

Our Young Folks.

LAMENT OF A MISSIONARY BOX.

Forgotten and forlorn I live,
Upon a dusty shelf,
And feel so downcast and so sad
I hardly know myself;
A missionary box am I,
And better days have seen,
For copper, silver, and gold,
Within my walls have been.

Now I am empty, no, not quite,
For sometimes you may hear
A mournful jingle from my depths,
By pennies made, I fear;
I scorn not pennies, no indeed,
Their worth too well I know,
But twopence only in a box
Does make one's spirits low.

The missionaries say indeed
That pence to pounds soon grow,
But older people ought to give,
We want our money so.
And thus, in emptiness, I wait,
And dustier grow each day,
While heedless of my silent plea
You round me work and play.

My words are poor and weak at best,
I know not how to plead
But look upon the distant fields
"To harvest white" indeed;
The heathen be in thickest gloom:
Do you need a stronger plea?
Then listen to His voice who said—
"Ye did it unto me."

The smallest offerings for His sake
Into the treasure given,
He with an eye of love will note
And own one day in heaven;
And even here you'll have His smile
While you the words believe
That far "more blessed" 'tis to give
Than only "to receive."

—The Juvenile.

TRUE BENEVOLENCE.—A DIALOGUE FOR THREE.

BY GEO. W. ARMSTRONG, LONDON.

James.—I wouldn't give the snap of my finger for a fellow who wouldn't do a good turn if he could. Why, to me, the greatest happiness in life arises from doing good to those in need.

Charles.—And from talking about it when it is done, I suppose? There's a great deal too much generosity of the wrong sort. There are few persons who care about being benevolent unless it can be made known to others.

J.—Well, don't you see when good deeds are done and made known it stimulates others to emulate them.

C.—That sort of talk is well enough in its way, but it does not accord with the teaching of the New Testament.

J.—Why, Charlie my boy, the New Testament, above all other books, teaches benevolence as a duty both to God and man.

C.—That I quite agree with, but the manner in which the benevolence is to be displayed is hardly like the way you put it. Your idea seems to be to advertise the good we do, whereas the New Testament teaches secrecy. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

J.—Then the generous deeds of men would never be known.

C.—In that you are mistaken also; good deeds to men should be done from love to God, and He who sees every action and knows every thought will at the right time allow it to become known. Our Saviour said, "but when thou doest alms let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

J.—I suppose you intend that as a reproof, eh, Charles?

C.—If the cap fits, well; but such was not my intention. I hope, however, it will keep you from sounding the trumpet of your own good works. Good works accomplished by a boastful spirit lose their character entirely, and instead of doing good to "him that takes" and "him that gives" they degrade the giver and humiliate the receiver. The noblest deeds of men will never be known until they are announced at the day of judgment to an assembled universe. But they certainly will be known, for the secrets of all hearts will then be opened.

J.—That's a very nice way of putting it; but it's a long time to wait until then.

C.—I am sorry to hear you talk like that, for I know you have done many a generous act, but to my mind it takes away a good deal of the nobleness when you look for human praise. The consciousness of doing good ought to be its own reward.

J.—You surprise me by the way you talk. I have often wondered why so many people liked you, and yet I never knew that you were particularly generous, perhaps you are so in the quiet way, and look forward to the day of judgment to have it made known?

C.—Perhaps I do, but, as you say, it's a long time to wait until then; nevertheless I'll try to wait.

J.—Why look here, isn't this Maggie Barr?

Maggie (approaching).—I have been noticing you two for a little time, and I was struck with the earnestness of your conversation; you might be discussing matters of eternal importance. I hope I shall not interrupt you.

J. and C.—No, by no means, I am glad to see you.

M.—Thank you, I am.

C.—You were saying we might be discussing matters of eternal importance; I assure you we were, for the day of judgment had something to do with it.

M.—That sounds very much like one of Charlie's topics. He has great notions of putting things off until that particular time. What is his theme to-day?

