

Our Young Folks.

A BOY'S PLEDGE.

I pledge my brain God's thoughts to think ;
My lips no fire or foam to drink
From alcoholic cup : nor link
With my pure breath tobacco's taint ;
For have I not a right to be
As wholesome and as pure as she
Who, through the years so glad and free,
Moves gently onward to meet me ?
A knight of the New Chivalry,
Of Christ and Temperance I would be,
In nineteen hundred, come and see.
—Frances E. Willard.

"NAN'S WAY."

'Nan,' said Mrs. Hodges, as a tall, slender girl came hurriedly into the sitting-room, "wait a minute, dear. I have a letter here from your Aunt Fannie; and she says—"

'Oh, well, mamma,' interrupted Nan, 'I haven't time to hear what she says now. I'm in a dreadful hurry. I've got my room all torn up, and I want to put it in order before school time. You can read it to me to-night just as well.'

'I think, dear, you'd better wait and hear it now,' her mother insisted gently; "for she says she is coming to spend some weeks with us, and I am sorry, Nanny, but that means—"

'Oh, horrors, mamma! I know what that means. It means I've got to give up my pretty room to her, and go in with Katie. I do wish we could have a house with a spare room in it, and not make me move all over the house whenever anybody comes! It's perfectly dreadful!'

'I know it, dear; I'm sorry it is necessary. But you must remember you took the spare room on condition that you would willingly vacate it whenever it was needed for guests. Surely, you can get along very nicely with Katie for a few weeks.'

'Oh, but, mamma, you don't know how I hate it! She takes a half-dozen dolls to bed and tumbles around nights, and pulls the covers every way! It's just horrid! And, with a shrug and a frown, Nan flounced angrily out of the room.

'Mamma,' said little Katie, who had been a silent listener to the conversation, 'will Aunt Fannie stay long?'

'I don't know. Why, dear?' asked the mother, smiling at the sober little face lifted to hers.

'Because—why, mamma, it isn't nice at all when Nannie rooms with me. She throws my dollies out of bed, and scolds me so.'

'Yes, dear, I understand; but you mustn't mind it, Katie. Nannie does not mean to scold you; it is only her way.'

That noon Nannie came to the table with a clouded brow, ate her dinner in silence, and after the meal was ended, went up to her room, where they could hear her closet doors angrily opened and closed, and bureau drawers drawn noisily out and pushed in again with a bang. Her mother sighed, but, knowing the fit of ill-humor would be over all the sooner if no one interfered, let her work it off alone.

The next day Aunt Fannie came; and from the moment of her arrival Nannie was the devoted admirer of this sweet-faced woman with gentle voice and quiet manner. It was certainly lovely to be sweet and gentle; and for several days Nan's abrupt movements were held decidedly in check, while the quick words and fretful tone, usually so ready in response to annoyance, were seldom heard.

But one day all went wrong. It was rainy and cold for one thing, which always made Nan cross. Then she was late to breakfast; and, finding the coffee and the cakes cold, she first scolded the girl, then spoke angrily to Katie, was impertinent to her mother, and ended by rushing off to school in the worst possible humor. After that nothing seemed to go smoothly, and matters fell back into the old way, until certainly Jennie Clark was right, and nobody in her senses would have thought of calling her 'sweet.' Yet under all the fretfulness was hidden a loving heart, which expressed itself often in many helpful ways. She was so truly kind and thoughtful that they had come to overlook the crossness, and excuse it as Nan's way.

But Aunt Fannie saw with much surprise and anxiety how this habit of ill-temper had grown upon the young girl, until it bade fair to make herself and every one about her uncomfortable. One noon Mrs. Hodges came into the sitting-room, saying in a troubled voice:

'Nannie, I wish you would go down and speak with Nora; for she is feeling very much hurt. She took such pains to do up your cambric dress just as you wanted it; and, when you passed through the kitchen yesterday and saw it on the bars, you said you never could wear it in the world, it was entirely too stiff.'

'Oh, nonsense, mamma! She ought not to mind a little thing like that. I know she's dreadfully touchy, but she ought to know me well enough by this time. It is just my quick way of speaking; and the dress was all right, after all. The old goose! I didn't mean to hurt her feelings; but I'll go down, and make it all right with her.'

Mrs. Hodges sighed as Nannie left the room, saying to her sister, 'I do wish, Fannie, that Nannie was not so impulsive. She makes a great deal of trouble both for herself and others. Still, she does not mean anything by it; for she has really a very warm heart, it is only her way.'

