

TAKE CARE.

Little children you must seek
Rather to be good than wise,
For the thoughts you do not speak
Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
Cross and cruel, and look fair,
Let me tell you how to see
You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
And some ugly thought contrive,
And my word will come to pass
Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have and what you lack,
All the same as what you wear,
You will see reflected back;
So my little friends, take care!

And not only in the glass
Will your secrets come to view,
All beholders as they pass
Will perceive and know them, too.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,
Every root of beauty starts;
So think less about your curls,
More about your minds and hearts.

Oberish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For, as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

TIM'S DOVE.

One day, when little Tim was picking berries in a field, he found a dove with a broken wing. He carried it home, and bound the wing close to the dove's side with a linen band. Soon the wing was as well as ever, and the dove could fly again; but it did not want to fly away from Tim, for it had grown very tame.—Tim was glad to have it stay, for he had no toy or pet.

When he went to pick berries the dove would go too, perched on his shoulder. Tim named it Fairy, and taught it to come at his call and to eat from his hand. At night the dove would roost on the head of Tim's bed.

Tim's mother was taken very sick. There was no one to nurse her but Tim and when she could not eat, and began to grow worse, Tim went for a doctor. "She will get well if she has good food," said the doctor. "She must have chicken or meat broth."

Tim had no money to buy meat; but all at once he thought of his dove. He knew it would make good broth, but he could not bear to kill it. He saw a neighbor going by the house, and he went out and put the dove in her hands. "Please kill my dove and make my mother some broth," he said, "she is so sick."

Then he ran to the house and tried not to think of his poor little dove.—He did not want his mother to see him cry, for she would have said the dove should not be killed.

In about an hour the neighbor brought some good broth; and when Tim's mother ate it she said she felt almost well again.

"You shall have some more tomorrow," said the woman. "I will make broth for you every day until you are well."

Tim followed the woman to the door as she went out and said, so that his mother could not hear, that he had no more doves, and did not know how to get meat for more broth.

Before the neighbor could speak, there was a rustle of wings, and Fairy flew in and perched on Tim's shoulder.

"Cool cool!" she said, pecking at his cheek.

"You see I did not kill your dove," said the woman. "I have made the broth from a chicken, and I have plenty more at home. You were a good boy to be willing to have your pet dove killed to make broth for your mother."

How happy Tim was! He loved his dove better than ever, now that he had it back again. His mother did not know until she was quite well how near she had come to eating poor little Fairy.—Our Little Ones.

—Best cure for colds, cough, consumption,
in the old Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam. Cutler
Bros. & Co., Boston. For \$1 a large bottle sent prepaid

I THINK I HAD BETTER MIND
FATHER

Scattered all over the coal regions are great holes, made by the sinking of the earth after the coal has been taken from the mines. The miners know when there is danger of a cave-in, and if along the public road, some signal is given to travellers. These cave-ins generally happen at night, when few persons are passing, but there have been cases in which horses and waggon and even houses and people, have been buried by the sudden sinking down of the road, when it was thought safe to travel over it.

Let me tell the little folks a true incident of how a boy, not very long ago, escaped going down with one of those cave-ins.

A part of the road, between what is called the Logan Colliery, in Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, and a town two miles distant, had been condemned, and a fence was put up to separate it from a new road which had to be made. This new road ran for some distance close by the old one, and then branched off, making the distance much longer from the town to the colliery. But, as the condemned road was the nearest, the miners continued to go over it, to and from their work.

One evening a miner living at Logan's Colliery, sent his son Willie to the town on an errand.

"It will soon be after nightfall, boy," said his father, "before you get home; on no condition then, return on the condemned road."

On his way to the town, it being yet light, Willie ran quickly over the dangerous pathway; and having done his errand, he started for home. He was tired, for he had been working all day, and when he reached the fence which separated the safe from the unsafe road, he stopped, and, as he afterward told it, thus reasoned with himself:

"I am tired, and if I take this short cut, I will soon be home. I believe I will risk it. But father said, 'Do not on any condition return over it.' I can't see any danger; the men go over it every day, and it was safe two hours ago—but father told me not to return over it—and—I think I had better mind father."

So he jogged along on the side of the fence where the earth was firm. The stars shone brightly, and he could plainly see his way. When he got to the middle of the fence, he felt the ground shake, and to his horror saw the condemned road disappearing from his sight.

He stood still for a moment, awestruck at the escape he had made; for had he not obeyed his father, he must

have gone down with the sinking earth, and been buried alive.

