

Our Young Folks.

THE OLD STONE BASIN.

In the heart of the busy city,
In the scorching moonlight heat,
A sound of bubbling water
Falls on the din of the street.

It falls in an old stone basin,
And over the cool, wet brink
The heads of the thirsty horses
Each moment are stretched to drink.

And peeping between the crowding heads,
As the horses come and go,
The "Gift of Three Little Sisters"
Is read on the stone below.

Ah! beasts are not taught letters,
They know no alphabet;
And never a horse in all these years
Has read the words; and yet

I think that each thirsty creature
Who stops to drink by the way,
His thanks, in his own dumb fashion,
To the sisters small must pay.

Years have gone by since busy hands
Wrought at the basin's stone—
The kindly little sisters
Are all to women grown.

I do not know their home or fate,
Or the name they bear to men,
But the sweetness of that precious deed
Is just as fresh as then.

And all life long, and after life,
They must the happier be
For the cup of water poured by them
When they were children three.

—Our Dumb Animals.

THE LIGHTHOUSE IN THE HARBOUR.

It was a small lighthouse out in the waters of the harbor. In form, it was circular. It looked very much like a pile of bandboxes, the second smaller than the first, and the third smaller than the second. Number three bandbox was capped with the lantern in which burned the faithful light from sunset to sunrise. The sun had not yet gone down, but his steadily lowering disk was proof that ere long the last of his rays would light up the harbor, and then the lantern above number three would do its duty.

The lighthouse was entered by a door in number one. Now and then a woman's kindly face would appear at the door, or a boy's ringing voice might be heard. Near the door was a bell swinging from a beam, projecting from the lighthouse wall. This was for service in a fog. On misty nights, days also, its warning voice was a guide to the mariner, whose way the fog had shrouded. On the same side of the lighthouse as the bell, was the boat swinging from stout davits.

The keeper of the light was Stephen Jones. He had been suddenly called away to the 'lower light,' whose force of management was 'short banded,' and he had said to his wife, 'Nancy, I may not be back to-night, but I guess you and Nathan can get along.'

'We will look after things, Stephen,' was the reply.

The keeper felt at ease. He said to himself: 'It will be a quiet night, and that Nancy has a good head 'tween her shoulders. Nathan, too, can pull an oar about as well as his father.'

Nathan was a stout boy of fourteen. It was Nathan whose clear tones were sometimes heard echoing around the lighthouse door.

Before sunset Nathan's mother said: 'I told your father we would look after things, and things won't be looked after unless we have prayers.'

'I am ready, mother.'

The mother and the son in the cosy kitchen were bending in prayer, the mother saying: 'Give us strength, Lord, to do our duty,' when a face appeared at the door.

'Do those folks believe what they say?' the stranger wondered.

When the prayer had been concluded he startled them by saying: 'I beg pardon, but tell me where the "Brothers" are, please?'

'O,' replied the startled mother, 'you came so easy up the ladder I didn't hear you.'

The ladder was fastened to the wall of the lighthouse, and visitors climbed by it to the door.

'Humph!' thought the stranger. 'Now I suppose those fools were so much taken up with praying they didn't hear me.'

The lightkeeper's wife was speaking now: 'Those rocks, you mean, where they go fishing? O, they are over in this direction.' Here she pointed with her finger towards the famous ledges in the sea, rocks that the fish loved to haunt.

The man thanked her and turned to go down the lighthouse ladder. Nathan followed him and helped him put off again in his little boat. Nathan noticed that he did not have a happy face.

'Say, boy!' called out the man when he had given one push with his oar against the ladder, his boat swinging off obediently, 'do you believe that prayer your folks put up, that God is interested enough in our duty to mind whether we do it or not, and to give us strength for it?'

'Certainly,' replied the lightkeeper's boy promptly.

'Well, all I have to say is, if you can find any comfort in such stuff, you are welcome to it. I think more of a good evening's fishing by moonlight at the "Brothers." I am going to have it before I go back to land.'

When Nathan went back to the kitchen, he repeated to his mother these words of the stranger, adding: 'I never heard anybody talk that way before, mother.'

'There was a man, Eben Foster, whom your father knew, and he once talked that way to your father.'

'What did father say?'

'"Eben Foster, I don't wonder you are such an unhappy man as you say you are." That is what your father told him.'

'What are you going to do with such people?'

'Go ahead and do your duty. That is the best way to answer them. Act as you believe.'

When the sun went down, the light in the lantern was kindled, and the evening's duties began.

Once Nathan reported: 'The moon is shining, mother, but I think a fog is coming in.'

'If it does, we must start up the bell, Nathan.'

'I will look after it, mother.' He was obliged to "look after it" sooner than he anticipated. A whitish mist came in everywhere, covering, smothering everything.

Nathan stood by the bell and faithfully swung it.

'Boom—boom—boom—boom,' went its resonant tones across the harbor, as if saying; 'Don't—don't—don't!'

The whole of the warning, if expressed in words, would have been: "Don't—come—this—way—if—you—don't—want—to—get—on—to—a—bad—reef."

The striking of the bell was at measured intervals, and, in one of the pauses, Nathan thought he caught a cry for help.

'Mother,' he said quickly, 'come out here and listen, please.'

'Boom,' went the bell.

'Now listen when it is still, mother.' She listened.

'I heard somebody calling.'

'Over toward the "Brothers?'"

'Yes, Nathan.'

'You can toll this bell, mother, and I'll go off in the boat.'

'O, Nathan, I—'

'But, mother, it will be all right. Didn't you pray about the doing of our duty?'

'Well, if I am not glad to see you! I have been a-fishing, and when the fog came up I started for home, but ran on to some rocks and was spilled out, losing my oars and almost losing myself, but I got back. I have been drifting round and round, for I could do nothing. You from the lighthouse?'

