

Our Young Folks.

TO A SQUIRREL.

Pretty rodent! Squirrel we call thee:
Stay, no evil will befall thee:
I should like a moment's talk—
"Interview"—yes, that's the word:
Ah! thou see'st a hovering hawk
High overhead, with wings outspread;
Art thou frightened that the bird
Down may swoop upon thy head?

Now he's off for other prey:
Come thou near me—nearer pray:
Keep thy head erect—just so
And say why is't thou wilt go
Hither, thither, to and fro,
Underneath those tall beech trees
Never seemingly at ease?
Is it gleaming time with thee
Now the leaves fall from the tree
Storing nuts against the time
Coming with its snow and time?

Tell me, hast thou got a home,
Where thy squirrel friends can come
For a feast when days are short
On the good things garner'd there;
Or for gossip—maybe sport
Half an hour in wintry weather
At noon, when 'tis bright and fair;
Art thou happy altogether,
Or agree best pair and pair?

Trast thou seasons worse than others
When the nuts are bad or scant?
Hast thou any thievish brothers
Who'd rob thee tho' thou should'st want?

Stay a moment longer, do;
Not quite done the "interview";
Thou art going—well, canst go
Hither, thither, to and fro.
Best of friends, we know, must part—
Thou to climb yon tall beech tree,
And to look with scorn on me.
Be the seasons what they may
Keep thou still a merry heart:
Fare we'll meet another day.

John Fullerton.

The Cottage, Pittsford.

SUNDAY READING AND CON- SCIENCE

In a Boston boarding-house roomed sixteen clerks, honest and well-disposed, and belonging to good families. All of them were of the age when the boy, just merging into manhood, generally makes decisions as to his conduct that result in final good or evil.

Three of the young men who occupied one of the rooms together were recent acquaintances, and their first Sunday morning in the house brought a trial of moral courage which is interesting to relate.

The hours between breakfast and church time must be whiled away somehow, and two of the room-mates busied themselves with miscellaneous reading.

The third felt a desire to take out his Bible and read it, as he had been taught to do at home. Fearing ridicule, he hesitated a good while, but conscience presently impelled him to go to his trunk and lift the lid. Cowardice suggested that it would look "sanctimonious" to be seen reading the Bible. He shut the lid down and walked away.

After nearly half an hour of struggle, conscience triumphed again. He rose and went to the trunk a second time. His hand was on the Bible. Again his courage failed him. As he was turning away one of his companions called out.

"What's the matter Ike? You're as uneasy as a weather-cock."

Ike laughed and told the truth like a man. To his surprise both the others confessed that they had the same struggle and defeat.

Each thought that he ought to read his Bible, but was afraid to be seen by the rest.

The next minute all three had their Bibles in their hands, and read them together during the next half hour. They agreed to do this every Sunday. The ice was broken.

The next Sabbath morning, while they sat quietly reading, two of the clerks from another room came in.

"Hullo!" they exclaimed, "What is this, a conventicle?"

The three Bible readers frankly told of their agreement. The visitors confessed

that only cowardice had kept them, too, from the same duty. They promised to begin at once, and they did so. The example spread, till each of the sixteen clerks in the house spent his Sunday mornings reading the Bible.

Every one of these youths is to-day a useful man. We cannot, of course, say that the mere reading of the Bible on those Sabbath mornings made these men what they are. We can say, however, that the principles of the Bible must have influenced their lives for good, and the associations which, with such a habit, they would naturally seek, must necessarily have been honorable and elevating, and have tended to their success in life. One of them, who afterward became a minister, related the facts we have given.

One boy's courage to do right may determine not only his own future well being, but that of many others besides. — *Youth's Companion*

DON'T CRY GIRLS.

"Consider what a great girl you are; consider what a long way you have come; consider what o'clock it is; consider anything—only don't cry!" So spoke the White Queen to Alice in the Chess Country and the White Queen was wiser in her day and generation than many daughters of men.

