A YEAR AGO.

A YEAR ago
A year ago I had my baby here,
With hair of gold, and eyes so blue and clear!
A year ago I heard his pattering feet,
And listened to his childish babble sweet;
Now he is gone—gone whither? Who can say?
I only know he left me that sad day,
A year ago!

And is that all?
Is there no comfort for the aching heart?
No balm to ease, no hand to bind the smart?
Are all my hopes lost in a bleak Unknown?
And is my baby wandering forth alone?
My baby, whom I loved and tended so,
And soothed to sleep, with mother-croonings low,
A year ago?

Nay, heart, not all!
For see, beyond, in countries not unknown,
My baby waits, well loved, and not alone;
A strong hand guides him, lest his feet should fall,
And loving ears are quick to hear his call;
He waits full happy, safe from all alarms,
For Jesus took my baby in His arms,
A year ago!

—Selected.

THE HOME.

Books.

Books almost make the man; they do shape him, make him tall or short; big or little. Many a man is just what his books have made him—very thoughtful, because his books are thoughtful; very thoughtless, because his books are thoughtless. The value of a good book is beyond price. Eternity alone can tell how much evil is bound up in a bad one. Books meet many a man at the forks in life's road and decide his route. Many persons are very pious because the books they read are pious. Many men are opposed to religion because the books they read are opposed to God. A man will be like the books he reads; they will impregnate him like the soil of Sardinia, which impregnates with bitterness even its honey.

Good books come to men in many a struggle and give them the victory, as Luther's Commentary on the Galatians came to John Bunyan and John Wesley at the crisis of their lives, and brought light and comfort.

The solidity and permanency of piety is based on reading. The information and impressions which come from good books, give body and savor to piety.

Good books blaze the way for the pious soul through the nights of superstition, and save from the blinding glare of fanaticism. Luther tided and leveed the Reformation with his books. Wesley did the same for the Methodist movement.

A good library is indispensable to a well-ordered, intelligent and pious family. Its lack is inexcusable in these times, when good books are so plenty and so cheap. The absence of libraries from our homes and Sabbath-schools bodes no good to intelligence or piety. It is time to have a revival of libraries; libraries in the home; libraries in the Sabbath-school. Begin at once, and let them grow. A small well-selected library will save many a boy from ruin—save him to manliness, virtue and piety.

Standard works should be selected; books which will teach the children how to think, and inspire them to pure thoughts and acts. Books are worth more than gold. Get books for your boys and girls rather than money or clothes, for good books are worth more than money or clothes.—*St. Louis Advocate.*

Helps to Patience.

A woman whose life had begn long and chequered with many reverses, said lately: "Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles, than a few words spoken to me when I was a child by my old father. He was the village doctor. I came into his office where he was compounding medicine one day, looking cross and ready to cry:"

"What is the matter, Mary?"

"I'm tired. I've been making beds and washing dishes all day, and every day, and what good does it do? To-morrow the beds will be to make and the dishes to wash over again."

"Look, my child, he said: do you see these little things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they carry that kills or cures. Your daily work, the dishes washed or the floor swept are homely things, and count for nothing in themselves; but it is the anger or the sweet patience or zeal or high thoughts that you put into them that shall last. These make your life."

No strain is harder upon the young than to be forced to do work which they feel is beneath their faculties, yet no discipline is more helpful. "The wise builder," says Bolton, "watches not the bricks which his journeyman lays, but the manner in which he lays them."

The man who is half-hearted and lagging as a private soldier, will be half-hearted and lagging as a commander. Even in this world, he who uses his talents rightly as a servant, is often given the control of many cities. "They also serve," said John Milton, "who only stand and wait."

We should remember, above all, that the greatest of all men spent thirty years of His earthly life waiting the appointed time to fulfil His mission.—*Youth's Companion.*

— Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil that you here.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't over or under dress.

Don't express a positive opinion, unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

Don't get in the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentlewoman—and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by."

TEMPERANCE.

Liquor in the North-west.

The leading members of the third party committee met in the Y. M. C. A. to visit Sir Leonard Tilley's residence, to interview Sir John Macdonald on the matters connected with the North-west. A number of the leading officials and supposed temperance (who were delegates) were not present. This led Mr. Bulmer to observe that the mistaken announcement by the papers of the deputation as a third party one was enough to frighten all those who were feeding at the public crib from having anything to do with it.

