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Poetry.

LIVE IN THE SUNSHINE.

Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom,
Carry some gladness the world to illume.
Live in brightness, and take this to heart,
The world will be gayer, if you'll do your part.
Live on the housetop, not down in the cell;
Open air Christians live nobly and well.
Live where the joys are, and, scorning, defend,
Have a good morrow for all when you meet.
Live as the victor, and triumphing go
Through this queer world, beating down every foe.
Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you!
Live on the robins and sing the day through!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Select Family Reading

Late Roses

By Mary Kyle Dallas.

THE flowers grew fair and fine under the care of the old florist, Donald McDonald. His hot house was a marvel, as, by the way, were his open beds, his little nursery—all that he kept an eye over. No window box need lack the choice of its owner, nor need any belle betake her to a ball without the flower she longed for, while Donald McDonald's white sign with its long black letters hung between the two gate-posts of his garden.

No one knew much about him. He had come to the town and taken the place from an old man who had left it, to go back to his native Scotland—a fellow countryman, and, no doubt, an old friend; but he never spoke of this, or, indeed, of anything else. It was said of him that he never spoke to any one. This was quite true. There were occasions on which a "Yes" or a "No," a grunt or an "Ah!" became necessary; more no one could get out of him.

He lived alone in his house, which a woman came to tidy once a week; and it was a pretty house, those said, who had peeped into it, and well furnished; and in its little parlor stood a low sewing chair near a work-basket on a small stand, as if some woman were expected to use it; and over the mantel hung a good portrait of a beautiful young woman. And so the legend gained belief amongst those who knew the florist, that he had lost a young wife and that her death had preyed upon him and changed him greatly. And for this reason—the world at large being much more sympathetic and kindly than we usually give it credit for being—folk pardoned Donald McDonald for his oddities and praised him for his skill in his calling.

Certainly he was not without friends somewhere, for he was always writing letters and receiving letters from abroad, with important-looking seals upon them. Only why should he be so savage with the children if one of them but thrust a dimpled hand through the palings for a blade of grass or a daisy, or caught at a fruit-blossom that the long branch put within reach? That, mothers said, was his worst trait.

But it had come to be that the children passed the florist's garden on the other side of the way, and never dreamed of peeping in at the door of the hot-house. But Donald was not parsimonious, for every Sunday he carried, with his own hands, a great basket of flowers to the church door and handed it without a word to the sexton, who placed them where all could see and admire. And also, if any poor woman in his neighborhood were ill, one too poor to dream of buying flowers, rare roses were handed in at her door, and they all knew they came from Donald McDonald. Therefore, even despite his surliness to the little children, and his silent ways, they all believed the florist to be a good man at heart.

What would they have thought of him could they have seen him sometimes in his own home, when the shutters were closed and the curtains drawn, his men gone home for the night, and no eye upon him save that, perhaps, of some of those good angels who watch and weep with poor humanity? What would they have thought had they seen him kneel before that fragile little sewing chair, his head upon its cushions, kissing them, weeping, sobbing, crying upon a woman's name at intervals, or gathering from the basket a little frock that a doll might have worn, and pressing it to his heart and folding it reverently as a Catholic might the relict of a saint, ere he replaced it, or standing before the lovely portrait of a woman that hung on his wall, reaching his arms toward it, and crying: "Come back to me, Jennie, my love, come back and forgive me?" Then they would have known, indeed, that the story of his life was a tragic one.

Ten years before he had had a lovely wife—that was her portrait upon the wall. She had been nearly young enough to be his daughter, but she loved him fondly, and they were very happy for a while. It was in Scotland that he married her, and there they lived amongst his flowers, happy as the day was long, until, one sunny afternoon, a handsome young Highland laird rode that way to buy roses. He had an eye for a pretty face, and Jennie was but a girl; she blushed to be admired. Afterward Donald could not remember which of the "trifles light as air," which are the food of jealousy, awakened his. A madness seized him. He believed her false; he called her a foul name; he accused her coarsely. That night, when he returned to his home, he found her gone; a letter lay upon the table; it read thus:

"I am innocent in word and deed; I have loved you only, nor has any man had cause to believe otherwise, but you have insulted me so that I can never look you in the face again. Good-bye for ever.

