

Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas. Lediard, Supt., Owen Sound, Ont. to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

WIARTON, Jan. 29th, 1894.—Dear Mrs. Lediard: You have not had a report from the "Cheerful Givers" of Wiarton for a long time. We have at present forty members on the roll, but of course the average attendance is considerably less. We have not a very large amount in the treasury at present, but we hope to increase our funds at Easter, when we intend giving another cantata.

Wishing all the bands a prosperous year, I remain, on behalf of the band,
E. LULU SMITH, Sec.

BOWMANVILLE, Jan. 25th, 1894.—Dear Mrs. Lediard: It is about time you had a report from the "Coral Workers." We have been very busy since re-opening in September. Our membership is now fifty-six, with good attendance. Ten of our members have recently united with the church. Since our last report some changes have been made. Mrs. Baughman kindly consented to take the place of leader, with Miss Manning as assistant leader. We have a sewing circle meeting every Saturday at half past two, and work till four o'clock. This work is looked after by Miss Manning and Miss Burke. We had a Thanksgiving entertainment, consisting of recitations, singing, etc., from which we realized \$10.70; \$3.20 of this was given by the children. We were asked about six weeks before Thanksgiving to make an extra effort to earn some money for missions, and we were to put a note in the envelope with the money telling how it has been earned, and at the close of the entertainment these were read, and proved quite interesting. We are sending by the mail to Miss Fleming fifteen dollars, the amount raised since September. We are doing so nicely with our band since the work is shared by others, and everything seems so prosperous, that we have taken courage and intend to go on to greater things. I hope all the bands will be able to send good reports. MABEL WALSH, Sec.

KILSYTH, Feb. 3d, 1894.—Dear Mrs. Lediard, the "Cheerful Givers" of Kilsyth have been silent so long that perhaps you think we have gone out of existence, but that is far from being the true state of affairs. For a few months, circumstances were too many for us, and so the mission band was postponed, but not dead by any means. Since the New Year began we are meeting regularly every Saturday afternoon, and doing good work for so small a band, and such young children. There are only twenty members, all under the age of twelve. They are busy hemming towels and other small articles, and selling them to the neighbors to raise funds. They have gathered one dollar in this way since New Year's, which they are sending to Miss Riach themselves, with a nice children's letter. They wish to show their appreciation of her labor of love among Japanese children. We trust we will be able to send in a nice little sum to the treasurer before next report.
B. F. HERALD.

Many times during my life in China did the question come to me: Do the Chinese realize all that it means to be a Christian when they once acknowledge that they have left their idols and worship God, and do they know by actual experience what it is to get victory over the enemy in every-day life? This question was answered for me about five months ago, and perhaps it will interest you to know about it.

About nine months ago, I was in need of a woman to do my work, and the Lord sent me one who I knew had heard the Gospel and professed to be a Christian. A few days after employing her she told me she was trying to be a Christian, but that her temper was so strong that she could not help getting angry when things went wrong, and knew she always got so discouraged and felt she was not a "Jesus disciple." She asked me to pray for her, that she might get victory and never get angry again. I did this and constantly saw that she was really striving to be patient and willing to do whatever I asked of her. She never once lost her temper.

However, one morning while staying with a friend my woman was asked to do a piece of work she very much disliked, and before I knew about it I saw something was wrong, so I asked her and she told me in great anger that she could not do it. It wasn't her work, so she thought, and it was beneath her. I felt now was the time to get the victory, and I lifted my heart in prayer to God for guidance. After a few moments I explained to her why it was her duty to do the work, and said could she not for my sake do it. "No, Mrs. Saw," she said, I cannot. I don't mind the work itself, but it puts me in a position of being a lower servant than I really am, and I cannot stoop so low." Presently the thought came to me to ask her "for Jesus sake" to do it, and I did, telling her how He stooped so far down to us, and saved us, and could not she, too, deny herself and for His sake do it; and I shall never forget how happy and determined she looked as she lifted her head and said, "Yes, I'll do it for Him." Thus the victory was won and it did my soul good to feel and know that some of these people really know the blessed privileges they have in Christ. I also felt if these souls who have so little light thus realize God's power to keep, how much more we, who have been brought up in Christian lands, ought to be able to live a Christ-like life, and try, when we are tempted and tried, to raise the banner of victory and say, "For Jesus' sake I'll conquer."—ELLA F. SAW, in *Missionary Intelligencer*.

Don't.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the great inventor, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of *Pilgrim's Progress* was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind and Kitto was deaf.

Don't snub a boy who seems dull or stupid. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was slow at learning and did not develop as soon as most boys.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub any one. Not alone because they may far outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.—*Christian Advocate*.

If your appetite for kind of food is completely gone try K. D. C., it creates an appetite, makes good blood and gives the dyspeptic strength.

Jimmie State, and the Little Bird's Prophecy.

BY AGNES.

CHAPTER VII.

One evening, just as the short day was darkening down into the night, Jimmie entered his father's house, his school bag over his shoulder. The day had passed pleasantly; spelling and long division and nouns and adjectives had not been as much trouble as usual and his heart was blithe with the day's success.

As soon as he came in he saw his mother was crying, but that was nothing new, and did not trouble him as much as the look of added depression on his father's worn face. "What's the matter, dad?" he asked, taying his arm over the bent shoulders and butting his head against his father in an awkward boyish caress.

"Trouble is no stranger here, Jimmie, my boy," said the father sadly.

"Well, what is it, anyhow," Jimmie insisted.

"I may as well tell you now as any time. There's a mortgage on this farm, I hadn't ought to have wanted such a big place. Me and my brothers all made that mistake. Well, I borrowed money long ago, before you were born, and I haint got it paid back. Last summer, I needed a new machine; it cost seventy-five dollars. I borrowed money from a bank and Mr. Anderson went my security. Then the horse died before I got the money paid on the machine, and I had to buy another and pay cash; it cost thirty-five dollars. Then the man who holds the mortgage turned up and wanted some money. So the seventy-five dollars didn't go for the farm machine, but for the horse and the mortgage interest. Now, the bank is going to sue me for that seventy-five dollars."

"You can't pay it, can you?" Jimmie knew what the answer would be.

"No, I can't pay it."

"Who will have to, then?"

"They'll make Mr. Anderson pay it," answered his father remorsefully.

"I suppose he seen it was a charity sum, I was so hard pushed, or he wouldn't a put his name to my note," he added bitterly.

Jimmie's heart beat painfully hard and his throat felt tight, but he stood up brave and said:

"Never mind, father, I'll pay him back every cent; he shan't lose no seventy-five dollars by you."

"I believe you will, my boy; you're made of good stuff, better 'n smarter than your old daddy."

"Give up the place, State," said his wife, "give it up. Don't fight any longer or it'll kill you. Give it up; there's plenty of day work to be had, either in mills or in other people's places."

"Mebbe I'd better, mebbe I will," her husband answered slowly, "there ain't much room for an unsuccessful man in this world. I'll go out and see to the critters before supper." He rose stiffly, lighted a lantern, and went out, Jimmie following him.

Poor Jimmie! He wanted to comfort his father, but he didn't know what to say; he couldn't bear to talk about the day's pleasantness that he had been so full of a short while ago. He had to content himself with speaking very cheerily to the animals as one after another was attended to. He did not know that the mere presence of his buoyant youth was comfort and hope and strength to his father's weakness.

The evening had set in rainy and foggy. Mr. State was shivering when they reached the house again.

"My, but it is chilly," he said, cowering over the stove.

"I hope you ain't ketchen' cold, State," said his wife, anxiously.

"Mebbe I am, mebbe I am," he answered.

He had caught cold, a very serious cold, that soon developed into an alarming illness, and he seemed to have either no strength or no desire to fight the disease.

"You must hold on, Mr. State," remonstrated the doctor. "If you don't hold on to life, I can't do much for you."

"I ain't got no life left to hold on to, nor yet no sperrit to hold on to life," said the sick man wearily.

In a few days, the weariness and burden of life were laid down forever, and the face, worn and old before its time, looked singularly young and smiling.

The clergy have tried K. D. C. and recommend it to take away that felling of oppression and over-fullness. Read testimonials, and try K. D. C.

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Worth their Weight in Silver but Sold for Less.

The microscope has shown that every cutting edge is a saw edge, and that the keenest rasp simply has the finest teeth—but it has been reserved for a new inventor to apply this well-known fact to practical use. The CHRISTY BREAD KNIFE has an edge running in perfect curves, and sharpened from one side only, and when the edge is used on warm or light bread it divides it without crumbling or crushing it. This not only adds much to the neatness of the pantry and the table, but it saves a good deal of the refuse in cutting bread for waffles, toast, etc. The CHRISTY CARVING KNIFE is as much superior to any other carving knife as the bread knife is superior to the bread knives heretofore in use.

The PARING KNIFE is concaved slightly, or rather ground to a straight razor edge. It, like the other knives, has a skeleton steel wire handle by which it can be conveniently hung up when not in use.

For cutting bread, cakes, pies, salads, cucumbers in thin slices, and fruit for display, these knives have no equal, being especially adapted to these purposes.

Can you cut new bread—really warm—into thin slices? No, you cannot with an ordinary knife, but with "that Wonderful Christy Bread Knife" it is easier than cutting stale bread with any other knife. It is the only one made that will cut bread perfectly, and it will cut hot bread as nicely as it will cold. It is not a machine, but a knife, and when used only for cutting bread will not require sharpening for years. When necessary sharpen with steel or whetstone like an ordinary knife.

MRS. EMMA P. EWING, late Professor of Domestic Economy in the Iowa Agricultural College, Iowa, and now in charge of the School of Cookery, Chataqua, N. Y., writes:

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This is our offer:—

1. Any one sending us ONE new subscription to the EVANGELIST, and \$1.50, will receive a set of the Christy Knives by mail, all charges paid.

2. Any one sending TWO new subscriptions to the EVANGELIST, and \$2.25, will receive a set of the Christy Knives, all charges paid.

3. Any one sending THREE new subscriptions to the EVANGELIST, and \$3.00, will receive a set of the Christy Knives free, all charges paid.

We hope to send out many sets of these knives, and we are confident that none who get them will be disappointed.

Now, friends, let us hear from you soon and often.

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