

## Our Young Folks.

### CREEPING UP THE STAIRS.

In the softly falling twilight  
Of a weary, weary day,  
With a quiet step I entered  
Where the children were at play;  
I was brooding o'er some trouble  
Which had met me unawares,  
When a little voice came ringing,  
"Me is creepin' up the stairs."

Ah! it touched the tenderest heartstrings,  
With a breath and force divine,  
And such melodies awakened,  
As no wording can define;  
And I turned to see our darling,  
All forgetful of my cares,  
When I saw that little creature  
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered  
On her little hands and knees,  
Keeping up a constant chattering,  
Like a magpie in the trees,  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
When o'er all her world's affairs,  
She delighted stood a victor,  
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image  
Of man's brief and struggling life,  
Whose best prizes must be captured  
With a noble, earnest strife;  
Onward, upward, reaching over,  
Bending to the weight of cares,  
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,  
We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps may be no carpet,  
By their side may be no rail,  
Hands and knees may often pain us,  
And the heart may often fail,  
Still above there is the glory,  
Which no sinfulness impairs,  
With its rest and joy for ever,  
After creeping up the stairs

### LULU'S CONDUCT GARDEN.

Mrs. Emmons was sowing by an open window, one day in early spring, when she was disturbed by loud and angry voices in the garden, and the next moment little Ruth rushed in, her eyes moist and her cheeks flushed. Behind her came Lulu, looking angry and defiant.

"Lulu wouldn't give me any of the candy Aunt Kate sent, mamma," cried Ruth, bursting into tears. "She's eaten it all up by her own self."

Mrs. Emmons looked questioningly at Lulu, who hung her head.

"And she slapped me when I tried to take some," sobbed Ruth.

"I don't know how to punish you, Lulu; you can go upstairs to your own room and stay there till I come," said Mrs. Emmons, sighing.

She sighed very often about Lulu's faults. The child was selfish, quick to show temper about trifles, unkind to her little sister and brothers, apt to ascribe wrong motives to the actions of others, and sometimes untruthful. She had many good qualities, and a very pretty face, but her faults stood out in bold relief.

Her mother had tried every sort of punishment, but still there seemed no improvement. Every day there was complaint of some sort against Lulu.

Only the previous day, Mrs. Emmons had told her that, because of an untruth, she could not have the flower-bed for which she had asked, and Lulu had cried herself almost sick with disappointment, for she was passionately fond of flowers, and the desire of her heart was to have a plot of ground of her own to cultivate as she pleased.

Now, after soothing Ruth, and sending her out to get a slice of bread and butter from the cook, Mrs. Emmons was struck by a sudden idea; and, after a few moments spent in profound thought, she went upstairs to Lulu's room.

Lulu looked up uneasily, as her mother came in, wondering how she was to be punished.

"I've come to speak to you about the garden-bed you wanted, Lulu," said Mrs. Emmons, sitting down near her, and taking her hand in a gentle grasp. "I am willing to let you have it on condition that you will plant it and care for it just as I direct."

"O, Mamma, I'll plant it any way you like if you'll only give it to me," cried Lulu. "I love flowers so much!"

"Very well. I will have John make a bed for you by the honeysuckle lattice, and have it ready so you can plant your seeds to-morrow. Here is the money for the seeds. I want you to get mignonette, sweet alyssum, candy-tuft, sweet peas, and ragged robin. That is all I can allow you in your garden. To-morrow we will see to the planting."

Lulu kissed her mother, thanked her, and went at once to buy the seeds, a little puzzled that her mother should have taken the pains to select them.

But she was more puzzled still when she went with her mother the next day to the garden plot by the honey-suckle lattice, and saw written in the dark, soft earth, beginning at the top of the bed, the words "Generosity," "Amiability," "Kindness," "Charity," and "Truth."

"What is this for, mamma?" she asked.

"You are to sow your seeds in these words, Lulu," her mother answered. "Sow 'Generosity' with mignonette, 'Amiability' with sweet alyssum, 'Kindness' with candy-tuft, 'Truth' with ragged robin, and plant 'Charity' with sweet peas. In a week there will be delicate little shoots here, and every time you are guilty of a selfish act you are to come out here and pull up a sprig of mignonette; every time you are ill-tempered, a shoot of sweet alyssum must come up; and when you are unkind, you must lose some of the candy-tuft; and for an untruth some of the ragged robin. The sweet peas must be pulled up if you are uncharitable." Lulu looked very grave.

