

DICK THORNTON'S DECISION.

KATE'S GATES.

Dick Thornton was out in the hammock with his hat pulled down over his eyes. He had been there like that for the last two hours, and his mother was getting anxious.

"Something is the matter," she said to herself; "either he is sick, or he has got something on his mind, and I rather think that it is. I wish that I could help him; but I suppose he must decide things for himself."

Mrs. Thornton turned to her work with a sigh; it was very hard not to be able to lift her boy over all the hard places he came to. "If he wants my help he will tell me," she thought, with a loving glance towards the motionless figure in the hammock.

She was right. Dick had something on his mind. Truth to tell, he was fighting a real battle with himself.

Uncle Alfred had spent last night with them. "I've got to take a little business trip West," he said, in the course of the evening. "How would you like to go with me, Dick? I shall be gone three or four weeks, and you could see considerable of the country. I'll pay your expenses. Will you, providing your folks are willing?"

"O, Uncle Alfred, will I? You won't say no, will you, father?" cried Dick, looking from one to the other eagerly. His father laughed. "I do not believe I am quite hard-hearted enough to refuse," he said. "See no reason now why you cannot go if your uncle wants to be bothered with you."

So it was settled; and Dick could hardly contain himself. He had studied their route up on the map, and had counted the hours before they should start; but just before breakfast something had occurred to him. There was his cousin, Steve, Ellis. He had been very sick—they had not thought he would live. He was better now, so that he was up and around, but there he seemed to have come to a standstill. His old strength did not return, and he was getting discouraged. "He needs a thorough change," Dick's mother had said a few days before. "If he does not get better pretty soon, I am afraid he will run down."

It was these words of his mother that had popped into Dick's mind that morning. What a world of good this trip would do Steve! "Very likely, if Steve was Uncle Alf's nephew, or he knew about his being as miserable, he would have said a pig to choose myself, but it is rather hard on a fellow to have to put himself out of the way. Besides if he keeps it up, he won't stand much of a show of getting anything, for you can always find somebody else who would like what you've got. I don't believe it is my duty, and I guess that Uncle Alf would think I didn't appreciate his invitation very much."

"I can't be a goose, Dick Thornton," said something within. "You know very well that you could make Uncle Alf understand if you chose to. You are just as well and healthy as you can be. You do not need the change, and Steve does—it may be just the thing that would set him on his feet again. You know Aunt Elsie said they would like to send him away somewhere if he could afford it. I should like to know if you think you can go and enjoy yourself under the circumstances?"

No, Dick was very much afraid he could not. "I do wish I hadn't even thought of Steve until I was a hundred miles away!" he said, impatiently. "It is too bad—my jolly good time is spoiled now. I wish that things could go on just as you want to have them, and nothing happen to cross you."

"You are a big baby," said conscience sharply. "What would your mother say to you? She says she wants you to be strong and brave and helpful."

Dick jammed his hat down a little closer at that thought, but still it almost seemed to him that his mother's eyes were looking reproachfully at him. "I want you to be Christlike, Dick, unselfish and helpful—that is my greatest desire for you."

Dick had been thinking seriously for some time. He knew that he ought to be a Christian—sometimes he thought he really wanted to be; but he could not bring himself to actually decide. Now as he swung the hammock slowly to and fro, he felt that he was deciding two questions.

"If I want to be a Christian I must expect to keep on giving up things like this," he thought. "Mother does; she says that Chris did. He came not to be done for, but to do for others always, and we must put ourselves out of the way and live for others if we want to be like Him."

By and by the tea bell rang. Dick went in but was not very hungry—he was too busy thinking to eat—and he was very quiet all the evening. His mother watched him closely and made up her mind.

When he came to his good-night she held him close for a moment. "It does not matter much, Dick, if a thing is hard for you to do, but it will matter through all eternity if we make the wrong choice."

Dick said all this. He knew that the journey, delightful as it would be, was of very little consequence, and the giving it up was no greater matter; but if he lost this opportunity to deny himself for Christ's sake, that would matter a great deal, now and hereafter.

It was a hard fight, but just as the clock struck twelve Dick shut his eyes and went to sleep. The question was settled.

"I say, mother," he said the next morning. "I'm going to see Uncle Alf."

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to take Steve with him instead of me; and—'I've decided to try with all my might to be a Christian.'"

For a minute Dick's mother could not speak, then she laid her hand lovingly on his head.

"The Lord bless you and keep you, and make His face shine upon you," she said, softly.

