

Children's Department.

CASIMIR AND THE FAIRIES.

Carl, said Casimir, to his brother, "I wonder what those little specks of light that we see in the sunshine are. What do you think?"

"What specks of light do you mean?" cried Carl; "O, I see. Well, I suppose they are just particles of dust, or motes, or something of that kind. It doesn't matter what they are that I can see."

"I'll tell you what I think they are," said Casimir, "I think they are fairies."

Carl laughed aloud, "Fairies! How absurd you are Casimir! there are no such things as fairies. Ask Fraulein Truda; she will tell you there are not."

Casimir coloured, and said no more. They were playing in the meadows with several of their neighbours' children, under the care of their governess, Fraulein Truda. By-and-by they would go into the house and have tea together, for it was Casimir's name day, and the neighbours had been invited to celebrate it.

Presently they saw a beautiful butterfly. Casimir pursued and caught it, and thoughtlessly held it crushed in his hot hand, till he came back to his brother. Then he took it up by its delicate wings, so brushing off the kind of dust with which they are covered, and which is in fact its feathers, though Casimir did not know this. Then Carl took it and handled it in a similar manner, then threw it back to his brother, who tossed it from one hand to the other, and at last threw it down on the ground, where it lay, not dead, but quite unable to fly, till Fraulein Truda, hap pening to pass by, crushed it with her foot, for she knew it would be cruel to leave it half-dead.

Casimir wandered a little way from his companions, and, feeling tired and oppressed by the hot sultry weather, lay down under the shade of a tree, and amused himself by watching the little bright motes as they danced in the sunshine, and wondering what they could be. Suddenly they became changed to his sight into an innumerable multitude of tiny beings, most lovely to behold. Their dresses were of all brilliant and beautiful colours, and glittering with jewels of more than earthly radiance. Each had wings of the most transparent gossamer, and, which seemed very strange to Casimir, each was armed with a tiny but a sharp spear or lance; stranger still did he think it when they all came angrily up to him, and pricked his face with their spears. In vain did he try to shield himself, by putting up his hands to his face; their spears penetrated between his fingers, and stung him more sharply than ever. But soon there appeared upon the scene one who was evidently the Fairy King, for he wore on his head a golden crown, and for a sceptre he carried in his right hand a wand. This he waved as he floated towards Casimir, and immediately all the fairy host fell back, and ceased to pierce him with their spears.

The Fairy King then, in a clear silvery voice, addressed him, saying, "You wandered a short time since why and what we were, and are now wondering why my subjects have been pricking you with their lances. Know then that we, whom the self-conceited children of men think to be merely specks of light, or of dust, and nothing more, are in reality fairies; and that we are charged with the duty of punishing all cruelty which mortals may inflict upon dumb animals. You just now wantonly injured a poor butterfly, spoiling its radiant existence for a moment's thoughtless gratification; this is the reason we have been pricking you with our spears. Sometimes, but too often alas! it happens that the cruelty done to the innocent dumb things is altogether beyond our small power to punish as it deserves; and in such cases we tell what we have seen to the angels, who bear our complaints up to heaven, and lay them before the throne of the All-Father; and the All-Father, who loves every one of His creatures, never fails to punish those cruel ones. How they are punished we do not always know, but we are quite certain that sometime or other, either before or after they die, they are punished exactly as they deserve; none ever escape. You were cruel through mere thoughtlessness, without the intention to cause pain, therefore this slight punishment that my subjects have inflicted upon you shall be sufficient. You desire to know who and what we are, and desire has been gratified; I now bid you farewell."

He again waved his wand, and all the fairies danced away from Casimir, and became to his sight mere motes in the sunshine. But his face was pricked and irritated by spears. He got up and walked thoughtfully home, where his companions were by this time assembled, and wondering at his absence. He showed them his pricked and burning face. "Ah, she midges have been stinging you," they say. He related to them all that he had seen, and all the Fairy King had said to him. But they only laughed, and said that he had been dreaming.—Fenny Post.

My REMINDER.—I have a beautiful illuminated text in my little parlour—the words, "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it." It was the gift of a lovely young friend, who brought it to me and asked me to find the right place to hang it. "Ah, Emma," I said, as I looked up at it after I had placed it upon the wall, "what a beautiful text! what a reminder of one's duty every hour in the day!"

"Yes," she said, "I have the same in my chamber. The first thing that my eyes rest upon in the morning is the text, and I wonder, when I awake, if I shall have courage to go forward in my day's duties, doing whatsoever my master bids me."

