

ed. This the boy would do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them.

Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain. One after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result; the boy remained immovable in his determination not to open the gate. After a while, one of noble presence advanced, and said, in commanding tones:

"My boy do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington—one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through."

The boy lifted his cap and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor; then answered firmly, "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut; no one is to pass through but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said, "I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers, I could conquer not only the French, but the world," and, handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away while the boy ran off to his work shouting at the top of his voice, "Hurrah! hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do—I've kept the Duke of Wellington out."

ABOUT THE CAKE.

One day Isaac and his cousin Paul came home from school; it was four o'clock in the afternoon. Of course they were hungry, as school is always a hungry, exciting place they say. Isaac went directly to the cupboard, with Paul at his heels.

"Mother puts some cakes on the shelf if she has any for us; I hope we shall find some," said Isaac, opening the door. There was however no cake to be seen there. The boys looked disappointed.

"There is cake in that tin," said Isaac, pointing to a corner, "but it is not to be touched."

"Is it locked?" asked Paul. "Oh no; it is not locked," said Isaac. "Then can't we take a piece?" whispered Paul. "Auntie would not mind, and she might never know it; we need not tell her, you know."

"Not for the world," said Isaac. "My mother trusts me, and I never touch her cake or sweet-meats without leave." "Pooh!" cried Paul. "They are as much yours as hers and she would never find it out. You are a fool to be squeamish."

"Paul!" said Isaac firmly, "I would call that stealing, and I shall not do it for the best cake in the world." "Every one to his own choice," cried Paul carelessly. "I only know what I should do and what I always do at home."

"If you steal, so much the worse for you," said Isaac.

"I do not call it stealing," cried Paul snappishly; "no such thing."

"We should call things by their right names, Paul," said his cousin.

"You to your choice, I to mine," said Paul.

And what is that we are always at choosing. Life is made up of little choices. They meet us every hour of the day, and at every corner. When we do not expect it, and when we least think of it a choice is to be made—a choice that needs consideration, clearness, purpose, and decision. We need to have our wits about us and know what we are about, because our choice, whatever it is, shows what our principles are, and that is more, helps to strengthen those principles, right or wrong, for good or evil.

This little decision in sight of the cake-box small as it is, shows the character of the boys. You instantly know whom to trust and whom to distrust. Isaac is upright. He is a strong, noble, manly boy. And I wish it were a common word. I wish, too, an upright boy were a more common boy. It is a race of boys we need to be growing up to take into good public and private officers of our kind.

Boys, as you choose while boys will you be as men—noble or sneaking, upright or deceitful, showing Christian manliness or worldly selfishness.—Selected.

PENNY, AND A PRAYER TOO.

"Was that your penny on the table, Susie?" asked grandma, as the children came in from Sunday-school. "I saw after you went, and I was afraid you had forgotten it."

"O, no, grandma; mine went into the box all safely."

"Did you drop anything in with it?" asked grandma.

"Why, no, ma'am," said Susie, looking surprised. "I hadn't anything to do in. You know I can earn my penny every week by getting up early and milking the cow."

"Yes, I remember, dear. Do you know just what becomes of your penny?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you care?"

"O, indeed I do, a great deal. I want it to do good somewhere."

"Well, then, every Sunday when you drop your penny in, why don't you drop a prayer in, too, that your penny may be blessed in its work and do good service for God? Don't you think, if every penny carried a prayer with it, the money the school sends away would do wonderful work? Just think of the prayers that would go out, some across the ocean, and some away off among the Indians!"

"I never thought of that, grandma. The prayer would do as much good as the penny if it was a real true prayer, wouldn't it? I'm going to remember, and not let my penny go alone again."

—Child's Paper.

TEMPERANCE. OVER NIAGARA FALLS.

BUFFALO, May 25.—A terrible tragedy was enacted at Niagara Falls this afternoon, in the presence of about five hundred spectators when "Pi" Walker, a noted smuggler and river pirate, went over the Falls before their horrified gaze. The Erie Railway had gotten up a special Sunday excursion from Buffalo, which was patronized by a large number of people, and Goat Island, Prospect Park and the shorcarrat the Cataract House was covered with sight seers. Suddenly some one on the shore opposite the upper end of Goat Island raised the awful cry of warning, "A man in the rapids!" and as the people looked to the edge of the water they saw a small boat, with a single occupant, slowly being sucked into the white water.

The man was rowing for all he was worth, but he seemed to be dazed either with fear or intoxication and he was unable to make much headway. Suddenly the oarsman "caught a crab," his oar flew out of the rowlocks, his head went down and he lay at length in the bottom of the boat. The boat then turned its prow down stream and began to descend the rapids of the American falls, its pace going more and more swift until it finally struck a rock about two inches from the surface and stopped, and began slowly to twist and turn in the eddying current.

The crowd screamed to the man to jump out and cling to the rock, and the wildest excitement was manifested upon the shore but he still lay in the bottom of the boat and made no apparent attempt to do so. A dozen schemes of rescue flashed through the minds of the spectators and two old guides had already started on a run up the stream to procure rope and another boat, when the boat swung round and once more felt the force of the current and now began its mad plunge to destruction.

The surging water caught the light skiff in the clutches as though it were a feather and bore it downwards like a salmon, bow forward on a mad and dizzy pace. But only for a few rods; then a second rock obscured the way, and with a crash the light boat struck against it and parted in twain, the port side going all to pieces, while the starboard was not broken. The body of the man was flung headlong into the heading maelstrom, necked under for a moment, and then tossed to the surface just above the bridge which leads to Goat Island. He threw his arms wildly into the air, and those who were on the bridge saw for an instant a white and haggard face set in the agony of despair; then he was again drawn below the surface, never to appear on this side of eternity. Those who saw the sickening spectacle will never forget its especially horrible features.

There was something absolutely sublime in the relentless grasp of the hurrying waters. They fairly seemed to rend the man limb from limb, and the old guides who witnessed the catastrophe say that the body will never be found in a whole condition; that it was literally ground to pieces against the jagged edges of the boulders against which it was tossed.

As soon as the tragedy was completed and the pent up feelings of the spectators had found relief in exclamation, the question arose, "Who was the victim?" The answer was not long in coming, for many had seen the face above the rapids and not a few recognizing it as that of "Pi" Walker, one of the best known characters about the Falls. All doubt on this score was removed soon afterward, when a man was running down from the village of Port Day and asked after the drowned man, saying that he had left him not long before in his skiff in quite an intoxicated condition, and he had been seen going so close to the rapids that it was feared he had gone over the rapids. "Pi" had been on a bad spree to-day said the man. "He went over to one of the small islands near Port Day with a friend and they had a keg of beer between them, which, I guess is not very full now; then he came back to Port Day and then started down the river, it is thought to row to Goat Island. He was very drunk when he left, and could hardly manage his boat."

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A CHURCH TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

We earnestly insist that every Christian church which expects to do its whole work must have a temperance department as much as a Sunday School or a missionary department. It must have a machinery to promote Bible distribution, or mission schools, or Sabbath observance. A well-appointed steamster must have not only a good engine in its hull, and a good pilot at the wheel, but a good supply of life preservers in the cabins.

What are some of the essential features of a working temperance church? 1. We reply that the first essential is a thorough teetotaler in its pulpit. An active temperance church with a wine drinking minister is as rare a curiosity as a victorious army with a drunken commander. A zealous teetotaler will not only practice abstinence from intoxicating drinks, but he will preach it as a vital part of his Gospel message on the Lord's days. The Bible abounds in temperance precepts; and every community abounds in people who need to hear them. It is the

pastor's office to expound the causes and the course of drunkenness. It is his office to create a temperance conscience among his congregation. It is his duty to take the lead in arranging and conducting temperance meetings in his neighborhood.

2. Every efficient church should have a well organized total abstinence society. The title to membership should be the simple signing of the abstinence pledge. We would recommend also that an annual payment of a half dollar should be made by each member in order to provide some permanent income for the society. Collections should also be taken up at public meetings; but tickets of admission should seldom be used, because they tend to exclude the very persons who most need the benefit of the lecture. The public meetings of church societies should be held in the church edifice, and as often as proper advocates of the cause can be secured to address them. Better no meetings at all than to have the audience trifled with by a catch penny buffoon or ranting adventurer. The number of acceptable speakers might be vastly increased if Christian laymen, as well as ministers would fit themselves for this noble and needed work by studying temperance books and publications.—T. L. Cuyler.

TOBACCO AND PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE.

It was no equivocal compliment paid by Dr. Hast to a few brethren in the Providence Conference, at its late session, when at the close of the discussion on the tobacco question, on rising to present the missionary cause, he said that "they had been making missionary speeches," that if the money spent on this miserable habit were devoted to the support of missions there would be no lack of funds.