The deputation met Sir John at the residence of Sir Leonard Tilley, on Germain street, and was composed of the following: J. T. Bulmer, president of the prohibition party; Rev. Jr. H. Saunders, assistant editor of the Visitor; Councillor Fowns and Michael Kelly, of St. Martins; Andre Cushing, C. Powers and Rev. Mr. Macfarland, of St. John, and C. F. Freeman and Arthur Casey, of Amherst. They were shown into the library and almost immediately Sir John came into the room. He shook hands with Mr. Bulmer and after mutual congratulations as to his health and the looks of the premier, Mr. Bulmer plunged into his story. It was apparent in an instant that he had made his mind up to do a bit of downright talking. He said, at their convention just closed, a memorial had been read from the friends of prohibition in the North-west requesting aid; that it had been referred to a committee, headed by Rev. Mr. Baird, of New Mills, and that the committee, in their report, had recommended the deputation. He read from a letter from Rev. John McDougall, the missionary in the North-west, an account of how the law had been obtained, how the police had overlooked the traffic, and how most of the civil servants sent out there were aiding the traffic in place of suppressing it. He said permits were issued to everybody on all possible occasions by the thousands. This was all done in the face of a statute constructed by the men who procured the act as a stringent prohibitory law, to which there were to be no exceptions, but for medicinal and scientific purposes. In addition to the scandalous abuse of power implied in the issue of permits, Governor Royal had constituted himself a licensing board, and attempted to fix the per centage of alcohol in beers. Not only had he abused power in the permits, but his four per cents. were a daring and high-handed assumption of power for which he had not any authority in the statute. Sir John Thompson would admit in an instant that he had no more authority to fix the per centage at four than at ten. He admired Sir John for loyally standing up in support of the servants of the government. Surely the present governor should be hunted out of the North-west like Louis Riel or any other enemy of the country. He has the right to issue these permits and has assumed all the powers of a licensing board with the consequences detailed in Mr. McDougall's letter. He trusted the government would immediately bring their full power to bear on Gov. Royal, the stipendiaries and the mounted police. That country had been acquired at great price, opened up by the government and Christianized by the various missions. It would be too bad to see all this lost through the high-handed acts of the governor and indifference of the mounted police. He hoped that the same spirit which had actuated the government in acquiring and opening up the country would now prevail in restoring it to law and order. The act was intended to help our provinces in the west over the infantile period of settlement without the terrible evils of the liquor traffic, which had fallen on the older provinces.

Sir John Macdonald said in reply that the great extent of country was against the enforcement of this law, especially as the licensing provinces of British Columbia and Manitoba adjoined the territories. There were some illicit importation, from the United States, but they were watched closely. The mounted police were a fine body of young men, but they were fond of a glass, though they obeyed orders. The patrol system was rigidly enforced and all liquors spilt. Soon the territories will be divided into provinces and they will be left to make their own laws. The governor had been warned to limit the issue of permits and no doubt they had been abused. The four per cent. beer had been substituted for whiskey. Men were bound to have something and if this beer would satisfy them it would be better than whiskey drinking.

Mr. Cushing asked if the permits had been checked and Sir John replied "very strongly," that in future there would be no reason to complain from that source. He said he would bring the matter to the attention of government and give it the inquiry it demanded. He thanked the deputation and Mr. Bulmer introduced each one, after which they withdrew.—*St. John Globe.*

We've heard of a woman who said she'd walk five miles to get a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription if she couldn't get it without. That woman had tried it. And it's a medicine which makes itself felt in toning up the system and correcting irregularities as soon as its use is begun. Go to your drug store, pay a dollar, get a bottle and try it—try a second, a third if necessary. Before the third one's been taken you'll know that there's a remedy to help you. Then you'll keep on and a cure 'll come. But if you shouldn't feel the help, should be disappointed in the results—you'll find a guarantee printed on the bottle wrapper that'll get your money back for you.

How many women are there who'd rather have the money than health? And "Favorite Prescription" produces health. Wonder is that there's a woman willing to suffer when there's a *guaranteed* remedy in the nearest drug store.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Mild and effective.

— If some men I know loved their neighbor as themselves, the neighbor would be literally overwhelmed with affection.

FOR DYSPEPSIA,
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials conclusively prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a long time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease. An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of $5. Since that time it has been my family medicine, and sickness has become a stranger to our household. I believe it to be the best medicine on earth."—P. F. McNulty, Hackman, 29 Summer st., Lowell, Mass.

FOR DEBILITY,
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Is a certain cure, when the complaint originates in impoverished blood. "I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming finally, so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases."—C. Evick, 14 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

FOR ERUPTIONS
And all disorders originating in impurity of the blood, such as boils, carbuncles, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass
Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

"Make Hens Lay."