Yes, there it hangs, the beautiful text, in blue and gold and divers colors. I do not know how many times during the day my eyes turn to it, and my heart turns to it too: I think,—"Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

What does he say unto me, a plain, quiet woman, in my own quiet home? Does he bid me go forth and do some great thing, and bring some honor upon myself and family? I think not. My path of duty does not seem like that. God appoints us each a place in His great vineyard, and gives us work to do, and he saith unto us, "Do it." Mine is a quiet lot,—daily duties, daily cares, daily labors, daily sorrows, and daily blessings. Here is my work, my life,—work in my home and about my home; and the Master saith, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it;" and when anxious and troubled, like Martha, about much serving, he says, "casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." I never thought much about this text until it hung in my parlour. I hope it will prove a silent and effective teacher, and tend to keep me in the path of duty.

TIMELY WARNING!

[From the LONDON RECORD.]

A timely warning of the abyss into which the extravagancies of extreme ritualism would gradually lead the Church of England is needed by that large class of high churchmen who even yet have not learned to appreciate the true nature and tendency of the system. Many regard it as simply an excess of aesthetic display, doing no harm in any case, and affording a kind of safety-valve to the more unsettled spirits of the Church. We believe that the innovations made by ritualists on the grave simplicity of our Church of England service are of a much more serious nature, and can only tend to the total evaporation of all real religious life and earnestness. We do not refer for the moment to questions of doctrine, but to the mere tendency which parade, and ceremonial, and gaudy dresses, and waving incense, and bannered processions have to vitiate and demoralise the religious sentiments. Even apart from the false doctrines which these things are employed to symbolise, they are not harmless in themselves, but pregnant with mischief. They tend to degrade the whole character of religion, and to hide out of view the true nature of Divine worship. No one acquainted with human nature will be unconscious of the existence of a poetical and romantic feeling of religion awakened by external sights and sounds, acting through the senses and leaving the heart and conscience perfectly untouched. This feeling is not, perhaps, to be altogether dispensed when it is superadded to and grows out of a deeper work. To a mind really taught of God and experimentally acquainted with Christ, the sensations awakened by a beautiful building, such, for instance, as the Duomo at Milan, which has been called religion in stone, may be without mischief, or may really become sanctified by the grace in the heart. But the merely external sensation may exist without grace in the heart at all. In this case it is not only religiously worthless, but religiously mischievous; for persons are deceived by the superficial feeling and mistake it for religion. What is in truth only a refined selfishness, is supposed to be worship before God. Any one who would learn the difference between the two has only to recall the grand stanzas in which Lord Byron has sung the charm of natural religion, and yet those stanzas occur in that most infamous of all poems, "Don Juan."

But the evil inevitably grows worse and worse, as every other evil does. It is already acknowledged that the world historic may suitably be applied to all the parade of a high ritualistic service. Such a service rapidly ends in being a mere performance, attended for the sake of the spectacle and the music, and for the love of what is pretty and imposing, but as absolutely devoid of every element of religion as is attendance on the most secular of displays. The Church of Rome openly accepts this conclusion, and posts the announcement of her musical service about London as the manager of an opera posts the announcement of his performance. The only difference is that the one profanely calls it religion, while the other openly acknowledges that it is but pleasure. Our ritualists have not yet quite come to this, though we know not how issued such advertisements as the following, cut out of the Times, which, or some one very like it, may be constantly seen in the London journals:—

ROSSINI'S STABAT MATER, with full orchestral accompaniment, at the Italian Church, Hatton-garden, on Sunday evening next, Nov. 22, at 7.

ITALIAN CHURCH, Hatton-garden.—Next Sunday, HIGH MASS, at 11 a. m. Music Kalliwooda in A, with full orchestral accompaniments.

What wonder that such services should attract great congregations. Why, here is a performance of high character, and nothing charged for admission. The theatres are closed, and how can an idle or a curious person more successfully while away what he feels to be the tedium of the holy day than attending a gratuitous performance of the kind? We only complain that it is wrongly named. To suppose that crowds gathered by such baits can furnish the slightest moral strength to a religion is the most foolish of delusions. To call such performances by the desecrated name of religion is by no means one of the least of crimes.

A LAMENT.

Yesterday I met brother B. and the conversation turned upon the standing of various ministers of our acquaintance. At last, he mentioned brother D., and said, "if it were not for two bad habits, brother D. might be the foremost man in his State, and the most influential minister in all the region of country where he labours."

