

hard to control, the passionate self-consciousness so hard to curb, the thousand snares set by the devil and our own self-love to make us stumble in the way where He has gone before. But if amidst all our weakness He sees the *desire* to follow Him, we need not despair. Has He not promised us His help? has He not said My strength is sufficient for thee? and I will never leave thee nor forsake thee? In profoundest self-abasement, in shame unutterable, we must acknowledge that of ourselves we *cannot* follow Him, and we shall learn the glorious truth that He is not only our Example, but our Guide, our Strength, our Stay.

"GIRLS, HELP FATHER."

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber, as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Can I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet-work. "I shall be glad to do so if you will explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you can, Lucy," he said, reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"I would be ashamed if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier since I put on spectacles."

"Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted to lie idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other ones, sitting so cozily in his easy chair enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter a thousand times!" took away all the sense of weariness that Lucy might have felt.

"It's rather looking up when a man can have a clerk," said the farmer. "It's not every farmer than can afford it."

"Not every farmer's daughter is capable of making one," said the mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor everyone that would be willing if able," said Mr. Wilber; which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways who never think of lightening a care or labor! If asked to perform some little service it is done at best with a reluctant step and unwilling air that robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father. Give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.—*Young Reaper.*

THE FIRST BUTTON WRONG.

"Dear me!" said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong; and that made all the rest wrong!" and Janet tugged away and fretted, as if the poor buttons were quite to blame for her trouble.

"Patience! patience!" said mamma,

smiling at the little fretful face, "and next time look out for the wrong button; then you'll keep all the rest right. And," added mamma, as the last button was put in its place, and the scowling face was smooth once more, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another are sure to follow.

Janet remembered how, one day not long ago, she struck baby Alice; that was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it; that was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because one went wrong—because her naughty little hand struck baby! The best thing she could do, to make it right again, was to tell mamma how naughty she had been, and ask her to forgive her; but that was much harder than just to do the buttons again.

Janet thought it all over, and between the buttons and her very happy day, I think she learned never again to forget to look out for the first wrong deed.—*Herald of Mercy.*

ONE OF HIS JEWELS.

"O mamma, the girls are all going to wear jewelry! Nelly May says her papa is going to buy her a new set of garnets, and Annie Brown has her lovely turquoise ring and pin. Hatty Marston has a pearly-white cross, and all the rest have corals or jets or pearls or something. I don't believe there's another girl in school that hasn't at least a ring. Even Alice Horton has a plain gold band that used to be her mother's. She can't wear much, to be sure, because her mother's just died; but I haven't as much as she. I'm afraid I shall feel ashamed to stand out on the platform, before everybody, and look so plain and bare, with only a white dress on."

Margaret had just come from school, where all was in preparation for the exhibition which would soon take place. The girls had been talking over their dresses, and she had felt that it was hard to be so poor. She knew her mother was sewing, sewing from morning till night, and denying herself many things that she needed, that the hardly earned money might help Margaret to get her schooling. She knew that it had been by severe pinching that the pretty white dress had been bought, and that her mother's eyes had often ached when she sat up long after midnight to make it up. Yet all these things only made it seem harder still, and Margaret wondered why her life was so different from that of others. In fact, she often made herself quite miserable with the thought that everybody else had more things to make them happy than she. She had sometimes said so to her mother, who had told her that she was mistaken.

"We are poor, it is true," she would say; "but the rich are not always happy. If we work harder than many, that is far better than to be idle. And, after all, Margaret, God knows just what is best for us. If we love Him, we may be sure that we shall not lack anything that would be good for us."

This afternoon, however, her mother did not reply, as Margaret rushed into their cosy little sitting-room. She only looked sad and grieved; and soon Margaret came and took a seat beside her, saying: "I'm sorry I trouble you so, mamma. I know we can't afford it, and I'll try not to want it."

Her mamma rewarded her with a bright, loving smile, and then said: "Did I ever tell you, dear, why I named you Margaret? The name means a pearl. When God gave you to me, I felt that He had given me a jewel to take care of for Him. So I named you Margaret, to keep me always in mind of this. And, darling, I long to have you number yourself among his jewels now."

Margaret knew what her mother meant, for only the day before her Sunday School teacher had explained the text used as a motto for the paper which had been distributed in the class—"They shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." She knew that her mother wished her to be a Christian, and so be one of the jewels in the Saviour's crown.

"How shall I know if I am one of His jewels, mamma?" asked Margaret.