JENNIE."

There were not wanting those who believed that the elderly florist's wife had gone away with the handsome young Highlander—but Donald himself knew better. Since that day, despite the fact that the hat she had worn had been found floating in a loch near by, he had never ceased to search for her. He had written to the American consuls of foreign countries—the large correspondence, which surprised his neighbors, was all concerning his lost wife. A report that she had been seen in America had brought him here. Here, where the old story was not known, he made a home for her, believing then that she might come to dwell in it. There stood her chair, her unfinished needlework, there hung her portrait; but so many years had passed without any tidings of her—so many years—despair had seized Donald's soul and made him bitter to all mankind. This year he was more miserable than ever. He saw the marks of age growing greater in his face; he thought that somewhere on earth his son or daughter might be begging bread, for Jennie was not one of your clever women, but as clinging as any little tender vine in all his garden. He was well-to-do; he had hoarded for her sake. How he had prayed for forgiveness, yet God would not hear him. He thought himself accursed, and told himself that he was lost, soul and body, unless he might atone for his great sin. In this mood, he made no answer to the "good days" of his men when they were about to trudge homeward, and was more ready than ever to believe that, in spite of all his care, the neighbor's children robbed his flower borders.

In the darkness he walked alone down the long, broad paths of his rose-garden. The latest roses only lingered, but they were beauties. Their fragrance came to him tenderly. He sat down upon a block of stone, and the soft grass at his feet and the sweet stars above helped to sooth him.

"If she is dead she will know my remorse," he sighed, his monomania taking a more gentle turn, for he never could forget it for a moment. "Now if she could but come to me, a spirit, could stand among the roses and smile on me, then I could wait for death in peace."

Donald McDonald had in his veins the blood of ancesters who were endowed with second sight. Nothing seemed impossible to him. He stared before him, waiting for a sign, and saw a slender hand holding a rose, a hand like hers, over the top of a certain old bush. It arose between him and the starlight. His blood curled, his heart beat so that it shook his whole frame. Another rose was in the slender hand, now another. He heard a sigh. "Was she about to speak to him?" he asked himself. But then came a cough—of the earth earthly—and, springing to his feet, Donald saw what he had taken for the hand of a spirit, materialized in answer to prayer, was that of a boy who was stealing his roses, his left elbow propped upon the fence, his left hand receiving the flowers which he broke from the stems with the other.

The revulsion of feeling was too great. For an instant he grew ferocious and seized the little brown wrist in a grip that must have given pain.

"You young thief!" he roared.

The boy struggled, but held the flowers fast.

"I'll see who you are; I know some one was robbing me," said Donald, dragging him toward the house.

Once where the lamplight fell on the face of the boy, he saw that the lad was a stranger. He saw, too, that he was clad in rags and look far from well nourished, but he was beautiful, with the dark, soft beauty the sandy-haired Scotchman loved best, and Donald's fury faded before the look in the brown eyes.

"There, you may go," he said.

The boy felt his wrist released, and took a firmer grasp upon his roses.

"Thank you," he said. "May I keep the flowers?"

"If stolen goods give you joy," said Donald.

"I want them for a sick woman," said the boy. "They will give her pleasure. She will not know how I got them."

"A sick woman?" said Donald. "Why did you not say they were for a sick woman? Here!"

He went out into his garden again, and clipped and bound until a great, glowing, fragrant bunch was in his hand.

"There," said he, "come back to-morrow night. Sick—well, that is different."

"Mother will be so glad," said the boy. "God bless you."

"It's the blessing," he said, to himself. The next night he waited long for the boy. At last he saw him running toward him.

"I had an errand to do for a gentleman," he explained. "And we live far across the bridge. The flowers kept mother company all day. You don't know what you did for her."

This time some dainty fruit went with the flowers, and Donald laid his hand on the boy's head, ere they parted, with a "come to-morrow."

He did.

"I'll walk with you a bit," Donald said, this time, as the boy turned away; and, keeping by his side, they crossed the bridge and came to the poor part of the town, where miserable little shops and houses crowded together. No gardens there; no patch of sward; nothing but the sordid surroundings of those who labor for mere bread, and have no time for pretty fancies.