J.—Why, that generous deeds should not be spoken of by the one who performs them. That they should be done quietly and, if need be, wait for their proclamation until the day of judgment.

M.—Well, and I think he is right, but this I have noticed that however quietly a good deed is done, it is sure to ooze out sooner or later. I suppose, Charles, you think no one knows of what you did for John Smith. Why he is so grateful about it that he tells everybody he meets, and is full of gratitude.

J.—Oh, Oh! that's it, is it? So you see you get praise before the day of judgment for what you are doing. May I ask what it is Charlie has done for John Smith?

C.—Nothing very much, at any rate nothing that need to make him so very grateful.

M.—It's not so much what you did as the way you did it that creates the gratitude.

J.—Well, you might tell me what it is Charles has done to merit such thankfulness on the part of John Smith. Smith is anything but a desirable object upon whom to bestow charity, and to give him good advice would be like "throwing pearls before swine," as the Scripture says.

C.—I only got him to sign the temperance pledge.

M.—Is that all? I think not. Charles saw him going home in a state of intoxication, nothing unusual for him, and he would certainly have got into the hands of the police, but Charles took charge of him and led him to his own house. The next day he visited Smith when he was sober, and talking of the previous night's adventure, asked him to sign the temperance pledge.

J.—Of course, Smith did so, and, as many others have done, broke it!

C.—Nay, nay, my boy, he has kept it and is a teetotaler now!

M.—When Charles gave him the advice, Smith asked him if he was a teetotaler and Charles not being able to answer yes, he replied, "Well, no, I'm not a pledged one; but if you'll sign I'll sign with you for company, and we'll each try which can keep it longest."

J.—I'll back Charlie for that!

M.—I hope they both will keep it as long as they live.

J.—I must confess I had noticed an improvement in Smith's looks, but I did not know how it had been brought about.

M.—No; you see Charles does not talk about the good he is doing; he does it and leaves the talking to others.

C.—And it would be none the worse if the talking were dropped altogether. We surely may try and benefit our fellow creatures without desiring everybody should know it.

J.—I'll confess that I have been wrong in the past. I'll try and follow Charlie's example in the future, and though the day of judgment may be a long way off, I'll try and exercise patience and wait.

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE, BOYS?

I read of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him, and said: "I am tired of my house and grounds, come and take care of them, and I will give them to you." Then came an honoured judge and said—"I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work. Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last up shambled old Tommy, and said—"I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on those streets?" This is a dream that is not all a dream. For every boy in this land to-day who lives to grow up, some position is waiting as surely as if the rich man, judge, doctor, or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. Which will you choose, boys? There are pulpits to be filled by God-fearing ministers, and thousands of other honourable places; but there are also prison cells and drunkard's graves. Which will you choose?

That an old sermon may often be used to advantage is shown by the following incident. A Presbyterian clergyman took from his "barrel" a discourse which he had preached many times. It was based upon the text: "Be sure your sin will find you out." The day after he had preached it one of the most respectable business men connected with his church called on him and said, in an embarrassed way: "Doctor, it was too bad of you to preach that sermon last Sunday. You looked at me, your sermon was aimed at me, and it had special reference to my particular domestic trouble of three months ago." The minister smiled, took the man to his study, and showed him the identical sermon complained of, marked as having been prepared and preached in 1887. A sermon which has been carefully prepared may often prove to be of good service. We have often heard of eminent ministers who have preached the same sermon over and over again. But this practice is one that younger ministers, especially should pursue with caution. It may induce habits of indolence, and thereby become hurtful to their usefulness and intellectual growth. We remember the sad instance of a clergyman who in his early ministry was a man of more than usual promise as a preacher. But he grew neglectful of study and became a slave to the "barrel." His course in the ministry was soon marked by a decline. From the larger and stronger churches of his denomination he descended to those of a lower grade and the last we knew of him he was located in a mere hamlet and still falling back upon his "barrel." —Mid Continent.

