

Our Young Folks.

"OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM."

Oh, all the little children
That this green earth have trod,
A blessing on their presence!
They are so near to God;
We are so far from heaven,
They are so near to God.

The guileless little children,
So innocent and wise.
Another world than ours
Around about them lies.
The happy little children
That frolic o'er the sod.
They are so near to Heaven,
We are so far from God.

Oh, trust of little children!
Oh, faith to them made known!
This earth without their presence
Would be but drear and lone.
The happy little children!
They come like flowers in May,
The winsome little children
Who gambol all the day,
Then, when the light is fading,
Their weary heads they nod:
They are so near to Heaven,
We are so far from God.

But, oh, for sorrow's children
Who throng the crowded street,
From attic and from cellar,
They come with naked feet.
Oh, haggard men and women,
And ye who ceaseless plod,
Take heed for these your children,
They came to you from God.
They may be far from Heaven,
They came to you from God.

The fragile little children,
By holy angels sent,
They came with benediction,
For briefest season lent.
They cannot linger with us,
We cannot hold them long,
They see the courts of Heaven,
And hear celestial song.
The light of God's own glory

Is in their shining eyes.
They bring with them a halo
From stars of Paradise,
But blest the home forever
Where these shall enter in,
That home is sacred, holy,
Where such as these have been.
Oh, wounded hearts and breaking,
That ache beneath the rod,
We nearer grow to Heaven,
When these have gone to God.

FLASH, THE FIREMAN.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Patty was literally overwhelmed with horror at what she heard and saw. She knew none of those around her would ever dare, in their sober times, to utter such coarse things, or to act so boorishly, rudely, unnaturally.

She had never before seen Tilly bold and forward, and her unsophisticated little heart sorrowed as she saw her idol dethroned.

Then the thought came to her, "None of these would consider themselves—drunk; they would hardly even confess themselves at all 'the worse for drink.' And if they are guilty of such strange, shocking inconsistencies with the little (?) they have taken, *what* would they do—how would they act and speak if they went on drinking?"

She shuddered at the thought, and was just beginning to wonder how much longer this would last (it was now nearly two o'clock) when to her horror she saw Tilly take the cigar from her lover's mouth and commence to smoke herself!

With a gesture of pain Patty sprang up, and, throwing her arms around her besotted friend, she succeeded in inducing her to give back the cigar to Flash.

"All right—(hic)—little—little Patty:—(hic)—you're a good girl,—(hic)—you are," hiccupped poor Flash. Then having sense enough to see that the few whiffs which the poor girl had taken of the strong cigar were making her feel ill, he got her quietly out of the room, followed by Patty.

Tilly was very sick and ill for some time; but finally fell into a heavy sleep, having been put to bed by Patty in her own room.

The guests now took a noisy departure, and the Fosters retired to sleep off the effects of their party. Poor Patty scarce closed her eyes. The whole scene had been so painful to her, so full of revelation, so suggestive of possible coming evil, that her heart was heavy, and sleep forsook her.

She had no one to lead her or help her. She knew literally nothing about pledges of

societies, and God was little more than a name to her. Yet there, amid the darkness of her room that night, listening to the deep, heavy breathing of that girl at her side, and feeling how her foul drink laden breath poisoned the air of the tiny chamber, she pledged herself never, never to touch it again!

"Who dares to call it a degrading act—
That holy covenant, that solemn pact?
No! they are not degraded men who take it,
They are degraded men who take and break it."

CHAPTER III.

FLASH TELLS HOW HIS FATHER DIED.

"—I was a wreck the drink had made—
Shattered and battered, dwindled to a shade,
Limbs tottering, shaking hands—sure fruits of sin.
A fair day's work was more than I could do,
Though oft my boast I'd do the work of two."

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp! To and fro they paced. Theirs was a trained alertness; for in spite of seeming carelessness, as they took those four paces to and fro, their every faculty was fully alive. Ears that caught every warning sound, eyes that amid the merriest laughter or busiest converse took in all that passed, had these two gay, rollicking young firemen.

