

Our Young Folks.

THE CUCKOO.

And so you have come back again !
And it was you I heard
Proclaiming it to all the world
You most conceited bird !

And now you fly from bush to bush,
And say, "Cuckoo ! cuckoo !" !
Have you no friends to care about ?
No useful work to do ?

I hear you're such a lazy bird,
You cannot build a nest.
Perhaps you could if you would try ;
We ought to do our best.

The little bird that told me this
Suspected something worse—
That you neglect your little ones,
And put them out to nurse.

O, Cuckoo, if this story's true,
I think you're much to blame.
Then talk no more about yourself ;
Go hide yourself for shame.

—Aunt Effie.

BOBBY'S BLESSINGS.

Bobby was spending a few days with his Uncle John.

The high swing Uncle John had put up for him at the end of the garden was his unfailing delight, but to-day was wet. Bobby could not swing, therefore Bobby thought it only right to make himself as disagreeable as possible, sulking and frowning, and kicking his heels against the legs of the chair.

'Why don't you go and play with your ball, or shuttlecock, in the hall ?' asked Uncle John, who vainly tried to read his newspaper.

'I don't want to play in the hall, I want to go out and swing,' growled Bobby.

'I have told you that you can't go out and swing in the rain. Go and play about the house.'

'I don't want to play,' growled Bobby again, kicking his heels.

Uncle John rose and took a string from his pocket.

'Come here, Bobby, lie down on the sofa ; since you don't care to use your legs to run about the house we may as well tie them up.'

And in a moment Bobby's legs were tied fast at knee and ankle.

'Now you can amuse yourself with this lot of soldiers since you don't want to play about,' said Uncle John, taking up his newspaper again.

In less than five minutes came a whimper from the sofa.

'Uncle John, I want my legs untied.'

'What for ? You said you didn't want to run about, you can use your hands—play with your soldiers.'

'I don't want them, I want to get up.'

'Not yet awhile, said Uncle John, 'you can't have changed your mind in such a hurry. Give me your hands !' And before he had time to think Bobby found his hands tied together as tight as his legs, the lot of soldiers put away, and a large new picture book laid on the table beside him.

'Now,' said Uncle John cheerfully, sitting down, 'here are some very funny pictures. As you can't move your hands I'll turn the pages for you.'

But when two or three were turned, Bobby's face grew sullen again.

'You are not looking at this picture,' said Uncle John.

'I don't want to look at them,' mumbled Bobby.

'You don't, really ! Oh, very well.' Uncle John closed the book, and taking his silk handkerchief bound it over Bobby's eyes, saying, 'Since you don't care to see the pictures you can do without your eyes.'

For one instant there was silence as Uncle John sat down again. Then a choking sob came from the sofa where, blind and helpless, lay poor Bobby.

'Well,' said Uncle John, 'what do you want most ?'

'The thing off my eyes,' sobbed Bobby. Off came the handkerchief.

'Now, what next ?' asked Uncle John.

'Let my hands go, please Uncle John.'

'Well, now, they are free, what more ?'

'My legs, I want to get up.'

Uncle John's penknife cut the cords, Bobby rolled off the sofa and stood upright once more. Uncle John caught him and held him straight before him.

'There are many poor little boys, he said, who are blind, and can never see anything. Many who are lame, and can never run about. Many who have no use of their hands, or perhaps no hands at all. Never let me hear you grumble again because you can't do some one particular thing you may want to do, so long as God in His goodness to you leaves you the great blessings of the full use of your eyes, your hands, and your feet.' P.K.

LOVING BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

One of the saddest declarations ever made was that of a man who had lived a stormy domestic life on account of the claims of property.

'Don't talk to me about the love of brothers and sisters !' he said, bitterly. 'At heart they always hate each other.'

The evidence of history gives the lie to this saddening conclusion. Among the most beautiful souls we know there has been the strongest and most lasting fraternal attachment.

