

Children's Department.

"Little Pillow."

O. Lord Thou knowest."—Jeremiah xv. 15.

This little text has been a comfort to many a sorrowful child as well as to older persons. Things are not always bright with the little ones, and they do not always get as much sympathy as they want, because their troubles are not exactly the same sort as those of grown up people. Has there been something of this sort to-day, dear little one? Have you felt troubled and down hearted, and you could not explain it to any one, and so no one could comfort you, because no one understood? Take this little pillow to rest your tired and troubled little heart upon to-night: "Thou knowest." Thou, LORD JESUS, kind Shepherd of the weary or wandering little lambs, Thou knowest all about it. Thou hast heard the words that made me feel so bad; Thou hast seen just what happened that troubled me; Thou knowest what I could not explain; "Thou understandest my thought;" Thou hast been looking down into my heart all the time, and there is nothing hid from Thee. Thou knowest all the truth about it, and Thou knowest all that I cannot put into words at all.

It is not comfort already just to know that He knows it? And is it not enough to know that He knows? Why, you know that He can do anything; so, surely, He can make things come right for you—really right, not perhaps what you fancy would be nicest and most right. And that you know that He careth—that is, goes on caring—for you; so, if He knows about your trouble He cares about it too. And He not only cares, but loves, so that He would not have let this trouble touch His dear child, when He knew about it all the time, but that He wanted it to be a little messenger to call you to Him to be comforted, and to show you that He is your best friend, and to teach you the sweetness of saying, "Thou knowest."

"Jesus is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?"

"Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead—
To the thirsty desert
Or the dewy mead."
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

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Three Naughty Puppies.

Three puppies, one day,
To their ma did say,
"Do, please, give us leave
To wander away."
"The day is so fine,"
Said their ma, "You may,
But, my children dear,
You must not go near
The pool in the field,
So deep and so clear."
Then off went the three,
As gay as could be,
And came to the pool
So glassy and cool.
And when they looked in,
What, think you, saw they?
Three other puppies!
Let's join them at play."
They jumped from the brink,
And in they all fell,
But drowned they were not,
I'm happy to tell.
And when they got home,
All dripping and cold,
Oh! didn't their mother
Both grumble and scold!

Pretty Story from Fatherland.

The Germans have a story which the
home-loving people love to repeat. A
father, when his daughter became a
bride, gave her a golden casket with
the injunction not to pass it into other
hands, for it held a charm which, in
her keeping, would be of inestimable
value to her as the mistress of a house.
Not only was she to have the entire

care of it, but she was to take it every
morning to the cellar, the kitchen, the
dining-room, the library, the bed-room,
and to remain with it in each place for
five minutes, looking carefully about.
After the lapse of three years the father
was to send the key that the secret
talisman might be revealed. The key
was sent. The casket was opened.
It was found to contain on old parch-
ment, on which were written these
words: "The eyes of the mistress
are worth one hundred pair of servants'
hands." The wise father knew that
a practice of inspection followed faith-
fully for three years would become a
habit and be self-perpetuated—that
the golden casket and the hidden charm
would have accomplished their mission.

IT SAVED HIS LIFE.—GENTLEMEN,—I
can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of
Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life
when I was about six months old. We
have used it in our family when required
ever since, and it never fails to cure all
summer complaints. I am now fourteen
years of age. FRANCIS WALSH, Dalkeith,
Ont.

FOUR YEARS IN SAWYERVILLE.—"For
four years I had pimples and sores
breaking out on my hands and face
caused by bad blood. Medicine from
the doctor was tried without avail, but
after using two bottles of Burdock Blood
Bitters I am well." MISS MABEL LIND-
SAY, Sawyerville, Que.