

## Our Young Folks.

### "LORD, BLESS ME WHEN I PLAY."

She knelt beside her mother's knee,  
And said her evening prayer,  
Her summers were just two times three,  
Her face was pure and fair.

First, "Now I lay me down to sleep,"  
She said with lifted hands.  
All such as she the Lord doth keep.  
Their state He understands.

To this were added words her own,  
And thus we heard her say,  
In very sweet and childish tone:  
"Lord, bless me when I play."

Ah! this is prayer most fitting, meet,  
For little child to say,  
A prayer that's altogether sweet.  
"Lord, bless me when I play."

'Tis right to ask that play may bring  
Glad joy to one and all;  
That Tom with skill the ball may fling,  
That Bess can dress her doll.

That Go! will keep each naughty word  
Afar from childish tongue;  
That quarrels, too, shall be unheard,  
And all things that are wrong.

Yes, children, pray this fitting prayer;  
The Lord ask, day by day,  
That you may have of play your share.  
God bless you when you play!

—Christian Intelligencer.

### FLASH, THE FIREMAN.

#### CHAPTER III. CONTINUED.

"Well, you see," said the boy, "if twelve glasses of wine make a man very drunk, two glasses will make him two-twelfths drunk, and—"

"There, you hold your tongue and run off to school; little boys don't understand these things," said the father.

"Don't I though?" said little Jack to himself as he ran off. "Why, schoolmaster says I thoroughly understood the principles of 'rithmetic; and I could prove on the slate what I told father.' I then for a bit little Jack ran along silent. At length he exclaimed, 'Well, I know one thing, I don't intend to get not even one-twelfth drunk—I won't have any at all.'"

With a hearty laugh Flash remarked, "Well, that's putting it hot, that is; but that don't alter the fact that a feller likes a *little* drop, and that a *little* drop does him good; and them are fools as takes too much, and—"

Gong! gong! The alarm struck; and in a moment each man's cap was off, and the helmet on. There was a momentary clatter of horses' hoofs; a rattling of chains and harness; then the engine dashed out of the station, and was tearing away at almost race-horse speed to the scene of the fire.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

"'Twas a drowsy night.  
The very leaves of the trees lay still;  
The world was slumbering, ocean deep;  
And even the stars seemed half asleep,  
And winked and blinked at the roofs below,  
As yearning for mora that they might go.  
The streets as stolid and still did lie,  
As they would have done, if streets could die;  
The side-walks stretched as quietly prone,  
As if a foot they had never known;  
And not a house within the town  
But looked as if it would fain lie down.  
Away in the west a stacken cloud,  
With white arms drooping and bare head bowed,  
Was leaning against—with drowsy eye—  
The dark-blue velvet of the sky.  
And that was the plight  
Things were in that night,  
Before we were roused the foe to fight—  
The foe so greedy, and grand, and bright."

Laura Belcher could not sleep! She felt she could not; she knew she could not; she said she could not. It is true that all the clocks in the neighbourhood had chimed a quarter-past one, and still there she sat by her window thinking. She had not attempted to go to bed; she had bid her father "good night" at half-past eleven, and, full of thought, had come upstairs to her own room.

Yes! I suppose the truth must be told, that Laura was feeling just a little dissatisfied with herself. Both she and her father were Christians—not of the merely professional sort, who think (if they ever think at all about the matter) that, because they rent a pew at church, and in other ways outwardly conform

to the rules of their sect, therefore they are entitled to the glorious name of "Christian." No! these two were much more than that.

Laura and her father, three years before this date, had been *convicted*—convicted of sin. What a world of meaning, and what a depth of suggestiveness lie in these "old-fashioned" religious phrases! Many of their "set" had elevated their noses and curled their lips in pitying disdain at such words, and pronounced then "*vulgar, fanatical phraseology*." Still the blessed fact remained that in a simple, country, open-air service, the truth had been forced upon the wealthy Mr. Belcher and his fashionable daughter that "all have sinned," and that "there is no difference;" that *all* we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned *every one to his own way*. And this truth had burnt itself so deeply into the empty, frivolous hearts of both, that, having been "*convicted*" of sin, they never rested till they were *converted*.

