"Isn't God Good."

A merry group, consisting of mamma, auntie and three little boys, were gathered around a bright fire one winter evening. The two oldest boys were playing around, whilst little three-year-old Buford sat quietly in one corner hugging a pair of shoes, over which he was very happy and delighted. After a little while he looked up with a bright face, and the following sweet thoughts were expressedf which proved that his little mind had been busy.

"Mamma, ain't God good?" "Yes, my child, God is always good."

"Mamma, I love God and I want to give him my shoes."

His little face beamed with joy which must have come from a little heart, overflowing with grateful love to God for his goodness.

Was not this a lesson to the older ones who are so often ungrateful and forgetful of God's loving kindness?

Golden Keys.

A bunch of golden keys is mine To make each day with gladness shine.

"Good morning!" that's the golden key That unlocks every day for me.

When evening comes "Good night" I sey, And close the door of each glad day.

When at table, "If you please," I take from off my bunch of keys.

When friends give anything to me I'll use a little "Thank you" key.

"Excuse me," "Beg your pardon," too, When by mistake some harm I do.

Or if unkindly harm I've given, With "Forgive me!" I shall be forgiven.

On a golden ring these keys I'll bind; This is its motto: "Be ye kind."

I'll often use each golden key, And a little child polite I'll be. -Parish Monthly

Equal to the Emergency.

A lady tells of a funny thing that occured at her home the other day. It seems her little boy, aged five, wanted badly to go down street with he had been bad and had torn his trousers. "Sissy," aged six, listened ing a stitch in his fat flesh. The to the conversation with wide open and sympathetic eyes, and her heart was evidently with "bruvver."

The lady missed them in a few ing "Did Sissy hurt?"



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THE VOCALION ORGAN.

WHAT IS SAID OF IT.

FROM S. B WHITELEY, ESQ. ORGANIST AND MUSICAL DIRECTOR. CHURCH OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, NEW YORK CITY.

New Yory, July 20th, 1889.

MESSES. MASON & RISCH.

GENTLEMEN,-On my return to this city after many years absence, my attention has been called to the "Vocalion" Organ of two and three manuals with pedals, now manufactured by you. I consider it most admirably adapted to great uses.

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Excepting perhaps the larger Pipe Organs of the best builders, the Vocalion is in every sense pre-Yours sincerely, (Sgd.) S. B. WHITELEY.

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minutes, but was speedily informed of the whereabouts of the aggrieved pair by a shriek from "bruvver." She rushed into the next room, then sank down on the floor, confused with laughter at the funny sight. There was poor "bruvver" on hands and knees, his face wet with tears, and howling dolefully, but not shrinking from the pain inflicted upon him by sissy. That motherly young lady was just behind him, her face expressing the tenderest mamma, but was told, perhaps a little sympathy, but industriously sewing sharply, that he could not go because away at a big rent in the young man's trousers, and every now and then tak mother separated the hemstitched hero from his trousers, while the baby seamstress hovered around anxiously inquir-

A Visit To Trout Lake.

If you were asked, What is the climate at Trout Lake? you would open your map, and seeing that it is in the Moosonee Diocese, North-West America, you would answer, "It is very cold there."

And so it is for a great part of the year. But in summer it gets very hot in the daytime, so that Archdeacon Winter can hardly bear it; while at get a minute to himself. But he did the great household remedy for pain, in night it freezes.

The Archdeacon gives a most interesting account of his last visit to Trout Lake. The people there were so glad Poor things! they need something to to welcome him, and gave him a grand salute as they ran to meet him.

As he could only stay there four days, he had four services every day; and the people flocked in, and the Relief in one minute, for all pains and church was crammed! Nor was this all; they have sometimes to walk miles even for there were sixty-seven children wait- to find the berries.



THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES

When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then 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:—H. G. ROOT, M.C., Branch Office, 186 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.

ing to be baptized, and numbers of converts and inquirers to be spoken to and been many remarkable cures for deafness taught, so that Mr. Winter could hardly made by the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, not mind this, because he was so thankful to see how eager and glad the Indians were to receive the Gospel. or all pains and injuries. cheer them, for they lead very hard lives in the bitter clime, where they often have nothing to live on but a few wild berries, and no other food, Indee

A CURE FOR DEAFNESS.—There have flammation and soreness. Yellow Oil, cures rheumatism, sore throat and croup, and is useful internally and externally

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