"You would try to honor him. The jewels in his crown will add lustre, beauty and glory to it, and so contribute to do him honor. And one way in which you could honor him would be to have a patient, uncomplaining spirit, even though we have not as many pleasant things in life as some others have."

"I do want to, mamma," answered Margaret, "and sometimes I think I do love Jesus a little."

"I hope you do, darling. But give Him your whole heart and He will help you to meet all the trials which will come to you in life, both small and great."

Margaret went up to her own little room and told the dear Saviour all about it, and that she wished to please and honor Him. When the day for the exhibition came she had asked Him to help her specially; and He surely did, for Margaret's face was so sweet and beaming that no one noticed whether she had any jewelry or not. But the minister, who was present, leaned over and whispered to his wife:

"I think Margaret must be one of the Saviour's jewels; there is such a peaceful light shining in her face, which used to look so fretful."—*S. S. Times.*

THE TWO ROBINS.

There are two little robins, with beautiful red breasts, building their nest with evergreen under our window. I have watched them with much interest, and noticed several things in which children might learn a lesson, and follow their example.

They seem to love each other very much while at their work or at play. I have not seen them quarrelling, or even angry at each other, since they came to our yard.

They are very industrious.—Early and late they seem intent on the work of building their nest—to get it ready for housekeeping—only pausing occasionally to cheer each other by a few notes of song.

They are very persevering.—They do not begin to build their nest and then get tired and neglect their work. After having settled on their place and plan they went to work, and have kept working with all their might, and their little house increases in size every day.

They do not interfere with each other.—They both seem to have the same end in view.

[Several other traits of these two robins we will give in our next issue.]

WILL WONDERS EVER CEASE?

No matter how great one's experience, there is always something yet to be met with which calls forth our astonishment. Newspapers now and then, as well as the public in general, find this to be so. A case in point are the investigations instituted by the "*Chicago Tribune*," "*Times*," "*Cincinnati Star*," and other papers in regard to the rather remarkable claims advanced in favor of an article which has been placed before the people by means of the press and otherwise. In every instance these editorial investigations have resulted in a complete triumph for the article referred to.

The claims made regarding it were not only fully sustained, but scores of prominent and influential citizens were everywhere found, who from their personal experience and observations accorded their enthusiastic indorsement. The following extracts from letters of citizens of Fort Wayne, are specimens of testimonials received from all sections of the country.

Under date of January 17th, Mr. John G. Fledderman, the well-known Merchant Tailor, in Union Block, writes, "I was a sufferer for many years with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, and found no relief until I tried St. Jacobs' Oil. After using two bottles I was entirely cured. I shall always keep it in the house, and will not fail to recommend it to my friends."

"Messrs D.B. Strope & Co., proprietors of the Depot Drug Store, 286 Calhoun Street, made this statement: "Among our customers St. Jacobs' Oil is considered the best liniment known. It always gives satisfaction, and never disappoints. It cured Mr. H. C. Ward of severe Rheumatism in three days. We recommend it constantly." The Globe Chop House comes to the front with these remarks by its proprietor, A. Geisman, Esq.: "When about eight years old, I met with a serious accident with a horse, by which my skull was fractured; ever since I have been subject to the most excruciating Rheumatic pains. The St. Jacobs Oil which I applied of late has given me almost total relief, and by its use I hope to be entirely cured in a short time." The well-known druggist, Mr. Otto Lefler, makes this report to make: "I have had a large trade in St. Jacobs Oil, and know of a great many cases where it effected a speedy cure of Rheumatism and Neuralgia. It sells on its merits." Messrs' Boyer & Campbell, of Waterloo, Indiana, write: "Mr. J. W. Walker, of this town, suffered with Rheumatism, for fifteen years. After trying a great many remedies without experiencing even relief, he was induced to use St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured him. He states that he feels like a new man." Among others who have experienced the effects of the Great German Remedy, might be mentioned, Mr. Christian Krah, No. 58 Griffith Street, who was suffering so severely from Rheumatism, that he was unable to sleep or work. None of the many remedies he used benefited him, until "The Conqueror of Pain, St. Jacobs Oil" was applied, one bottle of which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Rudolph Jasper, No. 72 W. Washington Street, was likewise made happy by its use. Mr. Rodemann the druggist, stated: "I must say that it is the best liniment I ever sold." To those wishing to get rid of pains, we would say, here is your chance "to strike oil."

—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Sentinel.*