

Children's Department.

"Saying Grace."  
BY W. C. RICHARDSON.

"Come, come, mamma, to the window!"  
Cried Freddie, with eager face;  
"Just look at my little biddies—  
They are drinking and saying grace."

I quickly came at his bidding,  
And saw a pretty sight;  
Six downy little chickens  
Drinking with all their might.

And as they sipped the water  
They craned their necks on high,  
As if their thanks were lifted  
To the beautiful blue sky.

And so I could not wonder,  
So rapt was his eager face,  
That to him the little chickens  
Were "drinking and saying grace."

The Shepherd's Little Girl.

In a pretty woodland cottage, in one of the northern counties of England, there once lived a little girl named Mary, who, I think, must have been one of the happiest children in all our happy land. Her father, who was a shepherd, loved his little girl dearly, and would often carry her in his arms up the steep hillside, then seating her upon some mossy stone to rest till he was ready to take her home again. Now little Mary loved her cottage home and her mother's kind face, still I think these days up the hill with her father were the brightest times in her young life. What delightful stories he used to tell her while plodding up the steep path! how kindly he would stop at times to let her gather wild thyme, crows-foot, and other sweet mountain flowers! Ah, these were indeed happy times. But a change was at hand, a sad change, which turned the pretty cottage into a home of sadness, and filled little Mary's eyes with sorrowful tears. Her father was ill, so very ill that he could not even bear to have his little girl in the room beside him.

"Is father angry with me, mother?"

A Tonic

For Brain Workers, the Weak and Debilitated.

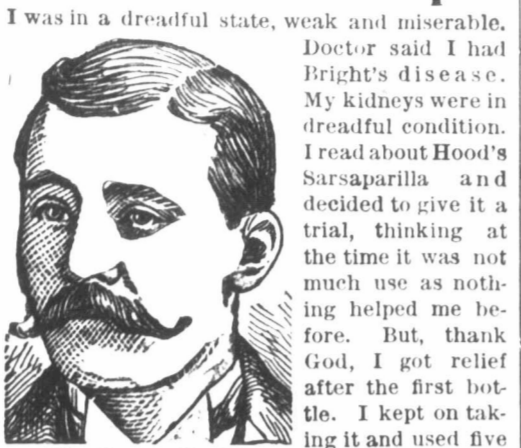
Horsford's Acid Phosphate is, without exception, the Best Remedy for relieving Mental and Nervous Exhaustion; and where the system has become debilitated by disease, it acts as a general tonic and vitalizer, affording sustenance to both brain and body.

Dr. E. Cornell Esten, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have met with the greatest and most satisfactory results in dyspepsia and general derangement of the cerebral and nervous systems, causing debility and exhaustion."

Descriptive pamphlet free.  
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

After the Grip



Mr. Joshua Smith  
a cured man; never felt better. I owe my life to Hood's Sarsaparilla. JOSHUA SMITH, 201 Market Street, Brantford, Ontario

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure nausea and biliousness.

WE WANT 3000 MORE BOOK AGENTS  
this Fall for the world famous fast selling new book

**Our Journey Around the World**  
By REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, President of the United Society of Christian Endeavor. 220 beautiful engravings. 67 The King of all subscription books and the best chance ever offered to agents. One sold 200 in his own township; another, a lady, 54 in one Endeavor Society; another, 182 in 15 days—all are making money. 8000 more men and women agents wanted for Fall and Christmas work. Now is the time. No distance no hindrance, for We Pay Freight, Give Credit. Premium Copies. Free Outfit. Extra Terms, and Exclusive Territory. Write at once for Circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

asked the poor little girl, as her mother led her from the bedroom.

"Oh, no, my darling!" said the weeping mother; "he loves you dearly, but he cannot bear the least movement near him. I have sent for the doctor, dear child, and when he comes perhaps he may be able to ease the pain which your poor father suffers. Meanwhile, Mary, we must pray to God, Who loves us so, and ask Him to make your father well again."

Then Mary felt a little comforted, and went out to the front of the cottage to play beside the sheep and lambs. These gentle creatures had missed their kind shepherd, and had come down hill to the cottage, where they remained, some of them lying down to rest upon the green grass. "I think they must have come to ask for father," said the child to herself. "Every one loves him, even the lambs, dear little things!" and Mary felt that she loved the lambs more than ever for her dear father's sake.

"Don't look so sad, you dear little pets," she said, as she knelt down on the grass beside them. "Mother has sent for the doctor, and she is praying to God, so I am sure father will soon be quite well. And oh, there is the doctor coming to the gate! I must run and tell mother."

