

CURLY-HEAD.

BY H. B. BROOKS.

WHAT are yer askin', stranger, about
that lock o' har
that kep' so nice and keeful in the family
Bible thar'
Wal, then, I don't mind tellin', seein' as yer
wants ter know.
It's from the head of our baby. Yes, that's
him Stand up, Joe!

Joe is our only baby, nigh on ter six foot tall:
And he'll be one-and-twenty comin' this next
Fall.
But he can't yet beat his daddy in the hay-
field or the swales,
A pitchin' on the waggon or splittin' up the
rails.

For I was a famous chopper, jest eighteen
years ago,
When this strange thing happened that came
to me and Joe.
Curly-head we called him then, sir; his hair
is curly yet.
But them long silky ringlets I never shall
forget.

Them was tough times, stranger, when all
around was new,
And all the country forests with only "blazes"
through.
We lived in the old log house then, Sally and
me and Joe,
In the old Black River country, whar we made
our clearin' show.

Wal, one day, I was choppin' nigh to our
cabin door—
A day that I'll remember till kingdom come
and more—
And Curly-head was playin' around among
the chips—
A beauty, if I do say it, with rosy cheeks and
lips.

I don't know how it happened; but quicker'n
I can tell
Our Curly-head had stumbled and lay thar
whar he fell
On the log that I was choppin', with his
yellow curls outspread;
And the heavy ax was fallin' right on his
precious head.

The next thing I knew nothin' and all was
dark around.
When I came to I was lying stretched out
thar on the ground;
And Curly-head was callin': "O, Daddy, don't
do so!"
I caught him to my bosom, my own dear
little Joe.

All safe, sir. Not a sliver had touched his
little head;
But one of his curls was lyin' thar on the log
outspread.
It lay whar the ax was strikin', cut close by
its sharpened edge;
And what then was my feelin's, per'aps sir,
you can judge.

I took the little ringlet and pressed it to my
lips;
Then I knecled down and prayed sir, right
thar, on the chips.
We put it in the Bible, whar I often read to
Joe
"The hairs of your head are numbered;"
and, sir, I believe it's so.

THE RISING TIDE.

EVERYTHING goes to show
how strongly the tide of pub-
lic opinion all over the world
is rising on the subject of in-
toxicating liquors, and of the ruinous
consequences of the drinking habits of
society. The friends of the liquor
interest may protest as they like; the
lovers of a "good glass of spirits" may
sneer, and try even to be funny;
"Society" may call temperance peo-
ple "vulgar;" and the holders by good
old use and wont may drivel out the
long ago disouted talk about fanatics
and fanaticism, but it does not matter.
In the meantime an ever-growing
number are becoming convinced that
if intoxicating liquors are not to kill
Christianity and civilization, Christi-
anity and civilization will have to kill

them. The fact is becoming clear that
these drinks and these drinking habits
are the fruitful parents of three-fourths
and more of all the misery, pauperism,
disease, and crime that are going, and
that it is more than time that some-
thing effectual were done to abate the
nuisance and kill the killer.

Slowly but steadily for the last fifty
years this tide of opinion has been
rising, and ever with an accelerated
flow. And it will continue to do so,
as all whom it may concern had just
as well mark and reckon on. A few
small jokes or sneers will not turn
back the tide any more than did Mrs.
Partington the Atlantic with her mop
and pail.—*Globe*.

The Chicago *Interior* puts the mat-
ter very fairly as far as the States are
concerned, and as it is quite as appli-
cable in its way to Canada, we quote
the passage and adopt it as our own:—
"There will never be another great
distillery built in the United States.
Those now in existence have 'pooled'
their interests, so that over one-half of
them are idle. Many of them will
never blacken heaven from their sooty
stacks again—and no capitalist is so
foolish as to invest his money in a
dying business. The attempt of the
dram-shops to rule the country arises
out of their stupid blindness to their
own inevitable and imminent doom."

WORK THAT PAYS.

IT costs something to be a good
mother. There is no more ex-
acting and exhausting work in
the world than a true mother's
work. But there is no work in all the
world that pays better. No reward
in God's service is surer, richer, grander
than the reward to a faithful and faith-
filled mother. And as to the idea that
a mother can neglect this work in the
earlier years of her children's life, and
take it up to better advantage in their
later years, that is as baseless in fact
as it is in philosophy. No mother on
earth ever yet won her child's freest,
truest confidence, in its maturer years,
if she had failed of securing it before
that period. No mother would deserve
such confidence, if she deliberately
postponed their seeking until then.
It may be—it often is—a wise moth-
er's duty to be measurably separated
from her children in their later train-
ing, when they must be at school or at
labour, or in the enjoyment of well
chosen companionship outside of their
home; but this should never be
accepted as a necessity until the moth-
er's hold on the children's confidence
is so strong through the experiences of
the years that are gone, that only the
close of life can diminish, can change
the conscience power of that hold.

As a rule, a child's taste, and char-
acter, and trend in life, and even its
permanent destiny, are practically
shaped before the child is seven years
of age. A mother's failure of motherly
devotedness in those first seven years
can never be made good by seven times
seven years of devotedness thereafter.
—*S. S. Times*.

