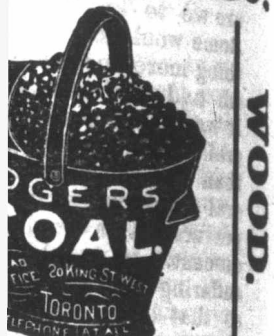


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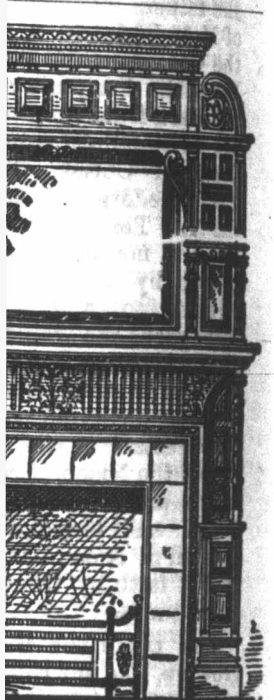
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nearer the dawn, and when the moon was setting, the elder brother awoke and said to his wife, 'My dear wife, a thought has just entered my mind. You know my brother has neither wife nor children to help him, or be a comfort to him under the troubles of his mortal life, while I have both; I think, therefore, it is not right that I, who have these advantages, should have as many sheaves in my stack as he has in his. Let us get up and carry some of our corn to his heap.'

So saying, the loving brother got up and did as he had said, and by good luck it happened that he carried just as much corn to his brother's stack as his brother had carried, earlier in the night, to his own. So when daylight came, and the brothers went to their respective stacks, each found to his great surprise they were equal, as before. They did not say anything to each other on the subject, but for several nights carried on the same game of loving-kindness; and, as each happened always to remove the same number of sheaves, the stacks remained provokingly the same size, neither greater nor less. How long this would have gone on nobody knows, if the brothers had not chanced one night to rise at the same time, and to meet each other midway between the stacks with their arms full of sheaves; and so the mystery was solved.

The spot where these brothers thought so kindly of each other, and acted so persistently in well-doing, was deemed to be a place peculiarly agreeable to Him Who prizes loving-kindness above every other thing; and here it was, therefore, that His house was builded in after days, to be a place of prayer for all His people.—G. S. O.

"The Old Oaken Bucket
The Iron-bound Bucket
The Moss-covered Bucket,"

is very likely the one that has conveyed poisons to your system from some old well, whose waters have become contaminated from sewers, vaults, or percolation from the soil. To eradicate these poisons from the system and save yourself a spell of malaria, typhoid or bilious fever, and to keep the liver, kidneys, and lungs in a healthy and vigorous condition, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the greatest blood-purifier of the age.

BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS AND THE CAT.

An amusing and felicitous incident, says *Church Bells*, took place during the distribution of prizes at a meeting held by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in St. James' Hall. We presume from the report that the incident was not an elaborately rehearsed effect, but genuinely a happy incident. After the certificates had been distributed, suddenly there made its appearance on the platform—a cat! Disconcerted somewhat by the laughter which its advent inevitably caused, poor puss looked about for some sheltering retreat, and finally settled herself, apparently with much composure and satisfaction in the lap of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Cats, no doubt, have more sense than we superior human being ordinarily credit them with, and this cat certainly showed an excellent discernment in entrusting herself to the protection of so infinitely gracious and tender-hearted a lady. By and by the baroness rose to speak, and in her arms demurely reposed puss. Amidst vociferous applause the baroness made some admirable remarks, assuring the audience, amongst other things, how deep an interest her Majesty always took in the work of their society, and especially how she had written some while ago to express her particular anxiety as to the well-being of our cats, whom she had unfortunately had good reason for believing were a much persecuted race, and to ask whether something could not definitely be done for their better protection. And "here," added the baroness, with an admirably appropriate turn, "here is puss herself before you to plead her own cause."

No lengthy advertisement is necessary to bolster Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

MOTHERS, SPEAK LOW!

I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones resound through them from morning till night; and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbour within hearing of her house when doors and windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her habits. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots. Where mother sets the example you scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid; while those in many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother, or a decided look of her steady eye is law, never think of disobedience either in or out of her sight.

O mothers, it is worth a good deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired of the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children.

"I know 'tis a sin to
But I'm bent on the notion,
I'll throw myself into
The deep, briny ocean,"

is the mental exclamation of many a sufferer from headache, indigestion, constipation, torpid liver, etc. The use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, however, would transform these unfortunates, and cause them to sing—

But my spirit shall wander
Through gay coral bowers,
And frisk with the mermaids,
It shall, by the powers!

