

Our Young Folks.

A LULLABY.

HUSH, BABY, HUSH!

Hush, baby, hush!
The moonlight is beaming,
The good folks are dreaming.
Hush, baby, hush!

Hush, baby, hush!
Far o'er the mountain-tops,
There the setting sun drops.
Hush, baby, hush!

Hush, baby, hush!
The stars are beginning to peep,
So you ought to be asleep.
Hush, baby, hush!

E. M. K.

Rose Villa, Dehra Dun, N. W. P., India.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

[Some of our young readers in Toronto, at least, will recognize by the heading of the following letter, and also by the signature, who the writer is, and will read it with the greater interest on that account. One of our younger folk copied it from *St. Nicholas* and sent it to us.—ED.]

Rose Villa, Dehra Dun, N.W.P., India.

Dear St. Nicholas,—I am a little girl living in India, where papa is a missionary; he is revising the Hindi Bible.

In the summer we live in the Himalaya mountains, and when it is too cold to stay there, we come down to Dehra valley to live there for the winter.

In the mountains I go to a school named "Woodstock," and a great many girls there take your magazine.

When I was a very little girl, mamma and papa took the *St. Nicholas* for my elder brothers and sisters, and we have ten volumes, from November, 1874, to October, 1885, with the exception of the tenth volume. This is the first year we have taken it since 1885; Mamma and papa gave it to us for a Christmas present.

Once when we were in the mountains, a leopard came up to our cow-house and wanted to take away our little calf, but when it saw the gwalla, or cow-man, it walked off. Another time, when papa was going to Rajpur on his bicycle, he passed through a troop of monkeys, who were evidently very much surprised to see that new mode of locomotion.

When we were out camping last winter we had a ride on an elephant, and papa showed us from that elevated position what he called "an Indian dinner-party;" the guests were some vultures and jackals, which were feasting on the remains of a dead buffalo.

We heard a great many jackals wailing during our camp nights, and we called them "the little gentlemen going to a concert." I like India very much, but I always wish there never had been a tower of Babel, for it is so difficult to learn Hindustani. We have been here only a little more than a year, so it is well for us that papa has been here before and knows the language.

From your interested reader,
EDITH M. K.

COIN OF THE REALM.

BY MARY A. F. STANSBURY

"There's a cloud of dust over on the river road,—it must be the coach."

"Nell, why will you keep watching like 'Sister Anna, in the tower? Isn't it quite enough to have this dreadful girl coming at all, without spoiling the last hour we are likely to have to ourselves?"

"Kathie dear, how can you call her dreadful when you have never so much as seen her?"

"Anybody would be dreadful who came between you and me, little sister."

"Kathie, now you are absurd! What can you mean?"

The two girls, who sat together upon a garden-bench overlooking the broad valley, were very like each other in features, but the face of the elder wore an intense expression scarcely suited to her years. She leaned suddenly forward at the question, and took her sister in her arms.

"Nell, you can't know how I have looked forward to this summer—with you—in this beautiful place! The thought of it helped me through all my work at the Institute. And now papa must bring this ward of his—a stranger—who, ten to one, will have no tastes in common with either of us!"

"But, Kathie, her father was so kind to papa long ago! They were so fond of each other?"

"Well, no doubt papa was kind to him, too,—he is always kind to everybody. So that debt is paid already! And it isn't as if there were no other place for her,—she is neither poor nor friendless."

"But she must be lonely, for all that. She has lost both father and mother. Think, Kathie, what it would be if we hadn't papa!"

"I know,—I suppose I ought to be willing. But I'm not so good as you, Nell."

Katherine Lee could just remember her mother, who had died at Nell's birth. Among her earliest recollections was that of rocking in her arms the baby-sister whom she was scarcely strong enough to hold, and kissing her over and over with an exquisite sense of possession. The passionate affection had only strengthened with years, and with it had grown also a kind of unreasoning jealousy which shrank from sharing with any other a love so unspeakably dear. The greatest wrench of her life had been the temporary separation made necessary by her own studies at the Art Institute.