"Is this where you live?" Donald asked.

"Yes, though my mother if fit for a palace," said the boy.

He paused at a low door. A woman stood beside it, her arms folded in her apron.

"I'm glad you've come," she said. "My children want me. Your mother is worse. She is talking wild.

She left them, hurrying up the street and vanishing in a dingy alley-way.

The boy, with a cry of grief, rushed into the house. Donald followed. A candle flared upon the chimney-piece. On a miserable bed lay a woman, muttering to herself.

"Mother, I have come," said the boy. "Here are more flowers."

The thin hands, so like his own, clutched them.

"Flowers! More flowers!" she said. "Late roses! Where is Donald? Donald's garden used to be full of them. It was Eden—the garden of Eden! But he turned me out, and I—I was true—true to him—"

"Jennie! Oh, my God! It is my Jennie!" cried Donald McDonald, and sprang forward, and, kneeling by the bedside, lifted the wasted form in his arms.

"Jennie! My own true wife!" he sobbed. "Jennie! It is Donald! Forgive me, Jennie! Live for me! Oh, Jennie! Jennie! I have found you at last! God is merciful!"

Time glided on; autumn departed; winter snows were followed by spring buds and summer blossoms; artemisias were blooming in the florist's beds. Amongst them he walked smiling, holding the little brown hand of his boy in his own. And within the parlor, near the window, swinging to and fro in the long-treasured sewing chair, sat Donald McDonald's wife, Jennie.

She was finishing the little embroidered robe she had found in her basket, and she wore the last late roses in her bosom.

HIT AND MISS.

Why is a parson like a camel?

Because he can go on and on and never know how dry he is.

Flag—You have seen Scragg's wife; what is she like? Would you call her pretty?

Fogg—I might if I were talking to Scragg.

Old resident—Yes, I'm eighty years old and I walked twenty miles t'other day. Could you do that?

Youngster—No-o, not yet; I'm only fourteen.

Mrs. Flynn—An' phat's yer son Moike doin' now, Mrs. Cassey?

Mrs. Cassey—Shure, Moike ain't doin' anything.

Mrs. Flynn—He's got a government job.

Book Agent—Uncle, I'd like to sell you a new cyclopaedia.

Uncle Swayback—Wa-all, young feller, I'd like tur hev one, but I'm afraid I'm too old to ride the thing.

Master of the House—You might tell Maggie that this steak isn't well enough done.

Mistress of the House—You are three girls behind, John; this one's name is Norah.

Volunteer Major (excitedly)—Have you seen my baggage anywhere, Higginge?

Private Higginge—Yes, 'sir, I seed her five minutes ago walking with Parson Gassawny.

Lawyer—Did you examine this lady carefully before certifying that she was insane?

Physician—Yes, sir. I asked her age and she made herself out two years older than she was.

THE POWER OF COURTESY.

A delightful little incident appeared in the Irish Times about a monkey and a dog:

"A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady friend, one day discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ grinder, seated upon the bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him.

"The monkey, which was attired in a jacket and hat, awaited the onset in such undisturbed tranquillity that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoiter. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other; but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder.

"At this critical juncture, the monkey, which had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw, and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail drooped, and he sneaked off and entered the house, refusing to leave it till he was satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed."

How you resent it when any one interferes in that which you consider "your business!" And how often you interfere with the business of others!

The only religion a man has is that which he gives away.

Not If as Rich as Rockefeller.

If you had all the wealth of Rockefeller, the Standard Oil magnate, you could not buy a better medicine for bowel complaints than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. The most eminent physician cannot prescribe a better preparation for colic and diarrhœa, both for children and adults. The uniform success of this remedy has shown it to be superior to all others. It never fails, and when reduced with water and sweetened, is pleasant to take. Every family should be supplied with it. Sold by all druggists.

OUR WILLIE.

We often speak of "the invincible logic of facts," and certainly, if facts prove anything, they prove that wherever there is drink there is danger. They prove that education, wealth, Christian influences, a father's prayers, a mother's beautiful life, are all powerless against the destructive influence of drink. In the halls of the wealthy, as well as in the cottages of the poor, if the drink is used, it will sooner or later "bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder." Instances in proof of this crowd upon my mind as I write, and in the hope that a revelation of the sorrows of one home may avert similar sorrows from many others, I give it.

