

off somewhere to visit one of her young friends that the colored hostler Joe did not think her absence of sufficient importance to report it to the family when he carried the stable key into the house.

So poor, little Daisy lay on the grass and she suffered so much. Bruno stayed by her and whined and wagged his tail as if he was very sorry for her, and even his sympathy was a comfort to the child.

After awhile the full moon rose, and shone brightly over the plains, and Daisy did not feel so frightened as she had done at first. She put on her thinking cap, and tried to plan some way to let the family know where she was.

At last she had it! She took her handkerchief from around her ankle, which had stopped bleeding now, and put it between Bruno's teeth; then she patted his neck, saying:

Bruno, good fellow, my dear old doggie, I will be very lonely while you are gone, but won't you carry this handkerchief home to my Uncle John, and when he sees the blood on it, won't you try to make him understand that his little Daisy is hurt?"

Bruno whined as if he knew what she meant, and then he trotted off as fast as his four feet could carry him.

It was a long way, and he could not get there very soon, but when he did reach home the family had not retired, but were laughing and talking on the front gallery.

Bruno marched straight up to Uncle John and gave him the handkerchief as he had been bidden, and whined piteously.

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed all the aunts together.

But Uncle John, who understood dog language better than the ladies did, said briefly:

"Daisy has been hurt. I will get the carriage and bring her home."

So his brother Henry, who was a doctor, went with him, and Bruno ran before them to show them the way.

Daisy was very weak when they got there and her uncle Henry said she had fever; so they lifted her very gently into the carriage and took her home and put her to bed; and Uncle Henry put plaster of paris around her broken ankle, and she had to lay quite still in bed for weeks until the fracture was healed.

Her aunts and uncles and her grandmother were very kind to her, and did everything they could to make the time pass pleasantly for her while she was in bed; but in spite of all they could do the confinement to the house went very hard with the active, restless child.

When she was getting well, Aunt Ellen said to her one day:

"Daisy, when you are able to go out again, do you think you will be wild any more?"

"Oh, no, Aunt Ellen," and Daisy's eyes filled with tears; "I think all this trouble came from my breaking my promise to you. But you may rely on me this time, Aunt Ellen, when I tell you I am going to be a quiet steady girl hereafter."

"I will help you," said Aunt Ellen softly.

It is hard to overcome one's natural inclinations, but with Aunt Ellen's assistance and by constant prayer, Daisy Madison succeeded in becoming quite a noble character.

A LITTLE BOY'S SERMON.

This must be a sermon because it has a text:

"I keep my body Under."

Little Bertie Blynn had just finished his dinner. He was in the cozy library, keeping still for a few minutes after eating, according to his mother's rule. She got it from the family doctor, and a good rule it is. Bertie was sitting in his own rocking chair before the pleasant grate fire. He had in his hand two fine apples, a rich red and a green. His father sat at a window reading a newspaper. Presently he heard the child say:

"Thank you, little master."

Dropping his paper he said:

"I thought we were alone, Bertie. Who was here just now?"

"Nobody, papa, only you and I."

"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank you, little master'?"

The child did not answer at first, but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said:

"I'm afraid you'll laugh at me if I tell you, papa."

"Well, you have just laughed, and why mayn't I?"

"But I mean you'll make fun of me."

"No, I won't make fun of you, but perhaps I'll have fun with you. That will help us digest our roast beef."

"I'll tell you about it, papa, I had eaten my red apple, and wanted to eat my green one, too. Just then I remembered something I learned in school about eating, and I thought one big apple was enough. My stomach will be glad if I don't give it the green one to grind. It seemed for a minute just as if it said to me, 'Thank you, little master,' but I know I said it myself."

"Bertie, what is it Miss McLaren has been teaching about eating?"

"She told us to be careful not to give our stomachs too much food to grind. If we do, she says it will make bad blood, that will run into our brains and made them dull and stupid, so that we can't get our lessons well, and perhaps give us headaches, too. If we give our stomachs just enough work to do they will give us pure, lively blood that will make us feel bright and cheerful in school,—Miss McLaren says that sometimes, when she eats too much of something that she likes very much, it seems almost as if her stomach moaned and complained; but when she denies herself and doesn't eat too much it seems as if it were thankful and glad."