Here was another word, the use of which stamped father and daughter as "*undoubtedly weak-minded and fanatical*," in the eyes of their fashionable acquaintances.

But as Mr. Belcher said, with a quiet smile, to his daughter, "What does it matter what others think, my dear Laura? These are the words of Him who has also said, 'Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of Me, and of My words . . . of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of His Father, with the holy angels.'"

Yes, there was no doubt about the conversion either of Mr. Belcher or his daughter. The former seemed literally a new man. *Physically* as well as *spiritually*, since that wondrous change in him had been wrought. With ample means and abundant leisure, he had set himself at once to work for Christ in a variety of ways; and already he was reaping a rich harvest of results.

Laura had, up to the present time, been content to move hither and thither in the "harvest field," sharing in the joy of her father over his gathered sheaves, rather than actually stooping to gather and bind for herself. To-night, however, at a service which she had attended, a noted preacher had startled her by a new reading of an old text, accompanied by such deep probing of the heart, and such pointed, personal questions, as to open up a fresh world of thought in her heart and brain. She had returned home to consider carefully how far she, Laura Belcher, had fallen short of her duty in reference to the points urged by the preacher. First she asked herself, Why was it that these truths had laid hold of her so pointedly, so fixedly, to-night? Had she never heard them before? and, if she had, why had they not appealed to her hitherto?

There were two answers to these questions, both springing from one stem. She had heard of the power of this preacher in unveiling the subtle things of the human soul; and before attending the meeting she had earnestly prayed that God would make him a *voice to her*. Having gone in this spirit, instead of listening to him merely as an orator of a famous preacher, she had laid herself open for the Holy Spirit to reveal her failures to her.

The address had been from the words, "Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" (Ruth ii. 19), and emphasis had been specially laid upon the first, third, and last words,—"Where"—"thou"—"to-day." When the voice of God came to Laura Belcher's soul, through that of the speaker, and asked her, where—what—and how she had wrought *that day*, she had no answer to give. She had never really taken up any definite work for God, and *that particular day* had been, she felt compelled to own, absolutely barren.

Now, as she sat in the stillness of night at her bed-room window, her thoughts resolved themselves into the question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and she determined on the morrow to—

But what was the matter with that house on the opposite side of the square? Light gleamed through every window in the lower part of it, and through the glass over the hall door: it looked like a glowing furnace. Laura knew that these lights had not been there a few minutes ago; and, even as she paused to think, she noticed how much

brighter they were growing. Suddenly the truth burst upon her. The house was on fire!

She sprang to her feet to give the alarm; but, just as she did so, she heard a ringing cry in the street, repeated again and again, "Fire! fire! fire!"

The next moment she saw a cab tearing madly along, the driver having, no doubt, seen the flames, and hurried on to warn the Fire Brigade.

Presently an upper window was opened, and she saw a figure swaying wildly about, evidently in the utmost terror. Another moment, and Laura had alarmed the house, calling to her father to dress at once.

The ten minutes which followed seemed an age; then, well wrapped up, Mr. Belcher and Laura stood amid the crowd as near to the blazing building as they were permitted by the police, or, as they dared, for the heat. The whole of the lower part of the building was now in flames, and every window above framed one terror-stricken person or more.

The crowd surged to and fro; and what a motley gathering it was! Who has ever stood in a London crowd, near a fire, can forget it? You have no time to think about it, or you would wonder how so many people could be collected in so short a space of time; especially if, as often happens, the fire should break out in the early morning hours.

There are some strange revelations in the mere composition of this multitude, among whom Mr. Belcher and his daughter have taken their place. A stranger would marvel where so many stylishly-dressed women can have come from at such a time, and—unattended. Then the bands of fast, rakish, well-dressed men, and of youthful street arabs—where can they all so suddenly have sprung from?

But all seem touched alike with anxiety and pity for the occupants of the burning house; and the voices, as they loudly express their sympathy, one to another, are husky with emotion, proving how deep-rooted in us all is that compassion for suffering, "one touch" of which "makes the whole world kin."