The tall girl in black whom Mr. Lee assisted from the stage-coach, colored painfully as her hand rested in Katherine's polite but ceremonious clasp; but, as she met Nell's frank smile of welcome, an answering brightness was reflected from her face, and stooping with a swift, involuntary motion, she touched the young girl's forehead with her lips, then drew back, startled at her own boldness.

"Ah, Muriel, did I not say that you would be sure to be friends?" said Mr. Lee, well pleased. But Katherine only thought bitterly, "She is taking her from me already!" Poor Katherine! Struggling alone with the strong, turbulent spirit which a mother's heart might have comprehended, and a mother's hand guided in paths of self-control and peace!

The coming of Muriel Hollis indeed brought an element of unrest into the summer quiet of Hillside. Katherine, though too well-bred to show any open discourtesy to a guest, never passed the invisible barrier which she had herself erected at their first meeting, while poor, little Nell, divided between dread of offending her sister, and anxiety to make Muriel happy at home, suffered more frequent perplexities than ever before in her short life. Katherine withdrew herself more and more from the daily pursuits and pleasures. If the girls proposed a walk, she was often "too tired,"—if they would read aloud, she had letters to write, or a visit to pay.

"Why don't you care for Muriel, when she is so sweet?" Nell would plead when they were alone; and Katherine would answer, hiding her sore and jealous heart under a mask of light laughter—

"One doesn't 'care' to order, and, besides, you care enough for two!"

"She admires you so much, and she would love you dearly if you would let her."

"She has a warm defender in you, dear."

"And she shall have! Kathie, I don't see how you can be so heartless!"

To be called "heartless," and by her darling! "It's all that girl's doing!" said Katherine to herself, and her heart hardened.

So the summer from which she had hoped so much, wore only too wearily away.

One night, Muriel was awakened by a tap on her door, and Katherine's voice calling her name. She sprang up hastily, but started at the pale face which met hers.

"Kathie! what is it?"

"I am afraid Nell is dreadfully ill! Papa is away, you know. Will you stay with her while I go for the doctor?"

"Let me go!"

"You would lose your way in the dark. I have called Bridget, and she will go with me. You aren't afraid?"

"Afraid? Oh, no!"

It was a long hour in the chamber where the sick girl lay tossing with fever and delirium, until Katherine returned with the physician. His face grew grave as he examined his patient, and, beckoning the anxious young watchers from the room, he said,—

"Be brave and calm! It is scarlet fever. She must be isolated at once, that you may escape the contagion."

"Doctor," said Katherine in a strained voice, "do you think I would leave my sister? But you"—turning to Muriel—"you must go away directly! Oh, I shall never forgive myself for having brought you to her!"

Muriel caught her hands.

"Kathie, I will not go!"

"But, my dear young lady," began the physician.

Muriel interrupted him gently but firmly.

"Doctor, there is no one but myself to answer for me. I must stay!"

The days and nights that followed were like a terrible dream to Katherine. While she herself stood by almost helpless with anguish, Muriel, with unflagging courage and patience, shared the vigil of the skilled nurse who had been summoned from the neighboring city. Her calm voice and tender touch soothed the sufferer like none other's, and seemed almost to hold the trembling life to earth. In the hours of deepest dread, her unflinching faith and hope made the only light in Katherine's darkness.

The beloved invalid, though weak, was surely convalescent, when Muriel took the fever. Weakened by watching and anxiety, she was ill able to struggle with the violence of the disease, and for days her life was despaired of. Through all the wandering of her mind, one thought was uppermost. "Save her, doctor; save Nell!" she would cry over and over.

"Nell is better, my child," the good man would answer. "Try to be quiet,—it is you yourself who are ill!"

"It's no matter about me,—nobody would miss me! But Nell—poor, poor Kathie would die without Nell!"

And Katherine, sitting up could only weep vain, remorseful tears.

But God was merciful, and the strong, young life triumphed at last.

"Oh, Muriel, what can I ever do for you? What can I give you for all you have done for my darling and me?" said Katherine.

A wistful, appealing smile lighted Muriel's pale face, as she whispered softly:

"A little love!"