"Bad habits indeed they must be if they prove such serious obstacles in the way of so desirable results. What can they be?"

"Smoking and personal untidiness! Think of a minister of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ being accused of such things. It is enough to make a man blush only to mention the charge."

"The last named is rather bad, but about the smoking, I am not so clear. Why should not a minister smoke as other men do? If you are on that side I cannot argue the point, but for myself I always wonder how a minister can preach upon self-denial for Christ's sake, or temperance, or purity, or any kindred topic, while he smokes. I wonder every cigar or pipe does not speak, like Balaam's animal, and remind him how he is puffing away money which would help all the benevolent operations, which he advocates so zealously. I wonder that he does not see visions of poor reeling creatures taunting him: 'You love tobacco; we love whiskey and lager. You can't give up smoking, we can't give up drinking.' I wonder how he ever dares speak of his salary being increased, or complain of the poverty of ministers. I wonder how he dares to look his young men in the face and bid them beware of the slavery of sin, or exhort them with Paul, 'Be followers of us.' In short I am in endless amazement at a smoking minister. And then, by the personally untidy! It is shocking!"

"Why don't you go to your friend and remonstrate with him?"

"Vain, utterly vain!"—American Churchman.

DURING his last illness, Augustus Toplady seemed to lie in the very vestibule of glory. To a friend's enquiry he answered, with sparkling eye, "Oh, my dear sir, I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that he leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy

a heaven already within my soul." Within an hour of dying, he added: "No mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul!" And thus died the writer of the beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

MONTREAL SCULPTURE AND GENERAL MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

Corner of St. Alexander and St. Catherine Streets. JAMES MAVOR & CO. Marble Tablets, Baptismal Fonts, Tiling for Aisles, Transepts, &c. Churchyard Memorials in Stone, Marble, Granite, &c. Chimney-pieces, Slabs, Table-tops, and House Work of every description. Designs and Estimates furnished promptly on application. April 30. 14

WOODWARD'S IMPROVED CARBONIZER.—Look to your own interests, and try Woodward's IMPROVED CARBONIZER, which is warranted to increase the light, decrease the smoke and smell, and save 33 per cent. of the cost to the consumer.

Read the following, which have been received among other certificates from those who have tried it:—

MONTREAL, August 31, 1867. MY DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in certifying that I consider your Patent Gas Carbonizer a most valuable introduction, especially when the quality of the gas, and the high price charged for it, is considered. I have one now in my house put up by you, and find I have a much better and brighter light totally free from smoke or smell of gas since its introduction. In addition to this I burn much less gas, as I use one-foot burners instead of three feet, which I formerly used, and have more light now than I had with the large burners without the Carbonizer.—Very truly yours, To Mr. R. Alsop. J. BELL SMITH, Artist. MONTREAL, 4th September, 1867.

SIR,—I take pleasure in certifying that I have one of Woodward's Patent Carbonizers in use in my house for some time, and am perfectly satisfied that it is a valuable improvement. I believe that I am saving a large amount of gas, as I am using one-foot burners instead of three feet, which I used without the carbonizer, and the light is fully satisfactory. To R. Alsop, Esq. A. J. PAUL, 345 Notre Dame Street. MONTREAL, 9th Sept., 1867.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in adding my testimony to the usefulness of Woodward's Carbonizer, both as regards increased illuminating power and also diminished consumption. Having now had one on my premises for some time, which is working with undiminished vigour, I very confidently recommend it as being able to do all you promised for it. I am, &c., D. H. FERGUSON, 100 McGill Street. To R. Alsop, Esq. MONTREAL, 9th Sept., 1867.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your enquiry, it gives me much pleasure to say that Woodward's Patent Carbonizer, which you placed in my billiard-room in Victoria Square, has so far given entire satisfaction. I have no doubt of its economy, as I am now using two feet burners, and have fully as good light as I had with four feet burners, without it. I confidently recommend it to all who wish to economize in using gas, believing it will do fully as much as you promise.—Very truly yours, HENRY McVITTIE. MONTREAL, 5th Nov., 1867.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your enquiry, we would say that your Carbonizer, placed in our billiard-room on Great St. James Street on the 4th September, has given us entire satisfaction. Before we had it introduced we were burning about 1200 feet of gas per night, with 50 burners, running about 5 hours. We are now burning less than 2900 feet per night, running about 6 1/2 hours, with 42 burners, and fully as much light. We therefore confidently recommend it to all who wish to economize in burning gas.—Very truly yours, To Mr. Robt. Alsop. JOS. DION & BRO.

