

grown in mind and character, and how much she knew, thanks to Professor Duncan, of the old heroic age of Canada.

Gerald and he had many talks, too, and Mr. Fleming was much interested in the thoughtful, ambitious lad, who reminded him strongly of his own early self. One evening the three were walking up from *Cap a L'Aigle* to Murray Bay, after one of the frequent thunder storms which abound there, followed by an exquisite rainbow. As they walked, the sun set in a dazzling glory of purple and crimson clouds, that flooded the hills with the most exquisite hues, and bathed the green slope at hand in a mellow light, while the river lay as it were a soft, translucent mingling of opaline tints of rose and pale green and softest purple. It was a picture that would not be soon forgotten.

'Well, Miss Marjorie, isn't this grand?' said a well-known voice. Marjorie started and turned round.

'Why, Professor Duncan! Where did you come from? Father dear, this is Professor Duncan. I'm so glad!'

And when they had taken breath after the greeting, the professor told them that he was going to take a sail up the Saguenay, and had stopped on the way to see them all and try to secure a traveling companion for his trip.

He and Mr. Fleming very soon renewed their old acquaintance, and it was soon arranged that when the next boat came down, Mrs. Ramsay, Marion and Marjorie, with Mr. Fleming and Gerald, should accompany Professor Duncan on this charming expedition.

The summer dusk was just closing in as they rounded the rocky point of Tadousac, and saw the village nestling among the crags and stunted firs, where, as Professor Duncan reminded them, the very first little settlement had been perched when the fur-traders had their headquarters there for traffic with the Indians, who brought their furs down the gloomy Saguenay.

They went ashore to see the little ancient church which had so long stood like a tiny bit in the surrounding darkness of savagery and heathenism, and watched the light of the village as they left it, seeming a type of the part which the little church had played so long.

They remained up till midnight to see Cape Trinity and Eternity by moonlight, looking like great Titanic shadows looming over the blackness of the stream. In the early morning they went ashore at Ha Ha Bay, and went to hear the early mass in the village church, where a devout congregation of the country folk was assembled.

They had a delightful day on the wild river, with its endless ranges of stern cliffs and wooded gorges, the little villages perched on craggy ledges, the weird majesty of Cape Trinity and Cape Eternity, with their dizzy height and weather-scarred precipices. They passed Tadousac again in the 'gloaming,' and were almost relieved to get out of the gloomy shadows of the Saguenay and out on the broad St. Lawrence.

It was very late—about three in the August morning, for they had been delayed by the tide—when the steamer approached Murray Bay. They had all been walking up and down the deck, and Mr. Fleming and Professor Duncan had been talking of the old days and how truly the 'light' which the brave pioneers had carried into these savage wilds, had been 'lights in the darkness'; even like those soft auroral steamers which they had been watching in the northern horizon; for in that north latitude it is often pretty cold even in August.

They talked, too, of the darkness that shrouds so large a portion even of our great cities, and how many a quiet, steady light is needed to shine there, too, as 'lights in the darkness.' Marjorie listened to the conversation, feeling that as she must soon be leaving all these pleasant scenes, and be returning to the old life, which now did seem just a little lonely, there would always be this noble ideal and aspiration, worthy of any one's best efforts. Everywhere, if one tried, one could be a 'light in the darkness.'

'And look there!' said Professor Duncan. Away to the eastward there was a pale streak of amber heralding the coming dawn. And now the aurora lights began to fade out of the sky as it grew every moment brighter.

'Yes,' said Mr. Fleming; 'it makes me think of the time when "the city shall have no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it"—and "there shall be no night there." The Northern Lights won't be need there; but till then may they continue faithful to shine on as "Lights in the Darkness!"'

'Amen!' said the professor. And if Marjorie did not say 'Amen' aloud, she said it in her heart.

(Concluded.)

Our Young Folks.

CAPTAIN, DEAR CAPTAIN.

O Captain, my Captain, your gallant trip is done. Thy ship has weathered every storm, The noblest prize is won, The port is near, the bells I hear, The people all exulting, While loving eyes the steady keel, The gallant ship are watching. But, O heart, heart, heart, O, the bleeding drops of red, Where on the deck the captain lies Fallen—cold—as dead. O, Captain, dear Captain, list to the welcoming bells, Rise up, for you the flag is flung, For you the bugle trills, For you bright flowers and victor's wreaths, For you the shores are crowding, For you they call, the swaying mass Their eager glances turning; Captain, dear Captain, my arm beneath your head.

