

Our Young Folks.

"THAT'S WHY."

Little violet springing
In the woodland old,
Little primrose flinging
Stars of fairy gold I
I know why you're decking
In such fine array—
'Tis the happy spring-tide:
That's why you're so gay.

Zephyr roving lightly
O'er the meadow green,
Brooklet flowing brightly
Flowery banks between.
I know what you whisper
All this sunny day—
'Tis the happy spring-tide:
That's why you're so gay,

Blackbird in the dingle,
Linnet in the tree,
With your clear notes mingle
Dawning joys for me.
I know why you're singing
Such a roundelay—
'Tis the happy spring-tide:
That's why you're so gay.
—Emily Glenton.

FLASH, THE FIREMAN.

CHAPTER VIII.—Concluded.

The eventful day came at last, and very pretty the bride looked. In spite of what people might say, and did say beforehand, in regard to what they called 'a queer freak,' Tilly was married in a pure white muslin dress.

This was a whim of Flash's; and, as Tilly said to Laura, she wanted to dress for God and her husband, and not for the eyes of the world. Muslin was simple, she said, and Flash wished it, so muslin she would wear. The dress was of the finest quality, and was a present from Laura.

Every one declared that it was a 'sweet, pretty wedding,' and that 'they were a handsome couple;' while one old woman, in piping voice, said, 'Them's as good as they looks, too; I've knowed the pair ov 'em ever since they was sixpennorth of ha'pence high.'

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Foster drove off amid blessings and boots, both of which were freely showered upon them.

A teetotal wedding party followed, and both bride and bridegroom were so deeply intent on serving God, as well as their guests, that they persuaded six of these to sign the pledge before the day had closed.

Our story is done. Mr. Belcher and Laura continued in their whole-hearted service of Christ, ever entering in wise and helpful ways to bless those with whom they came in contact.

Many a cabman and coachman who stopped at the door of the West-End emporium where Flash was employed, was persuaded by him to take the pledge.

Mrs. Foster became a true mother in Israel; and, with Tilly, helped Laura very considerably in her weekly woman's meetings, and in attending to new converts in their homes, while they were yet weak in the faith, or surrounded with temptations to break their pledge.

Ted and Hedley proved the value of total abstinence as a stepping-stone to higher and nobler things; while Flash used his knowledge of life 'behind the scenes' in dealing with personal cases, as well as in illustrating his speeches at temperance meetings, for which he was in great request.

He was thought by some to be a little too free with his gifts to good causes; but he always declared that 'the more one gives away, the more one has.'

Some will read this story, to whom much of what has been said of the sorrow and danger which attended the drink too truly applies. Some find in all occasions, whether of sorrow or joy, births, marriages, or deaths, recovery of health or loss of it, a call for special drinking. Some needing, in a particular degree, steady nerve and clear brain for their labour, yet unfit themselves with drink, and run awful risks of accident or death by so doing.

Will you, as you lay down this story, say, 'God helping me, I'll drink no more, lest a worse thing come upon me?'

"Dear friends, for God's, your own, your country's sake,—

God give you strength to keep the Pledge you take:

God give you will to take it I do not shrink
From that—no matter what some say or think.
What is a pledge? a promise; nay, an oath;
'A verbal contract made with God,' you say:
With God—to do His work and walk His way.
The soldier and the sailor take it both:
So does the judge, the peer, however great:
The M.P. takes it when he takes his seat.
At the baptismal font a pledge we give,
In marriage, with a ring we pledge a troth."

CIGARETTES.

Do you care to know how some of them are made? I think I can enlighten you. An Italian boy, only eight years old, was brought before a justice in New York City as a vagrant, or in other words a young tramp. But with what did the officer charge him? Only with picking up cigar-stumps from the streets and gutters. To prove this he showed the boy's basket, half full of stumps, water-soaked and covered with mud. "What do you do with these?" asked his Honor. What do you think was his answer? "I sell them to a man for ten cents a pound, to be used in making cigarettes." Not a particularly agreeable piece of information, is it, boys?—*Ex.*

AT SCHOOL IN CHINA.