The Subscriber begs leave to call the attention of all who are using gas to the above really valuable improvement. Do not suffer yourselves to be influenced by the prejudice produced by the numerous so-called improvements which have been offered within the last few years; but see and judge for yourselves. Every information will be given, and the operation of the apparatus shown and explained by ROBERT ALSOP, at the Office of the Petroleum Gas Co., No. 156 Great St. James Street. MONTREAL, 17 16

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N. B.—E. P. & Co. obtained a Medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, for the excellence of Trunks exhibited, being the highest honour awarded to any Trunk Manufacturer in British America. April 2, 1868. 10



PAIN KILLER!

IT IS A BALM FOR EVERY WOUND. THE FIRST PHYSICIANS USE

And recommend its use; the Apothecary finds it first among the medicines called for, and the Wholesale Druggist considers it a leading article of his trade. All the dealers in medicine speak alike in its favor, and its reputation as a medicine of great MERIT AND VIRTUE IS FULLY AND PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED, AND IT IS THE GREAT Family Medicine OF THE AGE.

TAKEN INTERNALLY, IT CURES Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhoea and Cramp and Pain in Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painters' Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, SORE THROAT, SUDDEN COLDS, COUGHS, &c.,

TAKEN EXTERNALLY, IT CURES BOILS, FURUNCLES, CUTS, BRUISES, BURNS AND SCALDS, OLD SORES, SPRAINS, SWELLING OF THE JOINTS, TOOTHACHE, PAIN IN THE FACE, NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM, FROSTED FEET, &c., &c.,

Pain is supposed to be the lot of our poor mortals as inevitable as death, and liable at any time to come upon us. Therefore it is important that remedial agents should be at hand to be used on an emergency, when we are made to feel the excruciating agonies of pain, or the depressing influences of diseases.

Such a remedial agent exists in PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, the fame of which has extended over all the earth. Amid the eternal ices of the polar regions, or beneath the intolerable and burning sun of the tropics, its virtues are known and appreciated. And by it, suffering humanity has found relief from many of its ills. Its effect of the Pain-Killer upon the patient has been taken internally in cases of Cold, Croup, Bowel Complaints, Cholera, Dysentery, and other affections of the system, has been truly wonderful, and has won for it a name among medical preparations that can never be forgotten. Its success in removing pain, as an external remedy, in cases of Burns, Bruises, Sores, Sprains, Cuts, Sting of Insects, and other causes of suffering, has secured for it the most prominent position among the Medicines of the day.

Read the following Testimonials: Rev. J. E. CLOUGH, Missionary at Ononge, Southern India, writes: "We esteem your Pain-Killer very highly for scorpion stings, cholera, &c., and cannot very well get along without it." Rev. I. D. COLBURN, Missionary at Tavoy, Burmah, writes: "I shall be happy to assist in extending a knowledge of a remedy so speedy and efficacious." Rev. J. H. BIXBY, Missionary to the Shans, writes: "Your Pain-Killer cures more of the ailments of the natives here than any other medicine. There is a great call for it." Rev. I. L. VAN METER, writing from Burmah, says: "The Pain-Killer has become an almost indispensable article in my family." Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony to its virtues.

Rev. I. G. STEARNS writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew." Rev. JAMES SWAN says: "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable remedy." PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.—This medicine has become an article of commerce, which as medicine never became before. Pain-Killer is as much an item in every bill of goods sent to country merchants as tea, coffee, or sugar. This speaks volumes in its favour.—Glens Falls Messenger.

A speedy cure for pain—no family should be without it.—Montreal Transcript. Our own opinion is, that no family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour. In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, &c., it is the most effectual remedy we know of.—News, St. Johns, Canada. After many year's trial of Davis' Pain-Killer, we advise that every family should provide themselves with so effectual and speedy a Pain-Killer.—Inherst (N.S.) Gazette. The Pain-Killer of Perry Davis & Son we can conscientiously recommend. We have used it for a length of time, and invariably with success.—Canada Baptist. It has been tested in every variety of climate and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the most constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and the traveller, on sea and land, and no one should travel or lakes or rivers without it. Beware of Counterfeit and worthless imitations: call for PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER and take no other. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines. Prices, 15 cts., 25 cts., 50 cts., per Bottle. PERRY DAVIS & SON, MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS, 380 St. Paul Street, Montreal, C.E. April 30, 14

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March 12, 1868. 1y 7

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