In the novels of our grandmothers' days the heroine was wont to indulge in soft sobbing, or to burst into violent weeping, or at least to bedew her handkerchief with her tears upon the most trifling occasions. Happily, however, Lydia Languish is out of fashion, and the sensible girl of to-day de-vours her disappointment, covers her chagrin with a jest, and calls her pride to keep back her tears. She knows that crying will never make two and two five, nor solve the difficulty that presents itself. She knows that only in novels are tears becoming to the face, and she sensibly objected to reddening her eyes and making blotches upon her cheeks. Her physiology and common sense have taught her, too, that crying makes her nervous and hysterical and clouds her powers of thought, so that any indulgence in that line hinders rather than helps her in rising above discouragements. She only wishes that her mother had treated her in her childhood as she treated her sons—making them ashamed to cry for trifles and teaching them habits of self-control.

If you want people to like you—and what girl, indifferent as she may appear, does not ardently desire that?—do not weep or whine. This is a selfish world, and it is not going to stop and ask what is the matter. It only cares for results and results of the happy kind. If you will smile, it will gladly smile with you; and if it sees that you smile when you would rather cry, it will respect you all the more for your courage. There is nothing more debasing to a human being than incessant brooding over its wrongs; and grumbling and fretting, whether silent or spoken, use up so much force. So be joyous if you can, girls, but good-natured at all hazards. A welcoming, gracious manner and light-heartedness will do more for you than beauty or learning or the riches of India.

"I seek no thorns," said Goethe's wise mother to a sentimental maiden, "and I catch the small joys. If the door is low, I stoop down. If I can remove the stone out of my way, I do so. If it is too heavy, I go around it. And thus every day I find something which gladdens me."—*Lucy Elliot Keller in the Congregationalist*.

BIBLE ACROSTICS.

One Sunday evening our little circle gathered round Constance who was reading the "Pilgrim's Progress" aloud. When she came to where Greatheart's exclamation: "What, you begin to be drowsy! Come, rub up, here is a riddle for you," some of the children laughed, but all thought it would be nice to try and "rub up" one another in this way. After talking it well over, the

plan for a riddle (like the Pilgrim's) was arranged. Josephine volunteered to try and guess it, and left the room until the word was fixed upon which she was to find out. "Galilee" was the word chosen, because it gave us each a letter (we were seven without Josephine), and we had all in turn to describe a Bible character whose name began with our letter. Thus, Vera, the first of the circle who had G, took "Gideon"; the next who had A, took "Abraham"; the third, L, took "Lot," and so on till "Galilee" was spelt out thus:—

G ideon
A braham
L ot
I saac
L uke
E lizabeth
E zra.

All being ready, Josephine returned, and Vera began describing to her the following character (Gideon): "I am a man who lived in Old Testament times, and was called upon to do a great thing for my people. I was not very confident I could succeed, but was encouraged to obey the call by some wonderful signs. With some other brave men I gained a great victory, and my name appears in the New Testament as an example of what faith can do," etc. In a similar way all the other characters in their turn were sketched by description, and Josephine, as she was able to guess them noted them on a slip of paper, as an aid to memory. When all was over a little study of these notes enabled her to announce the word correctly, and tell us each our assumed characters. In the next round Gerald failed to make out the word "Apostle," but in the third George succeeded with the easier word "Charity." On many subsequent evenings we have tried a great many other words, but we have not yet got tired of these "Bible Acrostics."

WRONG SIDE OUT.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys. But he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said:

"Jack, I want you now to go right up to your room and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack stared. He thought his mother must be out of her wits.

"I mean it, Jack," she repeated. Jack had to mind. He had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and his pants and his collar wrong side out.

When his mother came up to him, there he stood—a forlorn and funny looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant.

But he was not quite clear in his conscience.

Then his mother, turning him around, said: "This is what you have been doing all day—making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shame-faced. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clothes—wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning things wrong side out."—*Michigan Christian Advocate*.

A PARROT SELDOM FORGETS.

A maiden lady once had a fine talking bird; but, being subject to headaches, she often put him in the kitchen. The cook objected, and said to Polly: "You horrid thing! I wish you were dead!"

Polly soon learned this, and, when his mistress got better and took him to her room, he said: "You horrid thing! I wish you were dead!"

This shocked the delicate little lady. One day she met the rector; and, after he had inquired about her health, he said, "How is Polly?"