The beautiful Margaret of Navarre was devoted to her brother Francis I. When he was apparently dying at Madrid, she found her way to him through privation and danger, and succeeded in effecting his deliverance. When he was ill at a distance from her, she went every day and sat down on a stone in the middle of the road to catch the first glimpse of a messenger afar off. And she said :—

'Ah ! whoever shall come to announce the recovery of the king, my brother, though he be tired, jaded, soiled, dishevelled, I will kiss him and embrace him as though he were the finest gentleman in the kingdom.'

When he died she seemed heart broken, and she did not long survive him.

Sir William and Caroline Herschel seemed to have but a single thought in their common occupation of studying the stars. One swept the heavens with the telescope, and the other patiently noted down the results. Together they reached old age, always interested in the same pursuit, and always devotedly attached to each other.

Goethe was always the loving friend and partisan of his sister, Cornelia.

'I was again drawn toward home,' he writes, concerning one of his frequent excursions, 'and that by a magnet which attracted me strongly at all times. It was my sister.'

To approach our own time and tongue more nearly is to find Dorothy Wordsworth, who lived in her brother's ambitions and desires. Byron found his good angel in his sister Augusta. Charles Lamb and Mary were friends true and tried, and the poet Whittier lived, loved and worked in the delightful companionship of his sister, of whom he said after her death that 'the sad measure of his love for her was the vacancy left by her departure.'

KEEP ON THE TRACK.

'Mamma, where will I find some good texts for our League meeting to-night ?' said a youth as he turned the leaves of his Bagster's Bible.

'What is the subject, Clarence ?'

'The footsteps of Jesus ;' 'and I want something strong, something that means keeping on the track.'

The mother smiled to herself, and her heart leaped up lovingly with a prayer, 'Dear Lord, keep him on the track,' as she said : 'How would that verse over in Proverbs do ?'

'What verse ? I do not recall any like that.'

'The one about letting your eyes look straight before you. Turn to your concordance and look up to the word "straight," and you will find it.'

'O yes ! here it is. 'Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eye-lids look straight before thee.' 'Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.' 'Turn not to the right hand nor to the left ; remove thy foot from evil. That's just it ; that will do.'

'Do you want another ?'

'No, thanks ; this will do. I will take all three of the verses.'

'Do you lead to-night, my son ?'

'Yes, mamma.'

'Then make the duty to follow closely in the footsteps of Jesus clear and positive. To get off the tract means disaster and danger, and perhaps death ; and yet many are careless, and seem to regard it as a slight matter, while others become self-indulgent and sleep by the way. You remember, in 'Pilgrim's Progress,' that when Christian slept in the beautiful harbor that God meant only for rest and refreshment he lost his roll in his bosom, and how sorrowfully he retraced his steps until he found it where it had dropped when he was sleeping. It is ever so. We shall surely lose the blessed assurance of God's favor if we grow careless and self-indulgent. We must keep our eyes upon Jesus if we would make straight paths for our feet.'

'We boys have a great many things to meet in the social line that are questionable ; but if you say a word of warning to one who indulges, he replies, 'My conscience does not condemn me.'

'Then tell them, my son, that conscience needs a guide. The word of God is the only sure and safe rule of action. The conscience must be educated and enlightened by it, and illuminated by the Holy Spirit. The only way to settle the question of right and wrong is to take your Bible, go into your closet, get down upon your knees before God, and sincerely seek the illumination of the Holy Spirit, and God will make it plain. By so doing, the conscience becomes sensitive, and able quickly to discern good and evil. We must keep our hearts with all diligence, for Jesus says : 'He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.'

'We need to have the 'stuff that martyrs are made of' to keep loyal and true in these days, mamma ; but I am bound by God's help to be wide awake and keep on the track.'

—Christian Standard.

A GRATEFUL GIRL.

The Experience of a Young Lady in Montreal who Expected to Die—How Her Life Was Saved. From La Patrie, Montreal.