Some time since, on a specially festive occasion, I was invited to dine at a beautiful home which I had often visited before. There was a large gathering of friends, for the family had long been famous for its hospitality. I know that total abstinence had not been smiled upon there, and I was therefore surprised, on sitting down to dinner to notice the entire absence of wine-glasses. I wondered for a moment whether this was done out of compliment to myself, and I therefore asked the lady of the house if they had become abstainers since I had last visited there. I saw by the change in her face that my question had given her pain; and bending towards me, she said in a whisper, "I will explain it after dinner."

As soon as dinner was ended she took me into an ante room, and with great emotion she said, "You asked me about the absence of wine glasses at the table."

"Yes," I replied, "I noticed their absence, and was puzzled as to the reason."

With a quivering voice she said, "I want to tell you the reason, but it is a sad story for me to tell, and for you to hear. You remember my son Willie?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, "I remember him well."

"Wasn't he a bonnie lad?" she asked with tears in her eyes.

"Yes," I said; "Willie was one of the finest lads I have ever seen."

"Yes," she continued; "he was my pride, and perhaps I loved him too well. You know that we always used wine freely, and never imagined that any harm could come from it. You are aware also that our house is known as the 'Ministers' home,' and that they are nowhere more welcome than here. On Sundays I have always let the children stay up to supper, so that they might have the benefit of the conversation; and as my husband and the ministers took wine, I always gave the children half a glass—on Sunday night only. By and by Willie went to business, and I was as happy as a mother could be; I thought I had everything to make me so.

"After a time, however, I began to feel uncomfortable. I noticed when I gave Willie his good-night kiss, that his breath smelt of drink; and I spoke to him about it. He laughed at my fears, saying he had only had a glass with his friends; and I thought that perhaps my strong love for him had made me foolishly suspicious. I tried to dismiss my fears; but it was in vain, for I saw things were getting worse. There was a look in his eyes, and a huskiness in his voice, which told me he was at least in terrible danger. I didn't know what to do about it. I feared to speak to his father. If it should turn out that I was mistaken, I knew he would be vexed with me for suspecting such a thing; and if I was correct in these suspicions, I dreaded that he might take some strong measures with Willie which would end badly. So I waited, and prayed, and hoped. My hopes, however, were vain. He began to come home late at nights, his father became alarmed, and, as I feared would be the case, spoke sharply to him, and threatened severe punishment. Willie, who had a high spirit, answered his father as he should not have done, and they frequently came to high words.

"One night Willie came home quite drunk. I tried to get him to bed without his father knowing of it, but I failed. His father met him in the passage, and many bitter words passed between them. At last his father ordered him to leave the house. He went, and for months we heard nothing whatever of him. Father ordered us never to mention him, and I and his sisters could do nothing but pray that in some way God would restore him to us.

"At length one night, after my daughters and the servants had gone to bed, and while father and I were sitting reading, suddenly I heard a faint voice, which I thought sounded like Willie's.

"I dared not speak, but father looked earnestly at me and said, 'Did you hear anything?' I said I thought I did. He said, 'Go to the door and see.' I went and opened the side door, and there, looking more like a corpse than a living body, was Willie.

"I said, 'Willie!'

"'Mother,' he asked, 'will you let me in?'

"'Ay, my boy,' I replied, as I folded him to my heart; 'you should never have gone away. Come in, and welcome.' He tried to do it, but he was so feeble that I had to help him. He said, 'Don't take me into the drawing-room; take me into the kitchen. I am cold and dying.' 'No, my boy,' I replied, 'I'll soon nurse you up, and you'll be yourself again.'

"'Mother,' he said, 'I wish you would make me a basin of bread and milk, as you used to do when I was a little boy. I think I could eat that.' I said, 'I'll make you anything you want, but don't look so sad; come upstairs and go bed, and I will soon get you right.'

"He tried to walk, but fell back in the chair. I called his father, and he came. Not an angry word was spoken. They only said, 'Willie!'—'Father!' Seeing his condition, his father took him in his arms as he would a little child, and carried him up into his own bed. After a moment's pause he said, 'Father, I am dying, and the drink has killed me.' His father said, 'No, no, my boy cheer up! you'll be better soon your mother will bring you round.'

