

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### The Gingerbread Tree.

Oh, do you know, and do you know,  
The tree where risen doughnuts grow.  
And in a shower come tumbling down,  
All sugary and crisp and brown?

And did you ever chance to see  
The plum cakes on this charming tree?  
And reaching o'er the fence perhaps  
A stem just strung with gingerbreads?

The house stands close beside the street;  
Around its roof the branches meet.  
If you look up, above your head  
Fall down great squares of gingerbread.

Oh, when I went inside the door,  
Through the wide window to the floor  
A bough came bending all apart,  
And tossed me in a jolly tart.

Whoever lives there, I must say,  
Though he is lame and old and gray,  
What a rare gardener he must be,  
And, oh, how happy with that tree!

My mother says that every few  
Gingerbread trees she ever knew,  
And none shook down, it seems to her,  
Like this, an apple turnover.

Some days it drops upon the ground,  
Soft, soft, a frosted heart, and round,  
And sometimes, when the branches stir,  
Such cookies rain as never were.

And you can guess, oh, you can guess,  
That if 'tis too far at recess,  
Yet all the children, as a rule,  
Go slow there coming home from school.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

### THE SUN.

BY THE REV. EDSON A. LOWE.

"Let's go out and see the sun!"  
That's what I said to a lot of boys and  
girls the other day. I had a telescope, and  
when I showed it—all polished brass—to  
the juveniles, you should have seen the way  
they forgot that Ralph was "old man" in  
one game, and Bessy was "it" in another;  
and we all walked out to see the sun. You  
may be sure that my eye was resting upon  
my own sweet friend, Elizabeth, who is so  
timid. She walked alone out in the field,  
gathered odd little flowers, and was always  
looking in a "I-see-something-that-you-  
don't-see" kind of a way.

"Well, boys, you know God says 'I am  
a sun,' and I wish to-day we might find out  
what it means. Let's stop and think, and  
see what we know about the sun. All of  
you try and tell me something about the sun  
while we are walking over to that cool,  
shady hill."

"The sun gives light," said Tom.  
"What else gives light?" I asked.  
"The moon!" cried Alice.  
"Oh, but that's the sun's light!" cried  
Tom. "The moon's only a looking glass  
reflecting the sunlight,—the way I did in  
school the other day."

"Yes; but what else gives light?"  
"Gas and lamps!" said Tom.  
"But gas is made from coal," I said;  
"and coal was once wood that grew by  
the light of the sun, and so gas-light is sun-  
light of bygone years preserved in the earth.  
But does the sun do anything beside give  
light?"

"Heat!" cried several.  
"Well, I should say so!" said Bess.  
"Why did I bring this sack?"  
"I'll carry it," said John.  
John comes from Philadelphia. He's  
visiting here; and the boys didn't know  
what to think of this politeness. But we  
all liked him. He is so manly.

"Yes," I said, "the sun gives us heat.  
Now, boys and girls, I want you to think.  
Stop laughing and talking and fooling, and  
think. If you can't think for a few minutes,  
I don't want you to go along. We're a  
thinking society to-day. Tell me what the  
sun does."

"The sun makes the flowers grow," said  
Bess timidly.  
"Den de sun made dis daisy," said dar-  
ling Elizabeth.  
"The sun makes the clouds rise out of  
the ocean down south, and sends them to  
give us water," said Nell.  
"The sun makes the snow by holding  
back his heat," said Ralph.  
"I wish it would snow," said innocent  
Elizabeth.

"Why," cried Alice, "if the sun does all  
this, he does almost everything! I think of  
the light, and how much we need it to see,  
and of the heat, that makes the flowers and  
plants and trees blossom, and of the water  
and the beautiful clouds, the brooks and  
waterfalls and springs and everything!"  
"Yes," I said, "we must take every-  
thing and put it at the feet of the sun. It  
belongs to him."

"De sun has no feet," said Elizabeth.  
And we all laughed. But then I heard  
John say:  
"When we stop and think, the sun does  
almost everything; doesn't he?"  
"That's just it," I said. "When we  
'stop and think.' But we never do. And  
do you know that's just the way with God?  
When we stop and think, we are surprised  
that we can forget him who made us and the  
sun and the world. Now, let us remember  
that God wants us all to 'stop and think.'  
We know a great deal about him, and we  
must not treat him the way we do the sun,  
—forget all that he is doing."