Then she told how Polly had affected her nerves. The rector said: "Send him to

spend a month with my bird. He may forget it."

She immediately accepted his offer. In due time Polly was sent home, and as soon as his mistress went to the cage, Polly saluted her with: "You horrid thing! I wish you were dead! We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!"

FROM NORTHERN NORWAY.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY MADE IN THAT FAR
OFF LAND

The Wonderful Remedy and Nourishing properties of Cod-liver Oil—A Priceless Gift from the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

There has been nothing discovered by medical science to take the place of Cod-liver Oil. It is somewhat singular that there should be obtained from the livers of cod-fish a nourishment and remedial agent which cannot be supplanted by some other food-medicine, but, nevertheless, such is the undisputed fact.

How Cod-liver Oil was discovered is not definitely known. It is certain, however, that up in the cold regions of the North the natives long ago made use of all parts of the fish they caught that could possibly be made available for food and it is probable that the Lapps of Northern Norway have known the virtues of Cod-liver Oil for a century. They found that in Cod-liver Oil were nourishing powers not possessed by any other food or medicine within their reach, and they were not slow to avail themselves of the benefits of a substance so easy for them to obtain.

About fifty years ago, the medical world in civilized countries became impressed with Cod-liver Oil, and by close observation and experiment, physicians found that Cod-liver Oil could be made a wonderful help to their profession. The result of investigation proved that after Cod-liver Oil was taken into the system it became an emulsion, just as milk is an emulsion of butter. This knowledge resulted twenty years ago in the appearance of Scott's Emulsion, which has now become a world-famed preparation.

Scott's Emulsion has taken the place of Cod-liver Oil, that is in its raw state. Scott's Emulsion and Cod-liver Oil are of course one and the same thing, except that in Scott's Emulsion the taste of the oil is completely disguised and all of the objections advanced by a nervous person with a weak stomach are entirely overcome. Scott's Emulsion saves the digestive organs the work of converting the oil into an emulsion, but it does not result in any unnatural process of digestion and assimilation.

Scott's Emulsion aids the digestion of other food in the stomach, and is then passed on and assimilated in the natural way. Anything which is either digested or assimilated in an unnatural manner should be taken only on a doctor's prescription.

The endorsement by physicians of Scott's Emulsion is no bombast or buncombe. In all diseases or unhealthy conditions indicated by excessive wasting, Scott's Emulsion aids medical science more than any other nourishment. Scott's Emulsion helps a dyspeptic person by aiding the digestion of other foods, and to a person who is failing in health it gives increased appetite and promotes the making of solid flesh and gives vital strength. It enriches the blood, makes new lung-tissue and overcomes all wasting tendencies.

In cases of inflammation of Throat and Lungs Scott's Emulsion has no equal in power to afford quick relief. It cures the most stubborn cough, soothes and cures sore throat, and overcomes all the early stages of consumption.

In the wasting of the vital elements of the blood Scott's Emulsion also works wonders. Anemic or scrofulous persons are made well by it, and there is restored the pure skin and healthy color.

It is almost useless to refer to Scott's Emulsion as a nourishment for babies and children. Its name is a household word in hundreds of thousands of families where there have been thin babies and children who were thin and pale. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion. It insures a healthy growth.

Scott's Emulsion is for sale by all druggists at 50 cents and St. Pamphlet mailed free on application to Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

Rev. James Macgregor, D.D., of Oamaru, New Zealand, died on 8th October. Born at Callander in 1830 he was successively minister at Barry and Paisly, and afterwards became professor of systematic theology in the New College, Edinburgh. In 1881 he went to New Zealand, and was appointed pastor of the Oamaru congregation.

Our reader's attention is directed to the advertisement of Mr. Charles Spanner, the Yonge St. Jeweler, which appears in another column of this paper. Mr. Spanner has purchased a fine stock of Watches, Jewellery and Silverware for his holiday trade. If you want satisfaction we advise your calling at this old established stand where the best of goods are always to be had at the lowest prices. Mr. Spanner does a first-class business, always studying his customers wants and aiming to satisfy them in every detail. We would remind you of his address which is 344 Yonge St., 2 doors below Elm.