"'No, never, father. God be merciful to me a sinner!

"His head fell back, and my bonnie boy was gone!

"His father stood gazing at him with a look of agony for some minutes, and then turned to me and said, 'Mother, I see it all now. The drink has killed poor Willie, but it shall do no more harm in our house; there shall never be another drop of drink in in this house while I live.' All there was in the house was destroyed, and we parted with the very wine-glasses, and that's the reason of what you noticed to day."

Would that all those mothers who temper with drink could have heard this story as I heard it! They would not wait for their boys to perish, but would say now, as I said amidst my tears of sympathy, "God being my helper, my home shall be free from the accursed thing. I cannot give my children grace, but I can take heed not to lead them into temptation."

Reader, if you would be safe yourself, if you desire that your example should not be injurious but helpful to others, wisdom lies in abstinence.

Is some one reading this tract who has, like Willie, become the slave and victim of drink? Full well you know to what misery it has brought you. Give it up at once.

—By the Rev. CHARLES GARRET.

WHAT HE KNEW.

The lawyer shook his finger warningly at the witness and said: 'Now we want to hear just what you know, not what some one else knows, or what you think or any thing of that kind, but what you know. Do you understand?'

'Well, I know,' said the witness, with emphasis, as he leant forwird easily in the box, 'I know that Jim Clay, said that Bill Thomson told him that he heard John Thomas's wife tell Sid Smith's daughter that her husband was there when the fight took place, and he said they flung each other about in the meadow pretty considerable.'

STILL LIVING.

During a recent election the candidate for a certain county was addressing an audience. Many of the hearers questioned him, among them being an old man of about sixty. He was answered in a way that made the audience laugh, while the heckler went white with rage. Standing up he said to the candidate:

"Man, I mind o' yer faither havin' a cart an' and a donkey."

"I'm no very sure about the cart," replied the candidate, "but I see the donkey's aye livin' yet."

TERRIBLY UPSET.

"What is it, Mary?"

"It's a boy, mum, with a telegraft."

"A telegram? Oh, ask him if James is killed."

"He says he don't know, mum."

"Ask him what he knows about it."

"He says all he knows about it is that it is for you, and is there any answer—"

"Oh, dear, what shall I do? Oh, my poor James. I knew something would happen to him before he went away this morning. Will they bring him home in an ambulance, Mary?"

"I suppose so, mum. Maybe you'd better read the telegraft."

"I can't, I can't. And we've been married such a short time, too."

"Why don't you open the telegraft, mum?"

"Well, I suppose I must; but, oh, I can't tell you how I dread it." And then she read the telegram:

"Bringing friend home to dinner.—James."

"The heartless creature!" she exclaimed.

PEEVISH AND CROSS.

Peevish, cross babies are sick babies—the well baby is always happy. Perhaps there may be nothing to indicate just what is the matter, but you may depend upon it there is something troubling the little one or he would not be cross. A few doses of Baby's Own Tablets will remove the cause and make baby happy. They are a certain cure for the minor ills of babyhood. Thousands of mothers keep them continually in the house to guard against the sudden illness of baby. A Tablet now and again will keep the little one well. Mrs. James Jewers, Beaver Harbor, N. S., says: "I have given Baby's Own Tablets to my baby as occasion required since she was a day old. They have always helped her, and now at a year and a half old she has fine healthy child. The Tablets, I think, are indispensable to mothers of young children." Sold by druggists or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A SONG FOR SCHOOL.

Some boys, when they come into school,
(And some girls, too!)
I grieve to be obliged to say
That this is what they do:
They wiggle,
And jiggle;
They hang their heads,
And giggle;
They twitter,
And titter;
They bounce and flounce
And flitter,
Whatever thoughts their minds may fill,
They have no idea of keeping still.

Some boys, when they take up their books,
(And some girls, too!)
I weep to be obliged to say
That this is what they do:
They batter them,
They tatter them,
They crumple, rumple,
Scatter them;
They screw them,
They maul them;
They snatch and pull
And haul them.
It makes me very bad to state
A school book's by a wretched fate.

—Laura E. Richards.