

## Our Young Folks.

JACK FROST.

He's taken a nip at the salvia bush,—  
Its flower is turned to black;  
He blew a breath on the hollyhocks—  
Their bloom will never come back.  
He danced in the meadow all night long,  
And turned it a rusty brown;  
And now, do you see? he's touched the trees,  
And their leaves are straying down.  
But still he is trying to make amends,  
If you'll only stop and think,—  
He turns the rippling little pond  
To a shining skating-rink;  
Then fills the air with a tingle keen  
Which sets the girls and boys  
With beaming faces and rosy cheeks  
All crazy for winter joys.  
He softly covers the window-panes  
With sketches rich and rare  
As ever with dainty paint and brush  
An artist could picture there.  
And so, though the merry birds are flown,  
The song of the stream is lost,  
And summer is hiding far away,  
We'll try to forgive Jack Frost.

—Sydney Dayre.

### TOM, A HERO OF TEN.

Tom Hayes was proud of his father, though he was only a switchman. People always spoke of him as "honest and reliable," and if there were among Tom's friends and companions many boys with rich parents, who had things he wished he could afford to have, he never envied them their fathers. There had been a time, before Tom was born, when Mr. Hayes had drank, but he had reformed.

Tom was nearly ten now, and he had a little brother, Arthur, six years old, and a sister, Maggie, four.

Tom's mother made quite a companion of him. She told him what kind of a man she wanted him to be, and they talked together of the education he was to have, and often when the younger ones were in bed they brought out Tom's bank book and counted his savings. For Tom had a high, clear voice and sang in the choir, where he earned a dollar a Sabbath.

Tom's father was night watchman, and when the cold winter weather came his wife always carried him some hot coffee. She had done this ever since once, when they were first married, he had staggered home at daylight. So now she always carried it to him at ten.

All the railroad men knew Tom and his father, and Tom grew to be a pet among them, and many a ride on an engine did he enjoy of a Saturday afternoon, to the envy of the other boys. It was a happy life Tom led until he was nearly ten, when something dreadful happened.

His mother was taken very ill. The doctor told Tom and his father that there was no hope, and that it would all be over in a few hours.

When night came on Tom undressed the little ones and put them to bed, and then went back to his mother, choking back the sobs, so as not to trouble her.

She was very weak now, but her eyes looked at him in such a way that Tom was sure she wanted to speak to him.

His father sat beside the bed holding her hand, and her eyes turned from one to the other.

They bent over to catch her whispered words—"Be good to the children, Harry. Be a good boy, Tom, take care of your father—you know, the coffee, Tom."

"Yes, mother, I know," sobbed Tom, unable to restrain himself any longer. "I promise."

There were a few faint, quick breaths, and all was still, and Tom knew he had heard the last message those dear lips would ever speak.

The days that followed were the saddest he had ever known. A sister of his mother came and stayed until after the funeral.

Tom drew some of the money from the bank to buy a cross of flowers for his mother's coffin.

His father was almost dazed by his loss, and Tom watched him timidly, longing to comfort him and not knowing how.

The night after the funeral Tom knew that he must make the coffee. His aunt had taught him how to make it, but he wished now that she were there. Then he thought how a few nights ago his dear mother had done it, and the tears began to flow, so that he could hardly see to measure the coffee.

When it was done, he bundled himself up, and stepped softly out.

I hope no one will think little Tom less of a hero if I confess that his teeth chattered, and that he had to keep up courage by repeating his mother's last words.

When he reached the switch-house his father looked up with a start of surprise; then, with tears running down his cheeks, he took the trembling little fellow in his arms. "God bless you, little Tom, you are Maggie's own boy," he sobbed, and the two felt nearer together than they had any time since their loss.

Night after night, in fair weather and foul, Tom and his little pail found their way to the lonely switchbox.

Mr. Hayes ought to have been a good father to the three little motherless children, and so he was for some time.

It was some weeks before he began to come home later, and to feel sick and cross; when Tom understood it all, it seemed as though it would break his heart.

At first he would not believe it; but one day his father struck little Maggie, and often now they found it hard to get enough to eat.

Tom heard one of the men at the station, one day, speaking of his father in a way that made his cheeks burn.

Poor Tom was not as proud of him now, but it seemed to him that he loved him more, because his father needed his love.