It's an evil dream that on the deck You're fallen, cold and dead. But our Captain does not answer. His lips are pale and still; Woe's me, he does not feel my arm, He has no pulse nor will; Our ship is anchored safely Its stormy voyage o'er, But upon the deck our Captain lies Fallen, cold and dead.

GOD'S LESSONS.

"Now, Miss Ethel," said Nurse, as she cleared away the tea things, "get your lesson books, there's a good child. The sooner you begin the sooner you will have finished," concluded Nurse, cheerfully.

"It is all very well for you to say that," answered the little girl, "when you have no lessons to learn. I wonder," she continued, "how you would like to have to learn the capital towns of England, and to know when those stupid kings were born, to say nothing of the spelling! Oh dear," with a deep sigh, "how lovely it would be to be grown up, and have no more lessons."

"You won't find it all to be play when you are grown up. Grown-up people have lessons to learn, just like children, only they are harder, and take much longer than yours do, Miss Ethel."

"Has Mamma got lessons to learn?" enquired Ethel, in astonishment, "and Papa, and Aunt Ella?"

"That they have," answered Nurse.

"And you, Nurse? Why, I shall believe you have, too, only I never see any lesson books about. I suppose you have got further on than the capital towns of England, else we might have learnt them together."

"Now, Miss Ethel," said Nurse taking the tea-tray in her hand, "I am going downstairs, and if you have learnt your lessons like a good child by the time I come back, I will tell you all about my lessons."

"Oh, thank you," eagerly answered Ethel, taking up her spelling-book, and settling herself in the window-seat, she began softly repeating to herself:—

"H-o-l-d—hold, f-o-l-d—fold, s-o-l-d—sold, g-o-l-d—gold."

Over and over again she whispered the words, till she could spell them correctly, and when Nurse returned, closed the book triumphantly, and drawing a stool to the fireside, sat down beside Nurse, who had brought out her mending basket, and had drawn a black stocking of Ethel's over her hand, and was poking her finger through a big hole at the toe.

"Have you learnt your lessons to-night, Nurse?" asked Ethel, breaking the silence, as Nurse did not seem inclined to say anything, but "dear I dear I!" as the finger got further and further through the hole.

"I'm learning them now?" replied Nurse, "and it is a lesson I'm called on most weeks to learn."

"And what is it called?" inquired Ethel in a puzzled voice. "It can't be mending stockings, for I heard Mamma say to Aunt Ella yesterday, you were the best worker she had ever seen."

"No, it is something more difficult than the stockings, it is the lesson of Patience."

"The lesson of Patience?" echoed Ethel.

"Yes, Miss Ethel, you remember I said to you yesterday morning, 'Do not run about without your slippers, as you will make holes in your stockings;' and if you had only learnt the lesson of Obedience I should not be now learning the lesson of Patience."

Ethel sat thoughtfully gazing into the bright fire, and when she spoke again, she asked.

"And what are Mamma's lessons like?"

"The lesson of Unselfishness?" answered Nurse. "Yesterday a little girl insisted on going out in the hot sun because she declared she found it so stupid, having to wait until the evening, and, as Nurse was busy, Mamma took her out, and the hot sun made her head ache, so she could not go to the party in the evening."

"Oh Nurse!" cried Ethel; "surely I need to learn your sort of lessons, too, but they will be very much harder than those Miss Mitchell gives me."

"Yes, they are God's lesson that He would have us all learn; and, if you ask Him, dearie, He will help you."

And when Ethel knelt beside her little white bed that evening; she did not forget to say:

"Please, God, help me to learn Your lessons."

Ethel was quite right in thinking these were the hardest lessons of all; but she found they helped her with her other ones; and so, perseveringly, she goes on learning those that God would teach her.—*M. Bradshaw Isherwood, in Great Thought.*

CORRECT SPEAKING.

What is it to speak correctly? It is to accustom ourselves to speak and write accurately, having special care to use no language or utter any statement that is not elegant or strictly truthful. Avoid the use of all slang words and phrases. They are odious, and no amount of personal grace in the speaker can compensate for the disagreeable effect that the use of slang has upon the hearer. When once the habit of using these slang phrases has been formed, it is almost impossible to eradicate it. Youth is the best time to acquire correct language. It does not require wealth; the poorest can obtain the faculty. And how? By using the language of books—in other words, that which one reads. From the taste of the best speakers and writers, treasure up choice phrases, and accustom yourself to their use. But do not fall into the opposite error of selecting only that which is pompous and high-sounding, for that will make one ridiculous. But choose the language which is terse, expressive, and clear, and the habit of correct speaking soon becomes fixed, and makes it a pleasure to listen to you.