That evening Nan came in the early twilight to her Aunt's room, saying:

'Aunt Fannie, it is too dark to study, and just right for a chat.'

'I was just wishing for you, dear,' was the reply. 'Your mother and I were out driving this afternoon, down by the Long Pond; and I brought home some plants for you to analyze.'

'O Aunt Fannie! How kind! Where are they?' Nan exclaimed eagerly; for just now she was very much interested in botany.

'Over there on the table, dear; and I think they should be put at once into water, as they must be somewhat wilted.'

Nan went quickly to the table, where in the dim light she could discern the heap of leaves and branches. Grasping them impulsively with both hands, to carry them to her room, she suddenly threw them from her, and, rubbing her hands together, exclaimed angrily:

'For mercy's sake! Why, what are they? My hands burn like fire!'

'Oh, I'm sorry, dear,' said Aunt Fannie, gently; 'but never mind. They are nettles, and that is just a 'way they have'. They are a very useful plant in many ways, and you must not mind it if they do sting you a little. They don't mean to hurt you, Nannie; it is 'only their way!'

Nan's cheeks flushed hotly; but she bit her lip, and, silently slipping the nettles on a paper, carried them to the room. After putting them in water, she stood a few minutes by the window, half vexed with the pain in her hands, but feeling a still sharper pain in her heart. Suddenly she felt herself folded closely in two loving arms, while a tender voice said:

'Was the lesson too severe, dear?'

With quickly filling eyes, Nannie turned to her, saying:

'O Aunt Fannie! Do you think I am like the nettle? Do you mean that?'

In the gathering twilight they sat down together for a long and earnest talk, in the course of which 'Nan's way' looked more hateful to herself than it could have ever seemed to anyone else. Just before they separated Nan said earnestly:

'Somebody once said of somebody that her ways were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths were peace'. I think that was lovely.'

'Yes, dear,' replied her aunt, stroking the fair head as it lay on her shoulder, 'Solomon said it of Wisdom, and many have found it true.'

'I know,' said Nan, catching the caressing hand, and playfully kissing it; 'but since then somebody said it of you, Aunt Fannie, and 'many have found it true.' If I thought that, by trying ever so hard, years from now people would say that of me! Aunt Fannie, you must help me, for it will be dreadfully hard; but I will try, for I mean to begin a new way from this very night.—The Advance.

AN HOTEL MAN'S STORY.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THE GRAND UNION, TORONTO, RELATES AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.

Suffered Intensely From Rheumatism Six Doctors and Mineral Springs Failed to Help Him - How He Found a Cure - His Wife Also Restored to Health—Advice to Others.

From the Toronto World.

One of the most popular officers at the recent meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada was Rev. L. A. Betts, of Brockville, Grand Chaplain for 1893-94. While on his way to grand lodge Rev. Mr. Betts spent some time in Toronto, and among other points of interest visited the World office. It seems natural to talk Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any one hailing from the home of that world-famous medicine, and incidentally the conversation with Mr. Betts turned in that direction, when he told the World that he had that day met an old friend whose experience was a most remarkable one. The friend alluded to is Mr. John Soby, for many years proprietor of one of the leading hotels of Napanee, but now a resident of Toronto, and proprietor of one of the Queen City's newest and finest hostleries, the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Union depot. The World was impressed with the story Mr. Betts told, and determined to interview Mr. Soby and secure the particulars of his case for publication. Mr. Soby freely gives his testimony to the good done him by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago rheumatism with its attendant legion of aches and pains fastened upon him, and he was forced to retire from business. "For months," said Mr. Soby, "I suffered and could find no relief from doctors or medicines. The disease was always worse in the spring and fall, and last year I was almost crippled with pain. From my knee to my shoulder shot pains which felt like red-hot needles. Then all my limbs would be affected at once. Half-a-dozen doctors, one after the other, tried to cure me, but did no good. The rheumatism seemed to be getting worse. As I had tried almost everything the doctors could suggest, I thought I would try a little prescribing on my own account and purchased a supply of Pink Pills. The good effects were soon perceptible, and I procured a second supply, and before these were gone I was cured of a malady six doctors could not put an end to. I have recovered my appetite, never felt better in my life, and I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills credit for this transformation. My wife, too, is just as warm an advocate as I am. A sufferer for years she has experienced to the full the good of Dr. Williams' invaluable remedy, and recommends it to all women. "From what trouble was your wife suffering?" asked the reporter. "Well, I can't just tell you that," said Mr. Soby. "I do not know, and I don't think she did. It's just the same with half the women. They are sick, weak and dispirited, have no appetite and seem to be fading away. There is no active disease at work, but something is wrong. That was just the way with my wife. She was a martyr to dyspepsia, never in perfect health, and when she saw the change the Pink Pills made in me she tried them. The marvelous improvement was just as marked in her case as in my own, and she says that her whole system is built up, and that the dyspepsia and sick headaches have vanished. She, as well as myself, seems to have regained youth, and I have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing the remedy one of the most valuable discoveries of the century. Let the doubters call and see me and they will be convinced."

