

APRIL SHOWERS.

O Dolly, dear, it rains again!
The sky is always crying!
And just as I had got your clothes
Out on the line a drying!

It rained most ev'ry day this week;
And yesterday, you 'member,
It poured all day a steady stream;
It seemed just like November!

And Tuesday, when I went to ride,
And wore my Sunday bonnet,
When I got home I counted more
Than thirteen spots upon it!

But mamma says I love the buds,
(And so I do—most dearly!)
And it's the rain that brings them out;
Ah! that I see quite clearly.

And mamma says that those who seek
The lovely, sweet May flowers,
Must not complain if it should rain
A hundred April showers.

So, Dolly dear, I'll wash again,
To-morrow, for my baby;
And then we'll lift the mosses up
And find some blossoms, maybe.
—Youth's Companion.

LITTLE, "BUT ENOUGH,"

as Mercutio said of his wound. We refer to Dr. Pierce's little Pellets, which are small, swift and sure, in cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation and indigestion.

CLEANING THE CORNERS.

A friend of mine once told me that when he was a boy his father sent him to clean the windows. He got a cloth, and began rubbing away at the panes. By and by his father came to see how the work was getting on. He found the little fellow rubbing at the middle of a pane, where it was already clean, and never touching the corners, which were full of dirt, and said, "Never mind the middles of the panes, they are always clean; clean the corners, clean the corners!"

The boy never forgot what his father said, and afterwards saw how well it applied to his life and the lives of others, as well as to the window panes.

The most of us are fairly respectable people, and I trust not a few of us real Christians. We avoid big sins and all sorts of common wickedness; but I fear some of us do not watch enough against little sins and shortcomings, especially we do not give heed enough to the cultivation of the



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Christian graces, which make life so bright and beautiful. We are really very good. We are not thieves, liars, swearers, nor drunkards. We have a character to keep up, and the rub of the respectable world, without much trouble on our part, keeps it—keeps the middle of the pane clean, even when there is not much of Christian principle. It costs us no trouble to keep it clean; in fact, I may say it keeps itself clean. But what about the corners? "Oh," you say, "it does not matter about them; they are but corners—nobody heeds about them." So you leave them to be a spider's den, full of cobwebs and dirt and the remains of dead flies. But it does matter. It is slovenly house-keeping. Many a bright character-pane is all but spoiled by its dirty corner. When people go to look at sunlight through it their eye at once catches the cobwebs, and the very sunbeams seem to have a tint of dirt in them. Many a noble-hearted Christian, whose walk is guided by sterling principle, has his influence for good greatly hindered by some small but objectionable cobweb or dead fly in the corner, to which he pays no attention.

HER FAULT.

If she is made miserable by day and sleepless at night, by nervous headache, pains in the back, easily grieved, vexed or made tired, or is suffering from any of those wasting functional disorders peculiar to women, such as prolapsus, ulceration, leucorrhoea, morning sickness, or weakness of the stomach, &c., a brief self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will convince her of the folly of enduring misery that can be so easily, pleasantly and radically cured. Druggists.

GOOD-FRIDAY.

BY TILLIE STREET.

Check not my tears! Bid me not cease
To mourn throughout this heavy day,
Did I not help to frame the cross
Whereon my dying Saviour lay?
Have not my sins contributed
To wound that sacred, loving heart?
And yet He died that I might live,
O tears of woe cease not to start.
For every unkind word I say,
And every evil thing I do
Wracks all afresh that tender heart
And rings a mighty discord through.
No! Rather bid me grieve the more
And weep with me the cross beside;
Be this our only thought to-day
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.
For us He suffered all that pain
Oh, Father, help us so to live
That Jesus hath not died in vain.

FATHER KNOWS THE WAY.

Two little children were returning with their father from spending an evening with some friends at a distance. They stayed longer at their friend's house than they at first intended. The shades of evening had fallen, night was coming on, and before they succeeded far a heavy curtain of musky cloud seemed drawn about them. They had to cross a moor, pleasant enough in broad daylight, but not so pleasant with darkness around. A silence fell on all, as the father, busy with his own thoughts, took a little hand in each of his, and pressed forward.

"Johnnie," whispered Amy's timid voice in her brother's ear, "are you frightened?"

"No," replied the little man, as a little man should, "not at all."

"Why, Johnnie, it is awful dark," again murmured the timid voice, this time almost with a sob.

"But you see," returned the boy, confidently, "father knows the way."

The father had heard the low conversation, and stooping down he lifted Amy into his strong arms, while he clasped his boy's hand more tightly.

"Thank you, my children," he said, "you have taught me a lesson. I, too, am going home to my Father's house above. It is but a little way, yet often dark and dreary, so that my heart gets afraid. Still, it is the best path, and when I get home I shall be constrained to declare, 'He led me by the right way.'"

Amy did not understand her father's words, but she knew she was clasped to his loving breast, held securely in his strong arms, and that hushed every fear. Johnnie felt his father was pleased with this simple confidence, so in faith they all pressed on together through the gloom.—Soon they reached the light and warmth and joy of home.

As Amy's mother laid her down to rest that night, the little girl murmured very contentedly:

"Mamma, I was not one bit frightened when I 'membered father knew the way."

PREVAILING SICKNESS.—Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Inflammations and Congestions are most prevalent at this season of the year. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best external and internal remedy for all these and other troubles.

GOD'S BIRD.

A little Indian girl, the daughter of the chief in the Omaha tribe, who was being educated in a city, tells us this story, to show how she had learned that all living things belong to God:

I remember the first time I ever heard the name of God. I was a very little girl, playing about the tent one summer day, when I found a little bird lying hurt on the ground. It was a fledgling that had fallen from a tree, and fluttered some distance from the nest.

"Ah!" thought I, "now this is mine." I was delighted, and ran about with the little creature in my hand.

"What have you there, Lugette?" said one of the men who was at work in the field.

"It is a bird of mine," I said.

He look at it. "No, it is not yours. You must not hurt it. You have no right to it."

"Not mine?" said I. "But I found it. Whose is it?"

"It is God's. You must give it back to him."

I did not dare to disobey. "Where is God? How shall I give it back to him?"

"He is here. Go to the high grass yonder, near its nest, and lay it down, and say, 'God, here is thy bird again.'"

I went to the tall grass, crying and awed, and did as he bade me. I laid it down on the grass, in a warm, sunny spot, and said, "God, here is thy bird again." I never forgot that lesson.

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MARRIED.

WINTON — GIRDLSTONE. — At Bracebridge, Muskoka, Ont., on April 7th, by Rev. James Boydell, Mr. Robt. Winton, late editor and proprietor of the "Daily News," St. John's, Nfld., to Eloise, second daughter of Capt. Charles Girdlestone, A.M., 2nd Queen's Royals. No cards.

DEATHS.

On Friday, the 6th, entered into rest, Ann C. Day, wife of Thomas P. Day, of the township of Greenock, Ont., Canada.

At Kemptville, on April 3rd, Rev. James Harris, aged 67.

THANKFUL.—Some time ago being very greatly troubled with Colds and Coughing, I went to the drug store and got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. In a short time I was well. I have found it a sure cure and am thankful that I used it, and now would not be without it. E. A. Schaefer, Berlin, Ont.

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The author

VICE-PRES

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