BAD READING.

The other day a little fellow sat reading a book, when suddenly he saw his father coming along. He put the book out of sight, and stood up in great confusion, waiting for his father to pass by. Now, I didn't like that, and I herewith advise that boy, and all other boys, never to read anything they are ashamed of. Open out every page you read, full and free, in God's light and presence, as you must, and if it is not fit to be opened so, do not read it at all.

Bad reading is deadly poison, and I, for one, would like to see the poisoners—that is, the men who furnish it—punished like any other murderers. Yes, and more, it's far worse to kill the soul than to kill the body.

In my opinion parents are not half watchful enough in this matter, and if I were you, young folks, I wouldn't stand it.

In 1812 all Christian teaching was prohibited in India. Now the government in appreciation of missions, gives large sums and valuable lands for the erection of hospitals, education and missionaries.

LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA.

A DISEASE LONG HELD BY PHYSICIANS TO BE INCURABLE.

Its Horrors are Those of a Living Death—The Victim Helpless, His Torture Intense—Loses Control of Bowels and Bladder and is a Source of Constant Worry to Family and Friends—A Remedy for the Disease Discovered!

Mr. James McLean, a resident of Leftroy, Simcoe County, Ont., is known to every man, woman and child for miles around the vicinity of his home, and all know of the long years during which his condition has been that of a living death. Mr. McLean tells of his injury, his years of torture, and his subsequent release from the agonies of locomotor ataxia, in the following vivid language:—

"In the year 1880 I was thrown from a scaffold, falling on my back on a stone pile. I was badly hurt, and narrowly escaped death. Plasters and liniments were applied, and I seemed to get somewhat better. But the apparent improvement was short lived. My feet began to get unusually cold, and nothing that could be done would warm them. The trouble then spread to my legs, and from the waist down I was attacked with shooting pains flying along the nerves in thousands, and causing the most terrible torture for days and nights at a time. I could get no relief save from the injections of morphine. Six physicians treated me at different times, but appeared only to faintly understand my trouble and could do nothing for my relief. Some of the doctors declared that my trouble was rheumatism, but two of them said it was a disease of the spinal cord, that the trouble would get worse and that sooner or later my arms would become affected. This prediction proved true. My left hand dropped at the wrist joint and hung dead and cold, and I had no more control of it than if the hand were not on me. Fly blisters and electricity were resorted to without avail. My stomach was next attacked with a burning, aching, nauseating pain, causing the most distressing vomiting, and I often thought I would not see morning. I have vomited almost continually for thirty-six hours, and nothing but morphine or chloroform could deaden the anguish I suffered. But worse trouble was in store for me. I lost control of my bowels and water, and my condition became most horrible, necessitating constantly the greatest care and watchfulness. I now suffering from the top of my head to the point of my toes. I saw double, and had to keep my eyes fixed steadily on the ground to make a step at all, and the moment I raised my eyes I would stagger and fall if I were not grasping something. I could not take a single step in the dark. For nine long years I suffered all the horrors of a living death. In 1889 I was admitted to the Toronto General Hospital, where I was treated four months. I was told that my trouble was locomotor ataxia, and incurable, and I returned home no better. After returning home I had further medical treatment, but with no better results than before. Finally I was given the following certificate of incurability:—

CERTIFICATE, July 27th, 1893.
THIS IS TO CERTIFY that James McLean has a disease of the spinal cord (incurable) that renders him unfit to obtain a living.

A. T. LITTLE, M.D.
"About this time I was strongly urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and oh how I wish I had known of this great remedy years ago! What anguish and torture I would have been spared. Soon after beginning the use of Pink Pills I found myself improving. The pains left me and I was able to discontinue the use of the morphine. I regained control of both bowels and bladder and gradually a feeling of life returned to my legs and arms. I can now walk without the aid of either crutches or sticks and can take long strides. My stomach trouble has all left me, and I can eat as heartily as ever in my life. My friends who never expected to see me about again, are astonished at the wonder Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have wrought in me. When I began the use of the pills my weight was reduced to 136 pounds, and it has now increased to 165. I am a new man and it is not possible for me to say enough in praise of your marvellous medicine. My wife also joins me in thanks, and says it was a happy day for her when I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as since then she has been able to get rest at night which she had not done for so many long years before. I hope Heaven may direct this into the hands of some other poor sufferer, who may find, as I did, release from a living death through your great life-saving remedy. Yours very gratefully, JAMES MCLEAN.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, 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. With men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.