

Our Young Folks.

A BOY'S RESOLUTION.

This school year I mean to be better ! -
To bind myself down with a fetter,
I'll write out a plan
As strong as I can,
Because I am such a forgetter
Resolved : -but I'm sleepy this minute.
There's so much, when once you begin it !
Resolved : -With my might
I'll try to do right !
That's enough ! for the whole thing is in it.
—*Youth's Companion.*

THAT'S THE WAY.

Just a little every day.
That's the way !
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow,
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst,
Slowly—slowly—at the first,
That's the way !
Just a little every day.
Just a little every day.
That's the way !
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit, and mite by mite
Never any one, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power
Slowly—slowly—hour by hour,
That's the way !
Just a little every day.
—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

A GOOD DRIVER.

"Oh, mamma, I do wish Teddy would get over his lameness: I'm just starving to drive something!" wailed a lively little boy to his sympathetic mother.
"Suppose you try driving yourself. I have found Sanford Brooks a very frisky creature to drive," suggested mamma, smiling.
"Now, mamma! How could I drive my self?"
"What is the thing that pleases you most when you drive your little donkey?" asked mamma.
"Why, it is because I make him go and stop, when I want to, and turn around, and then it is so nice to feel the pull on the reins and know I can master him."
"That is just what is so delightful in driving one's self," said mamma. "I mean you should try to make Sanny Brooks obey Sanford Livingston Brooks when Sanny wants to be wild and foolish."
"That would not be one bit of fun, mamma, and Sanford looked reproachfully at his mother.
"You think so because you have never tried it. Just promise me that the very next time Sanny wants to do what you know is wrong, you will say, 'Whoa, Sanny!' and pull hard on the reins, and make him trot along straight in the right road with never a kick."
Sanford rubbed his hair up from his forehead till it looked like straw wisps, and he scraped one foot along the edge of the sofa before he promised to try mamma's idea. But he was a boy to keep his word, and within an hour he had a chance to try his new kind of driving.
Two of his neighbors looked into the garden, and called, "Hi, San! Come and hang on the carts!"
Sanford's mamma objected to his hanging on behind carts, because it often brought bad words from the drivers, but she did not forbid him, being a wise mother. "I know that it is not in boy's nature to resist hanging on carts," she said, "and I would rather that Sanford should keep on openly until he sees the foolishness of it, than that he should do it on the sly and then lie about it, as I know some boys do."
Sanford knew this was his mother's view of the matter. Just as the boys repeated their call, he remembered about driving himself. So he shouted back, "No, mamma does not like me to get all muddy. Next time, perhaps."
"Oh, lily white boy, can't stand mud!" shouted the boys. And they ran off, leaving Sanford very indignant, and longing to pound them.
"Whoa, Sanny!" he said, suddenly, and somehow he straightened up and held his head high, as if some one had really reined him in. He went to the orchard to look at Teddy who was enjoying the rich, spring grass. Teddy I am better off than you, for you cannot drive yourself," he said, as he patted the little donkey.
Then a funny thought came into his head. When a boy cannot drive himself, is he like a donkey?"
"Whoa, Sanny! Keep straight, don't kick. Mind me; I'm your master, Sanford Livingston Brooks, Esquire!" he shouted, half laughing at his own fun. But he was putting the lesson into his own mind all the time, without understanding how important it was.
When he asked his mamma, some hours later, about the donkey conundrum, she said, very seriously, "Yes, my dear child, you have

found the right idea. The boy who can hold a tight rein over himself, over the thoughts and acts he knows are wrong, is a splendid driver, fit to be at the head of men and to lead them to victory, either in peace or war. But the boy who cannot drive himself is really on a level with the lower animals."—*The Colporteur.*

WHERE THE DAY IS BORN.

The maritime powers of the world have agreed to make London the time centre, and the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude from London (or Greenwich) as the point where the day changes. This meridian, therefore, leads the day. Its passage under the one hundred and eightieth, or midnight, celestial meridian, marks the beginning of a new day for the earth: here, to day becomes tomorrow.
It is here, then that Sabbath is born, just to the West of Honolulu. But bear in mind that the day travels westward. Therefore, this new-born day does not visit Honolulu until it has made the circuit of the globe. Honolulu and New Zealand are only about thirty degrees apart in longitude but they are a whole day apart as regards any particular day, because the point at which the day changes lies between them. Sabbath born on the one hundred and eightieth meridian is a long way off from Honolulu. It is morning there too, but it is Saturday morning; while in New Zealand it is not yet day, but the Sabbath dawn is breaking. Its is clear, then, that, if it is Friday (near midnight) at Honolulu to the East of the line and Sabbath (near 1 a.m.) to the west of it a ship which sails from Honolulu to New Zealand, or from east to west, must sail out of Friday into Sabbath, and thereby skip the intervening Saturday, and gains a day; and, vice versa, a ship which sails from New Zealand, where Sabbath has begun, to Honolulu, Friday has just ended and Saturday begun, or west to east, must lose a day.—*Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.*

GREAT HILLS OF SAND.

