

## THE HOME.

## Be Patient with the Children.

They are such tiny feet!  
They have gone such a little way to meet  
The years which are required to break  
Their steps to evenness, and make  
Them go  
More sure and slow.

They are such little hands!  
Be kind—things are so new, and life but  
stands  
A step beyond the doorway. All around  
New day has found  
Such tempting things to shine upon; and so  
The hands are tempted off, you know.

They are such fond, clear eyes,  
That widen to surprise  
At every turn! They are so often held  
To sun or showers—showers soon dispelled  
By looking in our face.  
Love asks, for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts!  
Uncertain as the rifts  
Of light, that lie along the sky—  
They may not be here by-and-by.  
Give them not love, but more, above,  
And harder—patience with the love.

## Precious Ointment.

BY MARION HAVEN.

It is a scene in the last sad week of  
Christ's life on earth. Constrained by his  
unerring knowledge of the Father's will,  
he knew the time is ripe for the  
fulfillment of his mission, he has come  
from Galilee steadily toward Gethsemane  
and the shadow of the cross. Fiercer and  
more deadly day by day grows the re-  
lentless hatred of scribes and Pharisees.  
The fickle people who have seen his mighty  
miracles, his pure and holy life, are per-  
suaded by their rulers and made common  
cause with them. A few more days, and  
the gathering storm-cloud will break on  
his defenceless head, and he, who on earth  
was despised and rejected of men, will have  
finished the work of redemption and be  
exalted to the right hand of the throne of  
God.

But there are some who love him. Once  
more he takes the familiar road to  
Bethany. Once more he will look on those  
dear faces in the home where so often he  
has been warmly welcomed. They are  
unmoved by the surging tumult of Jerusa-  
lem; here he will find sympathy and  
companionship.

A feast is made in his honor, and among  
those at the table is Lazarus, whom his  
voice had called back to life. Mary and  
Martha, too, are there; Martha, whose  
greatest joy was to serve her Lord. While  
the guests are reclining about the table,  
Mary brings a flask of costly perfume and  
pours it upon the head and feet of Jesus.  
It is the glad gift of a grateful heart—a fit  
symbol of trust, tender, loving friendship.  
What more perfect emblem of love than a  
perfume, delicate, unobtrusive, yet sweet  
and lasting? And the Man of Sorrows,  
hunted by his enemies and scorned by  
those he came to save, accepts the gift in  
the same spirit as that which prompted it,  
and makes the murmuring ones who call it  
wasteful. The poor would still be with  
them when he had departed from their  
sight. She had wrought a good work upon  
him, and wherein the gospel should be  
preached, this should be told as a mem-  
orial of her.

It seemed, indeed, in one sense, a useless  
gift. In itself, it ministered to no real need,  
it gave no new strength to weak humanity.  
But it voiced the emotion and the purpose  
of the giver's heart, and breathed fresh life  
into one oppressed by weariness and an-  
guish of soul. Misunderstood and mis-  
represented as he was continually, it was a  
joy to know that however imperfectly his  
work might be grasped by this his friend,  
she yet was loyal and devoted, and placed  
in him perfect trust. This was the last  
service she could render him; henceforth,  
her gifts must be bestowed on others.

Is there not a lesson here for us? Can  
we not see that any gift promoted by a  
loving heart is precious in the sight of God?  
He sees the mites the poor widow casts  
into the treasury, and in his eyes they are  
magnified by the lens of love so that they  
outvalue the gold of princely gifts. His  
blessing rests on one who offers in his  
name a cup of cold water to a thirsting  
child; his well done is given to those who  
care for the sick and suffering and those  
who mourn. There is no service too small  
to render our King, so it be our best.

Love must have expression or it  
dies. It may be blind, but dumb, not  
Why do we leave unsaid the words that  
would comfort and inspire fainting hearts?  
Why do we must say them to ears that  
hear? Why do we represent the utter  
tender feeling as if they were a thing  
of days come sometimes when?

