

to own that he had done wrong, and the words died on his lips.

Jane brought the pasteboard, and the cotton, and the long white bandage, and Uncle Alec drew it on smooth and tight, just leaving it so he could bend the knee a little, and then over it all he put wet starch, like that Ellen used on Mondays.

The foot was put on a chair, and Ellen brought him his dinner on a tray. That was fun. He liked all the little dishes and the little after-dinner coffee-cup full of "cambric 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 himself.

Tuesday he cried three times, and 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 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 Sahara in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer that 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 means, and remember, as you grow

older, these duties are yours, and God is watching to see you do His will. The two words which St. Paul uses most are "obey" and "love." Obey any one whom God puts over you—any earthly ruler, your teacher, parents, ministers. Love every one. In this way you will be professing a good profession, and will receive eternal life, through Christ, whose name you bear.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses."

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 street.

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 him. The strange dog was so pretty 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 to overcome what she felt to be her faults. On this particular Sunday she was more than usually discouraged. 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 lesson?

(To be continued.)

Pure Blood

is absolutely necessary in order to have good health. The greatest affliction of the human race is impure blood.

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Picture of Health,

all life and full of mischief—thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am a minister in the Methodist Protestant church, and it affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as a safe, sure remedy. Even my wife, after taking Hood's, became healthy and fleshy and has the bloom of girlhood again." Rev. J. M. PATE, Brookline Station, Missouri.

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