"It wasn't of much consequence," thought Dick, "and I am so thankful I did decide to let Steve go. I know I'm happier now than I should have been, no matter how much fun I might have had. I wonder why you can't remember how much more real comfort you take when you decide a thing right; but somehow you don't. At least, I don't mean to; I have to think and think, and have such hard work, but I'm always so thankful if I conquer."

—Zion's Herald.

THE RAIN.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

"It always rains when I want to go anywhere," said little Madge, as she woke up in the early morning and saw the rain drop pitter-patter on the window-pane.

"Always?" Are you sure of that, Madge?" said her mamma. Think a moment. It did not rain the day you took the drive to the lake, and the Saturday you went to the Grove and had such a pleasant time picnicking under the trees, the day was delightful. Then the boat ride we had last week; you know you were very anxious to go to the island, and no rain came to keep you at home—the day, you remember, was what we called a 'perfect day'."

"Yes, mamma, I know; but this picnic we thought would be the best of all. Two large wagon-loads of girls and boys and each wagon to be drawn by four horses. I never rode in a wagon behind four horses in my life. I know it must be lots of fun."

Madge looked out of the east window and thought the sky did not look very dark; surely the clouds would break away and the sun come out, but when she spoke of it her papa said: "You look out of the west window; that is the right place from which to judge about the weather. There you will see that the sky is very dark. I am afraid that you will be disappointed today. But, Madge, this rain is worth thousands of dollars."

"A rain worth thousands of dollars!" that sounded very strange to little Madge. Just then one of her papa's friends came in and said: "I think everybody will be thanking God for this rain. It is nearly a month since we had rain of any consequence. I hope this will be a three-days' rain. The wind is in the east, and that is a sign of a good long storm."

"The rain has come just in time to save the crops and thicken up the grass. What a mercy!" papa rejoined. Then the two gentlemen took their umbrellas and went out.

Madge sat down by the window and began to cry. Her mamma came in and said: "You crying, Madge, when everything else is laughing because the beautiful, warm, growing rain is coming down? Did you notice yesterday how the pretty flowers hung their heads, and did you see the little pansy faces covered with dust? I can tell you they are glad of this life-giving rain."

"Patrick could water them, mamma, and it would have been just as well. I do not, my dear, there is nothing like the rain to make them grow—the pure fresh rain coming down from the clouds. And the farmers were afraid the hay crop would be light, because we did not have the rain to make the grass grow, and what would the horses and cows do this winter if they could not have hay to eat? Did not you hear the minister pray for rain last Sunday in church?"

"Yes, mamma; but when he knew we were going to have a picnic, he might have said to God, 'Send it any day but Wednesday, please.'"

"God sends us our blessings in His own way and His own time, child."

"If God knows everything, mamma, He knew we wanted to have a picnic today."

"Yes, dear, God knows everything, and all the thoughts in our hearts, and He knows how disappointed little Madge feels, and all the rest of the boys and girls who were looking forward to that great pleasure. We cannot not always do just as we wish and just as we plan. We must learn that our ways and times are not always the ways and times. When we cannot do just as we wish we must be patient and cheerful, and do what we may, believing that is best for us. Some one has said that our disappointments are God's appointments."

Mamma went to the kitchen to make some pies, and left little Madge to think it all out for herself—she knew Madge would see a lighter, brighter outlook in a short time. In about a half hour the little girl came down with her doll in her arms and a smile on her face.

"Dolly and I are going to have some rainy-day fun, mamma," she said. "I saw the little bird in the pasture running and jumping over the rocks again when I looked out of the south window. It is just as happy as it can be now; yesterday it just stayed still on the rocks, and I wondered why it did not run and jump any more. And, mamma, the flowers really look so thankful and turn their heads up to God, just as the little birds and the chickens do when they drink."

It was a three days' rain, and the children could not go on the picnic until the next week. But the woods were so much fresher, and greener, and sweeter, and the children all felt so much stronger because of the clear, cool atmosphere, that they enjoyed the outing far better. When Madge heard one and another talk about the merciful rain that came just in time to save the crops, she understood what her papa meant when he said: "This rain is worth thousands of dollars."—Advance.

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A YOUNG MAN SHOULD REMEMBER.