The station reminded one of a man-of-war vessel, everything was so perfect in order and brightness. As a matter of fact, the men at this station had, almost without an exception, served for a more or less lengthened period in one or another of Her Majesty's ships. It happened, therefore, that they had much in common; and past sea-going days, with their accompanying adventures, proved a constant subject of chat among them, as in turn they paced, ship-fashion to and fro, keeping vigil at this London fire station, just as of old time they had kept watch at sea.

Flash was one of the two who this evening were to be seen moving backward and forward; the other was an old shipmate of his, named Charley Archer. As for Flash, the desire of his heart was satisfied now that he wore the uniform of the Brigade and had been twelve months at work amid the flames of London's burning dwellings. After the first few days of home life, he had sense enough to see that, if he was to do any good for himself ashore, he must not waste *all* his money before he had secured some work; and so he had made immediate application for a berth in the Fire Brigade.

When the day came for his examination he found one specially "stiff" piece of work among the things to be done. A huge, heavy fire-escape was laid prone upon the ground, and had to be upreared single-handed. This, of course, could only be effected by the use of a tackle; and Flash could never afterwards forget the strain upon his muscles and back, as he hauled at the "fall" of that tackle, till at last, with quivering nerves, and with veins throbbing as if they would burst, he turned and looked up at the head of the giant escape which loomed high aloft. His eyes were hot with the blood strain, and he felt his breath come with furnace-like blasts; but he had accomplished his task, and that was enough. His heart beat with pride at the thought that he had, by this test, completely satisfied the claims of the examiners.

During the twelve months which followed, he had seen much service, and had already secured the character of being an unusually clever and daringly courageous fireman.

He was a great favorite with his mates for many reasons. He was good tempered; always willing to help a friend when it lay in his power to do so; and he had a useful knack of smoothing away the difficulties which sometimes arose among them. Then, too, he was a capital singer, and he played the concertina with a skill rarely to be met with; but it must be added that this latter accomplishment seemed likely to become a great snare to "Flash," as he was universally called in his new sphere.

While Charley Archer and Flash were conversing together on the evening to which we have referred, the former suddenly remarked, referring to something his companion had said, "That reminds me I never heard you speak of your father. Is he dead?"

With a grave look upon his habitually merry face, Flash replied, "Yes he died some years ago."

"What did he die of?" was the next question.

Our hero paused a little before answering; then he said, "Well, Charley, it's a sad story altogether, and I'm not fond of talking about it. The fact is, he took to drinking a sight more than was good for him or his home. Ah! it used to be hard times in those days, I can tell you. I was a kinchin about nine year old, and I've cried myself to sleep many and many a time from sheer hunger. After a while father knocked himself up so completely with the way he went on that he couldn't work, he got the trembles so, and was an old man before his time. Things went from bad to worse; and if it hadn't been for a little money as mother had of her own, why, I believe we should have starved."

"Everything as we could think of was done to stop him taking too much, but it was no use; and so we had sort of settled down, I suppose, to think as what couldn't be cured must be endured. One day—it was in November, when the fog was that thick you could almost cut it out in blocks—they brought him home on a shutter dead."

"It appears he had tried to get on to the top of a large warehouse they were building somewhere in the City; for he'd go anywhere for drink; and he knew some of the chaps as was working on the job, and they were having a bit of a booze on the 'Q.T.' up there. No one knew exactly how it happened; but it was thought he must have took a false step from the ladder to the scaffold boards—any way, he fell into the street below, and they picked him up dead. Of course it was an awful end; but, as far as we was concerned, it was for the best. My mother soon got on her legs again and was as well off as ever."

"But it all came about through taking *too much*; and though he was my father, and I was only a boy, I knew what was what, and I hadn't patience with him. Nor more, I ain't with any fool as don't know when he's had enough. Bah! I don't know what some men's made of." And in sheer disgust Flash walked up and down several times, perfectly silent.