"That's as good preaching as the minister's, Bertie. What more did Miss McLaren tell you about this matter?"

"She taught us a verse one day about keeping the soul on top. That wasn't just the words, but it's what it meant."

At this papa's paper went suddenly right up before his face. When in a minute, it dropped

down, there wasn't any laugh on his face as he said:

"Were not these the words, 'I keep my body under'?"

"Oh yes! that was it; but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul is on top."

"Of course it is, my boy. Keep your soul on top, and you'll belong to the grandest style of man that walks the earth."

MARRIED.

SAMPSON-PETHICK.—At St. Paul's Church, Charlottetown, on 10th ult., by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, assisted by the Rev. S. Weston-Jones, Rector of Charlottetown, Rev. W. H. Sampson, Rector of Milton, to Etta, daughter of the late William T. Pethick and step-daughter of Hon. Thos. W. Dadd.

DIED.

FLEWELLING.—"Fell-on-sleep," at Douglastown, N.B., June 11th, Ernest Edw. only son of the Rev. E. P. and Sarah J. Flewelling, of Brandon, Man., aged 11 months.

MORGAN.—Entered into rest, on Tuesday, the 19th of June, Sarah Elizabeth Martin, the beloved wife of E. W. Morgan, Manager of the Bedford Branch of the Eastern Townships Bank.

"With Christ, which is far better." HARRISON.—At Bedford, on June 18th, Mr. James Harrison, aged 84 years.



ROYAL
FULL WEIGHT
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 Wall St., New York.

WANTED

A CAPABLE

ENERGETIC CHURCHMAN

AS

General Traveling Agent
FOR THIS PAPER.

Good Opening for Competent and Experienced Man.

Address with references and stating previous engagements.

"THE CHURCH GUARDIAN,"

P.O. Box, 504,
MONTREAL.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

In 1888 "The Living Age" enters upon its Forty-fifth year, having met with constant commendation and success.

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE, it gives fifty-two numbers of sixty-four pages each, or more than Three and a Quarter Thousand double-column octavo pages of reading matter yearly. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its great amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a completeness nowhere else attempted.

The best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Serial and Short Stories, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature and from the pens of

The Foremost Living Writers.

The ablest and most cultivated intellects, in every department of Literature, Science, Politics, and Art, find expression in the Periodical Literature of Europe, and especially of Great Britain.

"The Living Age," forming four large volumes a year, furnishes from the great and generally inaccessible mass of this literature, the only compilation that, while within the reach of all, is satisfactory in the COMPLETENESS with which it embraces whatever is of immediate interest, or of solid, permanent value.

It is therefore indispensable to every one who wishes to keep pace with the events or intellectual progress of the time, or to cultivate in himself or his family general intelligence and literary taste.

Published Weekly at \$8 a year, free of postage.

LITTELL & CO.,

31 Bedford Street, Boston.

Excelsior Package DYES!

Are unequalled for Simplicity of use, Beauty of Color, and large amount of Goods each Dye will color.

These colors are supplied, namely:

Yellow, Orange, Rosine, (Pink) Bismarck Scarlet, Green, Dark Green, Light Blue, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Brown, Black, Garnet, Magenta, Slate, Plum, Drab, Purple, Violet, Maroon, Old Gold, Cardinal, Red, Crimson.

The above Dyes are prepared for Silk, Wool, Cotton, Feathers, Hair, Paper, Basket Wood, Liquids, and all kinds of Fancy Work. Only Scented packages.

Sold by all first-class druggists and Grocers and Wholesale by

THE EXCELSIOR DYE CO.,

C. HARRISON & CO.,

15-17 Cambridge, King's Co., N.S.

ELIGIBLE FARM FOR SALE.

One Hundred and Twelve Acres—highly productive. Good House and Barn. Near Railroad, Church and schools, and in the most cultivated and beautiful portion of the Eastern Townships, Province of Quebec. Will keep 18 cows and team of horses. Price low and terms easy. Address

15-17 "FARM," GUARDIAN OFFICE.

WANTED

PASTOR OR DEACON, unmarried, as Assistant in large Country Parish on line of I. C. R. Must be musical, and sound Churchman. Good testimonials required. "Rector," Box 140, Petitediac, N.H.

THE

CHURCH GUARDIAN

THE

BEST MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISING

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, C.