News has come that a missionary to the Indians in Alaska—Harrison R. Thornton—was slain by some of the natives on the 19th of August last. He was in charge of the missionary station at Cape Prince of Wales, in Alaska, under the auspices of the American Missionary Society. Among the thirty five thousand Esquimaux Indians in Cape Prince of Wales, Mr. Thornton was the only white man. He had communication with the outside world only once a year, and, when last heard from he reported that the outlook was favorable, and he was being well received by the Indians. Mr. Thornton returned last year and married Miss Pratt, of Auburn, Me., who had been connected with the Missionary Society. He was engaged in the work of educating the Indians, and had a school-house that was largely attended for six months in the year, during which there is no night in that region. The widow has arrived in San Francisco with the remains of the murdered man.

The London Missionary Society says it has received news of the death of the Rev. Samuel Mateer, who since 1853 has been a valuable missionary in India, and of the Rev. J. D. Hepburn, a North countryman. He had laboured for nearly a quarter of a century in Africa.

If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?—Thomas à Kempis.

LIFE IN A LUMBER CAMP.

THE DANGERS WHICH BESET THESE STURDY TOILERS.

Recent Events Recall an Accident That Caused Years of Pain and Suffering—How the Victim Regained Health and Strength.

Mr. James Fitzgerald, a prosperous and respected merchant of Victoria Road, a pretty little village in Victoria County, has for years suffered from the effects of a peculiar accident which happened him while in a lumber camp. To a reporter of the Lindsay Post, Mr. Fitzgerald said that when a boy in his teens he had a strong desire to spend a season in a lumber camp, and prevailed upon his parents to let him join a party of young men who were leaving for the woods fifty miles distant. It proved for him, an unfortunate trip. One day while he was binding on a load of logs, the binding pole broke and he received a heavy blow on the elbow of the right arm. As there was no surgeon within fifty miles of the camp he was attended to by the best means his fellow-workmen could provide. After a few days, thinking he was all right, he went to work again. The exertion proved too much, for in a short time the pain returned, and continued to get worse every day, until at last Mr. Fitzgerald was forced to return home, where he got the best of care and medical attendance. This, however, did not relieve him, as the pain had become chronic and by this time affected his whole arm, and partially the right side of his body. He thus suffered for years, unable to get any relief, his arm becoming withered and paralyzed, and he was forced to give up his farm and try various light commercial pursuits, and abandoned all hope of ever having the arm restored to usefulness. In the fall of 1892 he was induced to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. Mr. Fitzgerald's first order was for half-a-dozen boxes, and before these were gone he began to experience the beneficial effects. The pain from which he had suffered for so many years began to lessen. He procured another supply, and from that out the improvement was constant and rapid, and he not only recovered the use of his arm, but is enjoying as good bodily health as he did before the accident, seventeen years ago. Mr. Fitzgerald feels that the cure is thorough and permanent, and as a natural consequence is very warm in his praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have been the means of benefitting many others in his neighborhood, who had seen what they had done in Mr. Fitzgerald's case. For cases of partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, and all nerve troubles, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the only certain cure. They act directly upon the blood and nerves, thus striking at the root of the trouble, and restoring the system to its wonted vigor. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Refuse all imitations which some unscrupulous dealers may offer because of the larger profit from their sale.

The Jews of Jerusalem are all to be united into a single congregation. Hitherto they have been divided into three sections—the Sephardim, or Spanish Jews; the Ashkenazim, or German Jews; and the Kollolim, the last mentioned being poor Israelites, supported by contributions from abroad. Factories are also to be erected for Jewish laborers, male and female, in order to enable all to earn their own livelihood. Baron Rothschild has again brought large additions to the Jewish colony "Sichren Jacob." In accordance with his wishes only Hebrew is spoken in his colonies.

I WAS CURED OF Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Bay of Islands. J. M. CAMPBELL.

I WAS CURED OF Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT
Springhill, N.S. WM DANIELS.

I WAS CURED OF Chronic Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Albert Co., N.B. GEORGE TINGLEY.