Here we reached the hill, and I began to  
adjust the telescope. Tom tried to find the  
nest of a robin that flew from a maple tree.  
Ralph had gotten into mud, and was cleaning  
his shoes. Elizabeth was singing:  
"God made my life a little light,  
Within the world to glow."

and gathering a bunch of dandelions and  
daisies. John was holding Bessy's sack,  
and, with others, was watching me intently.  
Birds and flowers made the air fragrant  
and melodious, and it was a bright and  
happy day. Bow, our great Newfoundland  
dog, was following Elizabeth,—he was her  
trained nurse,—but now he sprawled on the  
grass, and rolled and growled. He was as  
happy as the rest.

"Now, what are we going to study?" I  
asked. And all answered:  
"The sun!"  
"Not exactly," I said.  
After a few minutes, while I was adjust-  
ing the telescope, Tom said, as if he were  
half ashamed:  
"God."

"That's it!" I said. "God."  
"Which would you rather know,—God or  
the sun?" I asked.  
No one answered; and I went on:

"Now, I want you all to turn your eyes  
right at the sun, and tell me how it looks."  
None of them could do it.

"It hurts!" they cried.  
"My eyes are too weak. How can we see  
the sun?" I asked.

"Through the telescope!"  
"Can you see God?" I asked.  
"No."  
"Who is the telescope that shows us our  
Father in heaven?"

Ralph said, "Jesus."  
"Ah, yes. We cannot see God; but Jesus  
has revealed him to us, his great love for us,  
and his will that we should be saved. And  
Jesus is more attractive and more useful and  
necessary than this telescope."

And I went on fixing the eye-piece.  
"Look out, sweetheart!" I said to Eliza-  
beth. Don't let the light shining through  
the telescope strike you. It will burn  
you."

Elizabeth opened her great brown eyes,  
and stood back in the grass; and Nell  
asked:  
"How can we look through the telescope,  
then?"

"We cannot," I answered. "The light  
is too strong. We look in the side of the  
telescope, and see the light fall upon a little  
glass running along across the telescope."

Tom said, "I'll look through the end!"  
And he blustered up to the instrument.  
"It will put out your eye!" I said.

"And that's the way we see God. No man  
can see God and live. You notice, a whole  
flood of light goes through the telescope;  
and we can only look at a faint little reflec-  
tion of the sun off here on the side. And so  
Jesus could have told us great truths about  
God that we were not able to bear; but he  
only told us one simple and sweet gospel,—  
about the love of God for us and his own  
loving death for us. Come here, Eliza-  
beth!"

"And I poked up the curly darling, and  
let her look at the sun first. We all stood  
still, and, after a few minutes she asked:  
"Is that God?"

"No, sweetheart. That's the sun, but  
God is as bright and lovely and good."  
"Now, Tom!" I said, as I fixed the tele-  
scope.

Tom looked.  
"The telescope is moving!" said Tom.  
"Oh, no!" I said. "You are mistaken."  
Tom looked again.

"Indeed, sir, the telescope is moving!"  
And I told them that the whole earth is  
moving, and we cannot see it until we look  
at the sun, and then we see how rapidly we  
move. And it is just the same when we look  
at God in Jesus Christ. We see that we are  
moving on into eternity. We forget it, and  
do not know how valuable time is until we  
look right at God; and then we see we have  
no moment to lose in God's service. And if  
the children knew God, they should serve  
him at once.

The boys and girls all looked at the sun,  
and I had them watch it closely. They saw  
the black spots upon its surface. They saw  
in these spots a black space in the middle,  
called the umbra, and a lighter edge around  
it, called the penumbra; and they enjoyed  
watching the flares of flame, the fringes and  
sprays, playing about the edge of the spot.  
They saw the surface of the sun looked as if  
it were moving,—little tiny spots of rice,  
rising and falling, coming and going. The  
edge of the sun had a flame bordering it.

"It is edged like the lace on Bessy's col-  
lar,—isn't it?" said Alice.  
"What a pretty little thing it is!" said  
Nell.

"I see onto little banners and streams,  
puffs and sprays and arms," said Alice.  
"See any hands?" asked Elizabeth.  
"Now, boys and girls, can you see Annie?"  
I asked. "It is five miles away."

"I think I can," said Ralph.  
"Do you see the blue mountains over  
there?"  
"Where?" several asked.  
"Over there! They are thirty miles  
away."

At last some of us thought we could see  
the mountains.  
"Now, do you think you can see the sun,  
which is ninety-one million miles away?"

They all looked thoughtful.  
"Well, I think we can," said Tom.  
"But you cannot," I said.  
Then they all rolled over in the grass and  
laughed.

"Excuse me, sir," said John very polite-  
ly; "but I think I can see the sun."  
"Oh! well," I said, of course, you see  
what you call the sun; but that is not much  
like the real sun."

