

Children's Department.

The Best Scholar in the Class.

Lucy Morris was called the best scholar in her class at the Sabbath-school. No matter how wet the day, Lucy was always in her place; and, better still, she was always in time, although her home was some distance away. She was never known to bring an imperfect lesson.

But, unfortunately, Lucy Morris at home and Lucy Morris at school were two very different characters. Lucy was the eldest of six children; and her mother, who was a widow, had to work very hard all day to support them all. You will suppose that Lucy, being eleven years old, could take charge of the little ones, and help her mother in many ways; but, instead of being useful, she was often more troublesome through her wilfulness and carelessness than any of her younger sisters and brothers.

"Lucy, Lucy!" her mother would, perhaps, call from the foot of the stairs some Sabbath morning; "come down and help to wash the children and get breakfast ready." No answer. Lucy pretended not to hear her. Another call. Lucy opened the bedroom door about an inch, and cried, "I am looking through the chapter we are going to read with teacher at Sabbath-school, mother."

Sometimes her mother let her remain; but at times she made her come down, and then the poor little children had a hard time of it.

"Lucy is in one of her tempers," they whispered, crouching together to escape the smart slaps she distributed right and left, as she seized one after another, and roughly washed their faces and combed their hair.

Then Lucy would begin to spread the table for breakfast, setting down each plate with such a noise that you would expect to see it come in halves; then the children were dragged to their seats, and left there with a good shake;

A Tonic

For Brain Workers, the Weak and Debilitated.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate is, without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

Dr. E. Cornell Esten, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

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Horsford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

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Joy Inexpressible

Another Boy's Life Saved

Health Blighted by Scrofula and Hip Disease

Perfect Cure, Happiness and Health Given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.



Exeter, N. H.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I cannot praise Hood's Sarsaparilla enough for what it has done for my boy. Some four years ago, when six years old, George was attacked by hip disease in his right leg. We had to get him a pair of crutches, with which he was able to move about, but became badly deformed. We had to have his right leg lanced just above the knee. In a few weeks a second sore broke out, both discharging freely. Agonizing pains afflicted him, he could not bear to be moved, his growth was stopped and

He Was a Mere Skeleton.

He had no appetite, and it was hard work to make him eat enough to keep him alive. A few weeks later we had his hip lanced, and following this five other eruptions broke out, making eight running sores in all. We did all we could for him, but he grew weaker every day, although we had three of the best physicians. As a last resort we were prevailed upon by relatives who had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla with beneficial results to give the medicine a trial. We got one bottle about the first of March, 1892, and he had taken the medicine only a few days when his appetite began to improve. When he had taken one bottle he could move about a little with his crutches, which he had not been able to use for the preceding three months. We continued faithfully with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in 6 months he was

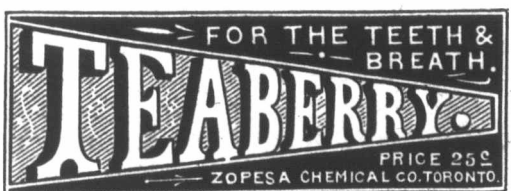
Able to Be Dressed

and go about the house without the crutches. He has now taken Hood's Sarsaparilla regularly for eighteen months, and for the past six months has been without the crutches, which he has outgrown by several inches. The sores have all healed with the exception of one which is rapidly closing, only the scars and an occasional limp remaining as reminders of his suffering.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla in his case has truly done wonders, and he is daily gaining in flesh and good color. He runs about and plays as lively as any child. We feel an inexpressible joy at having our boy restored to health, and we always speak in the highest terms of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. HENRY W. MURPHY, Exeter, New Hampshire.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.



and, finally, she would sit down to her own breakfast with a sulky face, hardly answering when her mother spoke to her.

And in this way Lucy spent her life at home.

If she could do as she liked, and was not interrupted, she was tolerably cheerful and good-tempered; but call her away from preparing her lessons,

or reading some book that had been lent her from the Sunday-school library, and she gave nothing but cross looks, and short snappish answers.

Now, children, how is it with each one of you? It is right to be regular in class; to bring perfect lessons; to love the Sabbath-school, where kind teachers tell of God's love in giving His Son Jesus Christ to die that we might be saved.

But how is it with you at home?

The Dead Leader.

Far back in the old times when there was a war between the Moors and Spaniards, the latter had a famous leader called the *Cid Campeador*, or the incomparable Lord. He gained so many battles that at last victory was considered certain whenever he appeared. Upon his death, however, the spirit of the Moors revived, and they determined to strike another blow for freedom. They besieged the city where the mighty warrior lay buried, when a strange thought struck the Spaniards. They resolved to take their dead leader from his tomb, and having arrayed him in the trappings of war, placed him once more in the forefront of the battle. On came the Moorish host, and on marched the Spaniards to meet them; but lo! at their head, on his famous war-horse as of old, rode the terrible Cid! That sight struck terror into the hearts of the invaders. They fled from the nerveless arm, the face of clay, the heart that felt no vengeance. The meanest soldier in their ranks could have done much injury, but the dead leader was powerless save for their idle fears. They fled from what had been a man; not from what was.

I once stood lost in thought beside a beautiful piece of sculpture, called *The Dead Christ*. Every voice was hushed as one after another entered the blue-draped chamber where reclined the marble upon which the artist's skill had so wonderfully wrought. I felt oppressed. Was this the Saviour I was seeking? I rushed forth and thanked God that there was a living, loving Person at His right hand to look to; a living, loving Presence to trust in. I was not following a dead leader, for "He who died for our sins according to the Scriptures, rose again according to the Scriptures." Mine was, indeed, *A Living Christ*, and I knew that where He led me I must conquer.

Two Ways.

Fred and Joe are boys of the same age. Both have their way to make in the world. This is the way Joe does! When work is before him he waits as long as he can, he hates to touch it! Then he does not half do it. He is almost sure to stop before it is done. He does not care if fault is found. He says:

"I can't help it," or "I don't care."

Fred's way is not the same. He goes straight to his work, and does it as soon as he can and as well as he can. He never slights work for play, though he loves play as well as Joe does. If he does not know how to do a piece of work well, he asks some one who does know, and then he takes care to remember. He says: "I never want to be ashamed of my work."

Which boy do you think will make a man to be trusted?

HE LOVED good bread, pie, and pastry, but his stomach was delicate.

SHE LOVED to cook, but was tired and sick of the taste and smell of lard.

She bought Cottolene, (the new shortening) and

THEY LOVED

more than ever, because she made better food, and he could eat it without any unpleasant

after effect. Now

THEY ARE HAPPY, in having found the BEST, and most healthful shortening ever made -

COTTOLENE.

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

Children

who are thin, hollow-chested, or growing too fast, are made Strong, Robust and Healthy by

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. It contains material for making healthy Flesh and Bones. Cures Coughs, Colds and Weak Lungs. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

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"St. Augustine"

REGISTERED. Chosen by the synods of Niagara and Ontario for use in both dioceses.

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