

me to the farm. I know what mamma did when I once hurt myself, and I can do the same for you."

The boy could hardly believe her in earnest; but after trying in vain to persuade her to leave him and follow the rest, he yielded, and they went back to Highfield together.

If Ellen's memory had been busy, so had James's; and when he saw how cheerfully the little girl gave up her pleasure for his sake, conscience became busy too, and bitterly reproached him for the past. But James had not yet enough true courage to tell Ellen that he felt he had done wrong, and to ask her forgiveness.

In the meanwhile Ellen got warm water, in which she bade him place his wounded hand, and then when the pain was much relieved, she asked the servant for a piece of sticking plaster to cover the cut.

There was none in the house; Mrs. Grantley had gone with the nutting party, and it was a full mile to the nearest druggist's shop. Ellen was tired too, but she wished to complete her work of charity, and she accordingly asked James if he would wait at the farm for a little while, as she wished to go somewhere else before she went back to Brierly Wood.

"Yes," James said, quite manfully; "I would wait all day for you, if I never got to the wood at all."

Away sped Ellen to the town, and once at the druggist's, she did not hesitate to change her only sixpence—saved a penny at a time for a particular purpose—in order to pay for the plaster. She was delayed a little on her way back, for two horses had stationed themselves close by a gate, and were in no hurry to move to allow her to open it. Very tired was she when she entered the farm kitchen again, but not for a moment did she regret the trouble she had taken.

James was sitting patiently, and a glad smile crossed his face as he saw his little friend's foot on the threshold. "Now for a pair of scissors," said Ellen, as she took the plaster out of her pocket.

"Why, Miss Ellen," said the servant, "you've surely never been to the shop for that. How tired you must be! But you are the dearest, kindest little thing—"

Ellen laughed and snipped away at the plaster, and soon had James' hand very nicely covered and bandaged. Many were the boy's words of thanks; but they were awkwardly expressed, and he seemed as though he was ashamed to look his little doctress in the face. "Shall we go back to the wood?" he asked, when all was done.

"I don't know, I am tired; but you can go, you know," said Ellen.

"Not without you," was the answer, and James resumed his seat, from which he had sprung up, intending to go to the wood.

Ellen vainly tried to persuade him to leave her, and at length she resolved to walk thither, that she might not prevent James from going.

The boy said that he did not know the way through Brierly Wood; but he knew it quite far enough for them to get plenty of nuts, and as they walked thither, he was considerate towards his tired companion who had wearied herself on his account. He was conquered by the strongest of all weapons, kindness. At length they reached the wood, and James was about to draw down the bough of a

nut tree, when Ellen exclaimed, "See the rag is coming off your hand. Let me tie a handkerchief around it."

James put his hand into his pocket, and drew out—not the handkerchief he wanted, but Ellen's pretty scarf! She had never thought to see it again, but now she saw it and cried—"Oh James how could you keep it? You know how long I was seeking my scarf, and the thought how displeased mamma would be has made me uncomfortable all the day."

Ellen had borne James' unkindness in the morning, but now, when the knowledge of this new mischief came after all her self-denial on his account, it was too much. She burst into tears and sobbed bitterly.

James was now thoroughly humbled. "Please, dear little doctor," said he, "do forgive me. You have been all that is kind, and I have been a cross good-for-nothing lad; but I am sorry now, and I will try and be like you for the future, so that people may love me. There is your scarf, Ellen. It is not a pin worse. I kept it back at first, just to tease you a little, but I meant to give it to you before you went home. Afterwards, when I was in such pain, I forgot all about it."

Ellen was silent for a few minutes. Yet, once again, a right feeling conquered. She held out her hand, saying, "I believe you, James, and I forgive you, I'm sure, for having been unkind. Let us try to forget all about that. I dare say if I had worn my scarf ever since morning it would look very differently now; so perhaps it is a good thing it fell into your hands."

The children went on a little way together, and gathered what nuts they could, and very soon they met Mr. Grantley. "Where have you been, little truant, and where are your nuts?" said the kind farmer.

The other young folks laughed at sight of the meagre stock of fruit that James and Ellen could show, and exhibited their own well-stuffed satchels. But Mrs. Grantley's eye was attracted by the bandage on her nephew's hand, and asked how it came there. Then James told all about Ellen's kindness, self-denial, and the long walk to the town which she had taken.

Ellen blushed while he spoke, but it was very pleasant to her to hear Mrs. Grantley's thanks, and to see how pleased she was at what had been done for her nephew. Then Mr. Grantley interfered. "We cannot help your being tired, my dear child," said he, "or make up for the loss of your walk in the woods, but we can share our spoils with you."

As he spoke he began to empty the contents of his pockets into Ellen's satchel, and the children, too, poured in nuts till it was quite full. Then Ellen shared hers with James, and again the youngsters filled up her satchel, so after all they were pretty equally supplied with nuts all round.