When Tom took the coffee his father was always sober. He knew as well as any railroad man that a drinking man would not be allowed to attend switch, and it was only after his night's work was over that he brought out the black bottle. But Tom's heart grew heavier as the weeks went by; his clothes grew shabby, and there were odd little patches on the children's clothes. He was often seen seated by the kitchen table with his mother's work-basket beside him, and her half-worn thimble fitted to his middle finger by means of a bit of paper carefully wound around the finger first. The late hours and worry began to tell on him. He felt tired most of the time, and there were days when his voice was husky and the choir master looked at him questioningly after he had sung his solo.

What if he should lose his voice! He thought of his mother who used to buy him cough drops, but now he could not spare the money. He asked God to help him to take care of his father and the children, and be the kind of boy she wanted him to be.

He came in from choir practice one night feeling chilled through and very forlorn.

He looked at the little ones with almost a mother's tenderness, tucked them all in again, and then set about making the coffee.

When it was done, he pulled on his cap and mittens and started on his errand.

When he reached the switch-house he saw there was something wrong about his father; his face was red and his eyes dull.

As he banded him the pail, he said timidly, "Shall I wait awhile, father?"

"No, run home, Tom, there's a good boy," said the father with a foolish smile.

Tom hesitated. "You won't forget, father, the excursion train, at twelve, that you've got to side-track."

"I forget nothing," said he, with an unsteady laugh. "Go home, don't stand staring at me with her eyes; go home, I say," thrusting Tom from him so that he almost fell.

For a moment he stood alone crying as if his heart would break, then he turned homeward. Would his father remember the midnight excursion train, that followed the 11.30 express, and was to stand on the side-track all night? Tom was tired; he thought he would go home and take a nap,

and then come back at twelve o'clock to be sure. He threw himself upon the bed, with his clothes on. How long he slept he did not know. He awakened all in a moment with the shriek of an incoming train. He jumped up, and bareheaded rushed from the house. If his father should forget.

Tom was always proud of his running. It seemed now as if his feet had wings.

As he reached the station the 11.30 express stood on the main track. It was too late.

Tom felt the ground tremble under him, as looking up the track he saw the headlight of the excursion train. Had his father remembered to turn the switch? There was a moment's suspense, then straight down the main track thundered the train. His father had forgotten! Up the track ran Tom, waving his poor little arms and shouting frantically.

Would the engineer never see him! Yes, at last, thank God, down went the brakes, and slower and slower came the long train, and Tom knew the passengers were saved.

But why did he stand there shouting still? The engineer called to him in vain; his foot was caught in one of the frogs, and held close to the rail. A moment later something was lifted by strong hands—a little boy's unconscious figure, with a set, white face, and one foot hanging crushed and bleeding. The news spread until every passenger was aroused, and hundreds were crowding around to give their words of praise and gratitude.

A doctor pushed his way through the crowd. He feared Tom would die from the shock, but he did not. His father hung over him in agony and remorse. The shock had sobered him.

It was weeks before Tom was well. He was never sorry for a moment for what he had done.

The choir boys came to see him. The railroad company and passengers would have given him a large sum of money, but Tom and his father refused it. They felt that the boy had only made up for the father's neglect.

What worried Tom most of all was the thought that perhaps a little boy on crutches, might not be allowed to be a choir boy; but the choir master came for him as soon as he was able to sing.

The first time he went to practise he was called upon for his usual solo. At first Tom's breath came quick and fast. Then he began to sing. What was there in the little fellow's voice to-night that had never been there before?

After the first bar you might have heard a pin drop. Tom, in talking to his father about the praise the choir master had given him, said, "I was thinking of last year, and mother, and how God had helped me to do what she wanted me, and then I thought of her as being safe with Him, and it made me want to sing."

On Sunday the church was crowded, and "never," said the people, "had they heard such a voice as little Tom Hayes' and after this the dear little fellow should have two dollars a Sunday." For when they saw that crutch, all the mothers' hearts yearned over the motherless boy.

### IT'S TIME THAT TELLS.

NEW-FANGLED IDEAS DON'T COUNT FOR MUCH AFTER ALL.

People are going ahead so rapidly in life that they are likely to run rough shod over health—Timely words of advice to all—Stick to what you know is legitimate.

One good way to test the merit of a preparation advertised to benefit health is to look carefully into its record. In times like the present, when there are so many worthless preparations in the market and so many new schemes for making money questionably, you will do wisely if you buy only a preparation which has stood the test of time.