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

A pound of fads doesn't weigh so much as an ounce of fact.

Some twenty years ago, at Ottawa, Mr. Langton and the writer, being both at that time in the public service,* Mr. Langton walked one morning into my office and after the usual greeting said, "Have you ever thought of the meaning of the expression in the Psalms, 'My lines are fallen in pleasant places'?" The question was not official, but that did not surprise me, as Mr. Langton, in spite of his onerous official duties, kept himself in touch with the world of Literature and Science and not unfrequently interjected into our official intercourse some unexpected literary or scientific query. I was obliged to admit that I had never thought of looking into the strict meaning of the words, but threw out the suggestion that the "lines" might possibly refer to the fisherman's lines. "No," said Mr. Langton, "the 'lines' are the surveyor's lines and the passage merely means, 'I have been given a goodly lot of land.' At least," he added, "that is the translation in the Septuagint,† and the word *σχόλια* used there for the surveyor's lines, is a curious one, meaning properly a reed or rope of reeds, the primitive measuring line." The word *σχόλια* seemed utterly strange and unfamiliar and I could not help feeling that my little Greek was rapidly becoming less by disuse. Hardly had Mr. Langton left my office when I remembered that I happened to have in my office a copy of Gaisford's Herodotus, picked up at an auction a few days before, and which, for some unaccountable reason, I had taken to my office instead of to my house. Thinking then of *σχόλια* and with a view to test my rustiness in Greek, I took up a volume of the Herodotus and opening it at random struggled through a page or two of the quaint "Father of History," when to my amazement I came upon the following lines in an answer of the Delphic oracle to the Lacedæmonians:‡

δύσω τοι κ.τ.λ.
καὶ καλὸν πεδίον σχοίνῳ διαμετρήσασθαι,
"I will give you to measure out with the line a fair land."

Seldom has oracular response caused more surprise. There was the *σχόλιος* the measuring line, there too, the *καλὸν πεδίον*, the pleasant place or fair land§ of the Psalmist. I could hardly believe my senses. Was there anywhere in the Greek classics so apposite a parallel passage as that on which I had thus strangely lighted! Herodotus in hand, I rushed down to Mr. Langton's office and holding out the volume bid him read the passage. Needless to say he was as much surprised as I had been and said that he had never met with such a remarkable coincidence. And remarkable it surely was. Consider the facts. That I, the Deputy Minister of the Interior, charged with the management of the Red Indians of the North-west and elsewhere in Canada, whose education certainly did not include Greek, should have in my office a Greek author of any kind was a priori highly improbable; that the Greek author should anywhere contain a passage so exactly parallel was equally improbable. Again that it should have occurred to me to look into the book for the purpose of testing myself in Greek was also most improbable, and lastly, that opening one of the volumes at random, I should have come at once on this particular passage was perhaps the most improbable of all.

I would merely say, in conclusion, that if any classical scholar can point out in the whole range of the Greek classics a passage where the *σχόλιος* and the *καλὸν πεδίον*, the "surveyor's line" and the "fair land," are similarly brought into juxtaposition, I shall perhaps not consider the coincidence I have recorded as so remarkable. Until then I shall think myself justified in placing it high in the category of strange coincidences.—E. A. Meredith, in *The Week*.

*Mr. Langton was Auditor General and the writer Deputy Minister of the Interior.

†The translation in the Septuagint is: *σχόλια* *μετρήσασθαι* *ἐν τοῖς σταθμοῖς*—Psalm xvi. 6.

‡See Her. 1-66.

§In the Prayer-book the translation is, "The bath fallen to me in fair land."—Psalm xvi. 6.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang or poison or drown themselves.—*Sherlock*.