

shelter for His head. Think of this! Cecie! You love me because you know I love you. But what about your other Father, whose love is so much more mighty, so much more tender? Do you love Him and try to please Him?"

"Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me! It brought my Saviour from above, To die on Calvary."

Follow Me.

Speaking to some of the little girls in my class one day, I asked them what two words the Lord Jesus said to Philip when He found him.

"Follow Me," was the prompt reply.

"Then," said I, "those two words also apply to you. What is your answer?"

One said, "I mean to follow Him some day." Another, "I should like to follow him." But one little girl did not make any answer. She was very attentive and thoughtful, and so our little class broke up.

The next Sunday the silent little girl put a small note into my hand, which ran as follows: "I came to Jesus this afternoon, and my answer to that question is this: I will arise and follow my own dear Saviour."

"Thy Mercies Have no Date."

When the Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of King James I., married the young Elector Frederick, she had to leave our happy country, and to find a new home in the famous castle of Heidelberg. She had, however, a few English gentlemen to take office in her household. Among these was her cup-bearer, Francis Quarles.

He was a good man, and he tried to do good by writing useful books. In one of these books he has written several prayers, and among other things he has beautifully said, "Lord, Thy mercies have no date."

When you write a letter you put a date to it, which shows the day and month and year when it was written. If you know the date of a man's birth, and date of his death, you can take the one from the other, and then you can tell exactly how long he lived in this world of ours. But God's mercies "have no date." You cannot fix a time when they began, for they are "from everlasting." You cannot fix a time when they will end, for they are "to everlasting." They are like God Himself, "from everlasting to everlasting." He was a God of Love in all eternity past, and He will be a God of Love throughout all eternity to come.

Have you any share in His mercy? It is "upon them that fear Him." Have you begun to fear Him? Are you walking in His fear? Then you may rejoice and give thanks, because "His mercy endureth for ever."

A Search for Happiness.

BY SACHER-MARSOCH.

Once upon a time three brothers lived alone in a great forest not far from the sea. One day the eldest said to his brothers:

"Beyond this forest is a chain of mountains and at the foot of the mountains are wide, fertile plains."

Then the second brother said in his turn:

"Not far from this forest is the great blue sea and across the sea are many great rich towns."

But the youngest said: "Could there be a lovelier spot than this?"

Where else could one find trees so tall and green as here—and the birds—how they sing all day."

"Let us go away," said the eldest again, "and seek for Happiness; we shall never find her here."

The second brother agreed to go willingly, but the youngest shook his head and sighed.

However, they all got ready to go in search of happiness. They saddled their horses, their mettled black horses, they took their lances, their long lances, and started out.

The eldest brother rode over the mountains and came at last to the smiling, fertile plains. The second one rode to the shore of the sea, and, taking ship there, sailed away to a great, rich town. They travelled hither and thither seeking Happiness, but never finding her.

The youngest brother rode to the edge of the forest, and then turned his horse's head and galloped home again. And as he rode the tall trees bent their stately heads and rustled their leaves as though in welcome to him. And the birds—how sweet and clear they sang!

When he drew rein before the door of his house, he saw, to his surprise, a fair woman sitting on the threshold spinning. The wheel whirled merrily, and the cat at her feet blinked and purred in the sun's rays, which came filtering through the leaves.

"Who art thou?" asked the rider, springing lightly from his steed to the ground, and the woman, smiling up at him, answered softly: "I am Happiness."

The Orphan.

There she reclined in her favorite retreat; but how changed? A few days ago so joyful, with her mother by her side; to-night alone, her eyes reddened with weeping, and with a hopeless, vacant look; for she felt that utter loneliness which an orphan only can experience. As she gazed on the sun which, just touching the horizon, was shedding his glorious beams all round, a holy calm spread over her. She trembled with awe as one of the golden clouds seemed to move towards her, and a voice was heard: "Why do you weep, my child? why do you feel so hopeless, so desolate? Do you see the sun? Look, it is sinking fast; but do you expect that when once gone, it will be gone for ever? Do you not know that it will rise to-morrow, perhaps as glorious as ever? Remember that when you think of your mother. Her day is drawn to a close. She has sunk from your sight in the horizon of the grave. But morning cometh, and then she, too, will rise, but in perfect beauty. Therefore, my child, sorrow no more, but look to yourself, that when your evening comes you may depart with equal peace, and, dying, have a light like yonder sun. But, bethink you, child, of Him to whom you owe your day, the eternal Sun of Righteousness, who will never leave you in darkness if you only try to please Him and earnestly desire His aid. Nor think yourself alone. A glorious and numberless company surround you on every side. It is true you cannot see them, nor can you see the stars in the day; but you know that they are still above you. So it is with the saints and angels. They are all around you, though the light of this world hides them from your sight. When, however, that light

That Tired Feeling

Is a certain indication of impure and impoverished blood. If your blood could always be rich and pure, full of the red corpuscles upon which its vitality depends, you would never be weak, or Nervous! Boils, pimples, scrofula, salt rheum, would never trouble you. But our mode of living, shut in all winter in poorly ventilated homes and shops, depletes the blood and there is loss of appetite, and weakness. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard remedy for this condition. It purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, overcomes that tired feeling, builds up the nerves and gives perfect health. Read this:

"Our daughter, Blanche, when four years of age had a humor break out on her hands and face, which our physician pronounced eczema. If the cold air reached her face or hands they would swell up, look almost purple, and headed blisters would form and break,

Discharging a watery fluid, and the burning and itching would drive her nearly wild. Unless we incased her little hands she would tear patches of skin from her face and hands. We tried many doctors and many remedies and at last gave the case up as hopeless. But our daughter Cora tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, to cure a scrofulous lump near the left breast which caused her much pain and after taking 4 bottles it disappeared. Blanche, who is now eleven, had spent seven years of suffering, so I concluded to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She took 5 bottles and her face is smooth and soft as a baby's, the color of a rose petal. Her hands are soft and white, where four months ago they were blue and red and calloused nearly like leather. I cannot express my gratitude by pen or mouth. It seems a miracle and our friends are surprised." MRS. ANNA L. CLARK, 401 E. 4th St., Duluth, Minn.

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With these words still sounding in her ears, the child awoke, and found it had been a dream.