On the shores of Lake Ontario, in Prince Edward County, are two sand-hills that are interesting because they change their shape. The sand of which they are formed is lighter than that on the shore. The largest of these hills is 200 feet high and 1,000 feet in length. Years ago this hill had a circular plateau, with a crater like opening into a funnel-shaped chasm with an area of eighty feet. In this boys played ball. All evidence of this opening has disappeared. Now this sand hill is said to resemble a giant's grave. The second sand-heap is forty feet high. The trees in the vicinity of these mounds are being gradually covered by the sand. At points on their sides only the topmost branches of the buried trees are visible. These mounds are said to have assumed many shapes in the past forty years, but they are always graceful. At one time the United States Government maintained an observatory for the Lake survey on the top of the highest hill. Now the Canadian Government maintains one there for the same purpose.

A QUEER ANIMAL.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoologists as the "sacred running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimens of the species never exceeding thirty inches, or two and a half feet, in height. One sent to England, which is still living and believed to be somewhere near ten years of age, is only twenty two inches high and weighs but one hundred and nine and a half pounds. In Ceylon they are used for making quick trips across the country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them, can pull a driver of a two-wheeled cart and a two hundred pound load of miscellaneous matter, sixty to seventy miles a day.

For the first time in history the population of the United Kingdom is greater than that of France. It is computed that at the present moment there are in the British Isles one hundred thousand more people than there are in France. During the century the population of France has increased by ten millions, and that of the United Kingdom, by twenty millions. In addition to that Great Britain has in those ninety years colonized Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and other spots which in another ninety years will become mighty nations. The *Christian Intelligencer* (from which we quote) adds that France has done nothing in the way of colonization. Certainly she has done very little. She is not a Mother of Nations as the "United Kingdom" is.

A pair of ears to hear the music of bird and tree and rill and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or to what dishonours God.

Children are gainers by the frequent appearance of guests at the home table, especially when they are persons of intelligence and refinement.

Christian Endeavor.

IS MY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD.

BY W. S. McTAVISH, B.D., DESERONTO.

Dec. 1.—Prov. iv. 20-27.

It is very desirable, and it may be even necessary, that the Endeavorer should ask himself this question: "Is my heart right with God?" So deceitful is the heart and so desperately wicked, that a man may be very easily deceived (Jer. xvii. 9). It is easy to be a professor without being a possessor. Solomon, so noted for his wisdom in his early years, was blamed afterwards because his heart was not perfect with the Lord his God (I. Kings ii. 49). The cares of the world and the pleasures of life and the deceitfulness of riches are apt to engage our attention to such an extent that we do not take time to examine ourselves to see whether we be in the faith. Simon Magus in Samaria would very cheerfully have cast in his lot with the apostles, and if they had been only ordinary men, they might have been deceived in him. But Peter, knowing the real state of things, was sufficiently honest and courageous to say to him, "Thine heart is not right in the sight of God" (Acts viii. 21). Doubtless Diotrephes made a profession of his faith and was looked upon as a prominent member of the Church. He himself also aimed at being recognized as a Sir Oracle in the congregation, and yet his heart was so far from being right in the sight of God that the apostle John felt it necessary to rebuke him sharply (III. John ix. 10). Judas may have congratulated himself that he was among the disciples and yet, as Satan was in his heart, it was far from being right in the sight of God. From such instances as these we see that no matter what one's position in the Church may be, no matter what his professions, no matter what regard his fellow-men may have for him, he may be deceiving himself and therefore he should pull himself up sharply with the question of the topic.