There was a happy group round the farmer's tea-table that evening, and it was wonderful how the nice cakes disappeared when we consider all the nuts that had been eaten in the wood. James Gardiner was so good-humoured and well behaved, too, that nothing spoiled the pleasure of the meal.

"If we could but find your scarf, Ellen, and cure James' hand, there would be nothing to regret," said Julia Warner. "But there is sure to be something after every party."

"James has given me my scarf,"

said Ellen. She did not tell why he had not told her that it was in his pocket.

The boy looked grateful for her forbearance, and added, "My hand will soon be well, thanks to Ellen. She has been trying to do me good in more ways than one."

A happy party went home from Highfield that night, but I do believe Ellen Young was the happiest of them all; because, though she no longer wished to be rich in order to give away money, that her almsdeeds might be praised and talked about, she had learned how great is the reward which even a little girl may receive from her own conscience, when she tries to practise that charity which "suffereth long and is kind."

THE RAW CUTTING WIND of winter bring to the surface every latent pain. It is one of the strange things associated with our physical well being that the very air, without which we could not exist, is heavily laden with the germs of disease. Rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, and other complaints of a similar character hold revel at this season of the year amongst human nerves and human muscles. There was a time when fortitude alone could make life tolerable, but now with the advent of powerful, penetrating, and nerve-soothing remedies pain becomes a thing of a moment. The best the most powerful and most certain pain cure is Polson's NERVILINE. Nothing equals Nerviline for penetrating power. Nerviline is beyond comparison the grandest discovery for the relief of pain offered to the public. Druggists sell a sample bottle for 10 cents; large bottles only 25 cents at any drug store.

LENT.

We want to say a few words to the boys and girls, and we will begin with a story. "George," said a good missionary to a small African boy, "don't you think God wants to save you from your sins?" "Yes, sir." "If God wants to save you, why doesn't He do it? He is the Almighty, why doesn't He do whatever He wants to do?" After a little reflection, the boy slowly and seriously replied, "Mr. Taylor, it is because I won't let Him."

The little fellow gave the right answer; he spoke the truth, just what he felt. "But what has the story to do with Lent?" you ask. Just this. We celebrate in Lent the great work the Lord Jesus did to save us from our sins; how He first fasted, and prayed, and was tempted of Satan; and then was betrayed, and scourged, and crucified—all just that He might be our Saviour. And now He wants you to "let Him" save you; that is, to take Him for your Saviour.

It is like this: just as it would be if a kind gentleman were to go to some poor little child, living in a miserable hovel in poverty and wretchedness, and were to say to her, "My child, will you give yourself to me to be my little daughter, and let me be your father? If you will give me the right to do just what I choose with you, I will take you out of all your misery and make you safe and happy. But I cannot do anything for you unless you let me."

Just this is what the Lord Jesus wants to do for you. And for some of you we know He has done it. But there are others—poor little, restless, unhappy children—who will not let

Him do this. They are busy about other things, perhaps; too busy even to think of Him; or else, they do not know about Him, and just what it is that He wants to do for them; or, perhaps it is for some other reason. But whatever it may be that has kept you from saying "Yes" to the dear Saviour when He has asked you before to let Him be your Saviour, will you not say "Yes" now? This Lent you are going to hear about all that He did and suffered for you. Will you not decide at its very beginning—its very first day, Ash-Wednesday—that he shall have your heart, and that you will do whatever He shall tell you to do? He will come into your heart at once, just as soon as He hears you say "Yes," and then He will teach you all about Himself, and make it very plain to you what He wants you to do.

And oh, how safe and happy you will feel! When you are in trouble you will think, "I belong to Jesus; He will comfort me." When you are afraid or in danger you will think, "I belong to Jesus, He will take care of me." When you are perplexed about something, and don't know what to do, you will think, "I belong to Jesus, He will show me." When you have done wrong, you will think, "I belong to Jesus, He will forgive me."

Doesn't this show what a sweet and blessed thing it will be for you to take Jesus for your Saviour?—*Parish Visitor.*

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallet & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and other kindred habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send 6c. in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

PROHIBITION AND POLITICS.—The anti-liquor question is a strong plank in the political platform, and one safe to lay hold of. All intoxicating beverages are safest when let alone, even in medicine. Burdock Blood Bitters is not a bar beverage, but a strictly pure medicine, reliable for diseases of stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys and blood, and will not aid in making drunkards.

FROM MANITOBA.—In a letter, from James Irwin, Beaver Creek, Manitoba, he says, "I was taken ill last summer with a very severe pain in my back. By using one bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil I was completely cured." Yellow Oil also cures lumbago, rheumatism and all external and internal pains.

—Divine providences are dark, but the Divine promises are light. And the very billows that swell and surge around you shall but uplift and cast your soul more entirely upon the Rock that is higher than you.

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