So Katherine learned in penitence and pain the lesson that the kingdom of heaven among men is based on no earthly values, since in that realm but one coin is current, and love only pays the debts of love.

HOW TO SPOIL THE BOY.

If you want your gray hairs dishonored by a spoiled and ruined son, adopt the following directions:

1. Let him have plenty of spending money.
2. Permit him to choose his own companions without restraint or direction.
3. Give him a latch key and allow him to return home late in the evenings.
4. Make no inquiries as to where and with whom he spends his leisure moments.
5. Give him to understand that manners makes a good substitute for morality.
6. Teach him to expect pay for every act of helpfulness to others.

7. Allow him to occupy a seat in church with the boys rather than the pew with his parents.

8. Permit him to regard the Sunday School unsuitable for a boy on the verge of young manhood.

A Well-Informed Prince.—The story is told that the Crown Prince of Denmark visited a female seminary in Copenhagen, one day, to hear the girls recite. One little girl near him became confused, and forgot her lesson, whereupon he took her on his lap, and she thenceforth answered every question correctly. Subsequently, when praised for her knowledge, she replied: "Why, the Crown Prince whispered all the answers to me."

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. FRANK A. FERGUSON, OF MERRICKVILLE.

Attacked by Malarial Fever, Followed by Decline—Two Physicians Failed to Help Him—The Means of Cure Discovered by Taking the Advice of a Friend.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Mr. Frank A. Ferguson, partner of Mr. Richard Smith in the marble business at Merrickville, is well known to most residents of that vicinity. He went through an illness that nearly brought him to death's door, and in an interesting chat with a reporter of the Record told of the means by which his remarkable recovery was brought about. "While engaged in my business as marble cutter at Kingston," said Mr. Ferguson, "I was taken ill in May, 1893, with malarial fever. After the fever was broken I continued to have a bad cough, followed by vomiting and excruciating pains in the stomach. I was under the treatment of two different physicians, but their medicine did me no good, and I continued to grow weaker and weaker, and it seemed as if I had gone into decline. About the middle of September I was strongly urged by a friend to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I had not much hope that they would help me, but from the time I commenced the Pink Pills I found myself beginning to improve, the vomiting ceased and finally left me altogether. I grew stronger each day, until now I weigh 180 pounds. At the time I was taken ill I weighed 197 pounds, and when I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, illness had reduced me to 123 pounds, so that you will see how much the Pink Pills have done for me. I never felt better in my life than I do now, although I occasionally take a pill yet, and am never without a part of a box in my pocket. I believe that had I not been induced to take Pink Pills I would be in my grave to-day, and I am equally convinced that there is no other medicine can equal them as a blood builder and restorer of shattered systems. Five boxes cured me when the skill of the ablest doctors in Ontario failed, and when I look back to the middle of last September and remember that I was not able to stand on my feet, I consider the change brought about by Pink Pills simply miraculous."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sorrow checks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Rev. Wm. T. Herridge: "We hear a great deal nowadays about the strife between capital and labor, but is not that strife itself a great anomaly? All legitimate interests are harmonious and the interests of capital and labor are an illustration. Capital could not exist without labor nor labor without capital, or to put it more strongly still, capital represents a real kind of labor or ought to do so, and the power of labor is the highest form of capital. It is a pity that we should be so personal in the discussion of this matter; behind capital is the capitalist and behind labor is the laborer. We have to deal with man, not simply with material condition, and the whole trouble lies in breaking loose from these purely human relationships."

Rev. W. H. Harwood: "Among those who were seeking to serve God there was room for an infinite variety of men—for those whose belief was stated in exact and final terms, and for those whose hearts were inspired by great spiritual truths but who could not formulate a creed at all. The supreme aim of the revelation of God in Jesus Christ was the growth of men into godness, and he thought God saw that work progressing where men were sometimes unable to see it. Might not God sometimes touch a man's heart first and his intellect afterwards? Has He not sometimes made first character and then creed? In the matter of holiness and earnestness we were to be as narrow as Christ, and in the matter of understanding as broad as He was."