

An offer also from the mill
Of partnership at last;
Two months they'd wait for his reply—
Two months twice gone, were past.

"Too late!" He flung the paper down,
"Too late," O, sad despair!
But for his careless of home,
To-day he had been there.

Installed within the post he sought,
And happy as the day;
Within the dear old fatherland,
Which now was far away.

Too late. What came of Fred at last
It is not mine to tell;
I know he never more returned
To those who loved him well.

I know that one young cheek grew pale,
Because he never came;
And the old folks, the neighbors said,
Had never been the same.

I know of graves, that now are green,
Beside a dark yew tree;
And broken hearts lie buried there—
The broken hearts of three.

* * * * *
A story sad enough, in truth,
This I have told to you—
About the ill that recklessness
And carelessness may do.

I tell it not to cause you grief,
But for the lesson taught;
By what we see in this sad case,
That thoughtlessness has wrought.

Has thou not wandered from thy home?
Hast thou not gone astray?
Hast thou not left thy Father's house,
To sojourn far away?

THE NEW PAIN KING.—Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills, spasms and cramps. Nerviline cures promptly the worst cases of Neuralgia, toothache, lumbago, and sciatica. Nerviline is death to all pain, whether external, internal or local. Nerviline may be tested at the small cost of 10 cents. Buy at once a 10 cent bottle of Nerviline, the great pain remedy. Sold by druggists and country dealers.

THE GREATEST ART PUBLISHERS.

A WORD ABOUT RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS, WHOSE FAMOUS PUBLICATIONS GO ALL OVER THE WORLD.

If a dozen ordinary men were asked to name the greatest painter now living, the chances are that they would give a dozen different answers. Anybody, though, particularly any artist, will tell you that the house of Raphael Tuck & Sons are the greatest art publishers in the world. There can be no doubt of that. Their publications are before you, no matter where you find an art dealer's establishment. Their largest house is in London, but they have others almost equally extensive in Berlin, Paris, Leipzig and New York. Their headquarters in this city, by the way, is in charge of Mr. Samuel Gabriel, at No 298 Broadway, where the firm's latest productions can be viewed. The collection there displayed of reproductions of the most noted works of all the modern masters is worth going far to see. So extensive have Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons' operations in America become, that Mr. Adolph Tuck will visit the New York agency about the middle of next month and make arrangements for still further extensions.

The factories of Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons at Leipzig employ an army of more than three hundred experienced designers, lithographers and transferers. Besides this they have their own paper and card board mills, where are prepared the materials for their art printing. Altogether the firm employs more than one thousand people in their printing, cutting, embellishing, finishing, packing and shipping departments. They send their publications all over the world. These consist of large and handsome oleographs for framing purposes, artistic studies for painting and drawing, circular and shell plaques, wall pockets, &c., for wall, mantel and cabinet decoration; Christmas and New Year

cards, and a thousand and one artistic notions designed to beautify the homes of those who have learned to appreciate the beautiful. Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons may truly claim to have done more to render art popular than any other publishers in the world. They have reproduced and sold at popular prices all the paintings in the world-famous Berlin gallery, and the works of some of the eminent foreign and American artists. In Christmas and New Year cards alone Messrs. Tuck & Sons annually print more than 2,000 designs. Among their latest novelties is an exquisite line of Porcelain Studies of superior quality and thickness and bevelled, and each inclosed in a wooden safety-box, guarding it against risk of breakage in transmission through the mail. All the designs are by well-known artists, and the best that has been thus far brought out is the portrait of Mrs. President Cleveland, generally acknowledged to be the best picture of her extant. * *

REPLIES TO A VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION.

At a social gathering some one proposed this question: "What shall I teach my daughter?" The following replies were handed in:
Teach her that one hundred cents make a dollar.
Teach her how to arrange the parlor and the library.

Teach her to say "No" and mean it, or "Yes" and stick to it.

Teach her to wear a calico dress, and to wear it like a queen.

Teach her how to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

Teach her to dress for health and comfort as well as for appearance.

Teach her to cultivate flowers and to keep the kitchen garden.

Teach her to make the neatest room in the house.

Teach her to have nothing to do with intemperate or dissolute young men.

Teach her that tight lacing is uncomely as well as injurious to health.

Teach her to regard the morals and habits, and not money, in selecting her associates.

Teach her to observe the old rule: "A place for everything and everything in its place."