MR. SPURKON asked a young girl,
who served as a domestic in one of his
families, when she presented herself for
membership in his church, what evi-
dence she could give of having become
a Christian, and she meekly answered,
"I now sweep under the mats."

THE "PRENTICE PILLAR."

ON visiting the city of Edinburgh
on one occasion, a party of
friends engaged seats in the
stage which runs from the city to
Roslin. Having arrived at the end of
the short journey we visited the cele-
brated Roslin Chapel.

Amongst other objects of interest in
that beautiful structure we saw, was
the "Prentice Pillar," enwreathed from
floor to ceiling with a garland of flowers
in stone, of superb workmanship.

The master had received orders to
execute such a piece of work after a
pattern to be seen on the Continent.
While the master was away studying
the original, his apprentice boy took
the work in hand and finished it before
the return of his master, who, when
he saw it, was so enraged against the
boy, that he smote him with a mallet
and killed him.

That pillar stands a monument to
the genius and skill of the lad, and the
anger and uncontrolled temper of the
man.

"From envy, hatred, and malice,
good Lord deliver us"

GEO. C. POYSER.

"CHINESE" GORDON ON
PRAYER.

THE Rev. Canon Wilberforce,
speaking at a temperance meet-
ing in Canterbury, said that
just before General Gordon started, as
he believed, for the Congo, he sent to
a religious gathering over which the
Canon was presiding, asking for the
prayers of those assembled. He said
in his letter, "I would rather have
the prayer of that little company
gathered in your house to-day than I
would have the wealth of the Soudan
placed at my disposal. Pray for me
that I may have humility and the
guidance of God, and that all spirit of
murmuring may be rebuked in me."
When he reached London on his return
from Brussels, and his destination was
changed, the General sent the Canon
another message: "Offer thanks at
your next prayer-meeting. When I
was upborne on the hearts of those
Christians I received from God the
spiritual blessing that I wanted,
and am now camly resting in the
current of His will."

BETTER THAN WINE.

ACCORDING to Sir William
Gull, Queen Victoria's phy-
sician, and of course eminent
in his profession, it is better
in case of fatigue from overwork to
eat raisins than to resort to alcohol.
In his testimony before the Lords'
Commission in London, a few months
ago, he affirmed that "instead of fly-
ing to alcohol, as many people do when
exhausted, they might very well drink
water, or they might very well take
food; and they would be very much
better without the alcohol." He
added, as to the form of food he him-
self resorts to, "in case of fatigue from
overwork, I would say that if I am
thus fatigued my food is very simple—
I eat the raisins instead of taking the
wine. For thirty years I have had
large experience in this practice. I
have recommended it to my personal
friends. It is a limited experience,
but I believe it is very good and true
experience." This is valuable testi-

mony; we know of none better from
medical sources; and we commend it
to the thoughtful consideration of all
those who are in the habit of resort-
ing to "a little wine for thy stomach's
sake."—*The Continent*.

THE BICYCLER.

SEE that unsuspecting boy,
With his manner sweet and coy,
As he rides.
See his lovely bright machine;
See his trousers nice and clean;
See him on the handle lean
As he glides.

Gaze upon that little pool,
With its waters calm and cool,
In the road.
Watch the tiny little atick,
Which yon little boy doth kick;
Bicycle approaches quick
With its load.

Goodness, gracious! What a fall!
Watched with joy by children small,
See the chap!
See the mud upon his knees;
Hear the small boys how they tease;
As the water he doth squeeze
From his cap.

"THE WORLD OWES ME A
LIVING."

THE world owes you a living,
does it? Then I will tell you
what I would do. I would go
to work and collect the debt as soon as
possible, before it gets outlawed. I
have noticed that it makes very little
difference how much men owe me, if I
do not attend closely to the business of
collecting. There are men who owe
me enough to make me richer than I
have any prospect of being, but the
trouble is they do not seem likely to
pay; and I am of the opinion that the
world is very much like them in this
respect.

I will tell you what I would do, if
I thought the world owed me a living.
I would get me a hoe, and go out some-
where, where I could get a good chance
at the world, and commence to dig,
and drop in a few seeds here and there,
as I had opportunity; and I think if
the world really owed me a living, by
sticking close to it with my hoe, I
could collect the debt in the course of
the season. This seems the readiest
way I can think of, to collect what the
world owes. The fact is, there are so
many creditors of this kind who claim
that the world owes them a living,
that some of them will lose their debts
as sure as fate, if they do not begin
early and work hard to collect their
claims. The world is no doubt able to
pay, provided it can have time. It
generally takes the world about six
months to get around, after the claims
are presented and vigorously hoed in;
but the man who delays and dallies
about the matter, will find that, while
the world may owe him a living, other
people will have collected their claims
before him, and there will be nothing
left when he comes.

"The sluggard will not plough by
reason of the cold; therefore shall he
beg in harvest and have nothing."

Two million children in the Japanese
Public Schools are being taught on the
American and English systems. Ah!
yes; learning to use revolvers and
steal land. Well, this may be of great
benefit to them by the time they are
men and women, if England leaves
them any land to steal.—*Burlington
Hawkeye*.