

## Children's Department.

### SHAN'T AND WON'T.

SHAN'T and Won't were two little brothers.  
Angry and sullen and gruff; [ers,  
Try and Will are dear little sisters.  
One can scarce love them enough.

Shan't and Won't look down on their noses,  
Their faces are dismal to see;  
Try and Will are brighter than roses  
In June, and as blithe as the bee.

Shan't and Won't are backward and stupid,  
Little indeed do they know;  
Try and Will learn something new daily  
And seldom are heedless or slow.

Shan't and Won't love nothing, no, nothing,  
So much as to have their own way;  
Try and Will give up to their elders,  
And try to please others at play.

Shan't and Won't have terrible trouble,  
Their story is too sad to tell;  
Try and Will are now at the school,  
Learning to read and to spell.

### DEEDS NOT WORDS.

**P**Ractice not profession, deeds not words, such is the motto of to-day. It is by our fruits that we shall be known, known sooner or later on earth, known without fail at the judgement day. "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven." You shall hear to-day of one whose love both to her earthly and her heavenly Father was shown in action.

More than one hundred years ago there lived at Rochebeaucour in Angoumois, a province in France, a young girl called Frances Maria. Her father was a tax gather, and though scarcely above a peasant in rank, he was a thoughtful as well as a good man, and possessed high principles and sound common sense. When Frances, who was his eldest child, was born, he began to think a great deal about education. It was at that time the custom in France to treat children with a good deal of severity. This he disapproved of; he did not think it right, and he thought it would spoil his little girl's temper. So he brought her up tenderly and kindly, though he used to insist upon obedience when it was necessary. Her love for her father was very great, and it was a strong motive to diligence. So he easily trained her to industrious habits: he taught her the Catechism and Scripture history, and from her mother she learnt sewing, spinning and knitting. When she was seven years old she could knit a pair of men's stockings in two days, and in a variety of other ways was most useful to her mother. Poor child! she little knew for what she was in training. When she was only eleven years of age both her parents died, and she, with one little brother four years old, was left alone in the world. The orphans had no near relations or friends, nor had they any inheritance except the furniture of their parents' house, and a little cottage in the country, situated on the border of a wood.

Poor Frances was at first overcome with grief: she knew not which way to turn or what to do; but as no one came forward to help her, she took courage,

and determined to help herself, and above all to maintain and educate the little boy whom her dying parents had commended to her charge. He was the only thing left her on earth, and she loved him for her dear father's sake as well as his own. She seems from the first to have acted with great sense as well as spirit. Giving up the house in which the family had lived at Rochebeaucour, she moved her furniture in to the woodside cottage, and set up housekeeping there. A farmer who lived near offered to employ her in keeping his sheep and on the common, but she declined this on account of her little brother. "I must have work at home," she said, "so that I may keep my eye upon him."

Happily Frances had her mother's spinning wheel. She sold what of her furniture she could spare, and bought a stock of flax and cotton, with which she began spinning and knitting by turns most diligently. As soon as she had a store of knitted stockings, she carried them out to sell in the neighbouring villages, offering at the same time to take in plain needlework. She soon obtained as much as she could get through, and being clever and industrious she earned a good livelihood for herself and her brother.

The neighbours now began to talk about Frances. "How strange it seems," they said; "a girl of twelve years old living by herself with a young child in a lonely cottage! Is it possible she can support herself, and keep the house in order, and take care of the child?" On pretence of inquiring about her work, they would look in from time to time and see her. They found her always busy, always employed. She did not seem to be pinching, though she was silent and grave. You could often hear the hum of the spinning-wheel before you entered, or else she was sitting at work in the window-seat with her little Andre playing at her feet. If it was dusk she would be in the porch, knitting so fast that you could hardly watch the needles move. The cottage, though bare, was clean, the garden full of vegetables, and the child happy and healthy.

Frances had always plenty of work now. She was esteemed by all who knew her, and mothers used often to bring their children to see her. "Come," they would say, "and see a girl twelve years old who conducts herself like a woman of thirty, and spends her time in earning food for her little brother." But Frances felt very lonely; she still lamented her parents, especially her beloved father, and if the business of the day drove away sad thoughts, she often wept bitterly the long hours of the night. As soon as she could afford it, she engaged a good old woman to live with her, who kept the house, and took care of little Andre while she went with her work to the neighbouring villages.

Three years had passed since Frances and her brother came to the woodside cottage, when an unusually severe winter set in. For five weeks the earth was covered with snow, the frost was intense, and the wolves which infest the forests of France became desperate with hunger. Leaving the woods, they used to wander the fields, in troops, and sometimes even enter the towns and attack the inhabitants.