Such is the caption of an advertisement that appears not only in the local, but many leading agricultural papers and which suggests the propriety of a few thoughts upon the subject. It may be laid down as a rule that most farmers indulge in raising poultry not for the pleasure it gives, but for the profit that is realized from the same which must come from young chicks or eggs, and since the chicks must come from the eggs, the real profit may be traced to egg production, so the advice given in these words is of vital consequence to the ambitious farmer. "The advertisement referred to recommends Sheridan's Condition Powder to make hens lay and so do we," says Mr. Hunter, poultry editor of the *N. E. Farmer.* "A hen to lay prolifically must be in perfect health, must be *in condition*, and here is based the true theory of the value of Sheridan's Condition Powder—it promotes the general good health of the fowl, greatly quickening digestion, and stimulating all the various organs of the body, as well as the ovaries, to perform their functions." At this season of the year the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder is very valuable for moulting hens and young pullets. By its use now they will get to laying earlier when the price for eggs is very high. Any person buying and using Sheridan's Condition Powder now, will get their hens in good laying condition before cold weather, and stand a good chance to win one of the large gold premiums to be offered later by I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. (the only makers of Sheridan's Condition Powder), who will send for 50 cents, two packs of Powder; for $1 five packs; for $1.20 a large 2½ lb. can, postpaid; six cans for $5, express postpaid. Six cans will pay a good dividend. I. S. Johnson & Co., will also send to any one asking for it a copy of the best poultry magazine published, free. The paper one year and a large can of Powder for $1.50.

Modern Egypt.

Cairo is crowded with English in the European quarter, which has been vastly increased the past twenty years, now occupying all the space between the old city and the Nile. In 1868 there were no street-lamps, and the honest evening wanderer carried a lantern; there were no carriages, and the just and unjust rode about upon donkeys, occasionally brushed off into the dirt, in a narrow street, by the overhanging load of a camel; then a dirty caravansery called "Shephearda," was the only foreign hotel, and the "Cook tourist" had not disturbed the peace of the East with his incongruous presence. Now there are street-lamps, but Moslem fatality has not been increased by the electric wire; there are plenty of open carriages, though the street-car is yet unknown.

The English occupation of Egypt seems complete; headquarters of various branches of an army are established in the best parts of the new town; "Army contractors" and sutlers have large warehouses filled with goods, orderlies gallop about and the Khedive's barracks are filled with stolid faced youth in red coats, the traditional "Tommy Atkins," who, fighting under the cold shadow of aristocracy, has established English power in every part of the globe. But the chief feature of the occupation is the multiplication of bar rooms,—named after every leading member of the British aristocracy, and increasing the respect of the Mussulman for his religion by the example they afford of brawling, drunken Christians. England is here in force, and it looks as if she intended to remain. More than thirty years ago (perhaps forty, for I rely on memory) Kinglake in his "Eothen," predicted that the Englishman, straining to hold all the gates and avenues to India, would plant his firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the faithful; the prediction is fulfilled. The Khedive is only a figure head—every important question is referred to London. The extravagance of the private expenditure of the Khedive is greatly checked, and the revenues are applied to the payment of interest due upon bonds issued, not for public improvements, but for palaces and seraglios. The Atchison plan of scaling down would be a blessed boon to the poor Egyptian farmer, who pays all the tax; but English bondholders do not listen to such propositions from the weak and helpless.

The Mussulman Cairo is in decay; it opens no streets, it builds no houses and consecrates no new mosques; it is no longer Cairo the victorious, the glorious city of the Caliphs, but it is otherwise unchanged. It shows the habits, the manners, the costumes of a thousand years ago; in the narrow lanes and winding alleys, crowded with people, there is no evidence to the senses that it is not still the reign of Haroun al Raschid; and the characters that people the Thousand and One Nights live and act before your eyes. The generous colors, the grace of flowing robes, the turbaned men and veiled women, the gravity and imperturbable manner of all the race, is in accord with their history and one's expectations. Life through the open doors and in the freedom of the streets is all revealed—they sit upon divans or rugs, crossed-legged with red or yellow slippers, they bargain as if a thousand years were as yesterday, they sip coffee from infinitesimal cups, scented gums burned upon braziers load the air with the perfumes of Arabia; you see the letter-writer with his puzzled client, the barber shaving heads, the professional story-teller with his eager throng of listeners, the prayers said at any convenient spot facing the East, huge camels crowd through the throng, gayly caparisoned asses amble, you hear the call from the minaret with the adjuration that "prayer is better than sleep,"—and you realize that there is still a people untouched by progress, a conservatism that has brought the middle ages into the garish light of the Western day.