"Why not?" asked Nell.  
"Well, you remember those spots? How  
large do you suppose they are?"  
"As big as you are," said Bess.  
"See there!" I said: "how little we  
know about the sun by simply looking at it.  
That spot is a hole in the outer surface of  
the sun, and is easily large enough to let  
our earth pass into it without touching the  
sides. Professor Young, of Princeton Col-  
lege, tells of one that was large enough to  
let eighteen earths like ours enter it side by  
side. You know the moon is a long distance  
from the earth (two hundred and forty  
thousand miles). But you can imagine how  
large the sun is when I tell you that, if the  
earth were at the centre of the sun, and the  
moon revolving around it, it would only be  
a little over half-way between the earth and  
the outside surface of the sun. You know  
the Himalayas are the highest mountains in  
the earth. Now, try and think of forty-five  
Himalayas piled upon one another, ris-  
ing and falling through thousands of miles.  
That is the kind of a surface the sun has."

"We do not see all that,—do we?" asked  
Nell.  
"No!" they all answered.

"So we cannot see the sun, even with a  
telescope," I said. "We can see a little  
picture of it; but the real, great, powerful  
sun we cannot see. And that's the way it  
is with God. Oh, how great he is! How  
glorious! We should always speak of him  
very reverently, for he is so mighty, so  
infinitely exalted! He made the sun and  
the heavens full of sun. And oh! my boys  
and girls, we should fear and love our great,  
great God. Now, tell me, is the sun all  
glory?" I asked.

"It has spots on it," said Tom.  
"Yes, Tom; so it has. And you will  
find that there are blemishes that seem to  
mar our God. But those spots on the sun  
are not black. They look so; but, if I had  
the instruments, I could show you that they  
are a deep cherry-red, the richest color in  
the sun; and they are not blemishes, all  
though they look as if they were. And  
that's the way it is with God. People think  
there are blemishes on his character; they  
say that sickness and death and sin and  
misery show that God is not good. But  
some time we will see these things as they

really are. If we knew how to see them, I  
am sure we would find in them perhaps the  
greatest glory of God."

We then started home. Bess asked a  
number of questions. She did not know the  
sun really is so large. I found they nearly  
all enjoyed studying about the sun, but their  
interest in God was harder to arouse. John  
was the only one who thought God was  
more interesting than the sun. He asked  
honest questions about the God of heaven  
and earth, and he said God had never before  
so entirely filled his soul with fear and  
adoration.

### Divorce in the United States.

According to the special report just sub-  
mitted to Congress by Mr. Carroll D. Wright  
on the statistics of the laws relating to mar-  
riage and divorce in the United States from  
1887 to 1886 inclusive, no less than 328,716  
divorces were granted during that period.  
Illinois heads the list with 36,072, and Ohio  
and Indiana come next with 26,367 and 25,-  
193 respectively. It is no credit to the men  
that of the whole number 216,739, or 65 per  
cent., were granted to wives, and 111,983 to  
husbands. Drunkenness is assigned as the  
cause in only 13,843 cases, but Mr. Wright  
says it is apparent that this figure does not  
represent the total number in which drunk-  
ness or intemperance was a serious factor.  
In a few representative counties the investi-  
gation was carried outside of alleged causes,  
and it was found that intemperance was a  
direct or indirect cause in over 20 per cent.  
of the whole number of divorces granted in  
those counties.

### They "Mean Business."

For many years the manufacturers of Dr.  
Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in  
good faith, \$500 reward for a case of Nasal  
Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Rem-  
edy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents.  
This wonderful remedy has fairly attained a  
world-wide reputation. If you have dull,  
heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal  
passages, discharges falling from the head  
into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery,  
and acid, at others, thick, tenacious, mu-  
cous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the  
eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if  
there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hack-  
ing or coughing to clear the throat, ex-  
pectoration of offensive matter, together  
with scabs from ulcers, the voice being  
changed and has a nasal twang; the breath  
offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensa-  
tion of dizziness, with mental depression, a  
hacking cough and general debility, you are  
suffering from nasal catarrh. The more  
complicated your disease the greater the  
number and diversity of symptoms. Thou-  
sands of cases annually, without manifesting  
half of the above symptoms, result in con-  
sumption, and end in the grave. No disease  
is so common, more deceptive and danger-  
ous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully  
treated by physicians.

Tea and coffee are well termed "luxuries  
of the grocer kind."

The progress of the ranches of the Cana-  
dian North-west is one of the satisfactory  
features of the report of the Agricultural  
Department. That besides supplying the  
local market they should have had a surplus  
of between four and five thousand head to  
export to Europe is a very substantial evi-  
dence of success. The benefit to local con-  
sumers must have been great, as will be at  
once recognized if we look back and recall  
to recollection the high prices that had to  
be given for beef in the North-west a few  
years ago, and the difficulty of even ob-  
taining a supply. It is also gratifying to  
learn that the shipments to Europe have  
given good profits when the animals were  
carefully selected and shipped. The horse  
ranches also are doing well and the quality  
of the stock is favorably noticed by visitors.  
We will be able to solve for the Mother  
Country the recurring difficulty of obtain-  
ing horses for the cavalry and militia.

Heavily embroidered shirt fronts are not  
fashionable. A small floral design, neatly  
embroidered, is permissible, however.

### A Happy Woman.

Happy is the woman without bodily ill,  
but happier is the woman who having them  
knows of the saving properties of Dr. Price's  
Favorite Prescription. When relieved, as  
she surely will be upon a trial of it, she can  
contrast her condition with her former one  
of suffering and appreciate health as none  
can who have not for a time been deprived  
of it. The "Favorite Prescription" corrects  
unnatural discharges and cures all "weak-  
ness" and irregularities.

"Man's inhumanity to man" gives the  
police force employment.  
Off No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the  
world for the throat and chest, for the voice  
unequalled. See that the letters R. & T. W.  
are stamped on each drop.

Not without its drawbacks—the toboggan  
slide.  
Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor—  
Please inform your readers that I have a  
positive remedy for the above named disease.  
By its timely use thousands of hopeless  
cases have been permanently cured. I shall  
be glad to send two bottles of my remedy  
free to any of your readers who have con-  
sumption if they will send me their Express  
and P. O. address. Resp'y, T. A. SLOCUM,  
M.C., 164 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

When we have the flood tide how does it  
get loose?

A Cure for Drunkenness.  
The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphia habit,  
nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco,  
wakening, mental depression, softening of the brain,  
etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by  
over exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength  
from any cause whatever. Men—youth, old or mid-  
dle-aged—who are broken down from any of the  
above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send  
your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's  
Treatise, in book form, of Diseases of Men. Books  
sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M.  
V. LUBON, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Ont.

Dr. Schliemann, the noted Greek archae-  
ologist and excavator, who is master of  
fourteen languages, in his youth was a sail-  
or before the mast on a German vessel. It  
is said that he gained a reading knowledge  
of English in six months of study.  
A. P. 440

### Young Men

SUFFERING from the effects of early evil habits, the  
result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves  
weak, nervous and exhausted; also MIDDLE-AGED and  
OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of  
abuse or over work, and in advanced life feel the  
consequences of youthful excess, send for and read  
M. V. Lubon's Treatise on the Diseases of Men. This  
book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of  
two 10c stamps. Address,  
M. V. LUBON, Wellington St. E., Toronto, O.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE COTTAGE PHYSI-  
CIAN, a complete Domestic Medical Re-  
ciprocal. This great work is prepared to meet the  
want of the Common People. The treatment is not  
confined to one school of medicine, as in similar  
books. Terms liberal. WM. BRIGGS, Publisher,  
Toronto.

## Economy, Equity, Stability.

# The Ontario Mutual Life,

ESTABLISHED 1870.

Assurances in force, Jan 1st, 1889.....	\$12,041,914 00
New Assurances written in 1888.....	2,518,650 00
Cash Income for 1888.....	398,074 00
Assets, Dec. 31st, 1888.....	1,313,853 00
Liabilities, as per Government Valuation.....	1,223,516 00

**SURPLUS, - \$90,337.00**

The New Business for January and February of this year is MUCH GREATER than was ever before written by the Company during the same months, while, with over \$12,000,000 on our books, the death losses have been only \$8,500!

Wm. HENDRY, Manager. W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary.

# Confederation Life

TORONTO.

THE HOME COMPANY.

## OVER \$3,000,000 ASSETS

AND CAPITAL.

SIR W. P. HOWLAND, President.  
W. C. MACDONALD, ACTUARY. WM. ELLIOT, VICE-PRESIDENT. E. HOOPER, J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL.—SAMUEL CORRIGAN, Prop. 4 Adelaide Street West. Scientific and Reliable Systems taught, whereby perfect fitting, stylish garments are produced. Write for circular with full information.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARMS. Lowest Rates. No delay. Correspondence solicited. E. W. D. BUTLER, Financial Act. Established 1887. 72 King St. E., Toronto.

CHOICE FARMS FOR SALE IN ALL PARTS OF MANITOBA.

Parties wishing to purchase improved Manitoba Farms, from 80 acres upwards, with immediate possession, call or write to G. I. MAULSON, McArthur's Block, Main St., Winnipeg. Information furnished free of charge, and settlers assisted making selection.

MONEY TO LOAN AT CURRENT RATES OF INTEREST.

When I say I CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS

A life long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address E. G. ROOT, M.C., 164 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONT.