

Children's Department.

The Canker.

Once I saw a rosebud blowing,
'Twas the garden's fairest flower,
Crimson hues were richly glowing
Deeper, brighter, every hour.

Summer's sun his beams revealing,
Shone upon the favoured rose,
And the dew-drops softly stealing
Freshened it at evening's close.

No wild storm came beating o'er it,
No rough wind the branches tossed,
No unthinking fingers tore it,
Yet the beautiful flower was lost.

Deep within its bosom hiding,
Dwelt a canker, all unseen,
Slowly those fair leaves dividing
From their parent stem of green.

Youthful blossoms, hear my story,
O beware the canker, sin,
Cleave to Christ, your life and glory,
Watch lest evil lurk within.

For Sisters.

Some years ago, as I sat on the piazza of a summer hotel, I noticed among the crowd a party of young people, two or three pretty girls, and as many bright young men, all "waiting for the mail."

"Oh dear," said the prettiest of the girls, impatiently; "Why don't they hurry? Are you expecting a letter, Mr. Allison?" and she turned to a tall youth standing near.

He smiled.
"I'll get one surely," he said. "It's my day. Just this particular letter always comes. Nell is awfully good; she's my sister, you know; and no fellow ever had a better one."

The pretty girl laughed, saying as he received his letter, "Harry would think he was blessed if I wrote once a year."

Gradually the others drifted away; but Frank Allison kept his place, scanning eagerly the closely-written sheets, now and again laughing quietly. Finally he slipped the letter into his pocket, and, rising, saw me.

"Good morning, Miss Williams," he said, cordially; for he always had a pleasant word for us older people.
"Good news?" I questioned, smiling.
"My sister's letters always bring good news," he answered. "She writes such jolly letters."

And, unfolding this one, he read me scraps of it—bright nothings, with here and there a little sentence full of sisterly love and earnestness. There was a steady light in his eyes as, halfapologizing for "boring" me, he looked up and said, quietly, "Miss Williams, if I ever make anything of a man, it will be sister Nell's doings."

And as I looked at him I felt strongly what a mighty power "sister Nell" held in her hands—just a woman's hands, like yours, dear girls, and perhaps no stronger or better; but it made me wonder how many girls should stop to consider how they are using their influence over these boys, growing so fast toward manhood, unworthy or noble, as the sisters choose.

There is but one way, dear girls; begin at once, while they are still the little boys of the home circle, ready to come to "sister" with anything. Let them feel that you love them. These great, honest, boy hearts are both tender and loyal, and if you stand by these lads now, while they are still neither boys nor men, while they are awkward and heedless, they will remember it when they become the courteous, polished gentlemen you desire to see them. Do not snub them; nothing hurts a loving boy's soul more than a snub, and nothing more effectually closes the boy heart than thoughtless ridicule.

Dr. W. W. Gardner, Springfield, Mass., says: "I value it as an excellent preventative of indigestion, and a pleasant acidulated drink when properly diluted with water, and sweetened."

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Have patience, girls—that gentle patience whose perfect work will surely win the smile of the Master, who grants to all who do the Father's will, that we should be His "sisters;" and for the sake of the great Elder Brother, who dignified with His divine touch these earthly relationships, shall we not be more tender, more patient, more loving, with these sensitive, good-hearted lads who call us "sister," and remember the wise man who said, "Shall the woman who guards not a brother, be lightly trusted with husband or sons?"

What One Girl Did.

A pair of mud-bespattered and tired horses struggled along near the Douglas school one day. The driver, a big man, occasionally swung a black-snake whip in the air and brought it down on the flanks of the horses. The wagon was heaped with coal, the street was rough and muddy. Just opposite the school-house the wagon swung into a mud-hole. The wheels sank into the yielding earth, and the black-snake whip went hissing through the air; the horses plunged wildly, and the whip pounded each horse alternately, but never an inch did the wagon move. A well-dressed man stopped on the walk.

"You ought to be arrested for abusing those horses," he at last remarked. "I am a member of the Humane Society, and if you don't stop beating those horses, I'll have you arrested!" "Oh, yer are, are yez? Oi'll give yez a taste o' whip yerself in a minit if yer don't lave."

Crack! crack! went the whip again. Just then a peal of childish laughter came out of the school-building, and a minute later a throng of the younger pupils appeared, bound for home. They paused at the sight of the whipped and struggling horses, and the swinging whip paused just a moment. Then out sprang a bright-eyed girl right into the mud in the street.

"Ain't you ashamed, you big, bad man?" she cried, while the wind tossed the light brown locks about her flushed face, and the little hands were clenched.

The teamster paused in amazement. The big whip trailed in the mud.

"Wall, wall, wall!" he gasped, "who be ye, little un? Wan uv the Humane-S'ity?" And he tried to laugh.

"Yes I am; here's my star. Now please don't hit them any more," said the little girl.

It was all done in a moment. The man on the street had not even started for a policeman.

"Oi don't know what in the world oi can do," desperately answered the burly teamster, as he suddenly sat down on the curbstone. Just then an empty coal-wagon came rattling down the street.

"Say, will yer give me a pull?" yelled the teamster springing to his feet. "Of course," said the other driver.

He unhitched his team and hooked on to the pole of the mud-clogged coal-wagon. The two teams pulled together, and, amid the juvenile applause, the heavily-laden wagon was landed high and dry on the pavement of the cross street.

"She's a'most like little Peppy, what's gone," said the driver to himself, as he glanced back from his seat at the retreating form of the victorious little girl, and two little white streams coursed through the coal-dust on his cheeks.

What fills the housewife with delight,
And makes her biscuit crisp and light,
Her bread so tempt the appetite?
COTTOLENE

What is it makes her pastry such
A treat, her husband eats so much,
Though pies he never used to touch?
COTTOLENE

What is it shortens cake so nice,
Better than lard, while less in price,
And does the cooking in a trice?
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What is it that fries oysters, fish,
Croquettes, or eggs, or such like dish,
As nice and quickly as you'd wish?
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What is it saves the time and care
And patience of our women fair,
And helps them make their cake so rare?
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Of every lover of pure food
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Habits of Observation.

Every boy should cultivate the faculty of observation. If he does so designedly, it will not be long before he will do so unconsciously. It is better to learn a thing by observation than by experience, especially if it is something to our detriment. I would prefer to know which is the toadstool and which is the mushroom by observation rather than by experiment, for the latter might cost me my life. There is hardly a vocation in which observation is not a great service, and in many it is absolutely essential. It adds to the proficiency of the chemist, the naturalist, the mining expert, and the frontiersman. Observation quickens

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