to own that he had done wrong, and older, these duties are yours, and God the words died on his lips.

the cotton, and the long white bandage, most are "obey" and "love." Obey and Uncie Alce drew it on smooth and any one whom God puts over you tight, just leaving it so he could bend any earthly ruler, your teacher, parthe knee a little, and then over it all ents, ministers. Love every one. In he put wet starch, like that E.kn used this way you will be professing a good on Mondays.

The foot was put on a chair, and through Christ, whose name you bear. Ellen brought him his dinner on a dinner coffee-cup full of "cambric good profession before many witnesses." tea," but at supper-time he was tired of sitting still, and a big t ar-drop fell -splash—right into his preserves.

The next day the bandage was very stiff. He walked slowly around in the garden and drove to the market with mamma, but it was a long day. He was glad the girls were away, for he was growing much ashamed of him-

Tuesday he cried three times, and street. was very cross. Mamma's heart ached for him, and she begged papa to take off his bandage.

But papa only said, "Wait a little." Wednesday morning the poor leg was very uncomfortable, but Tom's conscience troubled him more than the him. The strange dog was so pretty knee. After prayers, he called papa back, and all the rest went out of the room.

Then he threw himself in his father's arms and sobbed it all out-" Oh papa, I'm so sorry, dreadfully sorry, and I'll never do it again, and I'll go to church free times every Sunday till I die-I truly will."

Papa laughed with the tears in his eyes, and then mamma came in, and in a few minutes they cut off the hateful bandage, and Tom was free again.

That night, as mamma was sitting by his bed, the little boy said very softly, "Mamma, does God know that I wasn't lame?

"Yes, dear."

"And the robin, too?"

Footprints of God.

Some years ago a Frenchman, who, like many of his countrymen, had won a high rank among men of science, yet denied the God who is the Author of all science, was crossing the Great to overcome what she felt to be her Sahara in company with an Arab faults. On this particular Sunday she guide. He noticed with a sneer that was more than usually discouraged. at certain times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and kneeling on the burning sands, called upon God.

Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed, till at last one evening the philosopher, when he rose from his knees, asked him with a contemptuous smile-

"How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his eyes on the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly,-

" How do I know there is a God? How did I know that a man, and not a camel, passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his foot in the sand? Even so," and he pointed to the sun, whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert. "that is not the footprint of a man!"

Christian Duties.

Do you know, children, that because you have a Christian name, given you in Baptism, you have some Christian duties, too? When you study the answer in the Catechism to the question, "What did your sponsors then for you?" try to think what it all lesson? means, and remember, as you grow

is watching to see you do His will. Jane brought the pasteboard, and The two words which St. Paul uses profession, and will receive eternal life,

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay tray. That was fun. He liked all hold on eternal life, whereunto theu the little dishes and the little after- art also called, and hast professed a

A Kind Dog.

Our dog Prince once stayed away from home all day, and we thought he was lost. But at night he came home, and Mary gave him his supper.

When he had eaten a part of his supper, he took a large bone in his mouth and ran off with it down the

We followed him, to see where he would go, and we saw him give his bone to a dog who was lying in the shade of a tree.

This poor dog was so lame he could not walk, so Prince took his bone to we took him home.

Who Follows in His Train?

BY MIRA L. COBBE.

" The Son of God goes forth to war A kingly crown to gain; His blood-red banner streams afar;

Who follows in His train? Who best can drink His cup of woe,

Triumphant over pain, Who patient bears his cross below-He follows in His train.

The crude young voices of the Sunday school pupils rang forth, their whole hearts being put apparently into the singing of the hymn, but Mary Dorsett, as she looked at the bright, mischievous faces of her class, knew that but little of the meaning of the impressive words was felt by her boys at least. She was an earnest, painstaking teacher, but did not seem to gain the affection of her pupils or engage their wandering attention. She felt these defects deeply and struggled The lesson was one over which she spent much time and study, but the day was warm and the children restless. They were active boys, ranging from ten to fourteen, who were much more interested in the account of a game of base ball which one of them was relating, than in the history of the

giving of the Ten Commandments which Miss Dorsett was endeavoring to tell them. In vain did she try to interest them. They simply would not listen, and she was almost reduced to tears, when Charlie Farmer, one of the oldest and most mischievous of them all, said suddenly, looking up from a pin he was endeavoring to fasten in the seat occupied by a brother of his:

"I say, teacher, when did God write that song we sung?"

"What?" said Miss Dorsett wonderingly.

"When did God write 'The Son of God goes forth to war?' and what does it mean, anyway?"

An inspiration dawned upon her. Might it not be possible for her to impress these boys with the teachings contained in this song, although they seemed to take so little interest in the

(To be continued.)

is absolutely necessary in order to have good health. The greatest affliction of beautiful boy born to us. At the age of 11 the human race is impure blood.

dent to the human frame, the large boy was born, who at the age of two majority arising from the impure or months became afflicted with the same poisonous condition of the blood.

eases is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla. I procured a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla

success, or won such enormous sales.

Scrofula in its severest forms yields all life and full of mischief-thanks to to its potent powers, blood poisoning Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am a minister in and salt rheum and many other diseases the Methodist Protestant church, and it are permanently cured by it. For a affords me much pleasure to recommend general Spring Medicine to remove those impurities which have accumulated during the winter, or to overcome That Tired Feeling, nothing equals

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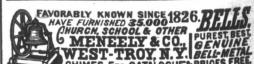
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