

## Children's Department.

### Cecil's Story of the Dove.

"When Dorothy saw the smooth course opened before her, with the sun smiling down on it, she clasped her hands and seemed to be speaking to some one, and the beautiful Dove floated over her so peacefully. She guided her little boat straight on.

"Of course, all the time she had spent sailing on the little stream was wasted,—she had to begin again, just where she had left the river. And was it not sad that once having left the broad, clear river, she was always tempted to do it again, and would have, I am sure, but for the Dove's leading. Sometimes, in simply leaning against one side to look up a shady stream, the boat would turn towards it, and only by pulling hard on the brown oar could she get back to the safe course again.

"The dove led on for some time through the wide, running river, then slowly it flew to a little bay or cove, like a peaceful haven. There were lilies and ferns growing there like those in the little river where she had floated so quietly at first, and 'twas shaded with the same drooping willow trees.

"Dorothy seemed to feel the peace of this little haven, and she rested on her oars, and sat with folded hands looking up at the clear blue sky. I could see her lips move as if she were asking for something and I heard her soft voice sweetly chanting:

"May I grow from day to day,  
Glad to learn each holy way,  
Ever ready to obey.  
Holy Father, hear me."

"She knelt down and folded her hands, and as she did so the white dove flew from the willow tree above, and rested on the bent head. I saw the bright angel that never left her bend lovingly over the child, and put her arms about her. The angel that had spoken to me, with upturned face was singing, and far away I could hear numbers of other voices that I am sure were angels too. I listened, and could hear these words:

"The Holy Ghost from Heaven  
Bearing gifts of Godhead seven,  
Gifts to keep their souls for aye,  
Till the dreadful Judgment day.

"Of Wisdom to know what Christ had wrought for them;  
Understanding, to discern the wrong from the right;



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True Godliness, to liken them unto their Master, and  
Holy Fear, to dread all sin and truly to rejoice in His Presence."

"And as the dove rose from Dorothy's head for a moment, I saw rays, as it were of fire, descending upon her. The dove flew down and nestled in her arms, and she put her cheek on the soft feathers, and I could see some tear drops sparkling there, but I am sure they were not sorrowful tears, for when she stood up there was a strange, happy, peaceful look in her sweet face.

"For a little while she floated gently about on the smooth surface of the little haven, caressing the dove; she looked so happy, I thought her troubles were all over. But the dove soon flew to the bow, and Dorothy rested her hand on the soft feathers as he guided the little boat out of the sheltered haven to the broad river once more. The angel stood close to Dorothy; I saw her put something in her hand. As she opened it, I could see it was like a flag or banner; it floated in the breeze, and the angel helped her raise it for a sail. It was of white silk, with a gold cross on it, and in shining letters was the word 'Work.'

"The breeze blew lightly, filling the little sail carrying her along swiftly.

"How lovely!" I cried. "Dear Dorothy will not have to work at the oars any more, will she?" The angel answered, "She may have to use the oars very often; she will have to use them sometimes, if she ever reaches the Father's home. The sail will make her move more quickly, so she will have to watch and move more carefully, or she will get out of the right course. See, even now." I looked, and saw Dorothy had sailed out of the little haven, and had only gone a very little way when there came a place where the river divided. One part seemed as straight as the other, but the one at the left was beautiful with flowers and ferns; it was shaded with trees, and its surface dotted with pretty little islands. The stream at the right was broad, clear and sunny; there was no shade trees or flowers on the banks, and not even a rush in the water. It looked to Dorothy as if it were only an island, dividing the two waters, and as if they would very soon meet again and be the same stream, so she turned to the left, and was guiding her boat towards it, when she saw the soft Dove try to turn the boat to the right. I saw her stroke its feathers and kiss them, as if trying to urge it to go the other way, and I could hear her say, 'Please come this way—see how much prettier it is,—for it leads the same way in the end.'

"But the Dove only flew to the right. For a moment Dorothy looked at the pleasant but dangerous course, then back to the soft white dove with its outstretched wings. She put out her arms towards it; I heard a soft fluttering, and saw the Dove nestling close in her breast; and then she took up both oars, and pulled with all her strength in the wide, straight stream, till the breeze caught the sail and almost drove the boat back into the other stream. For a moment Dorothy stopped trying, the wind was so strong, far stronger than her feeble arms, and I was so afraid she would have to give up trying, and that the dove would leave her. And I could see, too, that the stream which seemed to go straight

on, and was pleasant very soon changed its course and flowed directly away from the straight river. I could see, too, sharp rocks hidden away amongst pretty water grasses. I knew she must run against one of them.

To be Continued.

A MARVELLOUS RECOVERY.—I was so ill with inflammatory rheumatism in 1882 that I was given up, and had all my earthly business put in order. One of my sons begged me to get Burdock Blood Bitters. After the third bottle I could sit up alone and eat a good meal, and in six weeks I was out of bed feeling better than I ever felt. I take three bottles every spring, and two every fall. Mrs. M. N. D. Benard, Main st., Winnipeg, Man.

### Have you a Mother.

Have you a mother? If so honor and love her. If she is aged, do all in your power to cheer her declining years. Her hair may have bleached, her eyes may have dimmed, her brow may contain deep and unsightly furrows, her cheeks may be sunken; but you should never forget the holy love and tender care she had for you.

In years gone by she has kissed away from your cheek the troubled tears; she has soothed and petted you when all else appeared against you; she has watched over and nursed you with a tender care known only to a mother; she has sympathized with you in adversity; she has been proud of your success. You may be despised by all around you, yet that loving mother stands as an apologist for all your shortcomings.

With all that disinterested affection, would it not be ungrateful in you if in her declining years you failed to reciprocate her love and honor her as your best friend? We have no respect for a man or woman who neglects an aged mother. If you have a mother, love her, and do all in your power to make her happy.

A SEASONABLE HINT.—During the breaking up of winter, damp, chilly weather prevails, and rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, croup, quinsy and other painful effects of sudden cold are common. Hagyard's Yellow Oil is a truly valuable household remedy for all such complaints.

### The Longest Day.

It is quite important when speaking of the longest day in the year to say what part of the world we are talking about, as will be seen by reading the following list, which tells the length of the longest day in several places. How unfortunate are the children in Tornea, Finland, where Christmas day is less than three hours in length!

At Stockholm, Sweden, it is eighteen and a half hours in length.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is three and a half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and a half hours.

At Homburg, in Germany, and Dantzig, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21st to July 22nd, without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolek, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June 21st brings a day nearly twenty-two hours

long, and Christmas, one less than three hours in length.

At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen.

### Trifles That Make a Perfect House.

"What have I done to-day?" the tired mother asks. "Nothing but take care of baby, plan the meals, and 'pick up.' My life is wasted on trifles." Take courage, weary mother! The progress of the world depends on the devotion of good women to just such "trifles." Who can do a greater work than these—care for a child and look after the interests of a home? She, who with patient mother-love prepares a human soul for life's responsibilities, does valiant service for both God and man. During the first years of a child's life the attention of its mother must, of necessity, be devoted to the care of the body, but the body should be made a fit temple for the indwelling of an immortal soul. Taking care of the baby is surely no trifle when viewed in this light. And what are the other services that go to make a home? Innumerable as the sands of the seashore for number, and in themselves almost as insignificant in character, but the grand sum total serves, as does the sandy shore, to stem the swelling tide of outside sin and suffering that menace with sullen war the sanctity of home and safety of society.

—We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.

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