

## Children's Department.

### Cecil's Story of the Dove.

"Out from among the cowslip leaves the glistening eyes of a snake watched her, as if ready for a spring, and there where other reptiles crawling among the ferns and on the moss. As I looked before me I could see the water was filled with rougher and sharper stones than the one the boat had run against, and which had caused her fall. It was well, though, for had she passed the first stone safely, she would surely have been dashed to pieces on some of the large sharp rocks. She was frightened when she saw all the dangers around her, and the willow branches too seemed to make it very dark. Poor little girl, she gathered up the faded blossoms and threw them from her; kneeling down she folded her hands, and I could hear her saying:

"Only Thou my Leader be,  
And I still will follow Thee."

"The dove floated down by her, and she reached out her hand in joy and stroked its feathers. Then with a smile she turned her boat around. 'Twas not easy, for the stream was narrow and stony, and the current running strong and fast the other way, so that the boat would not float by itself, as it had done before.

"O, how shall I go?" I heard her say. The dove flew on and looked back for her to follow. But the boat would not move, and little Dorothy began to cry in fear the dove would leave her.

"A shadow, or rather a ray, like a sunbeam, that had always followed her, came close now. I saw it was a beautiful white creature, like the angel that had spoken to me. I could hear her saying, 'Dear child, do not cry, but go to work. You came here by yourself, and only by your own will and exertions can you get back to the broad, safe river.'

"Dorothy looked up hopelessly. I could hear her say, 'I want to go back very much, and I will work; but how can I make the boat go against the current? See the snakes are coming nearer; I am so afraid,' and she began to cry afresh.

"The beautiful angel put into her hands two oars, saying, 'Patience and obedience will have their perfect reward. Be brave.'

"Little Dorothy began pulling her boat towards the dove, who sat on a hawthorn bush waiting for her to come.



**INFANTILE  
Skin & Scalp  
DISEASES  
cured by  
CUTICURA  
Remedies.**

**FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING** the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 30c.

The rocks were so numerous, and the current so strong, that when she would move a little, it would be carried back again. I thought she never would get to the dove, but she turned her little tearful face up to the sky, and I heard her say, 'O make me strong.'

"Who is she talking to?" I asked, and the angel that had spoken to me said, 'She is speaking to her nearest and most dearest friend, the holy Son. He will hear her; see, He is letting her angel help her now.'

"The angel had bent over Dorothy's left arm, which seemed unable to row. She took hold of the oar, it was a gray one, and had on it in bright letters, 'Obedience.' The angel soon made the oar move lightly, and the boat went slowly on.

"Dorothy worked away at the oars, and did not see the angel helping her at all. Her right arm seemed very strong, for she pulled the brown oar with 'Patience' written on it much more easily than the gray one.

"Even after the little boat had reached the hawthorn bush, and left the rocks behind, it could not move on fast, as it had ever done before; the current kept drawing it back whenever Dorothy tried to rest her tired arms. At such times the dove would hover over her, and then go before a little way, as if to encourage her, and each time she saw the soft white wings fluttering she would work harder at the oars. I asked, 'Why must Dorothy go on when it is so hard?' And the angel said, 'She is sailing to her Father's home, where He is waiting and watching for her. She has turned out of the way that leads to His home; if she were to go on, the stream would soon lead her to rough, stormy seas, where if she should try to land, wild beasts would tear her to pieces. The holy Dove would be frightened away in such rough places, and I fear poor Dorothy would never reach her Father's happy home.'

"Do you think she will now?" I asked. 'Yes,' said the angel, 'if she is patient and does what the dear Father tells her, He will help her, and she will surely reach there safely, and the dove will not leave her, but will guide her while she is using her oars faithfully and trying to get back to the broad river.'

"But it is such hard work," I said, 'and Dorothy only a little girl, her strength must soon be gone.' The angel said, 'Remember, she is not alone, for she would surely fail. She has the holy dove to guide her, the Son to help her, and the Father is ever watching over her. He hath said, "My strength is made perfect in weakness."'

"Dorothy worked so steadily at her oars that the boat moved almost as fast as before on the water, but she looked very white and sad, as if she had changed much since she left the broad, smooth river. But I thought her sweet face was more beautiful with its sad, earnest look, than it was when she started off on the voyage just a bright, merry child.