Teach her that music, drawing and painting are real accomplishments in the home, and are not to be neglected if there be time and money for their use.

Teach her the important truism: "That the more she lives within her income the more she will save and the further she will get away from the poorhouse."

Teach her that a good steady church-going mechanic, farmer, clerk or teacher without a cent is worth more than forty loafers or non-producers in broadcloth.

Teach her to embrace every opportunity for reading, and to select such books as will give her the most useful and practical information in order to make the best progress in earlier as well as later home and school life.

WHY I AM A HEATHEN.

An American Chinaman has been travelling about Canada and the United States delivering a lecture with the above title, wherever he was likely to get a good paying audience at 25 or 50 cents a head. An American contemporary refers to the lecture in these terms:—We fear that Professor Wong Chin Foo, of the Celestial Flowerly Empire, has here been guilty not of ignorance, for which sometimes there may be excuse, but of wilful, deliberate, malicious slander, for which even heathenism can offer no suitable apology. Whilst exalting the beautiful love and practice of justice for which the heathen Chinese, in his own land, is distinguished, he forgot to tell us what Dr. Henry M. Field tells us to be the actual case in China, viz., that the people there are so absolutely destitute of truthfulness as to make a court of justice an impossibility, since witnesses could be purchased by the thousand for ten cents apiece, to swear to anything whatever desired by the purchaser. But perhaps it was not needful for Wong

Chin Foo to tell us this Chinese characteristic, since he has exemplified it so glibly in the article before us. This article being witness the writer has ample reasons to remain a heathen until he shows a slight disposition to welcome light, honesty and truth.

THE BROKEN VASE.

The owner of the famous Wedgewood potteries, in the beginning of this century, was not only a man of remarkable mechanical skill, but a devout and reverent christian. On one occasion a nobleman of dissolute habits, and an avowed atheist, was going through the works, accompanied by Mr. Wedgewood, and by a young lad who was employed in them, the son of pious parents. Lord C— sought early opportunity to speak contemptuously of religion. The boy at first looked amazed, then listened with interest, and at last with evident approval.

Mr. Wedgewood made no comment, but soon found occasion to show to his guest the process of making a fine vase; how with infinite care the delicate paste was moulded into a shape of rare beauty and fragile texture, how it was painted by a skilful artist, and finally passed through the furnace, coming out perfect in form and pure in quality. The nobleman exclaimed with delight, and stretched out his hand for it, but the potter threw it on the ground, shattering it into a thousand pieces.

"What can you be thinking about?" said Lord C— in amazement. "I wished to take that cup home for my collection! Nothing can restore it again."

"No. Yet you forget my lord," said Mr. Wedgewood, "that the soul of that lad who has just left us is of priceless value; that his parents, friends, all good influences, have been at work during his whole life to make him a vessel fit for his Master's use; and that you, with your touch, have it may be, undone the work of years—so that no human hand can bind together again what you have broken."

Lord C—, who had never before received a rebuke from an inferior in station, stared at Mr. Wedgewood in silence. Then, "You are an honest man," he said, frankly holding out his hand. "I never thought of the effect of my words."

There is no subject which young men who doubt are more fond of discussing than religion, too often parading the crude, half-comprehended atheistic arguments which they have heard, or read, before boys to whom such doubts are new.

Like Lord C—, they "do not think." They do not probably believe these arguments themselves, and they forget that they are infusing poison into healthy souls which no after efforts of theirs can ever remove. A moment's carelessness may destroy the work of years.

—PETLEY & Co.'s big sale began yesterday. The store was crowded. Ladies were on the alert for bargains, and they found them. Anxious papas and mamas came for ready-made clothes for their boys, and they got them, too, cheaper and better value than any other house in town. In carpets Petley can out do any one. Splendid value, all marked at lowest prices. Housekeepers who want to spend money carefully should see the stock at Petley's.

IS IT TOO LATE?

It may be too late, quite too late, to set right mischief once done, to avert consequences, to stop the working of the evil that we have set in motion. But it is not too late, it is never too late, to come back to God. If you can't be what you might have been, yet you can still be something that Christ will love and value—a humble, penitent soul. If you cannot serve God as you might have done—nay, if you have done harm that you can never undo—yet you can still give him what he values more than all service—a will surrendered to his will. If it is too late for everything else, it is never too late to join the service of Christ.—Bishop Temple.