

rods in advance of us. Nothing daunted, however, we returned again on the following day, and this time approached from the opposite side of the field; but, though we thus gained considerable ground upon the lonely occupant of the meadow, he nevertheless escaped us easily, as before.

On this second visit I noticed a stump about midway between the woodchuck's hole and his accustomed feeding ground, and at once made up my mind that, if we should change our tactics somewhat, and cautiously approach under shelter of this barrier, we might fare better than we had done hitherto.

This plan worked so well that on our third attempt we got so far into the meadow before we were detected that we took the object of our pursuit completely by surprise; and victory seemed almost certain at the very start. Around the stump, down the knoll, and across the intervening hollow we went, hunters and hunted, Nimrod gaining a little each moment; until just as the mouth of the burrow was reached, he seized the woodchuck between his sharp teeth, and over the two rolled together. In an instant more, however, the sturdy animal had shaken himself loose, and disappeared into his retreat in a twinkling.

Nimrod was now regarded as a hero for this success, and received many favours and caresses from me in token of my appreciation of his prowess. On the next day, and the next following, we again bent our steps toward the meadow; but, though we waited most of the morning, the woodchuck did not appear. On the third day, however, he was out again in the meadow, and we stealthily approached for another trial of skill with him.

The stump was reached in safety, and from behind its friendly shelter we stepped softly out into the space between the animal and his burrow, so completely cutting off his retreat, and yet he paid no attention to us. What did it mean? We slowly approached, little by little, to within ten feet of him, and still he only turned his head a bit, and listlessly moved a few feet farther off into the meadow.

Then it was, however, that a sight met my eyes which fairly turned my heart sick, and explained all too well his indifference to us, as well as failure to leave his burrow the past two days and until pressed with hunger. The sharp teeth of the dog had torn away part of the skin and flesh of his head, and some insect having deposited its eggs within the wound, numbers of larvæ were burrowing into the living flesh.

Ah, how my conscience smote me as I thought what the sufferings of that poor beast must be! What finally became of him, and whether he recovered of his wound, I do not know, but he dragged himself off to his burrow without further molestation from boy or dog, who sorrowful returned through the woods and over the hill, home.

Nimrod's training and career as a hunting dog ended on that day. His name was changed to "Crusoe," in honor of Selkirk's hero of the isle of Juan Fernandez; and adventure, rather than hunting, selected as the pursuit to which he should thereafter be devoted.

I can say, for the benefit of any young reader who may be interested to know, that he and his master derived fully as much pleasure and satisfaction from roaming the woods and hills about their home without any attempts at hunting, as they could have gotten out of any diversion, whatever, which involved the suffering and death of some innocent and inoffensive animal.

I admire the boy who occasionally experiences an indescribable longing to be a hunter, and for deeds of boldness and daring; for it indicates that he is possessed of courage and spirit, but I pity the boy who can derive pleasure from innocent suffering, since his heart must be hardened and cruel indeed—ROBERT B. BUCKHAM, "YOUNG CHURCHMAN."

### A Womans Mistake

Thought She Had Kidney Disease, but the Trouble Was With the Nerves, and She Was Cured by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Some people do not realize that nervous exhaustion and debility may affect any organ of the body. Whenever the expenditure of nerve force is greater than the daily income physical bankruptcy results, and the effects may be seen in a score of different ways. With some it is sleeplessness, confusion of thought and failure of memory; with others, headache, nervous dyspepsia or kidney derangements. Wherever the body is weakest the lack of nerve force is soonest felt.

The lady referred to writes as follows:—"For some months I had been feeling miserable and unable to take the usual interest in life. I allowed my work to go undone, and little trifles worried and excited me as never before. I could get no rest or sleep, my appetite was poor, and I could not properly digest the food I ate.

"Thinking that my kidneys were to blame, I tried all the principal remedies recommended for this disorder, without obtaining relief. Through the advice of our druggist, I began to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it seemed to build me right up. I am sure now that my nervous system was run down, and I am equally certain that the credit for my restoration to health is due to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I could feel the change each week while taking this treatment, and can now say that I am thoroughly cured."