"The farther they went the more steadily and easily the boat moved. Now I could see a gentle smile on Dorothy's face sometimes. But the dangers were not all passed yet, for just as surely as Dorothy would rest her arms, or become less watchful, a glistening snake would glide down from the bank and reach towards her with its horrible fangs. The dove would flutter round her, and beat its

wings to make her see a stone against which she had almost run, or a shallow place where the boat would surely have been held fast in the sand or mud.

"The place all looked changed since she passed it before. The sun, which then shone bright and clear, was now hidden behind dark gray clouds; the air was chill and damp; everything seemed dull and miserable, and I could not help wishing she had never left the clear river; but she worked on bravely, following the dove even when he led her right under a thorn bush that bent so low over the water that it scratched and tore her hands and arms till the blood trickled down on her soiled clothes. It did not stain them, but when it fell on the dark spots the flowers and fruit had made, it washed them away.

"Just after the thorn bush was passed, while she was still smarting from its wounds and looking very weary, the sun suddenly came out, throwing soft golden rays on the mossy banks. In one place, a fallen tree covered with vines bright with red berries offered a very tempting resting place. The breeze stirred the leaves gently, and a little bird with bright feathers was singing a merry song. I saw Dorothy look at the spot with such a wistful longing, I felt sure she would stop and rest, and I thought that could be no harm, she would be able to work so much harder after a little rest. She looked so tired I am sure she was thinking so too, for she held the oars idly, as if she was going to stop, and I think she would have done so but for the dove, who fluttered its soft wings in distress, and flew on a little way, as if urging her not to stop. One moment she looked at a soft, mossy seat, with the cooling breeze, and listened to the merry song of the little bird, then with a sigh she turned her face away, and, fixing her large eyes earnestly on the Dove, she rowed steadily towards him.

"I said, 'Why could she not stop to rest?' She is so tired, and surely there could be no harm in sitting on a mossy bank.'

"There is no harm in a mossy bank,' said the angel; 'but she must let the holy Dove guide her, or she will never reach her home. If she does just what is told, she will be safe from many troubles and dangers that she does not even know of. Look carefully and you will see one that she has been saved from even now.' I looked and saw the shaggy mane of a lion, as it crouched against the very log that would have been Dorothy's seat, had she yielded to her own wishes instead of the dove's leading. I was so glad.

"It seemed very hard for her to row for a while after leaving the mossy bank. She did not see the lion as I did, so she had no idea what might have happened if she had rested on the shady seat, and I think she kept wishing in her heart for the lovely spot. The weeds clung to her oars, and made them heavy and hard to move, and she seemed so weary, I was afraid she would give up trying and be carried away from the broad river and the holy Dove. Even the branches of the trees were drooping with the heat and hanging so low she could hardly force her way under them.

"She will soon give up; she cannot keep on, I am sure,' I cried. But the angel smiled, and said, 'The Father will not suffer her to bear more than she is able. Look!' and I saw the little boat had slipped suddenly,

from under the branches and among the reeds, and was on the clear, broad surface of the river.

To be Continued.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester N.Y.

A BOON TO MANKIND.—The quickest, surest and best remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, soreness and lameness, is Hagyard's Yellow Oil. It quickly cures sprains, bruises, burns, frostbites, chilblains, etc. For croup, colds, quinsy, etc., take 10 to 30 drops on sugar, and apply the oil externally also, when immediate relief will result.

## 300 WATCHES EXACTLY ALIKE

now coming to us. Don't believe it, do you say—it's only advertising talk! We admit that it is not every day one can see such an array of any particular brand of Watch. We say further, no other establishment, either wholesale or retail, in the Dominion of Canada can show such, but we can, and next week you may see them for yourself in our north window.

On this Watch we are making a phenomenal cut—the quantity does it. It is a genuine Waltham stemwinding pendant-setting movement in a Sterling Silver stiffened patent dustproof case. It's not an old style, it's the newest Watch made by that world-renowned Company. We are selling it at \$10 in a plain or engine-turned case, and \$10.35 in a fancy engraved case.

Everybody knows the high reputation enjoyed by the Waltham Co. Further, do you suppose, without having satisfied ourselves as to its efficiency (remember we are practical watchmakers) we would saddle ourselves with such a stock of these Watches, or run the chance of ruining our reputation in 300 different directions for what little we can make of them?

The Watch is all and will do all that we represent.

## RYRIE BROS.

Jewelers,  
Cor. Yonge & Adelaide Sts.,  
TORONTO.