

times thinks of the man with the white face, who spoke kindly and gave her something to eat.

It was not always I was powerless. One day when in Abeokuta, a woman came to me in great distress. It will be a long time before I forget her. She came to ask me to help her to save her daughter, who, she said, had been taken by the king's people. Upon inquiry I found that she was from Sierra Leone, and consequently a British subject, one of our Queen's people, so now I had a chance to help. Accordingly I went to the king's house, and had an interview with him, and told him that he would have trouble if he did not interfere, and make his people give back the kidnapped girl. In fact, I talked as though the whole of the British army was at my back, and indeed I felt so, and I believe must have made some one else feel the same, for the king gave orders for the girl to be given back to her mother!—THOMAS CHAMPNESS, in *At Home and Abroad*.

"I wonder Grimes has any friends—
His manner grows so surly;
No matter where we chance to meet,
Or whether late or early,
'Tis just the same: he cannot stay,
And barley answer a 'good day.'"

Now this is a sad case of misconception. It is not Grimes' disposition which is at fault, but his liver. He can't appear jolly when he feels miserable. If he would take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great liver, stomach and bowel regulator, he would soon be the same happy fellow as of old—agreeable to himself and the world generally.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Mamma, I thought a mite was a little thing. What did the Lord mean when he said the widow's mite was more than all the money the rich men gave?"

Mamma thought a minute, then said; Lulu, I will tell you a story and I think you will understand why the widow's mite was more valuable than ordinary mites.

"There was once a little girl whose name was Kitty, and she had ever so many dolls. Some were made of china, and others of wax with real hair, and eyes that would open and shut; but Kitty was tired of them all, except the newest one, which her auntie had given her at Christmas. One day a poor little girl came to the door begging, and Kitty's mother told her to go and get one of the old dolls and give it away. She did so, and her old doll was like what the rich men put into the treasury. She could give it away just as well as not, and it didn't cost her anything.

"The poor little beggar girl was delighted with her doll. She never had but one before, and that was a rag doll; but this one had such lovely curly hair, and such an elegant pink silk dress on, she was almost afraid to hold it against her dirty shawl for fear of soiling it; so she hurried home as fast as she could. Just as she was going up stairs to her poor room, she saw through the crack of the door in the basement, her little friend, Sally, who had been sick in bed all summer, and who was all alone all day, while her mother went out washing, to try and earn money enough to keep them from starving. As our little girl looked through the crack she thought to her-

self, 'I must show Sally my new dolly.' So she rushed into the room and up to the bed, crying, 'O Sally! see! Sally tried to reach out her arms to take it, but she was too sick, so her little friend held up the dolly, and as she did so she thought, 'How sick Sally looks to-day! and she hasn't any dolly.' Then, with one generous impulse, she said, 'Here, Sally, you may have her.'

"Now, Lulu, do you see? The little girl's dolly was like the widow's mite—she gave her all."

A GREAT REMEDY

for coughs, colds, consumption, is Dr. A. B. Wilbor's Cod-liver Oil. Contrary to the usual impression, it is pleasant to take. Those who use it like it, and find it contains wonderful healing qualities. Besides it will give flesh and strength to the wasted and broken down body. Remember always ask for Dr. A. B. Wilbor's Pure Cod-liver Oil. All druggists keep it. If you will address Dr. A. B. Wilbor, Chemist, Boston, Mass., he will promptly reply, sending you free and illustrated circular.

A WONDERFUL WELL.

The Samaritan woman found the Saviour by Jacob's well, but here is an account of a whole tribe of heathen who were turned from idolatry by the digging of a well.

The water supply of Aniwa, in the New Hebrides Islands, was the means of converting the people to Christianity, and this was brought about in a curious manner. The want of water was a terrible scourge when the missionary, Mr. Paton, arrived, and it at last occurred to him to sink a well in his own back garden, hoping at the level of the sea to get water. The people, never having seen a well in their lives, came to the conclusion that he must be quite mad, and imagining the world upside down, indeed, to think of digging into the dry earth for water. Every day they gathered round and watched him dig, though they were much too scared to help. At last the old chief spoke.

"You must be mad, Missi," he said, "rain comes from the clouds here, it does not rise from the earth."

Day after day went by, but at last, at thirty feet deep, there were signs of a spring. Then the missionary told the savages that next day they should see water. On the morrow, in fear and wonder, they came, and at thirty feet deep, lo! there was a spring of fresh water, which has ever since supplied the entire island.

It was this which finally conquered the people. The chief gathered his people about him, and said:—

"We thought the Missi mad when he said he would go down to the earth and find rain; but he has wrought and prayed till Jehovah has given it him. Now, as there was water in the earth beneath, so do I believe there is a God in the skies above. And as the Missi has removed the earth, and we have seen the water, so do I feel that death will remove the mist which is before our eyes, and we shall see God. Bring out the idols, and let us destroy them." And this was promptly done.

THE TITMOUSE.

"Look at that beautiful titmouse yonder, on the apple-tree!" said Lawrence, to his sister Lucy: "I will soon have it." He climbed up the tree, set a trap a little way off, and concealed himself with his sister in the arbour, in order to watch the bird.

The titmouse went straight into the trap, and Lawrence was presently up the tree again; but he fell with the trap, while he was taking the bird out of it. The bird escaped, but Lawrence wounded his hand against a broken bough.

Lucy said: "Oh my poor brother! your hand is bleeding. Now, you will surely stay here, and will not climb the tree again to catch the titmouse. You would perhaps then break both arm and leg."

"Ah!" said Lawrence laughing, "I do not remain down here on that account, but my trouble now would be all in vain; for the titmouse would avoid the trap in which it has been already caught."

"If that is so," said Lucy, "the titmouse is wiser than you; it will not go a second time where it perceives danger. But will you, who have only this instant got a wound, and have only just escaped a much greater misfortune, nevertheless venture again into danger, and make a joke of it?" "Who little warnings foolishly despise, Will find too late some reason to be wise."

HIGH PRAISE.—Mrs. John Neelands, writing from the Methodist Parsonage, Adelaide, Ont., says, "I have used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for years in our family. For heavy colds, Sore Throats and distressing Coughs no other medicine so soon relieves."

HIS FRIEND'S CAN TESTIFY.—Mr. G. H. Vought, of Peterboro, Ont., says that his friends can testify to his being cured of Indigestion, Constipation and Torpid Liver, by using two and a half bottles of B. B. B. "It seems to act like magic, and I heartily recommend it" are the closing words of his letter.

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