One morning Frances left her cottage door ajar while she was drawing

some bread from the oven. The smell of hot loaves is very attractive to the wolves, and one of these fearful beasts soon burst into the room, followed by five whelps. Frances seized a knotty stick, and defended herself so well that she might have escaped had she only thought of herself, but all at once she saw another wolf advancing towards her brother. She seized the child immediately, opened a cupboard, thrust him in and put him out of danger, but as she turned round again the furious wolf sprang at her throat and suffocated her instantly. The old woman ran out crying for help, but she too was seized by the wolves and torn to pieces. How long poor little Andre was shut up in the cupboard we are not told. He was safe there from the wolves, and after a time the neighbours came and let him out. He was living in the year 1796, and used to tell how his good sister had died in serving him.

The death of that sister is sad, but we can hardly call it untimely. Though not yet fifteen years old, she had carried out her father's last charge, had supported her brother for three years by her industry, had sacrificed her life to save his. What religion save that of our Lord Jesus Christ produces fruits like this?

WHEN your spirit is heavy and cast down with despair, prayer will make it rebound from earth to heaven.

It was exaggeration, but it shows the tremendous hold which business takes upon men in our large cities, that when it was suggested by a missionary bishop to a metropolitan rector in New York to ask the attendance of business men at a week-day missionary meeting, he said: "Get a man to come up from Wall Street in the daytime to attend a missionary meeting! It is as much as I can do to get a man to come up town in the daytime to attend his wife's funeral!"

**A HOUSEHOLD NEED FREE.**—Send address on postal for 100-page book. "The Liver, its Diseases and Treatment," with treatises upon Liver Complaints, Torpid Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, etc. Address, Dr. Sanford, 24 Duane Street, New York.

**A FOOL ONCE MORE.**—"For ten years my wife was confined to her bed with such a complication of ailments that no doctor could tell what was the matter or cure her, and I used up a small fortune in humbug stuff. Six months ago, I saw a U. S. flag with Hop Bitters on it, and I thought I would be a fool once more. I tried it, but my folly proved to be wisdom. Two bottles cured her, she is now as well and strong as any man's wife, and it cost me only two dollars. Such folly pays."—H. W., Detroit, Mich.—Free Press.

**NEW INVENTION.**—On the sixth of March last I obtained a patent in Canada, for changing common windows to Bay Windows. The invention is also patented in the United States, and is having a large sale in every State. I have sold twenty-two counties in Canada, and offer the remainder for sale, or will take a partner; the right man with \$200 capital can secure the management and an interest in the business. Canadian references given.—Address, W. S. Garrison Cedar Falls, Iowa, U. S. A.

An honest medicine is the noblest work of man, and we can assure our readers that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is not only reliable, but is almost infallible to cure Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Canker of the Stomach and Bowels, and the various Summer Complaints, whose attacks are often sudden and fatal.

### A BOY TRAP.

A boy-trap? what is that? We have read of man-traps; but what is a boy-trap? Read the following narrative and see:

A few years since I was remonstrating with a confirmed inebriate—one whom I had known from boyhood—and I said to him, "Wellington, how is it that a boy brought up as you were by pious parents, and in the midst of churches and Sabbath-schools, learned to drink?" He replied, "Mr. —, now I will tell you just how I learned to drink. Do you remember Smith, that used to keep the big white tavern in the village some twenty years ago? When I was about twelve or fourteen years old, I with other neighbour boys would come down to the village of an evening, and we soon found our way into Smith's bar-room. It was not long however, till Smith began to invite us into a back sitting room, where he first brought on cards and dominoes and taught us to play; and then brought wine and beer and treated us till we liked it, and then wanted something stronger; there is how I learned to drink."

"But," said I, "can you not reform yet? can't you give it up?" He replied, "No, its too late; I'm a goner!" And this is what hundreds—yes, thousands—of our licensed taverns are doing to-day! The traps are set—whose boy will be caught?

Rev. Alpheus Wilson D.D. (Methodist Episcopal Church, South), in the course of a paper read before the (Ecumenical Conference, observes: "There is no reason to question John Wesley's personal fidelity to the Church of England, or the sincerity of his oft repeated counsels to his preachers and societies to retain their connection with the established communion." This language is in striking accordance with the written declaration of Wesley in 1790, only one year before his death: "I declare once more that I live and die a member of the Church of England, and that men who regard my judgment and advice will never separate from it." On the title page of Wesley's hymnal we find the name of "John Wesley, Presbyterian of the Church of England."

The way to keep a Sunday-school teachers' meeting alive is to make it a live meeting. Begin promptly, whether few or many teachers are present. Close promptly, however interesting the lesson. Keep within the hour. Begin with prayer. Study the lesson spiritually, not technically or professionally. Remember what the Bible is profitable for; doctrine, reproof, correction and instruction in righteousness; and use it accordingly. Give your teachers the ear, throw away the husk, and they will come again. So says one Superintendent, an old subscriber of the *Christian Union*. He has tried it and speaks out of three years' experience.—*Christian Union*.

V. Edmanson, of Bradford, writes:—Burdock Blood Bitters is an excellent preparation, gives entire satisfaction, and sales increasing every day, it sells now on its merits. Burdock Blood Bitters cures Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, and Kidney Complaints, in their worst form.

**HONORED AND BLEST.**—When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were skeptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.—*Democrat*.