It is possible that you have been mistaken in judging what your ailment is. One thing certain, you can make no mistake in using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for it gives new strength and vigor to the whole system, and aids nature to overcome disease. If all the most skilful physicians in the land got together to select a prescription to be used as a tonic and restorative to enrich the blood, revitalize the nerves and build up the systems of persons made weak by overwork, worry or disease, they could not possibly do better than choose Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Fifty cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## Advice to a Young Husband

Dont start out by giving your wife advice but bring her home a packet of

# MONSOON

## INDO-CEYLON TEA

LENT, 1901.

The children looked at the Rector as he walked up the narrow aisle on Quinquagesima Sunday to the little platform whence his eye could see, his voice reach the whole Sunday school. Just as he reached it, the Superintendent came forward with some papers; lessons being ended, there was a little time to talk, and the boys and girls improved their opportunity.

"Wonder what he's going to talk about to-day?" said a boy, who doted on public addresses.

"Easy to tell that," scoffed his quicker-witted neighbor. "About Lent, of course."

"Wonder what he'll want us to do this year?" from the next pew.

"Save our money, and bring it in at Easter for missions; we've done that for five Lents now, haven't we?"

"I think he is going to make us come to church," said a tall girl.

"What a thing to say, Elsie?" said a scandalized cousin. "As if people were made to go to church!"

"I'm not sure that I'm not," returned Elsie, "I don't always want to come."

"But you are one of the ones sure to be here!" said her surprised friend.

"Of course; don't I tell you I feel I have to?"

"Oh! You just mean, you ought to come; why didn't you say so? What are you going to do without?"

"Too little to tell about," was the laughing answer. "Mother doesn't let me do very much, so I have to keep still."

The lady behind heard the words, and wished that obedience and silence in regard to Lenten discipline were more generally prevalent.

"He will have a good deal to say to us," the other girl went on. "Let me see: Money; coming to church; giving up something one likes; and then, he will run a little needle right straight into one's conscience, and one will just have to turn over a new leaf on Ash-Wednesday! Does he ever make you feel like that, Miss Bertram?"

Miss Bertram looked amused and thoughtful, but the question was left unanswered; the hum of voice had ceased, the Rector was facing the school.

"To most of you," he said, "a year seems a very long time. To us older people, the months go circling round so fast that we start when we find that Advent, Christmas, Lent, have

come back to us again. It seems but yesterday that I spoke to you, to your elders, to myself, of the duties, the responsibilities, the privileges of the Lent of 1900; and now we are on the threshold of Lent, 1901.

"And the lesson that I would wish to lay to heart myself to-day, to bring home to you, dear friends and children, is the one wrought out in strong relief by the year's events. To what special work have many, many Christian men and women been called since last Lent? To witness to their Lord in life, by death; to suffer because they were His; to hold fast by the Holy Name that was upon them; to count their Baptism a birthright not to be forsaken or denied.

"Thinking of witnesses like these, hearing of tasks like theirs, there seems to be but one great counsel that befits the coming Lent, and that, one as simple in practice as it is great in scope. It is for us all to bear fuller witness to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ by being better Christians; to do more faithfully, more heartily, more perfectly the tasks that belong to humble, dutiful, upright daily life, however varied those tasks may be; to take the training sent us by the Providence of God, in such fashion as shall make us His better servants through all the days to come."

"Let these Forty Days, then, be a true offering to the Lord. Whatever our individual measure of alms, prayers, self-discipline, let us see that we bring hither no clipped, imperfect coin, but shekels of the sanctuary in full weight. Boys and girls, men and women, priest and people, let us all turn eyes and hearts this season to contemplate, first, the great Captain of our Salvation; then, those to whom it has been given to be His faithful witnesses here below."

The organist gave the note; the school chanted the Creed; the Rector gave the Benediction. As the girls passed out, Miss Bertram heard Elsie say: "I take it all back; I don't come to church because I have to; and I'm very much ashamed of myself for saying such a thing!"—THE CHURCH STANDARD.

### TO OUR READERS

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