How do we know when the heart is right? If our affections are set upon what is good, pure and elevating, and not upon what is mean, base, degrading, if they are set upon things above, not on things on the earth (Col. iii. 2), if we love the things which God loves and hate the things which He hates, if we scorn sin, not merely because it brings misery with it, but because we know that it is displeasing in the sight of God, then we can see indications that our hearts are right in God's sight. But in addition to this, our understanding must be enlightened in Biblical knowledge and in the great doctrines and duties of the Christian life. Our wills must be renewed and brought into harmony with God's will and into sympathy with His plans and purposes. So long as our wills rebel against what is clearly the mind of God, our hearts are not right in His sight. If truth becomes the spring of action, if purity is enthroned in the affections, if justice holds the balances even, if love always decides against inclination and in favor of duty when these two are in conflict, if Christ is taken, not only as an example, but as a living Saviour and Lord, then we have good reason to believe that our hearts are right in God's sight.

Why should we desire to have the heart set right? Because from it are the issues of life. If the reservoir which contains the city's water supply is contaminated, it will send forth disease and death. So from the evil heart proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, murders, uncleanness, etc. "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good" (Luke vi. 45). "If thou set thine heart aright, and stretch out thine hands towards Him; if iniquity be in thine hands, put it far away, and let not unrighteousness dwell in thy tents; surely then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot; yea thou shalt be steadfast and shalt not fear; for thou shalt forget thy misery, and thy life shall be clearer than the noon-day" (Job ii. 13-17. R. V.).

Consumption Conquered

A P. E. ISLAND LADY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Attacked with a Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctor's Failed.

From the Charlottetown Patriot.

Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimonial telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman. Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlottetown, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family, and, friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inchoate, but afterwards almost con-

stant, especially at nights set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to be



Joking their Mother on her Appetite.

numbered. Her appetite was almost completely gone. Food was partaken of without relish, and Mrs. Strickland was unable to do even the ordinary, lighter work of the household. She became greatly emaciated and in order to partake of even the most dainty nourishment a stimulant had at first to be administered. While this gloom hung over the home and the mother sorrowfully thought of how soon she would have to say farewell to her young family, she was induced by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Though utterly discouraged, and almost disgusted with medicine, she yielded more in a friendly way than in a hopeful spirit. After using the pills for a short time a gleam of hope, a wish to get well again took possession of her and the treatment was cheerfully continued. It was no false feeling but a genuine effort nature was making to reassert itself, and before many boxes were used the family were joking their mother on her appetite, her disappearing cough and the fright she had given them. The use of the Pink Pills was continued for some time longer and now Mrs. Strickland's elastic step and general, excellent health, would lead you to imagine that you were gazing upon a different woman, not one who had been snatched from the very jaws of death. She was never in better health and spirits, and no matter what others say she is firm in her belief that Pink Pills saved her life and restored her to her wonted health and strength.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves, and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like that above related. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

In view of statements frequently made to the effect that vacant Presbyterian pulpits in England are filled with ministers from Scotland and elsewhere, Mr. J. B. Whyte, the Moderator of Trinity Church, Manchester, says that each of the candidates for the pulpit at Trinity was either a minister or probationer of the English Presbyterian Church, and that the Rev. W. J. Jack, who has been called, was one of the students.

Rev Dr. Huntly, of Rajputana, started at the missionary meeting in Glasgow that he had once partaken of the opium cup as a seal of brotherhood with a Rajput chief. He denies Sir William Moore's statement that opium takes the same place at the tables of the Rajput chiefs that wine does at our tables.

Most Pronounced Symptoms of Heart Disease and how to Secure Relief in 30 Minutes.

The most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are: palpitation or fluttering of the heart, shortness of the breath, weak or irregular pulse, smothering spells at night, making it necessary to sit up in bed to breathe, swelling of feet or ankles, say the most eminent authorities is one of the surest signs of a diseased heart. Nightmare is a common symptom, spells of hunger or exhaustion. It is estimated that 60 per cent. of all cases of dropsy come from heart disease. The brain may be congested, causing headaches, dizziness or vertigo. In short, whenever the heart flutters or tires out easily, aches or palpitates, it is diseased and nothing will give such perfect relief or so speedily effect a cure as Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. It has saved thousands of lives and your's may be counted among the number if its use is begun at once.

This remedy absolutely never fails to give perfect relief in 30 minutes, and is as harmless as the purest milk.

Does Not Irritate, But Heals.

It is remarkable that those who suffer from kidney disease grow impatient of those medicines that are slow in their cure. Who enjoys pain? The beauty of South American Kidney Cure is that it relieves the sufferer almost instantaneously. What sick one does not know the delight that comes when pain is relieved? Kidney Cure, as a plain matter of fact, relieves the most distressing kidney and bladder troubles in six hours. It is hard to say anything more for it. Who wants more said for it?