I think the Conference is to be congratulated in her advanced position on this subject. She has reaffirmed the resolutions of last year, one of which was to request the Bishop to make no transfers to the Conference of men addicted to the use of tobacco. The Bishops, it is hoped, will bear this in mind. I am glad to hear that the Maine Conference has passed a similar resolution. Would that all the Conferences would follow suit! I trust there will be no retrograde movement on this question. The principle is so deeply rooted in our convictions that no special pleadings of D. D.'s espousing the unpopular side will avail. I believe if a young man, possessing the talents of Gabriel and bearing the name of most illustrious ancestor, should apply for admission to the Providence Conference, if addicted to the use of tobacco, that the doors would not be open to him. For one I am prepared to vote for a resolution to request the Bishop to appoint no one hereafter to the office of Presiding Elder who uses the obnoxious weed; much as I might desire, on other grounds, to vote for some men as delegates to the General Conference, consistency would oblige me, on this, to withhold my vote.

"Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord," I know a brother in our church (there may be many in the same case) who takes his sons annually to the Vineyard. He desires their moral and spiritual improvement. What can he answer them, when, in expostulation of their neglect of religion, they point him to Deo, S. P. U. V. and W., sitting on Bishop H.'s verandah puffing cigars?—VERBUM SAT, in Zion's Herald.

From James Cochran, Esq., Patentee of Cochran's Patent Spinning Wheel. Church St., Cornwallis, N.S. February 27, 1879.

My brother had for more than eighteen months suffered with distressing cough. One side of his breast had shrunken or fallen in, his strength was fast failing and was to all appearance far gone in Consumption, when he commenced the use of Graham's Pain Eradicator under the professional direction. The result of its use has been most satisfactory and the cure rapid. He has remained in the enjoyment of good health since using this medicine more than fifteen years ago. We have many times since then proven its efficacy in other forms of disease and pain, and have reason to believe that it has no equal. JAMES COCHRAN. Herring Cove, Halifax, N.S. May 24, 1879.

I had for nearly two years suffered severely with pain in my breast and side, resulting from severe cough that was supposed to be Consumption. For a long time I had a lump in the lower part of my right side, which increased in size and painfulness until one night my sufferings were so great that it was feared that I could not live until morning, when Graham's Pain Eradicator was tried both internally and externally, it gave immediate relief, and completely reduced the swelling or lump and drove it all away. For pains in the breast and side as well as for other forms of pain I have never seen its equal. MICHAEL DELUCHRY.

If farmers and others continue to buy dust and ashes put up in big packs and sold for condition powders it won't be our fault. We have exposed the swindle time and again. Sheridan's Powders are the only kind we know of worth carrying home.

A JOY FOR EVER.—Such is a fine head of hair, it's the pride of youth and the glory of age. Alcoholic and mineral washes should never be used; simple and healthful preparations are best; such is Bearine. Use no other.

Great age carries with it certain respectability whether it attaches to a person or thing. This is seen particularly in the case of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, which is the most marvelous internal and external remedy ever discovered. It ought to be kept in every house.

The chief clerk of the Government Dispensary says that no medicine chest is now complete without Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. No medicine known to medical science for internal and external use possesses the wonderful power of this Anodyne.

Advertisement for Benson's Caprine Porous Plaster, celebrating the world over. It is used for various ailments like rheumatism and neuralgia.

Advertisement for Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypo-phosphites, a medicine for various ailments.

Advertisement for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a purifying medicine for various ailments.

Advertisement for Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s Compound Syrup of Hypo-phosphites, highlighting its benefits for health and vitality.

Advertisement for Brown & Webb, Agents in Halifax.

Advertisement for Ridge's Food, intended to save the nation by providing a nutritious food for infants and invalids.

Advertisement for Woolrich, Dispensing and Family Chemist, offering various medicines and services.

Advertisement for Baptisma, a new book on baptism by Rev. J. Lathern, available for sale at the Methodists Book Room.

Advertisement for John M. Geldert, Jr., L.L.B., Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, Commissioner Supreme Court, &c., &c.

Advertisement for Blymer Manufacturing Co., featuring their 'Bells' product.

Advertisement for Woodbury Bros., Dentists, New York, with address and contact information.

Advertisement for Gospel Hymns, No. 3, published by Sankey, McGranahan & Stebbing. Just published.

Advertisement for the Methodist Book Room, offering books and other publications.

Advertisement for the Intercolonial Railway, detailing winter arrangements.

Advertisement for Custom Tailoring by H. G. Laurillard, 19 Halifax Street, Halifax, N.S.

Advertisement for McShane Bell Foundry, manufacturing various bells and machinery.

Advertisement for First Prize Organs, offering a variety of organs for sale.

Advertisement for Provincial Building Society, offering building services and loans.

Advertisement for JAS. & W. Pitts, Commission Merchants, offering various goods and services.

Advertisement for Meneely & Company Bell Founders, West Troy, N.Y., offering various bells and machinery.

Advertisement for Blymer Manufacturing Co., featuring their 'Bells' product.