"It depends entirely upon yourself how many flowers you have," continued her mother. "This Conduct Garden will show it if you make an effort to correct the faults which make your character so unlovely."

Lulu looked very sober as she sowed the seeds, and made a good many earnest resolutions as she covered them over very gently with the aid of a short stick. The idea of pulling up the tender shoots which would spring from these tiny seeds was dreadful to her.

But it is easier to make good resolutions than to keep them. The seeds had all sprouted, and five words in the Conduct Garden were fresh and green, when one morning Lulu lost her temper and struck little Frank because he accidentally tore one of her picture books.

Her mother looked at her gravely for a moment, then rose and held out her hand. "Come," she said, and led the way to the Conduct Garden.

"Pull up some sweet alyssum and candy-tuft," she said. "You have been unamiable and unkind."

"Oh, mamma, I can't, I can't pull up my dear little plants," cried Lulu; but her mother stood silently by until she had been obeyed.

"This is a great deal worse than a whipping," thought Lulu. "I am going to be very, very careful after this."

But a day or two later she was detected in an untruth, and some of the ragged robin came up. When the Conduct Garden was a month old there was not one of the words in it that had not been disfigured.

"I won't have any flowers at all, if you make me pull them up all the time," sighed Lulu, one day, when she had been directed to throw away some mignonette.

"That depends entirely on yourself," rejoined Mrs. Emmons.

Lulu often went out to her Conduct Garden and sat there, looking at the green words and thinking of what they meant. And she began really to try to be a better girl. It made her feel terribly ashamed to have her father come out to look at her garden, and see how the words had been mutilated; and when the mignonette and sweet peas began to bloom it was harder than ever to pull them up and throw them away. Lulu began to watch herself very carefully, and often bit her tongue to keep back the hasty, unkind,

or uncharitable speech that would cost her so many of her beloved flowers.

Her mother marked the improvement in her, and spoke to her about it. "I think my little daughter is finding it easier to be good with every day," she said.

"Yes, mamma, it is easier than it used to be," answered Lulu, "and you don't know how it hurts me to pull up my flowers now."

Late in the summer Mrs. Emmons went one evening by herself to see the condition of the Conduct Garden. There was, alas, only a little of the candy-tuft and sweet alyssum left; the mignonette was more than half gone, and only three letters were left of "Truth," but "Charity" had only lost the first letter, and the sweet peas were fragrant and tall.

"Mama," said Lulu's voice, just behind her, "don't you feel dreadfully ashamed of me, when you look at my Conduct Garden?"

Her mother put her arm around the little girl and drew her close.

"A little ashamed, Lulu," she said, "and yet I know you have tried to correct your faults. Hasn't your Conduct Garden been a help to you?"

"Yes; a help and a punishment, too, mamma. I have tried, and I am going to keep on trying, even after my flowers are all gone; and can't I have another Conduct Garden next spring, mamma? I want to see if I can't keep every word perfect all the summer."

Her mother kissed her tenderly. "Yes, we will try it again next year, little daughter," she said, "for the Conduct Garden has been a real help to you, I can see."

It was a help that Lulu never forgot; and, years afterwards, when she had corrected the faults which had caused mother so much grief, and had become a sweet and amiable woman whom everyone loved, she used to tell to all the little girls who needed help in their daily struggles with little sins the story of the Conduct Garden.—*Florence B. Hollowell.*

### A POOR FRENCH SHEPHERD AND HIS BIBLE.

In a village in France lived a poor shepherd with his wife and eight children. Although he found it no easy task to get, from his low wages, sufficient food and clothing to supply the wants of ten people, he contrived to save enough money to buy himself a new Bible, his old one being nearly worn out. When I say he bought a new one I mean new to him, for as he could not afford to pay a high price, he got a second-hand Bible; but it was in good condition, and had large, clear print—a very necessary thing, for the shepherd was growing old.

He made good use of his Bible, and spent many a happy evening in reading to his wife and children some of the Psalms or beautiful stories out of the Old or New Testament.

