

JACK'S MISSION.

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.

Had you not better stay at home, to-day, Jack?" said Mrs. Harwood, a little anxiously, looking out at the dull, leaden sky. "I fear that you may have a snowstorm to come home in."

"But I'm neither sugar nor salt, mother dear!" was the cheery answer. "And, you know, I've set my heart on having no absent marks this term."

"Well, if it should storm very hard, you had best go to Uncle Joe's for the night."

"All right, mother! If only you won't worry about me!"

The boy kissed his "little mother"—he was almost as tall as she, now—buttoned his jacket closely, and throwing his satchel across his shoulder, went out into the foggy weather.

A walk of three miles lay before him, for settlers were comparatively few, and school-houses far apart. The distance did not seem long to Jack, however, for he was too well used to it.

"Dear mother!" he said to himself, fondly, as he walked on with rapid, swinging step, that sent the warm blood tingling to his fingers' ends, "she wants to make a baby of me, and I am almost old enough now to begin to take care of her!"

Mrs. Harwood had been right in her conjecture, for as the day went on, the clouds grew thicker, the wind rose, and the snow began to fall.

By the time the afternoon session was over, it was already nearly dark. Jack looked doubtfully out into the storm, scarcely knowing whether to take the homeward path, or the opposite direction towards Uncle Joe's, only a mile and a half away. Having decided on the latter course, he set bravely out, but soon found that he had far underrated the violence of the storm. The wind, which had risen to a gale, blew the cutting, blinding particles of snow directly into his face. The early darkness closed about him. It had grown bitterly cold, and the rapidly drifting snow blotted out not only his own footprints, but all traces of the beaten roadway. There were no fences to guide him, and he could not see a yard before his face. Forced to hold his cap with one hand, while the other grasped the strap of his heavy book satchel, he felt both growing benumbed. He strove to catch the friendly light in Uncle Joe's window. In vain! not a ray of brightness rewarded his anxious gaze. He felt that he must have walked for miles. Could it be possible that he had missed his way? Horror seized him at the thought, and he dropped upon his knees in the snow.

"Oh, God! for my mother's sake, help me!" he cried.

Rising, he staggered on. Could that be the bark of a dog? Yes, yes! he was not mistaken.

"It must be Uncle Joe's 'Prince'!" he thought, joyfully. A great, black creature—not Prince, surely—came bounding towards him through the snow. The dog, whining piteously, tugged at the boy's jacket. Yielding readily to its guidance, Jack soon found himself at the door of some dwelling. There was no light within but a faint voice bade him "Come in!"

The room seemed cold and fireless as he entered, and the voice explained:

"I am all alone. My husband left me on business yesterday, and last

night I was taken very ill. I cannot get up. My little girl is here with me in bed—she has cried herself to sleep with hunger and cold."

All Jack's own suffering was forgotten in a moment. Under the sick woman's direction, a lamp was soon lighted, and a cheerful fire kindled on the hearth. Now he could put into practice what he had learned in "helping mother." A slice of nicely-browned toast and a cup of hot tea revived the sick woman. The little girl awoke and stretched her arms to him, quite unafraid, at sight of the bowl of bread and milk in his hand.

When his own supper had been eaten with a raging appetite, and the fire carefully covered, he lay down before it on the hearth, wrapped in blankets, and ready to spring up at the slightest call.

With the morning, the storm had ceased. A passing sleigh was signaled, and dispatched for neighbors and physician, and at their coming Jack was relieved from his faithful watch.

How his mother wept and smiled together, as she heard the story.

"Surely you were not lost, my dear boy! You were led by a way you did not know. God, who heard your prayer for help, gave you not only your own safety, but the blessed privilege of saving others."

CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

A gentleman was once lecturing in the neighborhood of London. In the course of his address he said, "All have influence; do not say that you have none; every one has some influence."

There was a rough man at the other end of the room with a little girl in his arms.

"Everybody has influence, even that little child," said the lecturer, pointing to her.

"That's true, sir," cried the man. Everybody looked around, of course, but the man said no more, and the lecturer proceeded.

At the close the man came up to the gentleman and said:

"I beg you pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard, but as I did not like to go to the public house alone, I used to carry this child. As I came near the public house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said, 'Don't go, father!' 'Hold your tongue, child,' 'Please, father don't go,' 'Hold your tongue, I say.' Presently I felt a big tear fall on my cheek. I could not go a step farther, sir. I turned round and went home, and have never been in a public house since, thank God for it. I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all; and when you said that even she had influence, I could not help saying, 'That's true, sir; all have influence.'"

YOU CAN'T READ THIS without wishing to investigate, if you are wise. Send your address to Hallet & Co., Portland Maine, and you will receive, free, full information about work that you can do, and live at home, wherever you are located, at which you can earn from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. Capital not required; you are started free. All is new. Both sexes; all ages. Snug little fortunes await all workers.