When he had got a little over his fright, he hurried to the house of the watchman, and pale and trembling, gave notice of the danger, and also told of his narrow escape from a frightful death.

To children who obey their parents in the Lord has been given the promise "that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth."

How true Willie found this promise!

TRUE NOBLEMEN.

Every school boy remembers the story of Sir Philip Sidney, wounded on the field of Zutphen, refused to quench his burning thirst till he had offered his canteen to a poor bleeding soldier. In a noble character one ruling trait is consideration of others, and the military chiefs of history best deserve the praise of greatness who have been most thoughtful of their soldiers' comfort.

Another example of the real nobleman was the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie, of whom it is related that when mortally wounded at the battle of Aboukir he was carried in a litter on board the *Foudroyant*, and to ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head, from which he experienced considerable relief. He asked what it was.

"It's only a soldier's blanket," was the reply.

"Whose blanket is it?" said he, half lifting himself up.

"Only one of the men's."

"I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is."

"It is Duncan Roy's of the forty-second, Sir Ralph."

"Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night."

Even to ease his dying agony the General would not deprive the private soldier of his blanket for one night.

A CHEAP SOUL.

A few years ago, says a gentleman, I was sitting in a large dry good store in Chicago, waiting for a friend. It was storming a little outside, and the clerks were not very busy. Not far from me stood a cash-boy, with his back against a pile of prints, and his elbows carelessly resting upon the same. I noticed his handsome face, set with dark hair and eyes so expressive, his cheeks bespeaking perfect health. A lady at an opposite counter, while paying a bill, let fall some fractional currency, such as was then in circulation, that fluttered and fell to the floor, and was picked up by the gentlemanly clerk in attendance, except one, a twenty-five cent piece, which noiselessly skimmed along and fell near the cash boy I have alluded to. Without changing his position, he set one foot upon the money, and seemed unconscious of everything except the sky-light, and stood gazing up into the open space while search was made for the money.

I watched him, with a sickening thought in my mind, "What will be the end?" I went swiftly to him, and whispered in his ear; "Boy will you sell your soul for a paltry twenty-five cents? Don't you know perfectly well that the money is under your foot?"

Restore it, and never, never, do such a thing again."

The boy turned pale, stooped and picked up the money. "Sir," he gasped, "don't tell on me, I pray—I beg—and I will never so any more. Think of my mother."

I presume he thought I knew him. I did not then, but afterward found out who he was; and from the fact that he stayed with his employer several years, and was raised to a high position, I think the offence was never repeated.

Boys, the first theft is the longest step you take toward prison; the first glass of liquor takes you nearer a drunkard's grave than all you swallow after; often the first oath clinches the habit of profanity. A stained soul is hard to purify. There are virtues you can lose, but once lost they are gone forever.

BE HONEST FIRST.

You know the old story of how Sir Walter Raleigh wrote with a diamond on a window—

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

and Queen Elizabeth wrote under it—"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."

I want every one to climb as high as ever you can, but, in all your climbings, make sure of climbing above the vulgar standard, vulgar conventional habits. An American wit, in proposing a toast, one said the youth of his country reminded him of the three degrees of comparison. First, they tried to get on; then they tried to get honor; and then they tried to get honest. I want you to reverse those matters, and to determine at all costs, first of all, to be honest; and then, please God, you may get honor, and get on. Another inscription, written by an unhappy princess, was: "Oh, keep me innocent! make others great." Keep innocent, and do the thing that is right; for that shall bring a man peace at the last. I want you to get behind those words "failure and success." Remember that some of the most brilliant successes in the world are in reality the most complete and absolute failures. No man, however miserable may seem to be his fortune, can be a failure if he has been true to the eternal laws of righteousness; and no man, however brilliant his fortune, can be a success if he has been false to his country, to his honor, or to his God.—Farrar.

A FORCIBLE FACT.—Constipation is the most frequent cause of headaches, bad blood, humors, dizziness, vertigo, etc., and because of this should never be allowed to exist. It may be readily cured by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which never fails to cure the most obstinate and chronic cases.

If you would find a great many faults, be on the look-out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look-in.

A USEFUL ARTICLE.—"I can testify to the great usefulness of Hagar's Yellow Oil. We use it for burns, bruises, cuts, sores, rheumatism, sore throat, croup, etc., and recommend it to all as an excellent remedy. T. W. Appleby, Wingham, Ont. All medicine dealers sell Yellow Oil."