

Children's Department.

A LITTLE TRAVELLER.

A little traveller am I,
Upon a road that looks
As pleasant as the flowery paths
Beside the summer brooks.

I may have very far to go,
No one can tell, they say:
For some the way is very long,
For some ends in a day.

I've gone a very little way,
And yet I can't go back
To pick up anything I lost
Or wasted on the track.

And if I careless pass each stone,
I mayn't my steps retrace,
And so I need a Friend all through
To keep me by His grace.

For there are snares I do not see,
I am a foolish child;
Then, Jesus, I will ask Thee now
To keep me undefiled.

My feet from falling, keep, O Lord!
My heart from wandering wide;
Until the last stone passed, I dwell
For ever at Thy side.

THE LEGEND OF THE TWO SACKS.

There is a beautiful ancient legend that tells of an old man who was in the habit of travelling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back, and another in front of him.

What do you think these sacks were for? Well I will tell you.

In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were quite hid from view—and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging round his neck, under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people knew he had committed, and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing—just like himself—a sack in front, and one behind. He went up to him, and began feeling his sack.

"What have you got in here, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop, don't do that!" cried the other; "you'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked number one.

"Why my good deeds," answered number two. "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them, and take them out and air them. See, here is the half-crown I put in the plate last Sunday; and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl; and the mittens I gave to the cripple boy; and the penny I gave to the organ grinder; and here is even the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing-sweeper at my door; and—"

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveller, who thought his companion's good

deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut," said number two; "there is nothing I care to look at in there! That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said number one.

Number two frowned. He had never thought that though he had put what he called his "mistakes" out of his sight, every one else could see them still! An angry reply was on his lips, when happily a third traveller—also carrying two sacks, as they were—overtook them.

The first two men at once pounced on the stranger.

"What cargo do you carry in your sacks?" cried one.

"Let's see your goods," said the other.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger; "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"Your sack looks nearly touching the ground. It must be a pretty weight to carry," observed number one.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship, or wings to an eagle—it helps me onwards."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little good to you," said number two, "for it appears empty; and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did it on purpose," said the stranger; "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through, and is lost. So you see I have no weight to drag me down backwards!"

Dear children, which of these travellers would you rather resemble? I think the last of the three was the happiest, and made most other people happy.

If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

THE TWO THREEPENNY-PIECES.

What a little thing a threepenny-piece is! I am going to tell you about two threepenny-pieces.

Once upon a time there was a threepenny-piece lying on the floor. An idle little boy saw it and picked it up. He knew it was not his, and yet he slipped it into his pocket, and determined to spend it on himself.

The money was soon gone, and then he wanted more; and he stole a shilling. Still he was not contented, for as soon as the shilling was spent he determined to steal another, and yet another, till he became a regular thief.

At last he grew so wicked that he actually committed a murder in one of his robberies, and in consequence was caught and hung.

When he came to die, he said that he looked back on his stealing that threepenny-piece as the beginning of all his downward course of misery and crime.

How sorry that threepenny-piece must have been to be so mis-spent!

Then there was another threepenny-piece. It was not stolen, but a lady gave it to a little boy, who determined to spend it on some Missionary work.

So he bought some tracts with it, and put them into a box of things that were being sent out to a Missionary in India.

Now when this box arrived at the Missionary's house, the son of a great chief happened to be staying with him, and as the lad had been taught by the Missionary's wife to read, she gave him one of the tracts.

The reading of that tract was, by God's blessing, the means of leading that young chief to become a Christian, and when he went back to his home he took the tract and many others with him to scatter among the people of his native place. They were read by multitudes, and in one year from that time fifteen hundred people in that neighbourhood had given up the worship of idols, and were inquiring about the religion of Jesus. And if a little boy with a single threepenny-piece could do so much good, surely nobody can be too young, or too poor, to work in God's vineyard.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—have advised many ladies to try your "Favorite Prescription" and never see it fail to do more than you advertise.
Yours truly, MRS. A. M. RANKIN,
141 Bates St., Indianapolis, Ind.

A VALUABLE LESSON.

A successful business man says there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen which were afterwards of great use to him, namely, "never to loose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper with certain instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose I loose it; what shall I do then?"

The answer was with the utmost emphasis, "You must not loose it!"

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to."

"But I say you must not happen to! I shall make no provision for any such occurrence. You must not loose it."

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on

his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay.—Interior.

Young, middle-aged or old men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send two stamps for large treatise, giving successful treatment. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

WITHIN THE FOLD.

The Rev. W. G. Peel, of Masulipatam, gives us an interesting account of a young Sudra, named Ramayya, who after an absence of more than two months suddenly reappeared.

He asked for baptism in August, 1881, and though steadily refusing to return to his relations, was enticed away and locked up, and it is believed, drugged (that is, stupefied with a kind of a medicine). In the following November, he came back looking wretched and ill. Again he asked for baptism, which he was promised if he would not be ashaemd of his Saviour. Again his relations came, saying he was mad, but the doctor said he was not mad, but he was afraid the poor fellow had been drugged by his friends.

A few days after, Ramayya went to the weekly prayer-meeting, and on the last Sunday in that month, during the early morning service, he was received into the Church of Christ by baptism. Let us earnestly pray for these converts, who have so often to give up father, mother, wife and children for the kingdom of God's sake. Of such the Saviour has said, "They shall not lose their reward." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life."

REV. H. SHIRIN, Bowdley P.O., Ontario, like hundreds of others who have been cured of cured of catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma, consumption, and all diseases of the head, throat and lungs, says: "The Spirometer, invented by M. Souville, of Paris, ex-side surgeon of the French army, and the medicines and treatment prescribed at the International Throat and Lung Institute, have cured me completely of consumption (first stage) or advanced bronchitis after everything else failed." Consultations and a trial of Spirometer free. Those unable to come to the institute, or see our surgeons, who visit all the principal towns and cities of Canada, can be successfully treated by writing, enclosing a stamp for a copy of our *International News*, published monthly, which will give you full particulars and references, which are genuine. Address 173 Church Street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips' Square, Montreal.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. JAMES was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of Consumption. His child is now in this country enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that Consumption can be positively and permanently cured. The Doctor now gives this recipe free, only asking two three-cent stamps to pay expenses. This herb also cures night-sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1082 Race Street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.