The mother was glad to see the good doctor, and quickly she led him into the little room where her sick husband lay. And now I feel sure that our young readers will be glad to know that though he suffered much, still Mary's father soon became quite well again, and in less than a month's time he was able to stand at the cottage door and once more breathe the sweet mountain air.

"I think God must have heard your prayer, mother," said her little girl on that first day that father was able to leave his bed.

"He has indeed, dear child," replied her mother. "Never forget, my little Mary, that He hears and answers prayer, and just as your father is kind to the sheep and lambs under his care, so Jesus, our Good Shepherd, has been kind to us. You must learn the pretty hymn, Mary, which begins in this way:

'See the kind Shepherd Jesus stands,  
With all-engaging charms;  
Hark how He calls his tender lambs,  
And folds them in his arms.'

The Wants of Others.

"The Lord relieve the wants of others." Guy Dalton only got as far as this in "saying grace," and then stopped.

"Mother, are we helping the Lord?" he asked.

"What do you mean, child?" replied his mother angrily, "you are most irreverent, breaking off in this way in the middle of saying grace."

"I could not say it," returned the boy, looking over the table, which was almost groaning under its weight of rich meats, "because I thought it was only like making fun, saying this every day when God knows we are not helping Him to provide for the wants of others at all."

Mrs. Dalton in a very dignified manner returned thanks instead of her son, who usually did so at her request, and then all the party proceeded to eat their dinner in silence. She was not a Christian, but having been many years a widow, endeavoured to bring up her children as she considered well. She felt the force of her son's remarks, and was not sorry to see his conscience so tender. Her generous impulses, too, were stirred.

"Now, Guy," she said when the cloth was removed, "I want to know what you mean by asking if we are helping God. It seems to me a very wrong expression."

"Well, mother," began the boy, "our Sunday-school teacher was explaining to us the story of the servants going to work in their Lord's vineyard, and he said that when we relieved the wants of others, or tried to do anything good or useful for Christ's sake, we were 'workers together with God.' He showed us a verse about it. He said, too, that God does not rain down food from the sky now as He did to the hungry Jews, but puts it into the hearts of the rich to provide for the poor."

Mrs. Dalton was silent for some time again, and then said,—

"I think you are right, Guy; it is a mockery to say day after day, 'Lord, relieve the wants of others,' while we are entirely indifferent to them. Let us begin to care for others now."

Business Reputation.

Mr. I. P. FRINK,  
551 Pearl St., New York.

DEAR SIR,—Four concerns figured on lighting our church. Your estimate was the highest. We investigated all of them. The committee was of the opinion that it was better to pay a little more and know what we would get, than to pay a little less and to take chances. The figures are now all in, and are just right. Everybody is pleased with them. We don't know but we might have done just as well with some of the other parties for a little less money, but we believe in reputation, and that the man who has been in business the longest, and has done the greatest business, gives you more for your money, and that the man who under-figures makes it up at the expense of the customer. Sincerely yours,

WM. J. COOPER, Secretary,  
By order of the Board of Trustees,  
First Presbyterian Church,  
July 11, 1894. Asbury Park, N.J.

Alas, Poor Fox.

A fine fox had been started, and the hunters with their dogs set off in pursuit. Such a chase the creature led them—up and down over the moors, skirting the woods all glorious in their autumn beauty, across stubble fields, doubling back again in its cunning way. Yet nobody could reach it. Pompey, one of the fleetest dogs, was constantly in front of the others, but even he failed to catch the quick-witted fox.

But nobody would give in, and allow the poor hunted animal his liberty. Every one wanted his tail as a trophy of victory, to hang up in his hall. So the chase went on again.

But the fox was getting tired. He knew he could not run very much farther, and he had no mind to be caught. Pompey was not far behind, so Master Reynard spying the mouth of an old well close by, gave a sudden leap down its mouth just as Pompey came up, panting and eager. The huntsmen rode up disappointed and vexed; that cunning fox had outwitted them. The well was dry and old, and no doubt

CONSUMPTION

is averted, or if too late to avert it it is often cured and always relieved by

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. Cures Coughs, Colds and Weak Lungs. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!  
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists, 50c. & \$1.



Church Committees

Are respectfully notified that our prices to HIGH CHURCHMEN are not high, and to LOW CHURCHMEN are not too low, but just that happy medium consistent with first-class PRINTING

Therefore when the Church Wardens' Report is to be printed; when Programmes, Tickets, etc., etc., for either the vestry or the Sunday school are wanted, come right to us, and if we can't satisfy you it isn't because we haven't facilities second to none in this country, or that we ask more than a fair margin of profit on our work.

Monetary Times  
Printing Co., Ltd.

N.W. COR. CHURCH & COURT STS., TORONTO