A school in China is a queer place. If you went near one, you would hear a loud noise. You might think the boys were in a fight.

But if you went in, you would find that their way is for each boy to study his task out loud. As they all do this at once, you may guess that it makes a noise.

They learn a great deal to say by heart. The teacher reads a few words or lines in the book. The boy takes the book to his seat and says them over and over till he knows them. Then he goes to the teacher. He gives him the book and turns his back to him while he says the lesson. That is that he may not see what is in the book.

Poor boys in China cannot go to school. All must pay to go. So there are many who cannot read or write.

Girls do not go at all. They do not think it worth while to teach girls. Are you not glad you do not live in China?

A DANGER OF THE TIMES.

There is, we fear, no little danger nowadays, says Dr. Rowland, that young people will neglect or ignore personal work. There are so many splendid societies of one sort or another, that hand-to-hand work for God and souls, on the part of individuals, is likely to become a lost art.

It is well for us to be on our guard against this danger. We ought to understand that, no matter how perfect the organization to which we belong, or what its name, it will amount to little unless its members take individual hold of the duties to which it summons them. Mere committee work is a poor substitute for direct contact with others or a personal taking up of known duty. A half-dozen separate individuals giving themselves in earnest consecration to the doing of God's will and work, are worth a half-dozen Christian Endeavor or Baptist Union Societies, if these societies content themselves merely with holding general meetings and doing simply routine work. If organization is allowed to assume the place of personal consecration and labor, it may prove a curse rather than a blessing. The only valid use of the organization is to enable the individual members who compose it the better to understand and discharge their own separate obligations to God and man.

Don't depend too much, dear young friends, on the Society to which you happen to belong. Remember that we are to live in this world as individuals, and that each one of us is at last to give account of himself to God. If you want real joy and the sense of duty done, go out yourself and try and do some good. Better no organization at all than that young people make it an excuse for idleness or the dodging of personal duty.

Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together, that at length they may emerge, full formed and majestic, into the delight of life, which they are thenceforth to rule.—*Carlyle.*

LEAVES ITS MARK.

It is a terrible fact that sin cannot be hidden; even when the wrong-doer thinks he is safe the evil thing betrays him in his very face. Have you ever watched the deteriorating effects of sin even upon the personal appearance? Take a youth of extreme beauty, and let him, little by little, be led into wicked practices; in proportion as he is so led will the register of his descent be written upon his face and upon his whole attitude and manner—quite imperceptibly, I admit, but with awful exactness and depth. The eye, once so clear and steady in its look, will be marked by suspicion, uncertainty, of timidity of movement, its glances will not be like sunrays darting through thick foliage, but rather like a dark-lantern turned on skifully to see what is happening here and there, but throwing no light on the man who holds it. And strange lines will be woven about the mouth; and the lips, so well cut, so guileless and generous, will be tortured into ugliness; and the voice, once so sweet, so ringing, the very music of a character unstained and fearless, will contract some mocking tones and give itself up to a rude laughter, partly deceitful and partly defiant. All this will not happen in one day. Herein is the subtlety of evil. If you do not see the youth for years, you may be shocked when you miss the fine simplicity and noble bearing which you associated with his name. This is a part of the man's punishment. It is a spot of leprosy on a forehead once so open and unwrinkled, and it will grow and spread and deepen until there be no place fit for him but the silent and inhospitable wilderness.—*Exchange.*

A FARMER'S TALE OF WOE.

THE INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF A GRENVILLE CO. MAN.

His Spine Injured While Working in the Woods—
A Long and Painful Illness Followed—How he
Regained Health and Strength.