1. That, whatever else he may strive to be, he must, first of all, be absolutely honest. From honorable principle he can never swerve. A temporary success is often possible on what are not exactly dishonest, but "shady" lines; but such success is only temporary, with a certainty of permanent loss. The surest business success—yes, the only successful way—the making—argued on honest foundations. There can be no "bunking" at the truth or at honesty; no half-way compromise. There is but one way to be successful, and that is to be absolutely honest; and there is but one way to be honest. Honesty is not only the foundation, but the copstone as well, of business success.

2. He must be alert, alive to every opportunity. He cannot afford to lose a single point, for a single point might prove the very link that would make complete the whole chain of business success.

3. He must ever be willing to learn, never overlooking the fact that others have long ago forgotten what he has still to learn. Firmness of decision is an admirable trait in business. The young man whose opinions can be tossed from one side to the other is poor material. But youth is full of errors, and caution is a strong trait.

4. If he be wise, he will entirely avoid the use of liquor. If the question of liquor in an exciting liquor is an open one, the question of actual good derived from it is not.

5. Let him remember that a young man's strongest recommendation is his respectability. Some young men, apparently successful, may be flashy in dress, loud in manner, and disrespectful of women and sacred things. But the young man who is respectable all-ways wears best. The way a young man carries himself in private life is of times means much to him in his business career. No matter where he is, or in whose company, respectability and all that it implies will always command respect. And if any man wishes to set a rule even more concise, here it is:

Get into a business you like. Devote yourself to it. Be honest in everything. Employ caution; think out a thing well before you put it upon it. Sleep eight hours every night. Do everything that means keeping in good health. School yourself not to worry; worry kills. Avoid flirts of all kinds. Avoid discussions on two points—religion and politics. And lastly, but not least, marry a true woman, and have your own home. —Commonplace.

It is rather startling to the ordinary mind to be told that photographs can be taken without the assistance of light. Photography has always been so associated with the action of the sun's rays and bright lights that a man's departure in the direction of similar results produced by other waves set up by the working of an electrical machine is a genuine surprise. A scientist, however, gives the following facts: "Lay a coin, like a half dollar, on a plate of glass, and let a few sparks from an electric machine fall upon it. Remove the coin, and the glass surface will not appear to have been affected. But if it be broken up the image of the coin will at once be seen. That it is really engraved upon the glass is evident, for it will not easily rub off. If a piece of photographic paper takes the place of the glass, it will have the imprint of the coin made upon it. It is not difficult to have the sparks fall upon the coin, for if it be enclosed in a dark box and brought near to an electric machine having short sparks passing between its knobs, the other waves set up by the action will be sufficiently strong to effect the photographic surface, which may be developed afterward in the ordinary way." The idea is new, but susceptible of great development and utility.

PHOTOGRAPHY WITHOUT LIGHT.

President Cleveland's Brother, the Rev. Wm. N. Cleveland certifies to Mr. John D. Rose's sickness and cure. Mr. Rose's statement is as follows:—"I, the undersigned, feel constrained to bear testimony to the value of your remedy for Dyspepsia. Last summer my stomach failed so entirely that I was unable for weeks to digest any food except an occasional cracker. Meanwhile, I was reduced to a skeleton, and became so weak as to be unable to walk without staggering. Having seen in a Toronto paper your remedy advertised, I procured through my sister, a bottle of your medicine. Upon trying it I began at once to mend, and in a short time entirely regained my health, gaining in eight days 11 lbs. To-day I am strong and healthy, which, blessing, under God, I owe (as I think) to your medicine, K.B.C.

Yours truly, JOHN R. DORR, Chasmont, New York.

Evening Questions.

1. Have I read a portion of God's Word today, and if I have, has it been hurriedly, or with attention? If I have, reverently, and with a sincere appreciation of its preciousness?

2. How have I prayed today? Has it been formally, without realizing thoughts of God—without sensitive nearness to God? Or with affection, fervor, and confident dependence on Christ's mediation?

3. Have I been sensible of any holy motion of God's Spirit in my soul or in the world around me? Have I encouraged or discouraged His gracious gifts?

4. Have I longed after God, painted after His manifestations to my soul, and felt that in His favor and love alone I could be happy?

5. Have I stoutly repressed evil thoughts, and desired to be delivered from their intrusion? and have I made any successful assaults on my easily besetting sins?

6. Have I been guilty today of envy, jealousy, pride, or unkindness or unkind feelings? Have I returned good for evil? Has sin overcome me, or have I overcome sin?

7. Have I realized my nearness to eternity, and encouraged myself to meditate on, and seek preparation for death, judgment, and the coming of my Lord?