With many a wild hurrah of welcome from the crowd, the way is made for the fire-escape and for the engines, as one after another they dash upon the scene. The next few moments are occupied in the rescue, through the "escape," of the occupants of those upper rooms. At last the news is passed among the crowd, that *all are saved*.

Just as the rejoicing over their safety is at its height, however, shouts of a different kind are heard in the front. Loud voices are passing some word about; but amid the roar of the flames, the heaving of the engines, and the buzz of the voices, its import is not caught.

An ever-increasing "Ssh, ssh, hush! hush!" is now heard through the surging masses, and, in a momentary lull which succeeds, it becomes known that there is a nurse-maid, who is very deaf, with two children, asleep in a back room, which has not yet been reached.

A dull, awful sense of horror creeps over that crowd, and every eye is strained to watch a young fireman who ascends the "escape." For a single second he is surrounded by a crimson glow, and we see that it is Flash; then, as if plunging into some burning crater or glowing furnace, he vanishes. Moments now seem hours; but at last he appears again with the two children, followed by the alarmed nurse.

There is a deathly stillness among the mass of excited watchers. At length, as one after another, rescued and rescuer, are safely landed, a roar of exultant hurrahs rises like the breaking of a mighty wave against a storm-beaten cliff.

These people are entire strangers to the saved ones, yet the excitement is little less than frantic. Men and women alike weep blinding, scalding tears, and hug each other for sheer joy, while, again and again, from a thousand hoarse throats, the wild cheers rise and swell.

How narrow the escape had been was soon apparent, for presently those upper floors fall in, filling the dense smoke-laden air with a shower of burning sparks, and hurling flaming splinters far and wide.

The efforts of men and engines were now chiefly concentrated upon the adjoining houses, lest they should also be destroyed; for already their roofs were beginning to catch fire, and the danger was imminent.

(To be continued.)

## A NOVA SCOTIAN'S STORY.

### A FALL FROM A WAGON AND WHAT FOLLOWED

Mr. Abel Wile, of Bridgewater, Relates a Remarkable Escape After Weary Months of Suffering How it was Brought About.

From the Bridgewater, N.S., Enterprise.

For some time past it has been talked about Bridgewater that Mr. Abel Wile, a well-known farmer who resides a few miles out of town, had been cured of a serious illness by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The Enterprise having published the particulars of many other cures occurring in various parts of the Dominion through the efficacy of this remarkable medicine, felt a curiosity to investigate this local case in order to ascertain just what benefits had actually followed the use of the medicine in question. With that end in view a reporter was sent to interview Mr. Wile. The writer had understood that Mr. Wile was an old gentleman, and his first impression was one of pleasant surprise, for instead of shaking hands with a feeble grey-haired man, beheld not a grey hair was to be seen, although some seventy-five years have passed over his head. Mr. Wile is now hale and active and his memory very clear, and he can tell many interesting stories of the early settlement of Bridgewater. When the reporter mentioned the object of his visit, Mr. Wile at once exclaimed, "Well, my dear sir, I might express it all by saying that I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. This spring I was violently thrown from my wagon, and although I escaped having any bones broken, I sustained a severe strain in my right loin which seemed to paralyze that part of my side and stomach. I experienced great pain and weakness, which, despite all my efforts with different remedies, grew steadily worse, and for two months or more I suffered terribly. I could not properly digest my food, and got but little sleep at night, and at last began to think that it was only a matter of a few weeks when I would go the way of all men. But a happy day came and ended my misery. We are all good Baptists in our family, and in a copy of the Messenger and Visitor my wife read to me of some of the marvellous cures brought about by the use of Pink Pills, and I decided to try them. My wife went into town and purchased some and from the first Pink Pills seemed to go right to the root of my trouble and it was not long until I could sleep good sound refreshing sleep, for the first time in eight weeks. I continued taking the pills until I had taken a number of boxes, when I considered myself completely cured, and from that out I went about my everyday duties as well as ever, and I thank the Lord that such a boon as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has been given to mankind to help rid them of disease.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, influenza, and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. Ask your dealers for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., at either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.