There are few readers of the Recorder who are not familiar with the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People enjoy a reputation for excellence, both at home and abroad, not equalled by any other proprietary medicine. That this reputation is deserved is amply borne out by the evidence of many of the best newspapers in the country, which have carefully investigated the most noteworthy of the cures following the use of Pink Pills, and have given the facts to their readers, with a clearness and conciseness that admits of no doubt as to the truthfulness of the reports. Recently a reporter of the Recorder was informed by Mr. John A. Barr, the well known druggist, that the particulars of a case quite as striking as many that have been published could be learned from Mr. Samuel Sargeant, of Augusta township, who had been benefited most remarkably by the Pink Pill treatment. The reporter determined to interview Mr. Sargeant, and accordingly drove to his home in Augusta, about six miles from Brockville. Mr. Sargeant was found busily engaged in loading logs in the woods near his home, and although well up in the sixties was working with the vigor of a man in the prime of life, exhibiting no traces of the fact that he had been a great sufferer. When informed of the reporter's mission Mr. Sargeant said he could not say too much in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and expressed his willingness to give the facts in connection with his restoration to health. "Two years ago," said Mr. Sargeant, "I went over to New York state to work in the lumber region for the winter. One day while drawing logs one slipped and rolled on me, injuring my spine. The pain was very severe and as I could no longer work I was brought back to my home, and was laid up for about six months. I suffered a great deal and seemed to be growing worse. I became badly constipated and as a result piles developed which added to my misery. The various treatments did not appear to do me any good, and one of my neighbors advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My wife went to town and procured a supply, and I had not been taking them long when I found myself growing stronger and the pain leaving me. The pills made my bowels regular again and the piles disappeared, and by the time I had taken six boxes I found myself as well as I ever was, and able, as you see, to do a good day's work." Mr. Sargeant further said that he had been troubled with hernia for fourteen years during all which time he was forced to wear a truss. To his surprise that trouble left him and in April last he

threw away his truss and has had no occasion for it since. Mr. Sargeant declares his full belief that this too was due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but whether this is the case, or whether his release from the rupture is due to his prolonged rest as a result of his other trouble, the reporter does not pretend to say—he simply tells the story as Mr. Sargeant gave it to him. One thing is certain, Mr. Sargeant and his wife are very enthusiastic as to the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Incidentally Mrs. Sargeant told the reporter of the great benefit Pink Pills had been to her sister, Mrs. Wm. Taylor, who lives in Essex Co., England, and who was a sufferer from paralysis and unable to move hand or foot. The trouble affected her stomach to such an extent that she was unable to retain food, and to stimulants alone she owed her existence for a considerable period. Mrs. Sargeant sent her sister a supply of Pink Pills, which soon showed that she had secured the right medicine. The treatment was continued and a further supply of the pills procured after the company opened its London house, and when Mrs. Sargeant last heard from her sister she had regained almost all her strength after having been prostrated for several years.

A depraved condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system is the secret of most ills that afflict mankind, and by restoring the blood and rebuilding the nerves Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good." Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, post-paid, at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

The Colonies and India has the following item:—There is a feeling in some of the Colonies that colonial barristers do not receive fair treatment in the Mother Country. Under present arrangements, no matter how long a barrister may have practised in the Colonies, or how eminent he may be in his profession, if he wants to be called to the English bar he must go through the same formalities as a student who enters immediately after leaving college. On the other hand, in the Colonies, generally speaking, facilities are extended to lawyers from Great Britain by which they can practise within a short time after their arrival. Surely, a little reciprocity in matters of this kind would do much to strengthen the bonds of union between the different parts of the Empire?

"Imperialist" says, in *Colonies and India*, that "there is again some talk in certain colonial centres here of a proposal to blend the Royal Colonial with the Imperial Institute. This is a subject whereon I have already expressed very decided opinions. What the Royal Colonial Institute would gain by absorption into its younger rival I do not perceive, but the loss which it would sustain is very clear, and the Colonies would suffer severely. I have written "rival" above, but, in truth, the two Institutes are distinct, and the elder stands alone beyond competition and altogether unique in its character and its influence.

Common sense in one view is the most uncommon sense. While it is extremely rare in possession, the recognition of it is universal. All men feel it, though few men have it.—*H. N. Hudson.*

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure diphtheria.

French Village. JOHN D. BOUTILLIER.

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT will cure croup.

Capo Island. J. F. CUNNINGHAM.

I KNOW MINARD'S LINIMENT is the best remedy on earth.

Norway, Me. JOSEPH A. SNOW.