Another important thing is to look out for secret compounds. It is unfortunate that the laws of nature make it impossible many times to trace the origin of many vegetable concoctions, for the medical world might be able to expose their worthlessness. But it may be well for Scott's

Emulsion, however, that the laws are as they are; for Scott's Emulsion can say that it is one of the few preparations whose ingredients cannot be concealed and whose formula is endorsed by the whole medical world.

In these days of worthless mixtures Scott's Emulsion stands out conspicuously. It has honesty back of it, the endorsement of physicians all around it, remarkable curative properties in it and permanent cures ahead of it.

For twenty years Scott's Emulsion has been growing in public favor until it is now a popular remedy in almost every country of the world. Its growth has been somewhat remarkable, when viewed on the surface, and still it is only natural, for Scott's Emulsion is the natural outcome of many human complaints.

Scott's Emulsion presents the curative and wonderful nourishing properties of Cod-liver Oil within the reach of everybody. It is unnatural to take plain Cod-liver Oil, as it is in a form that taxes the stomach, and yet for a person who is wasting to go without Cod-liver Oil is to refuse the very thing which is the best adapted to wasting conditions.

Scott's Emulsion really has over fifty years back of it, for all the plain oil taken for thirty years before Scott's Emulsion was made had to be made exactly like Scott's Emulsion before it could be assimilated. So Scott's Emulsion saves the digestive organs the work of preparing the oil for assimilation and it also aids the digestion of other food.

Loss of appetite, loss of flesh, loss of strength and general physical vigor, are speedily overcome by Scott's Emulsion. These ailments usually mark a decline of health. Unless a nourishment especially adapted to overcoming this condition of wasting is taken, the patient goes from bad to worse, and Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia and other forms of disease surely result.

Scott's Emulsion is not an ordinary specific. Besides soothing and curative properties which are useful in curing Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, and Inflammation of Throat and Lungs, it also contains the vital principles of nourishment. A little Scott's Emulsion given to babies or children, goes more to the making of solid bones and healthy flesh than all of their ordinary food. Babies who do not thrive soon grow chubby and bright on Scott's Emulsion, and children who are thin and have the appearance of growing too fast do not seem as though they could grow fast enough.

To Consumptives Scott's Emulsion is life itself. There are thousands of cases on record where Scott's Emulsion has actually cured quite advanced stages of this dreadful disease.

Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, and all of the phases of Emaciation and decline of health, are cured by Scott's Emulsion when all other methods of treatment fail. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents and one dollar. Pamphlet free on application to Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

### FACE TO FACE WITH A BOA.

The boa constrictor has a long, scaly head, which is broad behind, and the tail has a single row of subcaudal scales. They are aboreal, and watch for their prey, swooping down on its head first, seizing and coiling their long and stout body around it. They reach twelve feet in length as a rule, and it is said that some are more than twice as long, but there are grave doubts about the truth of the statement. The ornamentation is rather peculiar, and there is a long series of markings extending the whole length, composed alternately of great blackish stains or spots irregularly hexagonal, and of pale, oval stains or spots notched or jagged at either end, the whole forming a very elegant pattern. It has the habits of the family, and is restricted to the tropical parts of South America. Probably this was the snake which was worshipped by the natives, and it has a strange literature attached to it of stories of the most wonderful kind, and it has been confounded with the anaconda, which forms the next genus of the sub-family. Bates once, on an insect-hunting expedition, met a boa constrictor face to face. The huge serpent was coming down a slope, and making the dry twigs crack and fly with its weight, as it moved over them. He knew there was no danger, and stood his ground, and the reptile suddenly turned and glided at an accelerated pace down the path. The rapidly-moving and shining body looked like a stream of brown liquid flowing over the thick bed of fallen leaves rather than a serpent with a skin of varied colours. One morning, after a night of deluging rain at Para, the lamplighter, on his rounds to extinguish the lamps, knocked Bates up to show him a boa constrictor he had just killed in the street not far off. He had cut it nearly in two with his knife as it was making its way down the sandy street.

The first step in the cultivation of the spirit of missionary work in the churches is the dissemination of missionary news—facts, all forms of missionary intelligence—that the missionary spirit may be aroused, vivified, fostered, nourished, and built up by what it feeds upon. Give all the news of all the peoples of all the lands; give it in trumpet tones; send it everywhere on all winds, and let the breezes be laden with it; and as the ears shall hear the minds shall understand and the hearts shall sympathize, and the hands shall do the rest.