

## Children's Department.

### TO DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;  
Give me the boy who'll say,  
That when a good deed's to be done,  
"Let's do the deed to-day."  
We may all command the present,  
If we act and never wait;  
But repentance is the phantom  
Of a past that comes too late.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;  
There is much to do to-day  
That can never be accomplished  
If we throw the hours away.  
Every moment has its duty;  
Who the future can foretell?  
Then why put off till to-morrow  
What to-day can do as well?

Don't tell me of to-morrow;  
If we look upon the past,  
How much we have left to do,  
We cannot do at last.  
To-day! it is the only time  
For all on this frail earth;  
It takes an age to form a life,  
A moment gives it birth.

### JACK'S REVENGE.

Jack Rogers was an orphan. His mother died when he was a little fellow about six years old; and when, a few years later, his father was lost at sea one fearful night, the friends and neighbours who looked after Jack thought they could not do better with him than send him to sea.

The poor lad had had rather a hard time of it in the little seaport town, where he was taken care of by an old friend of his mother, a well-meaning woman, but burdened with a large family, a hasty temper, and small means. She had provided for Jack's wants as well as she could, but the boy was not very comfortable there; and when it was proposed that he should go to sea, he was delighted with the idea of change, although he knew very well that life on board ship was not so very pleasant as some boys imagine who live miles away from the sea, and have never seen a ship except in harbour.

Jack hoped at first that he might be cabinboy on a large vessel, perhaps a man-of-war, but that could not be managed, and he was obliged to be content with a berth on a small trading vessel, where he was to help the cook, and be at everybody's beck and call; but as Jack was a good-tempered, merry fellow, he soon grew happy in his new circumstances. Of course he had a good many rough and unkind words, and sometimes blows given him; but the person who treated him worst of all was the cook, with whom he unfortunately had a great deal to do. The man had a very hasty temper, and continually complained and scolded the boy for everything that went wrong. Yet Jack's merry face, though sometimes overcast, never really lost its good-humoured look. He tried hard to do as he was told, and to learn how to make himself useful.

One day, when they were out on a voyage, the cook was taken ill,

and the next day was so much worse that he was unable to attend to his duties, and the captain was rather perplexed to know who was to take his place. Jack begged to be allowed to do so; and although at first the captain laughed, he consented, and the boy began his preparations for making the soup. He worked away with a will, and very soon the sailors knew, by the cloud of steam and the pleasant odour which found its way to the deck, that the soup bid fair to be as good as usual; and when the men sat down to their well-cooked meal, they declared that the boy knew how to cook better than his teacher.

The sick man was surprised to find how well Jack had learnt his duties, but he felt more inclined to scold than ever; and when he saw the lad coming to him with a basin of something steaming hot, he thought that it was merely an unkind joke, and that Jack was taking some soup to him just because he knew that he was too ill to drink it.

But Jack was not so mean as that. He had learnt something better than revenge. He knew that the cook was unkind to him, and was in fact his enemy; but he had read in his Bible, "Love your enemies," and he thought the best way to show love was by kind actions. So he made a basinful of nice hot gruel for the sick man, and carried it to him. But the cook had turned away and pretended to be asleep, and Jack left the gruel close beside him, and crept away softly that he might not wake him.

As soon as he had gone, the man opened his eyes and saw the gruel. It was just what he wanted, and he was surprised to think that the boy whom he had treated so badly should act so kindly to him. He could not understand it, but he ate the gruel; and when the boy went in to see if he was awake, he handed him the empty basin and asked, "Why did you bring me that?"

"I thought it would do you more good than soup."

"Well, you're a queer fellow," was the only reply. And although the cook could not quite understand the reason of Jack's thoughtful conduct, that kind act was engraven on his memory, and he thought a good deal more about it than Jack did, and from that day he was less unkind to the boy.

### A MOTHER'S SMILE.

A dear little child, about two and a half years old, was lying in bed one morning looking in her mother's face, who in turn was gazing fondly on the child. Neither spoke for awhile, when the little one smilingly said, "You're talking to me, mamma." "No, darling," said her mother, "I did not say anything." She quickly replied, "Yes, mamma, you *is* talking to me, wive your eyes, and you say, 'Oh, you dear little girl, how I do love you.'"

### A CONTENTED CHILD.

During a time of famine in France a rich man invited twenty of the poor children in the town to his house, and said to them, "In this basket is a loaf for each of you, take it, and come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times."

The children, seizing the basket, wrangled and fought for the bread. Each wished to get the largest loaf, and at last went away without thanking their friend. Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, and gracefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and went away to her home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and Francesca this time received a loaf that was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she got home her sick mother cut the loaf, and there fell out of it a number of bright silver coins.

The mother was alarmed, and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has no doubt got into the bread by some mistake."

Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it.

"No, no," said he "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my good child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find throughout life blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf of bread."

### TOMMY'S LESSON.

"I thought when a boy was big enough to have a slate and book and go to school, he was big enough to take care of himself and go the way he wanted to. So I did not go straight down the road, as my mamma told me, but I climbed the fence to go across the field. By and by something said, 'Bow-wow-wow!' And there was a big dog running right at me."

"Didn't I run! That dog almost caught me before I got to the fence, and I tumbled over, and scratched my arm and broke my slate and tore my collar, so I had to go home to mamma."

"She said, 'Ah, Tommy, boy, people never get to old to go in the right way instead of the wrong one. The straight path is the safe path. Remember that.'"

"And that is all the lesson I learned in my first day at school—'cause I didn't go.'"

### TAKEN OUT OF BED.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir,—I have to thank you for the great relief received from your "Favourite Prescription." My sickness had lasted seven years, one of which I was injured. After taking one bottle I was able to be about the house. Respectfully,  
AMANDA K. ENNIS, Fulton, Mich.

### OLDEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

The oldest tree in the world, says "Knowledge," so far as any one knows, is the Bo tree of the sacred city of Amarapura, in Burmah. It was planted 288 B. C., and is therefore now 2,170 years old. Sir James Emerson Tennet gives reasons for believing that the tree is of this wonderful age, and refers to historic documents in which it is mentioned at different dates, as 182 A.D., 223 A.D., and so on to the present day. "To it," says Sir James, "kings have even dedicated their dominions, in testimony of belief that it is a branch of the identical fig-tree under which Buddha reclined at Urumelya when he underwent his apotheosis." Its leaves are carried away as streamers by pilgrims, but it is too sacred to touch with a knife, and therefore they are only gathered when they fall. The king oak in Windsor Forest, England, is 1000 years old.

Under the present management of the International Throat and Lung Institute, those who unfortunately are suffering from Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, or any diseased condition of the air passages, can avail themselves of the advantages of receiving treatment by the Specialists of this Institute, which is acknowledged to be the best of the kind in America—in fact, the only one where the above diseases alone are treated. Consultation free. Also a trial of the Spirometer, the wonderful invention of Dr. M. Souville of Paris, ex-aide Surgeon of the French Army. Those unable to come to the Institute, or see our surgeons, who visit all the principal towns and cities of Canada can be successfully treated by writing, inclosing a stamp for a copy of our International News, published monthly, which will give you full particulars and references, which are genuine. Address International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church Street, Toronto, or 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal.

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