"Well, that's just how I look at it, Flash," said Charley; "but I was sort of enticed to going to a meeting the other night, where a cove was spouting away about teetotal, and he told some things even awfuller than that about your old dad. And he said, 'Any man or woman has taken *too much* who has taken the *first glass*;' and then he told the comicallest twister I think I ever heard, about a sharp youngster. He was awful fond of sums—never happier than when he had a slate and pencil, and was figuring out something. Once while his dad was a-talking to his mother about a party he had been to over-night, the young shaver sat listening, with the end of his pencil in his mouth, and his eyes and ears wide open. 'Fancy,' said the father, 'Mr. Harris took twelve glasses of wine last night, and got quite drunk: they were obliged to put him into a cab and send him home. I felt awful disgusted with him.' Well, when the youngster heard this, he said, 'How many did you drink, father?'"

"'I drank two, my son,' replied his dad with a smile."

"'Then you was only two-twelfths drunk,' chimed in the youngster."

"'Why, you young rascal, what do you mean?' said the old chap, who was sort of riled at this."

(To be continued.)

A NEW BRUNSWICK STORY.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The One Suffering From General Debility and the Other From the After Effects of Typhoid Fever were Gradually Growing Weaker When a Cure Came—Both Now Restored to Perfect Health. From the Newcastle, N.B., Union-Advocate.

Quite recently there came to the knowledge of the proprietor of the Union Advocate, two cases of residents of Newcastle having been greatly benefitted by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these were thought to be of sufficient interest to warrant their being published in the interests of humanity, if the parties interested had no objection to the facts being published. Consequently a reporter of this paper called upon the parties and obtained from them cheerfully all the particulars. Mr. and Mrs. Hammill removed from

Fort Fairfield, Maine, to Newcastle, N.B., about fourteen months ago. For two years previous Mrs. Hammill had been in a very poor state of health and was steadily growing weaker and running down, until she was unable to do the necessary work about the house, and the little she did used her up completely. Pains in the back and limbs, weakness, dizziness and other disagreeable symptoms troubled her. For some time she was under treatment of several doctors at Fort Fairfield, and also since she moved here. But they effected no improvement to her run down system and she was gradually growing worse and had given up all hope of regaining her health. Having read accounts of the cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she decided last July to try them and see if she could be benefitted thereby. She purchased some from Mr. H. H. Johnstone, druggist, and commenced to take them and has since continued to take them with, to her, wonderful results. She had taken but a few boxes when a gradual improvement seemed to be taking place. The pains in her back and limbs left her as did the other unpleasant symptoms, and at the present time she is as well as ever she was and without feeling the tiredness and exhaustion of her former state.

At her recommendation her husband also began the use of Pink Pills. About a year before coming to Newcastle he had suffered from an attack of typhoid fever, from the effects of which he did not recover his former health. His blood seemed to be thin and watery, and he was weak and easily worn out. Through all this he kept steadily at work, although he says that when night came he was thoroughly wearied and depressed, not knowing how to obtain relief. When his wife began to feel the beneficial effects of Pink Pills she urged him to try them and he did so. After taking three boxes he began to feel a wonderful change. The tired feeling left him and he had a better appetite and enjoyed his food with a relish he had not had before. He continued taking the Pills for some time and is to day fully restored to his old-time health and strength. Mr. Hammill was very willing to tell of the benefits both he and his wife had derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the hope that their experience might lead others to test the benefits to be derived from this wonderful remedy.

The gratifying results following the use of Pink Pills in the case of Mrs. Hammill prove their unequalled powers as a blood builder and nerve tonic. There are many throughout the land suffering in silence as did Mrs. Hammill, who can readily find relief in a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to women, such as irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, driving out pains in the back and limbs, weakness and other disagreeable symptoms which make life a burden. They also cure 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., and 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 dealer 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., from 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.