Give anything to have back the that there  
ties we have now. We would not be  
then, and patient; things would be  
us as they do now, nor anything  
make us angry. We know our King  
open before us at the next turning of  
the way; even this service may be  
of the burial. Let not our King be  
of deferred till it is too late—let the silver  
cord be loosed, the golden bowl broken—  
but may every day be filled with loving  
with deeds and words which it will be a  
pleasure to remember when these channels  
are closed to us forever. Let us be true  
and tender now.

## A Youthful Old Age.

A few days ago the most distinguished  
living American poet celebrated his eightieth  
birthday. Most joyful and memorable was  
the occasion. Into the quiet home of  
Whittier came greetings from the ruling  
spirits in every department of life in this  
country and other lands. More suggestive  
still, there came loving messages from  
many whose names were obscure, unknown.  
The laborer, with hard hands, and the  
struggling widow vied with the rich and  
gifted in paying loving homage to the pen  
and the heart that has done so much for  
humanity's help for so long a time. And  
it is said that the good Quaker poet, sur-  
rounded by tender friends and loving mes-  
sages, looked more than ever the incar-  
nation of peace and joy. Upon this remark-  
able anniversary there were some who  
more than once thought of the poet's lines  
concerning old age, written several years  
ago:

When on my day of life the night is fall-  
ing,  
And, in the winds from unsummed spaces  
blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown.

Then who has made my home of life so  
pleasant?

Leave not its tenant when its walls  
decay;  
O love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me  
drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade  
and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

If youth means innocence, happiness,  
freedom from undue care,  
fulness of trust—then Mr. Whittier is a  
shining example of youth in old age. And  
can there be a picture more beautiful than  
this? The aged may do much themselves  
to have such a bright and blissful rounding  
up of life. They should be much in the  
company of the young, and in blessing them  
with ripe experience and wise counsel,  
they themselves will be blessed with new  
freshness and buoyancy. Then, too, those  
whose life has passed the meridian should  
read new books and resolve to keep grow-  
ing. Gladstone and Dr. McCosh have both  
passed threescore and ten, yet neither of  
them has ceased to grow. They read many  
new books, we are told; they keep on  
studying. Hence their power is in no true  
sense waning. Above all should the aged  
think much of the Saviour's presence, and  
of the blessedness of being bound up with  
God in the bundle of life.—*Religious Herald.*

## THE FARM.

—There are farmers who have no liking  
for growing fruit; but as a rule, these  
have a son or sons who have, and who  
like better to farming. These are very  
anxious to keep their sons on a farm,  
away from the city. To such we say, let  
such a son have the use of a few acres to  
grow small fruits; and the longer he is  
engaged in the more he will like it, and  
consequently his attachment for home will  
increase, and by this too, the table is  
supplied with luxuries you would not dis-  
pense with after one season's experience. There  
are many inland towns not well supplied  
with fruit and vegetables, and here there  
would be good openings.

—The late Ben. Perley Poore, who "still  
lives" in numerous writings left by his in-  
defatigable pen, suggests in the *American Cultivator* that old fruit and forest trees  
can be renovated by digging a trench four  
feet in width and three feet deep around  
the tree. A ball of earth is left directly around  
the trunk of the tree, containing the main  
roots. In this trench put soil, with liberal  
allowances of manure, refuse from a black-  
smith's forge and some potash, and have  
them all well mixed together. The effect  
will be to clothe the tree with the luxu-  
riance and vigor of a young tree.

—The liability of pear trees to blight is  
much dependent on the application of  
manures. Too heavy manuring in the  
growing season is a frequent cause of dis-  
ease. Seeing this some farmers utterly  
neglect their trees, letting them grow in  
grass, thinking thus to save them. This  
is the other extreme, and after two or three  
years of fair to poor crops, the trees, weak-  
ened by starvation, fall an easy prey to  
disease. Experienced pear growers recom-  
mend applying manure the latter part of  
the summer, or in the fall, on the surface  
under the tree. It is too late then for it to  
stimulate growth the same season, and by  
spring the manure will be so well incor-

porated in the soil that the tree will not be  
forced into unnatural growth by contact  
with it.

