

Children's Department.

Kingsley's Kindness.

What a true lover of nature would do might be learnt from the following story of Kingsley:—One Sunday morning, as he was entering a church where he had to preach, he suddenly stooped down, and, to the congregation's surprise, disappeared from view. They sat patiently, wondering what could have happened, but the preacher still did not show himself. A churchwarden, who went in search of him, found him in the vestry, looking closely at something which he held in the palm of his hand.

It was a half-dead butterfly. The little insect had strayed in from the sunshine through an open window, and while fluttering about had in some way injured a wing. As it lay struggling on the floor Kingsley's quick eye detected it.

His kind heart would not allow him to leave it there to be roughly brushed aside, or perhaps trodden on, so he carried it at once to a place of safety.

A Divine Plan for Every Life.

If we believe that God has a plan for us and try earnestly to follow it, will our way be always plain? No. That would make life too easy. There would be no robust quality in our faith, no real vigor and vitality in the warp and woof of our character if such were the case. It is not by an arbitrary law that we are called in this world to walk by faith and not by sight. It is an essential element in the great process of character building. To believe that God's hand is guiding us, although we cannot see it or be distinctly conscious of it, is the foundation of true spiritual development. To believe that everything depends upon God, and yet act as if everything depended upon our own efforts, is the true and only way to establish what may be called a divine individuality in our souls. The Christian ought to find no

difficulty in such a faith when even the so-called heathen philosophers have proclaimed it. Plato, in his tenth dialogue, declares that "a superior nature of such excellence as the divine shows its superiority by hearing, seeing and knowing all things, and caring for the smallest things in the world as well as for the greatest." Aristotle wrote: "It is a tradition received from of old, among all men, that God is the creator and preserver of all things, and that nothing in nature is sufficient to its own existence without His superintending protection."

Funny Things Come to Pass.

Perhaps the idea of wearing wooden socks might seem ridiculous, but it's just what some people in Germany are doing, and very nice socks they are too. The wood is reduced to a long silky fibre and made into a yarn out of which the socks are knit, making a warmer, more durable and just as soft protection as woollen ones. In a similar way the pure spruce fibre is made into the interlining called Fibre Chamois, which provides for clothing an absolute protection against raw air and cold winds because it's a complete non-conductor of heat and cold, keeping in the natural heat and keeping out every breath of cold. This fabric has also been made waterproof, so that the rain never penetrates it, and is so light in weight and inexpensive that a layer of it provides the same of comfort for all outdoor clothing.

Apostolic Succession.

We hear much in these days of the "Apostolic Succession;" some of our young readers enquire as to its meaning.

You remember that when our Lord was on earth, He gave the Holy Spirit to His Apostles, and commanded them to go into all the world to preach and baptize, saying: "I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

But those few Apostles could not, of course, spread themselves over the entire earth, nor could they live to "the end of the world."

So, through the grace given them, they imparted the same gifts which they had to others; imparted them by the laying on of hands, or Ordination.

These men ordained others, and these again still others down to our own day.

So as the gift of the Holy Ghost descends on our Priests in direct line from the Apostles' hands, it is called, "Apostolic Succession."

Here is a hymn by Dr. Neale on this subject:

"Christ is gone up: yet ere He passed
From earth in Heaven to reign,
He formed one holy Church to last
Till He should come again.

"His twelve Apostles first He made
His ministers of grace;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

"So age by age, and year by year,
His grace was handed on:
And still the holy Church is here
Although her Lord is gone.

"Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee,
Whose love to her is cold:
Bring wanderers in, and let there be
One Shepherd and one fold. Amen."

Free to Men.

Any man who is weak or nervous, can write to me in perfect confidence and receive free of charge, in a sealed letter, valuable advice and information how to obtain a cure. Address with stamp, F. G. Smith, P. O. Box 388, London, Ont.

Here and Now.

The great lesson which we all need to learn is that, no matter how few our opportunities, no matter how humble may be our place in life, it is these very opportunities we are to improve, and in this place we are to be true and useful if we ever are so. Too often we forget that it is not great privileges, or even great achievements, that necessarily make usefulness. The will to do is the great factor.

A poor stammering boy whose speech was confined to the simplest utterances, spent all his pennies for tracts which he handed to people whom he met upon the street. When asked why he did this he said:

"You know I can't speak of God as I'd like to, so I must tell about Him in some other way."