'I am from the lighthouse. Get into my boat, and we will hitch your boat to this, and pull you to the lighthouse.'

'O, it is good to see somebody,' said the man scrambling into Nathan's boat. 'Now we will hitch my boat, as you say, to this. I shall be glad to pull and get warmed up.'

On their way to the lighthouse, the man said: 'Didn't it take a little courage to put off for me?'

'I ought to have courage after my mother's prayer.'

'Humph!' said the man, 'did that really help you?'

'She prayed that we might have strength to do our duty. That did help me.' The man murmured; 'You were very kind,' and silently rowed away.

What a hearty reception the lightkeeper's wife gave the rescued man! She started up the fire, furnished him with dry clothes, gave him a hot lunch.

'This does seem like home!' he exclaimed. 'I don't know when I have been so happy, really.'

The next morning, he started in his boat for the shore, but left a note behind containing a bank bill and this acknowledgment: 'My dear friends, how can I thank you too much for your goodness to me? I want to leave behind some little return for it. I would say this, also, that your belief in prayer has affected me. I go away beginning such a life, and already I feel happy in the thought of it.'

Nathan paused as he looked at the signature. Soon he broke out: 'Why, mother, it says: "Yours gratefully, Eben Foster." — Rev. E. A. Rand, in the New York Observer.'

KEEPING HIM BUSY.

In the spring of 1888 a pair of red foxes took up their home on a Dakota farm. They dug several holes on a knoll in a wheat field, and soon after four "kits," or young foxes, arrived. Every day, while barrowing and sowing wheat in the field, says the farmer, I saw the two old foxes lying on the little mound in front of their home. The kits rolled about in the sun, played with the brushy tails of their parents and enjoyed themselves apparently as much as a group of kittens.

One morning a neighbor came to work in a field adjoining, bringing with him a dog, and the dog, with all the curiosity of his kind, soon began the investigation of both farms.

He was still a long distance from the fox-den when I heard a sharp, warning bark and saw the kits disappear. As I looked, the mother-fox lay on the mound, her ears erect, her nose on the ground, all attention. The father of the family, with his big tail swinging in the wind, trotted toward the dog.

Can he intend to attack him? I wondered. I had never heard of such a thing, and the dog, though not a large one, was still larger than the fox. But Reynard knew his business better than I. He approached the intruder until the dog saw him, when both stopped for an instant, and then the dog gave chase. The fox, with a bark of defiance, turned and ran in direction away from his home.

At first the dog seemed to gain rapidly upon the fox, but I watched them for nearly a mile before they disappeared in the prairie grass and concluded that the fox was able to keep out of the other's way.

In about an hour the dog returned from a fruitless chase, and for a time he contentedly followed his master. Then he began prowling around again.

All this time the mother-fox had remained on the mound, a picture of quiet vigilance; but now, as the dog again ventured

near, she rose and trotted toward him, and the dog was soon chasing her over the prairie. Hardly had they disappeared when the male trotted back from some hiding place and took the position vacated by his mate. The dog returned, after a time, unsuccessful as before.

During the day he was again and again tempted to a chase, first by the male and then by the female, and while the one kept him busy, the other watched over the young, who did not show themselves after the first sight of the dog.

It is hard to say which we admire most the bravery of the pair in challenging the dog to a race that would have proved fatal had he caught them, their ingenuity in taking turns, so that each might be fresh when chased, their skill in leading him away from their young, or their cleverness in throwing him off their track when far enough away.

SEVEN YEARS OF SUFFERING.

THE PECULIAR EXPERIENCE OF A HAMILTON MAN.

Neuralgia Made His Life Miserable. Many Remedies were Tried in Vain. At Last Relief Came. How He Obtained it.

From the Canadian Evangelist, Hamilton.

A member of the staff of The Canadian Evangelist in conversation recently with Mr. Robert Hetherington, who lives at No. 32 Railway Avenue, found him very outspoken in his admissions as to the benefit he had derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and anxious that their good qualities should be made widely known. He is so thankful for the good he received from them that he says he considers it his duty to let others know what Pink Pills have done for him. Mr. Hetherington was a severe sufferer from neuralgia for about seven years. It bothered him very much in the head, arms and legs, and the pain was often so excessive, and the soreness so great that he could scarcely walk. He tried, as a matter of course, to find relief, and in doing so tried many so-called remedies, but none of them were of any benefit to him. In August last his attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he determined to give them a trial, and procuring a supply began their use. In about two weeks he found himself much relieved and found the pains disappearing, and after using Pink Pills for a few weeks longer every vestige of the pain had disappeared, and he was as well as ever. Mr. Hetherington has refrained from making any public statement before, for the reason that he wished to be convinced that his cure was complete, and he is now satisfied upon this point. In reply to a question Mr. Hetherington said he was satisfied that his present condition is due entirely to the use of Pink Pills. Before beginning them he had discontinued other medicines, and when he found them helping him had continued their use until he felt that he was fully cured. He further remarked that he now felt like a new man. 'Formerly,' said he, 'when I got up in the morning I was so stiff and tired that I could hardly walk, while now I get up feeling fresh and ready to go to work. I have not felt any of the pains since last September, and I wouldn't again suffer for one day the pains I formerly endured for the price of twenty boxes of pills.'

Mr. Hetherington is not the only member of the family who has experienced the beneficial results of Pink Pills. One of his daughters, a grown-up young woman, was quite ill for a month or six weeks, and after a course of Pink Pills is again fully restored to health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have a remarkable efficacy in curing diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring 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 not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink.) They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form should be avoided. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at fifty cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.