A Cunning Dog.

A good dog story is always appreciated because canine sagacity seems inexhaustible in its resources. A Glasgow gentleman owned a very intelligent Newfoundland dog, who accompanied his master wherever he went, and was his inseparable companion in his visits and to church. One evening the gentleman went to visit a neighbor. The dog attended him. It was quite late when the gentleman started for home, and, to his surprise, the dog could not be found.

After the family had retired there was a great noise in the kitchen. It was supposed that burglars were robbing the house. Soon there was a crash and a smash like the breaking of a window, and then all was still. The morning revealed the mystery. The dog had fallen asleep under the table. He had realized that his master had gone home, and the noise heard was the attempt of the dog to make his escape. As there was no other way to get out, the sagacious animal went through the window, taking the glass and frame with him.

It was a long time before his master visited that house again. When he did his dog accompanied him, and the animal found his way through the open door of the kitchen to his old hiding place under the table. When the master was about to start for home, neither hat nor cane could be found. After a long search the dog was discovered fast asleep under the table; one paw was on his master's hat, the other resting on his stick. How the dog obtained possession of those articles no one could tell. He remembered his last visit to the place, and how scurvily he had been treated. The sagacious creature resolved not to be left behind next time. He knew that his master could not go home without the hat and stick, and that he would be awakened when the owner got ready to start. His plans were acutely laid, and if he had been human he could not have done better.—*Boston Budget.*

How to Save Money.

Mr. E. H. McCrea, of the Hudson Bay Co., West Lynne, Manitoba, says: I suffered from catarrh for a number of years, and expended upwards of $200 employing physicians and catarrh specialists, buying different remedies, inhalants, douches, etc., without obtaining relief. Your advertisement in Toronto *Mail* induced me to invest fifty cents in Nasal Balm. I sent for a package, and must say it was the best investment I ever made. It gave me immediate relief, and in less than two weeks the droppings from the nasal passages into my throat entirely ceased. I would urgently advise all afflicted with catarrh to use Nasal Balm.

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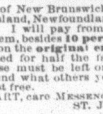
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NOTHING LIKE IT.
MR. JOAB SCALES, of Toronto, writes: "A short time ago I was suffering from Kidney Complaint and Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Lame Back; in fact, I was completely prostrated and suffering intense pain. While in this state a friend recommended me to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. I used one bottle, and the permanent manner in which it has cured and made a new man out of me is such that I cannot withhold from the proprietors this expression of my gratitude."

WONDERFUL CURES.
FOR THIRTY YEARS.—Mrs. L. Squire, Ontario Steam Dye Works, Toronto, says: "For about thirty years I have doctored for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia without getting any cure. I then tried Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and the benefits I have received from this medicine are such that I cannot withhold this expression of my gratitude. It acts immediately upon the Liver, and its good effects are noticed at once. As a Dyspepsia remedy I don't think it can be equalled."

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE.
HARDENED AND ENLARGED LIVER.—Mrs. H. Hall, Navarino, N.Y., writes: "For years I have been troubled with Liver Complaint. The doctors said my Liver was hardened and enlarged. I was troubled with Dizziness, Pain in my Right Shoulder, Constipation, and gradually losing flesh all the time. All food soured on my stomach, even with the closest attention to diet. I was under the care of three physicians, but did not get any relief. A friend sent me a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and it affords me much pleasure to inform you that the benefit I have received from it is far beyond my expectation. I feel better now than I have done for years."

McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup.
BASE imitations intended to deceive are being foisted on the market; look out for them and do not be put off with any so-called Worm Syrups claiming to be as good. Ask for and get McLEAN'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP, the original and only genuine. Any child will take it. At all dealers. Price 25 cents.

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Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free.
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AGENTS WANTED—$75 to $200 per month, to introduce our Celebrated Tea, Coffee, Spices, Extracts, Baking Powder, Flavoring Extracts, Soap, Perfumes, Jewelry, Silverware, Watches, Sewing Machines, Silk, Dress Goods, Gold Pens, Pictures, Books, Bibles, Stationery, Toys, Sheet Music, Musical Instruments, Clocks, Lamps, Dolls, Tools, Guns, Fishing Tackle, Bicycles, Tricycles, Tools, Harness, Sewing Machines, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware