

## Our Young Folks.

### CHRISTMAS JINGLE.

A happy little pine-tree lived far off in a wood.  
A tasselled, glossy pine-tree that sighed just  
all it could;

Not from any throe of passion,  
But because it was the fashion  
Of its father and its mother,  
And its sister and its brother,  
And some good friends in the wood.

A happy little maiden lived far off in a town,  
A merry little maiden who never wore a  
frown

Except when in a passion;  
For to scowl was not a fashion  
Of her father and her mother,  
Or her sister or her brother,  
Or of any friends in town.

This happy little pine-tree was carried off one  
day

To the happy little maiden who lived quite far  
away;

And such gifts were hung upon it  
And with laughter taken from it  
By the father and the mother,  
And the sister and the brother,  
And some friends, that holiday—

That the happy little pine-tree twinkled all its  
candles bright,  
And the happy little maiden hopped on one  
foot from delight,

Pelted all the time with kisses  
And with Merry Christmas wishes  
From the father and the mother,  
And the sister and the brother,  
And the friends that Christmas night.

—Young Crusader

### IMPRISONED IN A CLOCK FACE.

One of the glories of the ancient church of St. Martin's was its fine clock. It was the boast of old Hans Scheller that during the whole forty years in which he had been custodian of the church, the clock had never stopped or gone wrong; and nothing could convince him that it was not the finest clock in the world.

The only thing that troubled Hans was the fear lest his inquisitive little son Kaspar, who was always in some mischief or other, should, in one of his boyish pranks, injure the mechanism of this wonderful timepiece. No wonder, therefore, that, when one morning he was about to start for town to do some marketing, Hans took care first of all to lock the door of the church tower and put the key in his pocket.

"No harm can happen now," he muttered; "and in any case, I shall be back before he gets out of school."

But, as ill-luck would have it, the teacher was called away by some business that afternoon, and the boys got out of school more than an hour earlier than usual. Kaspar, finding his father gone, went straight to the door of the clock tower, and looked rather blank on discovering that it was locked. But he was not to be easily stopped when he had once made up his mind. Getting out upon the roof, and crawling along a cornice, where only a cat or a school-boy could have found footing, he crept through an air-hole right into the clock room.

For some time he was as happy as a child in a toy-shop, running from one marvel to another, till at length he discovered another hole, and thrusting his head through it, found himself looking down upon the market-place, through the face of the clock itself. But when he tried to withdraw his head again, it would not come.

It was a queer scrape to be in, and Kaspar was more inclined to laugh than be frightened; but suddenly a thought struck him, which scared him in earnest; his neck was in the track of the minute hand, which, when it reached him, must inevitably tear his head off.

Poor Kaspar! It was too late now to wish that he had left the clock alone. He tried to scream for help; but, with his neck in that cramped position, the cry that he gave was scarcely louder than the chirp of a sparrow. He struggled desperately to wriggle himself back through the hole, but a piece of wood-work had slipped down on the back of his neck and held him like a vise.

On came the destroyer, nearer and nearer still, marking off with its measured tick his few remaining moments of life. And all the

while the sun was shining gaily, the tiny flags were fluttering on the booths of the market-place, and the merry voices of his school-fellows who were playing in the market-place came faintly to his ears, while he hung there helpless, with death stealing upon him inch by inch.

His head grew dizzy, the measured beat of the ticking sounded like the roll of a muffled drum, while the coming hand of the clock looked like a monstrous arm out-stretched to seize him, and the carved faces on the spouts seemed to grin and gibber at him in mockery. And still the terrible hand crept onward, nearer, nearer, nearer!

"What can that thing in the clock-face be?" said a tourist below, pointing his spy-glass upward. "Why, I declare, it looks like a boy's head!"

"A boy's head," cried a gray-headed watch-maker beside him, one of Hans Scheller's especial friends, snatching hastily at the glass as he spoke. "Why, good gracious! it's little Kaspar. He'll be killed, he'll be killed!" And he rushed toward the church, shouting like a madman.

The alarm spread like wildfire; and before Klugmann, the watchmaker, had got half way up the stairs leading to the tower, more than a score of excited men were scampering at his heels. But at the top stairs they were suddenly brought to a standstill by the locked door.

"It is locked!" cried Klugmann, in tones of horror; "and Hans must have taken the key with him, for it isn't here."

"Never mind the key!" roared a brawny smith behind him. "Pick up that beam, comrades, and run it against the lock. All together, now!"

Crash went the door; in rushed the crowd; and Kaspar, now senseless from sheer fright, was dragged out of his strange prison just as the huge bar of the minute-hand actually touched his neck.

And so it fell out that poor old Scheller, coming home for a quiet afternoon nap, found the door of the tower smashed in, his son lying in a swoon, and his little room filled with strange men, all talking at once. But from that day forth, Kaspar Scheller never meddled with the church-clock again.—*Lutheran Observer.*

### A LITTLE ERRAND FOR GOD.

Helen stood on the door-step with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up to her and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out dear. I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"Oh, thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep and we can go to-morrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"Oh, it is to carry this somewhere," and she held up the small basket.

"Her father smiled and asked: "Who is the errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa; but, oh! no, I guess not, it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the father tenderly. "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir. I am going to carry my orange that I saved from dessert to old Peter."

"Is old Peter sick?"