And there can be no greater usefulness than this—the doing of that which lies within one's power to do, and doing it in the best way one can.

"Those can conquer who think they can," says Emerson, and this is as true in the realm of helpfulness and personal usefulness as in that of the so-called higher success in life. "Would you be diligent in great things?" says Lessing. "Be diligent in the least." Would you find a wider field of usefulness? Earn it by showing that you can be true in the position in which you now are placed. One greater than Emerson or Lessing, or any other merely earthly philosopher, has said, "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." And these words are true, not only because they are the utterance of One whose word never fails, but because they contain the highest philosophy of life.

Mrs. General Fremont.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, in her story of "The Guard," a body of young men who followed "The Pathfinder" into the civil war and made a brilliant record for their courage and gallantry, tells a pathetic little story of a dumb beast who also was loyal and courageous.

While the guard—a body of cavalry—was drilling one day near St. Louis, a little fox terrier followed one of the men, Herr Wisa, a Hungarian officer, going with him to camp. He could not be driven away.

The men all made a pet of him and named him the "Corporal;" but, though he was affable to them all, he made the Hungarian soldier his companion and friend, sleeping at his feet at night and following him by day.

When the guard made their memorable charge at Springfield, Mo., the "Corporal" charged with them, keeping beside his master's horse throughout the battle. Herr Wisa was wounded and fell apparently dead in a thicket. The corps swept past, his horse fled, wild with terror, but the little "Corporal" nestled close beside him, licking his face and trying to rouse him.

There the dog remained through the bitter cold night. When morning came, he ran to the distant road, and by his frantic barks and cries induced a passer by to enter the thicket.

The man, seeing only a cold, stiff body, supposed the soldier to be dead and would have hurried on, but the "Corporal" furiously drove him back and would not be silenced until he saw his master move and speak, when he crouched, dumb and contented, at his feet.

The Honest Cabman.

One day, while he was Chancellor, Lord Eldon took a hackney coach to convey him from Downing Street, where he had been attending a cabinet meeting, to his own residence. Having a pressing appointment, he alighted hastily from the vehicle, leaving papers containing important Government secrets behind him. Some hours after the driver discovered the packages, and took them to Hamilton Place unopened, when his lordship desired to see the coachman, and, after a short interview, told him to call again.

The man called again, and was informed that he was no longer a servant, but the owner of a hackney coach, which his lordship had in the meantime given directions to be purchased, and presented him, together with three horses, as a reward for his honour and promptitude.

No Dogs Allowed on the Cars.

It happened the other day on the Lehigh Valley railroad. The train had just left Easton, and the conductor was making his first round, when he observed a small white dog with a bushy tail and bright black eyes sitting cosily on the seat beside a young lady so handsome that it made his heart roll over. But duty was duty, and he remarked his most deprecatory manner:

"I'm very sorry, but its against the rules to have dogs on the passenger cars."

"Oh, my! is that so?" and she turned up two lovely brown eyes at him beseechingly. "What in the world will I do?"

"We'll put him in a baggage car, and he'll be just as happy as a robin in spring."

"What! put my nice white dog in a dirty baggage car?"

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss, but the rules of this company are inflexible."

"I think its awful mean, and I know somebody will steal it," and she showed a half notion to cry that nearly broke the conductor's heart; but he was firm, and sang out to the brakeman:

"Here, Andy; take this dog over into the baggage car, and tell 'em to take the best kind of care of him."

The young lady pouted, but the brakeman reached over and picked the canine up as tenderly as though it was a two-weeks-old baby, but as he did so a strange expression came over his face, and he said hastily to the conductor:

"Here, you just hold him a minute," and he trotted out at the car door and held on to the brake wheel.

The conductor no sooner got his hands on the dog than he looked around for a hole to fall through.

"Wh-wh-why, this is a worsted dog?"

"Yes sir," said the miss demurely. "Didn't you know that?"

He laid the dog down on the owner's lap, and walked out on the platform, where he stood half an hour in the cold, trying to think of a hymn-tune to suit the worst sold man on the Lehigh Valley road.

Elsie's Temptation.

One warm summer afternoon, Elsie Roberts came running into the room where her mother sat sewing.

"Oh, mamma," said she, amid hugs and kisses, "I'm so glad! To-morrow I will be six years old, and then I

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