forced upon her mind. Her father was an impressive reader of the Bible, and a few sentences came upon her with startling distinctness: "Thou shalt not oppress a hired servant that is poor. At his day thou shalt give him his hire, neither shall the sun go down upon it; lest he cry against thee unto the Lord, and it be sin unto thee."

Keenly it struck to heart that she had in her utter thoughtlessness and seeking after her own pleasure, kept back the "hire of the poor and needy." The Lord with stern justice had marked such things in the olden time. Why should He not now?

She procured the money and set out at once for Janet's home. Nearing the house she perceived a stir rather unusual in the cross street, the next moment becoming aware that it centred at the gate through which she had often gone to the young dressmaker. Bertha stopped suddenly and leaned against the fence with a white face and sinking heart. A funeral was taking place at the shabby genteel house.

"Who is it?" Bertha contrived to whisper to one of the bystanders, motioning toward the narrow coffin which was being brought out.

"Some young sewing girl, I believe. I don't know her name. They say she's been ailing for some time, but went down all at once near the end."

Bertha stood, scarcely conscious of what she was doing, watching the small procession which followed the coffin.

What would she not give for the opportunity which she had slighted? She had done nothing to smooth the path which had been so rough to the feet now stilled in everlasting rest. No, she had taken the part of the oppressor, and kept back the hire of the poor.

"I did not mean it, I did not." The cry arose in her heart. But what a poor plea it was! Could there be any excuse for her that she had closed her eyes to the needs of her less happy sister?

As the last of the loiterers departed she was about to follow when her attention was drawn by a slight noise at the front of the house. Somebody was opening the blinds and—Bertha gave a little cry—it was Janet's face which appeared behind them.

It was paler than before and in the moment in which Bertha took a few swift steps toward her she wisely crowded down her own excitement.

"Good morning, Janet. You—did not go away?"

"No," said Janet, "different things came in my way."

"And who?" asked Bertha, motioning toward the now dispersing funeral train.

"A poor girl who died of consumption. She had one of the upper rooms and it was hot, so toward the last we brought her down here."

"Janet," said she, "perhaps I have been one of the 'things' that came in your way. I can never tell you how sorry and ashamed I am for my carelessness. No, don't say a word; there's no excuse for me. And now when are you going away?"

"I have about given it up. The chance I had at a good cheap place is gone."

"Then I shall arrange something else for you. Yes, you must let me, or I shall think you have not forgiven me."

"I have had my lesson," said Bertha to herself as she walked home. I shall never forget it, for I know now how an opportunity looks from its lost side."—*The Congregationalist*.

An old peasant in north-west India learned by heart the first chapter of St. John's Gospel. After his harvest was over he would go out year by year into the villages around and repeat what he had learned. In eight years he had brought some 400 of his countrymen to embrace Christianity and receive baptism.

"IS THAT ALL?"

A lad of sixteen was lying upon a sick-bed. The attending physician had declared a few hours more would end his life. The painful duty of making the unwelcome announcement to the boy fell to his uncle. Approaching the bed, he said:

"My boy, the doctor tells me you have only a few hours to live."

"Is that so?" he asked.

"Yes; the doctor says so."

"Well, uncle," replied the boy, after a few moments' pause, "tell me how to be reconciled to God, and to have the assurance of His favor. Tell it to me quick. Tell it so that I can understand it."

And his uncle said: "It is this: you should be so sorry on account of your sins as to abandon them, ask God to forgive you, and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, who will present you to God as one of the redeemed."

And the boy asked: "Is that all?"

"Yes, my boy, that is all," replied his uncle.

"Oh! I am glad that is all. I have done that already. I did that long before I took sick, but I thought there was something else." And soon after, the lad fell asleep in peace.

BOY CHARACTER.

It is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence, and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so speak and so live the truth that there shall be no discount on his word. And there are such noble Christian boys; and wider and deeper than they are apt to think is their influence. They are the king boys among their fellows, having an immense influence for good, and loved and respected because of the simple fact of living the truth.

Dear boys, do be truthful. Keep your word as absolutely sacred. Keep your appointments at the house of God. Be known for your fidelity to the interests of the Church and Sunday school. Be true to every friendship. Help others to be and do good.—*Child's Paper*.

Our girls do not realize how much the happiness of home depends on them. The mother has been called the better-half of her husband, and I think girls can be called the better-half of mamma in more senses than one. Do not be too dependent on your mother for the direction of your ideas. Study them out yourself. If you have plenty of time on your hands, do not loiter around, and wander from room to room after mamma, but read awhile to grandma who is too dull-eyed to read to herself. Anticipate mamma's wishes, ease her cares. Try and rise up to some one of the requirements of home every day. Come out of yourself and try not only to be happy but make others so. There is something very beautiful about the affection of brother and sister. You can be a co-worker with mother in directing the headstrong boy into right paths; but by speaking unkindly, even if you feel vexed restrain yourself, and try to be pleasant—if you cannot; then keep still. Better say nothing than to speak cross. Respect your parents before the younger children. Make mother your confidant. It is heresy to think a mother's prayers is ever lost—a father's might be, but a mother's never. Do not forget that she prays for you.

AN OLD SETTLER'S STORY.

A PERTH COUNTY PIONEER'S EXPERIENCE.

A Sufferer for Nearly Twenty Years—Had Not Done a Month's Work in Ten Years—He Regains Health and Strength—His Neighbors Discuss the Remarkable Cure!

From the Listowel Banner.

Trowbridge is a pretty little village in the county of Perth. It is five miles from a railway, and gains in rural quietness a compensation for the loss of the bustle of larger towns. One of the best known residents of the village is Mr. Isaac Deleyea, who has lived there for upward of forty years, in fact ever since the "blazed" road through the woods led to the site of what was then laid out as the district

metropolis. As far back as the writer's memory goes, Mr. Deleyea has been sick nearly all the time, and unable to work, and when it was reported last spring that he was cured and claimed to be cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the Banner kept an eye on the case, letting it run on until a few days ago to see whether the improvement would last, and then set out to investigate for ourselves. We found Mr. Deleyea looking both well and active to say the least. In reply to our enquiries as to his health he said he felt young again, and felt that he was fully cured, and was quite willing to tell his story as he had no room to doubt the efficacy of the remedy in his case. "I have been sick," said he, "for twenty years and I have not done a month's work in ten years. I became all bloated out and my legs swollen very much. From this trouble I could get no relief. The medicines I got from the doctor helped me but did not cure me. Nothing would take the swelling away and I was beginning to feel that my condition was desperate. I could hardly be about and could do no work, not even of the lightest description. A year ago I read of the wonders done by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and bought a couple of boxes. The first box and a half gave me the sensation of having my flesh prodded all over with pins, but I began to feel better and determined to keep on taking the pills. I have taken twenty-eight boxes in all, and although it seems a large number, I would willingly take twice that quantity rather than be in my old condition of almost helplessness and suffering. All the swelling has entirely disappeared and I feel a well man again, and better than I have been for a great many years." In reply to a question Mr. Deleyea said he was sixty-six years of age and had been ill for fully twenty years, and he added earnestly "nothing else in the world but Pink Pills cured me and I believe they will cure anyone who gives them a fair chance. Ask any of my old neighbors how sick I was, and how I have been cured. Why, I not only feel like a new man but look like one. I can do all my work that I formerly had to have hired done, and I do not feel the least fatigue. With me it is no guess work, but a case of demonstration, and everybody who knows me knows that I have been cured and by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I cannot speak too highly of them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore 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 of any nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. I consider it a remedy no house should be without.

Cape Island.

J. F. CUNNINGHAM.

That string on my finger means "Bring home a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT."