

them were the three figures of the worshipping kings from the East. Behind her stood Corentine, the holy Bishop of Cornwall, and Germoe the king. In the panels to the right and left were the figures of other saints; below were the four Latin doctors: Jerome, Gregory, Augustine, and Ambrose, and the four evangelists; and there, beneath this lovely canopy of carving and colour, was that altar, which the good priest hoped would bring so many blessings to the wretched people to whom he had been sent to minister.

"At the least, I will daily pray for them here," he said.

When the tumult about the arrival of the stone occurred, and her husband went out to assist in moving it, Mistress John Pengersek had stood a little back with her daughters, and had watched all the proceedings as well as the friar. She had not particularly noticed him, until his deep voice had joined in the last words of the chanted Psalm; then, with a start, she looked at him; why, she hardly knew, but the voice seemed in some way familiar to her ears; but assuredly he was a stranger. She had never seen those thin resolute lips, and keen dark grey eyes before. She could not recognize in the gaunt, miserable-looking brother any trace of the handsome young soldier of thirty years before. All she felt was a great compassion, when she saw his emaciated frame, and heard the hollow cough that told so well what was coming soon.

When all returned from the chancel the friar was gone, and though John Pengersek lingered for a few moments, hoping to speak to the vicar again, that good man knelt on in absolute forgetfulness of everything but his altar and his God, and they passed out of the church, and mounting their steeds, with much jingling of bells and rattling of men's accoutrements, they took their way back again towards Pengersek Castle.

The summer days passed on, and morning by morning Brother Huberd resumed his work. The gigantic figure of the Christ-bearer, with the Holy Child sitting on his shoulder, was nearly finished.

(To be continued.)

THE CHANGED CROSS.

There is a poem called The Changed Cross. It represents a weary one who thought her cross was surely heavier than those of others

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Christopher's face as he bent under the miraculous weight of the little Child, and struggled onwards with his mighty staff through the waters. The painter had caught the secret of the expression of longing and half-awakened comprehension, and had put all the yearning of his own heart into his work.

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about her, and wished that she might choose another instead of her own. She slept, and in her dream she was led to a place where many crosses lay—crosses of divers shapes and sizes. There was a little one, most beautiful to behold, set in jewels and gold. "Aye, this I can wear with comfort," she said. So she took it up, but her weak form shook beneath it. The jewels and the gold were beautiful, but they were far too heavy for her.

Next she saw a lovely cross, with fair flowers entwined around its sculptured form. Surely that was the one for her. She lifted it, but beneath the flowers were piercing thorns which tore her flesh.

At last, as he went on, she came to a plain cross without jewels, without carving, with only a few words of love inscribed upon it. This she took up, and it proved the best of all, the easiest to be borne; and as she looked upon it, bathed in the radiance that fell from heaven, she recognized her own old cross. She had found it again, and it was the best of all, and lightest for her.

God knows best what cross we need to bear. We do not know how heavy other people's crosses are. We envy some one who is rich. His is a golden cross, set with jewels; but we do not know how heavy it is. Here is another cross twined with flowers. If we could try all the other crosses that we think lighter than ours, we should at last find that not one of them suited us as well as our own.

"BEHOLD, I AM ALIVE, FOREVERMORE."

[Rev. 1:8.]

This new life, the life that has conquered death by tasting it, which has enriched itself with a before unknown sympathy with men whose lives are forever tending towards, and at last all going down into the darkness of the grave—this life stretches on and out forever. It is to know no ending. So long as there are men living and dying, so long above them and around them there shall be the Christ, the God-man who liveth and was dead, and is alive forever more.

As you sit thinking of man's fragmentariness, his certainty of death, his doubt about a future, let this voice come to you, a voice clear with personality, and sweet and strong with love: "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and am alive for evermore." "He that liveth!" And at once your fragment of life falls into its place in the eternity of life that is bridged by His being. "He that was dead!" And at once death changes from the terrible end of life into a most mysterious but no longer terrible experience of life. "He that is alive for evermore!" And not merely there is a future beyond the grave, but it is inhabited by One who speaks to us, who went there by the way that we must go, who sees us and can help us as we make our way along, and will receive us when we come there.

I am sure that in the Bible some-

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thing is promised, some close, perpetual association of the souls of Christ's redeemed to Him, which, over and above the likeness which is to come between their souls and His, shall correspond in some celestial way to that close, visible, tangible proximity with which they sat by one another at the table in the upper chamber. The "seeing His face," the "walking with Him in white," in heaven, are not wholly figures. What they mean those know to-day who through the lapsing years have gone from us one by one to be with Christ.

Phillips Brooks.

First Symptoms of Paralysis

Should Warn You to Revitalize the Wasted Nerve Cells by the Use of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Though paralysis is dreaded by everybody, some do not recognize in nervous headache, sleeplessness, irritability and low spirits the indications of nervous exhaustion which point to paralysis as the final outcome.

Whatever else you may neglect do not allow the nervous system to become exhausted and run down.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most potent nerve vitalizer known to science to-day. You can use it with positive assurance that each dose is bound to be of some benefit to you in building up the system and preventing nervous prostration and paralysis.

Mrs. S. J. Schooley, 12 Arthur Ave., St. Thomas, Ont., states: "I was troubled a great deal with nervousness, severe headache and sleeplessness and at times a sort of numb feeling would come over me. I was in constant fear of paralysis as the doctors told me my trouble was exhaustion of the nervous system. I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and soon noticed a great improvement. Now I can say that my nerves are completely restored, I sleep very much better, and the distressing feeling of numbness has disappeared."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

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