"No, I hope not; but he never has anything nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks give him only cold meat and broken bread, and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him so happy. Don't you think that poor, well folks ought to be comforted sometimes, as well as the poor, sick folks, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, and I think we too often forget them until sickness and starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into the buggy, and I will drive you to old Peter's and wait till you have done the errand, and then show you the deer. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Yes, papa, here is one."

"Well, here is a \$5 bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent for four weeks, and perhaps, this will be a little errand for God, too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taught a wise man a wise lesson, looked very happy as her fingers pinned the fresh bill to the orange.—*N.Y. Evangelist.*

### FAITHFUL.

Children who are faithful, who can be trusted, are always loved. They are sure to grow up to lives of usefulness, and may be depended on for every good work. But it is not the children alone who may win love by faithfulness. Even the humble animals may compel our affection by their faithfulness. Here is a story we clipped, which illustrates the fact.

One day last autumn, when chilly days first came on, baby Winfred awakened with a hoarse cry. The young mother's heart was filled with fear. The dreaded croup had come and she was alone; there was no one to send for the doctor.

Just then sober old Sally, the tortoise-shell cat came slowly up the garden path from the barn. The mother remembered that Sally had been trained to carry notes to the store—grandpa's store at the foot of the lane—she had never been known to fail in carrying them.

Calling old puss, she hastily wrote: "Send the doctor at once, baby has croup." She tied it about the soft, plump neck and said: "Run, Sally, as fast as ever you can! Run on the fence; hurry and give it to grandpa!"

Off went Sally, never minding the barks of impertinent dogs or friendly calls of her relations; and the doctor was in the house in ten minutes.

"I was on the street," he said, "at the store door, when old Sally came running on the fence as fast as her four feet could carry her. I feared there was trouble and waited till she could reach us. I think Sally has never forgotten how I took fish-bones out of her throat with pincers. She always seems so glad to see me."

The very next day Sally had a new collar on which was engraved, "From baby to his faithful postman."—*Home Mission Monthly.*

### A PETERBORO MIRACLE.

BROUGHT BACK FROM THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE.

A Young Girl's Wonderful Experience—Sickly From Four Months of Age—Her Parents Did Not Think She Would Live a Month—Now a Picture of Health—A Marvellous Case. From the Peterboro Examiner.

To be dragged to the edge of the grave in the grasp of dread disease is an experience that comes once to all, but to contemplate entering the grave and mingling with its dust, to have, even in hope, bidden goodbye to life and all its sweetness, and then to be snatched from the brink of the grave and to be restored to health, strength and happiness, is an experience that few enjoy. We hear and read of such cases so well attested, that doubt finds small space for its exercise, but heretofore no case has, until now, come under our notice in Peterboro with such directness as to "make assurance doubly sure." Such a case however exists.

Many persons have heard of the illness of Miss Amelia Ranger, who lives with her parents at 19 Parnell street. She was brought down to the very gates of death and was restored to perfect health when all human aid seemed to be unavailing. Her miraculous cure excited so much comment that a representative of the Examiner was detailed to obtain the particulars, and the result of the investigation is to verify the reports that have been current. On calling at Mr. Ranger's house the reporter was met at the door by a bright-eyed healthy looking young girl, who readily consented to give the particulars of her illness and cure. She remarked that her mother was absent in Montreal on a visit, and added with no little pride that she was keeping the house and doing all the work, a thing that would have been impossible a year or so ago, as she was then so ill that instead of taking care of the house she needed constant attention herself.

"I have been sickly from the time I was four months old," she said, "and as I grew up, the weakness and ill health became more pronounced. My blood was said to have turned watery. I was weak, pale and dull and could do nothing but suffer. Nothing the doctors did for me was of any use and I grew worse and worse. Father spent a farm on me, but it

was of no avail, and father and mother gave me up and felt that I was going to die. I expected to die myself. I had no blood. I was as pale as a corpse and so weak I could hardly walk. My heart also gave me very much trouble and if I lifted my hands, my heart would jump until I thought I would die. About two years ago we heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got a box, but as they did not seem to do me much good I didn't take any more at the time, but as I got worse and the doctor could do nothing for me, I determined to try the Pink Pills once more. This time I made up my mind that I would give them a fair trial. I got eight boxes and before the third box was done I felt better and my appetite was better. I kept on taking the pills until I had taken the eight boxes, and all the time kept growing stronger and stronger. My color returned, my heart trouble left me and my appetite was better than it had ever been before. Now I can do any work about the house, and feel strong and well all the time. It is a great change since last July when I could scarcely walk across the floor without falling. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from going to the grave, and I am very thankful I took them."

There was no doubting the honesty of her conviction that Pink Pills saved her life. A younger sister corroborated what was said, remarking, "when Amelia was so bad last spring she was so pale she was almost green; and mother did not think she would live a month."

In evidence of the dangerously ill condition of Miss Ranger, a couple of neighbours were seen. Mrs. Tromb'ay said the girl was very ill, and her friends did not expect her to recover, and she had been cured by the use of Pink Pills. Another lady present also bore testimony to the hopelessly ill condition of Miss Ranger, a few months ago.

The remarkable and gratifying results following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of Miss Ranger, show that they are unequalled as a blood builder and nerve tonic. In the case of young girls who are pale or sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood, and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system, such as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A man, and not less a boy or a girl, is known by the company he keeps away from.

### TAKE - NOTICE.

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.

O. C. RICHARDS & Co.