He was reading one Sunday, soon after Christmas, when he came to a place where two leaves were stuck together. He got a knife and cut them carefully apart. What was his surprise to find between them a bank note for twenty dollars. His astonishment was great, but while he sat wondering, his eyes fell upon a strip of paper, upon which these words were written—"This sum of money has been collected with much labor, and as all my relations are rich, people who have no need of it, I leave it to whosoever reads this Bible."

Probably this curious will had been made by some one who had found in God's Word the joy of his life, and who, having no children, and no relations in need of money, wished his savings to fall into the hands of some one to whom they would be of real use, and who also loved his Bible.

How many people would be glad to find a similar treasure in their Bibles! But greater treasures still are to be found in the Word of God, treasures which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and which thieves can not break through and steal. Seek them there and you are sure to find them.—*From the German.*

### A WISE WOMAN.

She Was Weak, Nervous and Dispirited and Found no Benefit from Doctors' Treatment—She Was Induced to Give Pink Pills a Trial and Is Again Enjoying Health.

From Canadian Evangelist, Hamilton.

We are often asked: "Do you think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are any good? Do you think it is right to publish those glowing accounts of cures said to be effected by the Pink Pills?" Of course, we think the Pink Pills are good, and if we did not think it right to publish the testimonials we would not do it. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that people ask such questions, when they hear stories of clerks being employed to write up fictitious testimonials to the efficacy of some cheap and nasty patent medicines. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. do not follow that dishonest practice, as there are few places in the Dominion where the marvellous efficacy of Pink Pills has not been proved. Their method, as our readers may have observed, is to publish interviews which representatives of reputable and well known journals have had with persons who have been benefitted by a course of Pink Pills, thus giving absolute assurance that every case published is genuine. Several such cases have come under the notice of the Canadian Evangelist, the latest being that of Mrs. T. Stephens, of 215 Hunter street west, Hamilton. Mrs. Hunter is quite enthusiastic in her praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and is very positive that they have done her a great amount of good. Her trouble was indigestion and general debility. For about a year she was under a physician's care, without deriving any benefit therefrom. About three years ago she was induced by a friend to give Pink Pills a trial. When she began their use, she says, she felt dreadfully tired all the time, was weak and nervous, had a pain in her chest and was very downhearted. Her father told her she looked as though she was going in "a decline." She replied that she felt that way, whether she looked it or not. It was not long after she began to take the Pink Pills before she experienced an improvement in her health and spirits. The tired feeling wore away and her strength returned, the extreme nervousness vanished and her spirits revived. It is now about two years since Mrs. Stephens ceased taking the Pink Pills. She has had no return of her former troubles during all that time. She is now strong, healthy and cheerful and is very emphatic in declaring that she owes to the Pink Pills her present satisfactory state of health, and has, therefore, no hesitation in recommending them to those afflicted as she was.

What a man does is the real test of what a man is, and to talk of what great things one would accomplish, if he had so and so, is to say how strong a man would be if he only had more strength.—*Matthews.*

Mr. W. A. Reid, Jefferson street Schenectady, N. Y., 22nd July, '94, writes:—I consider Acetocura to be very beneficial for La Grippe, Malaria and Rheumatism, as well as Neuralgia, and many other complaints to which flesh is heir, but these are very common here."

Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

A scientific alarmist declares that the universal spread of bicycling will stunt the feet of men and women, so that they will gradually dwindle away. Not while bicycles cost one hundred dollars each.

Rev. P. C. Headley, 697 Huntington Avenue, Boston, U.S.A., April 2nd, 1894, writes:

"I have found the Acid treatment all it claims to be as a remedy for disease.

"While it does all that is stated in the descriptive and prescriptive pamphlet, I found it of great value for bracing effect on part of the acid to ten of water applied with a flesh brush, and towels after it; also as an internal regulator with five or six drops in a tumbler of water. I should be unwilling to be without so reliable and safe a remedy.

"I wonder that no mention is made in the pamphlet of the sure cure the Acid is for corns (applied once or twice a day), so many are afflicted with them. It was death to mine."

To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

There's no use to worry about the sky's falling until you get above it; and then—there's no need.