—Nests for setting hens are best on the  
ground, but where this is not feasible put  
some clean, moist soil in the bottom of the  
nests. A good plan is to cut a sod of suit-  
able size, turn it over in your box and pack  
so as to be of a concave shape in the center;  
then cover the earth with straw broken  
short. In very cold weather mix a good  
proportion of feathers in the nest lining—  
chicken feathers may be saved for this  
purpose—and put a spoonful of sulphur in  
when the hen is set. The heat of the fowls  
causes the fumes to penetrate every part of  
their bodies, thereby killing all vermin,  
and leaving the brood clean and healthy.  
Never set eggs laid near the close of the  
season when the hens have been very pro-  
lific, as they will produce weakly chicks  
liable to disease and early death. In ar-  
ranging rows remember that the nature  
of fowls is to hide their nests under a brush  
heap or some out-of-the-way place, and  
humor this habit by providing nests so  
sheltered or hidden that they seem to offer  
seclusion and quiet.

## Gardening For Pleasure.

Gardening for pleasure, health, and  
knowledge of the vegetable world are the  
highest inducements that can be set before  
one to lead to the study and practice of  
horticulture. The commercial gardener and  
fruit grower has all the difficulties com-  
mon to other pursuits to contend with,  
besides the many perplexing ones peculiar to his own.  
The profits of this industry, in its  
various branches, have been persistently  
set forth in a false and alluring light by  
many journals, and especially by traveling  
salesmen interested in the sale of various  
horticultural products. We would not  
attribute any intentional dishonesty to those  
who have thus bolstered up the commercial  
horticultural movement for years, but  
hard facts, as they become known, show  
the error of their position. For one with-  
out experience and training to take up any  
branch of commercial horticulture is  
almost sure to be a courting of failure. On  
the other hand, one will seldom or never  
be disappointed who turns to the garden for  
recreation, or who seeks there the building  
up of overstrained nerves, or who would  
follow out to discover some of the innum-  
erable secrets of the vegetable world that  
are to be found by the earnest and patient  
observer. It is the place for at least an  
hour or two every day for women, as a  
change from household duties, for pro-  
fessional men, editors, merchants, clerks,  
and all who may be engaged in indoor,  
and especially sedentary employments. More  
or less garden work should be engaged in  
every day and by every member of the  
family wherever it is possible.—*Vick's Magazine.*

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## TEMPERANCE.

## Workingmen and Drink.

Mr. Powderly says: In the city of New  
York alone, it is estimated that not less  
than \$250,000 a day are spent for drink;  
\$1,500,000 in one week; \$75,000,000 in  
one year. Who will dispute it when I say  
that one-half of the policemen of New  
York city are employed to watch the peo-  
ple who squander \$75,000,000 a year?  
Who will dispute it when I say that the  
money spent in paying the salaries and  
expenses of one-half of the police of New  
York could be saved to the taxpayers? If  
\$75,000,000 were not devoted to making  
drunkards, thieves, prostitutes, and other  
subjects for the policemen's net to gather  
in? If \$250,000 go over the counters of  
the rummeller in one day in New York  
city alone, who will dare to assert that  
workingmen do not pay one-fifth, or \$50,  
000 of that sum? If workingmen in New  
York city spend \$50,000 a day for drink,  
they spend \$300,000 a week, leaving Sat-  
urday out. In four weeks, they spend  
\$1,200,000—over twice as much money as  
was paid in the General Assembly of  
Knights of Labor in nine years. In six  
weeks, they spend \$1,800,000—nearly three  
times as much money as the army of  
organized workers, the Knights of Labor,  
have spent from the day the General As-  
sembly was first called to order up to the  
present day; and in one year the work-  
ingmen of New York will have spent for beer  
and rum \$15,000,000, or enough to pur-  
chase and equip a first-class telegraph line  
of their own; \$15,000,000—enough money  
to invest in such co-operative enterprises  
as would forever end the strike and lock-  
out as a means of settling disputes in labor  
circles.—*The Citizen.*

Tobacco Opposed to Gentility.  
Smoking blunts a man's sense of clean-  
liness, because it is an unclean habit. I  
remember reading a sonnet of a devoted  
lover who sought his sweetheart in her  
own boudoir, and found that "stainless  
virgin" had just gone out. She had gone  
away suddenly, it appeared, and left dis-  
order behind; but every object bore upon  
it the legible inscription, "I belong to a  
lady." Nothing sordid, nothing soiled.  
Look at the pure kiss of this glove, at the  
unsullied satin of this bag. What a pleas-  
ing sense it gives us of the sweet cleanliness  
of the well-bred maiden. If smokers were  
to be judged by the places they had left, by  
the smoking car and smoking room after a  
day's use, by the dinner table at which  
they have sat late, by the bachelor's quar-  
ters when they've gone "down town" then  
they must be rated very low in the scale of  
civilization.