A WESLEYAN ON MODERN WORSHIP.—The following is from a Methodist paper.

"O this cant of modern worship! While preaching the Word is God's ordained method of proclaiming His great Evangel, are we Methodists especially not in great danger of exalting it unduly above the praise and the prayer? We don't go to 'worship,' we go to 'preaching.' We don't assemble ourselves together for prayer, but 'to hear' Mr. So-and-So. We don't go to 'wait only on God,' but we often turn away if our favorite 'preacher' is not in the pulpit. We go for a spicy intellectual treat, and if the messenger of God has no spice in stock, we loathe the solid food. The children of Israel once were fed with manna from heaven, fresh from God's own hand every morning, yet they requested to be supplied with certain Egyptian dainties, such as garlic, cucumbers, &c. History repeats itself."

—The following story, under the heading of "A pleasant way of doing things," is told of the late Bishop of Winchester: Bishop Wilberforce was finishing up a hard day's work of preaching and confirming by taking refreshment at a country house surrounded by numerous guests, when he happened to catch sight of a young married lady, cheaply but very gracefully dressed, seated at the farthest end of the room. He asked who she was, and, on being told that she was the wife of a poor curate in the neighbourhood, he made his way to her as soon as he entered the drawing-room, and drew her into conversation. "What do you do to help your husband?" "I teach in the schools, my lord." "Anything else?" "Yes; I help him to look after the sick and the poor." "Anything

else?" "Yes; I make my own clothes and mend his." "Anything else?" "Yes; I get up his linen and iron his neckties." Wilberforce said nothing at the time, but he made special inquiries as to both the parson and his wife, and a week or two after a letter arrived from him addressed to the lady—"My dear Mrs. X: The living of Z. is vacant, and from what I hear of you and your good husband, I think it is just the place for you. Will you ask him to do me the favour to accept it, and tell him from me he is indebted to you for it?" Yours faithfully, S. O.

"I FORGOT."

"Sing it again, please Miss."
And once more the bird-like notes rang out—

"There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love will never die."

Those were some of the words, and when the hymn was finished, the shrill little voice said, "Thank you; I like it so much."

"I'm glad you do, Robbie. I will come and sing it to you again soon, but now I must go."

The speaker was a gentle-looking girl about twenty, and the child to whom she had been singing was a little fragile boy whose short life on earth was nearly over, for he was slowly dying of consumption.

His mother arose from her chair as the young lady prepared to depart. "Thank you, Miss Seaforth," she said, her eyes filling with tears of gratitude; "Robbie seems to forget all his pain when you read and sing to him. I try myself sometime, but I'm not much of a scholar, and I can't get over the words as easy like as you, Miss. Then, too, my voice is a very poor one—singing was never much in my line."

"Well, Mrs. Mason, I'm glad I can give so much pleasure to this poor child, and I will try and come again soon. Let me see, this is Monday; well, on Thursday, Robbie, you may look for me," she said, turning to the boy; "I shall be sure to come then."

"Thank you, Miss," he replied, his small wan face lighting up with pleasure. Then stroking his bright hair the young lady said "good-bye," and went away.

Jessie Seaforth was a Sunday-school teacher, and Robbie had been in her class for a year or two before his illness. Teacher and scholar loved each other tenderly, and no greater delight could be given to the patient little sufferer than a visit from Miss Seaforth. The little boy had a passion for music, and as the young lady possessed a fine and well cultivated voice, the joy of hearing its musical tones overcame even weariness and pain.

Miss Seaforth knew her little scholar would never be well again, but that death was very near she never imagined, especially as the child had been ill for months without apparently getting worse.

Thursday came—a lovely summer day—and entirely forgetful of her promise to Robbie, Jessie set out on a long walk to visit a friend with whom she intended spending the day.

Robbie woke early that morning, much brighter than usual, and his first words were, "Mother, my teacher will be here to-day to sing to me, won't she?"

"O yes, my darling, and you shall have your breakfast, and then I'll make you nice before she comes."

So the weary little frame underwent considerable pain in the operation of being made unusually neat, and by the time the golden hair was brushed the child was almost fainting. But the thought of the coming pleasure enabled him to rally, and lying back on his pillows, he watched for Jessie coming along the little garden path. The hours passed slowly, and still no message from Miss Seaforth to say she could not come.

Mrs. Mason felt keenly the child's disappointment, but did not like to send for the young lady.

"As she had always been so kind, it seemed like giving trouble," she remarked. So she cheered Robbie by telling him she thought Miss Seaforth could be sure to call in the afternoon. Wearily