8. Have I met crosses and disappointments, wrong or slander with meekness and patience? Have I been covetous? or have I resisted the tendency of my heart to avarice by the performance of benevolent and charitable deeds? Have I given anything to the poor, or purposed to do so?

9. Have my secular avocations absorbed too much of my attention and time today?

10. Have I lived for God's glory, or for my own selfish ends today? Is it a matter of consciousness with me that religion is my chief concern, and the source of my great pleasure?

11. Have I been gentle and courteous toward my inferior and dependents—kindly affectioned towards my equals, and respectful toward my superiors?

12. Have I spoken unadvisedly with my tongue, or rashly judged others?

13. Have the world in any way been benefited by my living today?

14. Have I had opportunities for doing anything for Jesus? and have they been embraced? Have I spoken well of him to any perishing sinner? Have I invited anyone to come to Him? Have I given away a religious tract, magazine or book to anyone, with prayer for the Spirit's blessing?

15. Have I prayed for the prosperity of the church and the conversion of sinners, and for the promotion of the Lord's kingdom among men?

16. Have I felt with increased intensity that I am a sinner, and that my only hope is in Christ?

17. Have I avoided all appearance of evil, and set a holy example before those with whom I have come in contact, fearing not men but God?

18. In a word, have I made any advance in the divine life today? Ponder this, O my soul, as in the immediate presence of thy God.—Selected.

To retain an abundant head of hair of a natural color to a good old age, the hygiene of the scalp must be observed. Apply Hall's Hair Renewer.

K. B. C. Pills Cures Chronic Constipation.

GRANDPA AND THE DOG.

"A young girl of my acquaintance," says Dr. Golen Wilson, "keeps house for her grandfather, who is a farmer. She has a Scotch collie dog which she can send to call her grandpa to his meals, or bring him to the house any time no matter on what part of the farm he may be. All she needs to do is to point in the right direction and say to the dog: 'Go and bring grandpa.' With a bark to let her know that he understands the order, he bounds off as fast as his legs can carry him, finds the object of his search, jumps up against him and continues to do so until the man starts for home. He does not leave him and hurry home, but comes along with him. Reaching home, he barks at his mistress, and she says, 'as much as to say: I have brought him.' If he meets grandpa in the fields upon any other occasion, he does not jump against him as when sent especially for him. The dog was trained to do this as follows: Grandpa was in the barn one day, with the door open, and so the girl could see him. She told the dog: 'Go and tell grandpa to come to dinner.' The latter heard it, and when the dog came and the girl came to the door, she said to the dog: 'Did you come for me, Colonel?' The dog jumped against him, barked and seemed much pleased, and proceeded with him to the house, when he was immediately rewarded with something to eat. Then grandpa and the girl came to an understanding to improve upon this, until now the dog will find him, not only anywhere on the farm, but at other places, a mile away, where grandpa is in the habit of going. For this purpose he is better than any boy. He goes quicker and never stops to play by the way."

During the hot weather impurities in the blood may seriously annoy you. Expel them by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

The memorial statue of Sir John A. Macdonald which is to be erected in Toronto is now ready for the casting. It was modeled by Hamilton McCarthy of Toronto.

Two lions in bronze modeled by Edward Kemeys, and cast in Chicago, have been placed in front of the new Art Institute. They are the gift of the widow of Henry Field.

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A handsome monument to the memory of Von Bodenstedt, the famous German poet, "Mirza Shafy," was unveiled a few days ago in Wiesbaden, where the genial writer spent the closing years of his life.

Don't selfishly deprive your friend of cheerful company by remaining a dull, gloomy dyspeptic. Restore your spirits by using K. B. C., the King of Dyspepsia Cures. It conquers every time.

The Hungarian government has commissioned the painter Munkacsy to paint a picture representing the appeal of Maria Theresa to her subjects in 1741, when her country was menaced by Frederick the Great.

When the hair begins to come out in patches, it shows a weakness of the scalp that calls for immediate attention. The best preparation to arrest further loss of hair and restore the scalp to a healthy condition is Ayer's Hair Vigor.

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and Skoda's other remedies, as I know them to be articles of true merit, and the physicians who compound them, to be men of integrity and ability. Skoda's Discovery is unlike any other proprietary medicine—it cures disease by removing the poison and at the same time SUPPLIES GOOD BLOOD to wasted parts. No other remedy has performed so many wonderful cures or relieved so much suffering.

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