Smoking also destroys a man's sense of  
the rights of others. Horace Greeley wrote:  
"When a man begins to smoke he immedi-  
ately becomes a hog." He probably used  
the word "hog" in two senses, namely,  
hog as meaning creature and hog, a crea-  
ture devoid of a correct sense of what is  
due to others. "Go into a public meeting,"  
he wrote, "where a speaker of delicate  
lungs, with an invincible repulsion to to-  
bacco, is trying to discuss some important  
topic so that a thousand men can hear and  
understand him, yet wherein ten or twenty  
smokers have introduced themselves, a  
stinking cigar or pipe beneath the nose of  
each—a fire at one end and a fool at the  
other—and soon the puff, puffing grad-  
ually, transforms the atmosphere (none too  
good at best,) into that like some foul and

pestilential cavern, choking the utter-  
ance of the speaker and distracting by  
annoyance, the attention of the hearers.  
If these are not blackguards, who are  
blackguards?" Mr. Greeley challenged  
the universe to produce a genuine black-  
guard who was not a lover of tobacco, and  
promised to reward the finder with the gift  
of two white blackbirds.

Read attentively and then memorize the  
tremendous statistics of tobacco which I  
find in a trustworthy encyclopedia. Cuba  
consumes ten cigars per day for every man,  
woman and child on the island, besides  
2,000,000,000 a year. In Germany alone,  
1,000,000 sickly people are employed in  
making smoking tobacco and cigars. The  
French government receives from its  
monopoly of the tobacco trade, nearly  
\$200,000,000 per annum, and Austria over  
\$80,000,000. England gets 60,000,000  
sterling a year from tobacco. In the  
United States tobacco exhausts 400,000  
acres of excellent land, and employs 40,  
000 sickly and enervated cigar and tobacco  
makers. It is computed (not surmised,) that  
the world is now producing 1,000,-  
000,000 lbs. of tobacco every year at a total  
cost of \$200,000,000; then there is the loss  
of hundreds of acres of the richest lands  
and the loss of the time of hundreds of  
thousands of persons engaged in its manu-  
facture and sale.

Besides the destruction of man's health  
and strength and the obliteration of his  
love and devotion, woman has another  
cause for hatred of tobacco, and that is the  
cause it entails upon her children. If  
women knew how much the use of tobacco  
by the father predisposes his children to  
nervous disorders, and especially to premature  
deterioration and decay, she would insist  
that the father of her children should at  
least be free from the depressing influence  
of tobacco and alcohol. Women should  
resolve to keep the resolution not to marry  
a man who is addicted to either habit, and  
a great reform would soon be effected.

Physicians claim that 25,000 persons  
die annually in this country alone from  
tobacco poisoning. A medical writer tells of  
a talk with a physician who was a distin-  
guished advocate of temperance, but who  
was a slave to the tobacco habit. The  
physician exclaimed, "Tobacco is as  
much worse than liquor as palsy is worse  
than fever. I know it; I feel it; but—"  
He shook his head, but did not finish the  
sentence, leaving the impression of the utter  
helplessness of his condition under this  
terrible bondage. A few weeks later he  
died suddenly, a victim to that poison the  
chemical properties of which he so well  
understood, but the spell of which he could  
not break.

The best antidote for tobacco and al-  
cohol habits, and one sure to cure with per-  
severance, is to select a ripe, sound, sweet  
orange peel; then place the peeling for an  
hour in the sun. When the craving for  
stimulant is felt, put a piece about the size  
of a pea in the mouth. It is deliciously  
aromatic, and in small quantities, a tonic  
and healthful. Try it faithfully.—*T. B.  
Farnsworth, in Herald of Health.*

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