THE HONEST INDIAN.

An Indian, being among his white neighbors, asked for a little tobacco to smoke, and one of them having some loose in his pocket gave him a handful. The day following the Indian came back, inquiring for the donor, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that, as it had been given to him, he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here, and the good man and a bad man here, and the good man say, 'It is not mine, I must return it to the owner,' the bad man say, 'Why he gave it to you, and it is your own now,' the good man say, 'That's not right, the tobacco is yours, not the money,' the bad man say, 'Never mind, you got it, go buy some dram,' the good man say, 'No, no, you must not do so.'"

"So I don't know what to do, and I think to go asleep, but the good man and the bad man keep talking all night, and trouble me: and now I bring the money back I feel good."

AS IF BY MAGIC.—This is always the case when Polson's NERVILINE is applied to any kind of pain; it is sure to disappear as if by magic. Stronger, more penetrating, and quicker in action than any other remedy in the world. Buy a bottle of Nerville to-day, and try its wonderful power of relieving pain of every description. Pain cannot stay where it is used. It is just the thing to have in a house to meet a sudden attack of illness. Only 25 cents a bottle. Sample bottles only 10 cents, at any drug store.

INJUSTICE CORRECTED.

CONVINCING VERIFICATION OF WIDECOST PUBLIC STATEMENTS.

To the readers of the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

In common with many publishers and editors, we have been accustomed to look upon certain statements which we have seen in our columns as merely adroit advertising.

Consequently we feel justified in taking the liberty of printing a few points from a private letter recently received from one of our large patrons, as a sort of confession of faith to our readers. We quote:

"We have convinced ourselves that by telling what we know to be true, we have produced at last a permanent conviction in the public mind. Seven years ago we stated what the national disease of this country was, and that it was rapidly increasing. Three years ago we stated that a marked check had been given it."

"The statistics of one of the largest life insurance companies of this country shows that in 1883 and 1884, the mortality from kidney disorders did not increase over the previous years: other companies stated the same thing. It is not presumptuous for us to claim credit for checking these ravages."

"Seven years ago we stated that the condition of the kidneys was the key to the condition of health; within the past five years all careful life insurance companies have conceded the truth of this statement, for, whereas, ten years ago, chemical analysis to determine the condition of the kidneys was not required, to-day millions of dollars in risks are refused, because chemical examination discovers unsuspected diseases of the kidneys."

"Seven years ago we stated that the ravages of Bright's Disease were

insignificant compared with other unsuspected disorders of the kidneys of many misleading names; that ninety-three per cent. of human ailments are attributable to deranged kidneys, which fills the blood with uric acid, or kidney poison, which causes these many fatal diseases.

"The uric acid, or kidney poison, is the real cause of the majority of cases of paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, convulsions, pneumonia, consumption and insanity; over half the victims of consumption are first the victims of diseased kidneys."

"If the doctors would state in official reports the original cause of death, the people of the country would be alarmed, yea, nearly panic stricken, at the fearful mortality from kidney disorders."

"When the recent death of an honored ex-official of the United States was announced, his physician said that although he was suffering from Bright's Disease, that was not the cause of death. He was not frank enough to admit that the apoplexy which overtook him in his bed, was the fatal effect of the kidney poison in the blood, which had eaten away the substance of the arteries and brain; nor was Logan's physician honest enough to state that his fatal rheumatism was caused by kidney acid in the blood."

The writers of the above letter give these facts to the public simply to justify the claims they have made, that "if the kidneys and liver are kept in a healthy condition by the use of Warner's safe cure, which hundreds of thousands have proved to be a specific, when all other remedies failed, and that has received the endorsement of the highest medical talent in Europe, Australasia and America, many a life would be prolonged and the happiness of the people preserved. It is successful with so many different diseases because it and it alone, can remove the uric acid from the blood through the kidneys."

Our readers are familiar with the preparation named.

Commendation thereof has often appeared in our columns.

We believe it to be one of the best, if not the best ever manufactured. We know the proprietors are men of character and influence.

We are certain they have awakened a wide-spread interest in the public mind concerning the importance of the kidneys. We believe with them that they are the key to health, and that for their restoration from disease and maintenance in health, there is nothing equal to this great remedy.

The proprietors say they "do not glory in this universal prevalence of disease, but having started out with the purpose of spreading the merits of Warner's safe cure before the world, because it cured our senior partner, who was given up by doctors as incurable, we feel it our duty to state the facts and leave the public to its own inferences. We point to our claims, and to their public and universal verification with pride, and if the public does not believe what we say, we tell them to ask their friends and neighbors what they think about our preparations."

As stated above, we most cordially commend the perusal of this correspondence by our readers, believing that in so doing, we are fulfilling a simple public obligation.

The eyes by humors which affect them. Sarsaparilla, to the digesting the blood every scrofula.

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