The full duty of a newspaper is not simply to convey news to its readers, but to give such information as will be of value to them in all walks of life, and this, we take it, includes the publication of such evidence as will warrant those who may unfortunately be in poor health giving a fair trial to the remedy that has proved of lasting benefit to others. La Patrie having heard of the cure of a young lady living at 147 St. Charles Borrome Street, of more than ordinary interest, determined to make an investigation of the case with a view to giving its readers the particulars. The reporter's knock at the door was answered by a young person neatly dressed, and showing all the appearance of good health. "I came to enquire," said the reporter, "concerning the young lady cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"In that case it must be myself," said the young girl smiling, "for I have been sick and laid up with heart disease, and some months ago thought I would soon sleep in Cote des Neiges cemetery. Won't you come in and sit down and I will tell you all about it ?"

The young girl, whose name is Adrienne Sauve, is about 19 years of age. She stated that some years ago she became ill, and gradually the disease took an alarming character. She was pale and listless, her blood was thin and watery, she could not walk fast, could not climb a stair, or do in fact any work requiring exertion. Her heart troubled her so much and the palpitations were so violent as to frequently prevent her from sleeping at night, her lips were blue and bloodless, and she was subject to extremely severe headaches. Her condition made her very unhappy for, being an orphan, she wanted to be of help to the relations with whom she lived, but instead was becoming an incubus. Having read of the wonders worked by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Miss Sauve determined to give them a trial. After using one or two boxes she began to revive somewhat and felt stronger than before. She slept better, the color began to return to her cheeks, and a new light shone in her eyes. This encouraged her so much that she determined to continue the treatment, and soon the heart palpitations and spasms which had made her life miser-

able passed away, and she was able to assist once more in the household labor. To-day she feels as young and as cheerful as any other young and healthy girl of her age. She is very thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her, and feels that she cannot too highly praise that marvellous remedy. Indeed her case points a means of rescue to all other young girls who find that health's roses have flown from their cheeks, or who are tired on slight exertion, subject to fits of nervousness, headaches and palpitation of the heart. In all such cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Toronto, 28th November, 1893

Dear Sirs,—

It is with much satisfaction that I learn that you have decided to establish a branch office in Toronto, believing as I do, that the more widely your Acid Cure is made known, the greater will be the gratitude accorded to you for the relief experienced by many sufferers in Canada. We have used your acid for over eighteen years, and are now prepared to state that it is worthy of a place in every family. We have found it thoroughly safe and effective and have commended it to many—for which we have been thanked. We wish you success in your new quarters, as we feel sure your success will bring relief here as it has already done to large numbers in the old land and other countries. Much will depend on the patient and persevering use of the Acid as set forth in your little book.

ALEX GILRAY, 91 Bellevue Avenue.

COURTS & SONS.

Before the dinner given at Berlin by Sir Edward Malet in honour of the British officers, the Emperor William presented Colonel Tomkinson with a gold cigarette-case, and Captain MacMahon and Prince Francis of Teck with similar cases made of silver. All three cases bore his Majesty's crest. The Emperor also conferred the Order of the Red Eagle, First Class, upon Prince Francis.

A BAD WRECK

—of the constitution may follow in the track of a disordered system, due to impure blood or inactive liver. Don't run the risk ! The proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery take all the chances. They make a straightforward offer to return your money if their remedy fails to benefit or cure in all disorders and affections due to impure blood or inactive liver. The germs of disease circulate through the blood, the liver is the filter which permits the germs to enter or not. The liver active, and the blood pure, and you escape disease.

When you're run down, debilitated, weak, and your weight below a healthy standard, you regain health, strength, and wholesome flesh, by using the "Discovery." It builds up the body faster than nauseating Cod liver oil or emulsions.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, piles, biliousness, indigestion, or dyspepsia, and headaches.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities ; but the affections are only to be fixed by those which are real.—De Moy.

What do you take medicine for ? Because you are sick and want to get well, of course. Then remember, Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

I WAS CURED of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Oxford, N.S.

R. F. HEWSON.

I WAS CURED of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yarmouth, N. S.

FRED COULSON,

Y.A.A.C.

I WAS CURED of Black erysipelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Inglesville.

J. W. RUGGLES.