

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The still form of a little boy lay in a coffin, surrounded by mourning friends. A mason came into the room and asked to look at the lovely face.

"You wonder that I care so much," he said, as the tears rolled down his cheeks; "but your boy was a messenger of God to me. One time I was coming down by a long ladder from a very high roof, and found your little boy standing close beside me when I reached the ground. He looked up in my face with childish wonder, and asked frankly, 'Weren't you afraid of falling when you were up so high?' and before I had time to answer, he said, 'Ah, I know why you were not afraid—you had said your prayers this morning before you began your work.' I had not prayed; but I never forgot to pray from that time to this, and by God's blessing I never will."

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ONE DAY AT A TIME.

A MOTTO FOR THE NEW YEAR.

When we were children we used to think that about the longest thing in the world was the time from one Christmas to another. What do you suppose was the reason? Just this: we were so anxious to have Christmas come that we kept looking ahead all the while, and living a good many days at a time instead of one. But now, since we are grown up, we are so busy that we can only think of it as it comes along, and haven't a chance to look ahead to the next day and the next, and so the time from one Christmas to another seems very short. Sometimes it almost seems to us as if there were two Christmases in each year.

Did you ever hear this story?

A little clock had just been finished by the maker and put on a shelf in his wareroom between two older clocks, who were busy ticking away the noisy seconds. "Well," said one of the clocks to the new comer, "So you've started on this task; I'm sorry for you. You're ticking bravely now, but you'll be tired enough before you get through your thirty-three million ticks." "Thirty-three million ticks!" said the frightened clock. "why, I never could do that," and it stood still instantly with despair. "Why, you silly thing," said the other clock at this moment, "why do you listen to such words? It's nothing of the kind. You've only

got to make one tick this moment; there, now, isn't that easy, and now another the next moment, and that is just as easy, and so right along." "Oh, if that's all," cried the new clock, "that's easily done, and so here I go," and started bravely on again, making a tick a moment, and not counting the months and millions. But when the year was ended, it had made thirty-three million vibrations without knowing it.

That's the way to look at hard things, children. Don't look ahead. Put into each moment only what belongs to that moment, not the things that belong to the next. And so with the days also. And before you know it your "mountains will become mole-hills," or, in other words, the things that looked so hard as to fairly frighten you, will become light and easy. Try it.

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A BAD HABIT.

None may estimate the power of a look, conveying either affection or reproof. A look from the tender eye of Jesus sent Peter, after denying his Lord, to weep bitterly. A gentleman cast a mild look of reproof on a young man who had taken the name of God in vain.

"I am sorry sir," said the young man, "that I have wounded your feelings by any word I have spoken."

"I confess," was the reply, "that I can never hear that holy and blessed name profaned without deep pain. As my Benefactor and Friend to whom I owe every blessing, I am jealous of the honour of God."

"I spoke sir, without thought, I meant no harm."

"I believe it, my young friend; but your Creator requires you to be thoughtful of His honour and your duty to Him. As thoughtlessness cannot justify, neither can it be an excuse for any sin."

"I see that I have done wrong, sir; will you pardon me?"

"I am glad to hear this frank confession," and the gentleman held out his hand in a friendly way; "but the offence is against God. He alone can pardon. I have found Him a merciful God, slow to anger and ready to forgive; and if you seek Him through faith in Jesus Christ, forsaking every sin, you shall find mercy too."

"Accept my thanks, sir, both for the matter and manner of your reproof. I will never swear again, nor take the name of the Lord in vain."

"A good resolution, if made in humble dependence on the grace of the Holy Spirit of God for help and strength. Farewell."

THEN TELL IT.—To the victim of pains and aches no tiding can give greater pleasure than the means of relief. Polson's NERVILINE exactly fills the bill. NERVILINE cures rheumatism, NERVILINE cures cramps, NERVILINE cures headache. NERVILINE is sure in lumbago. NERVILINE, the great cure for internal or external pains. Try bottles costing only 10 cents may be had at any drug store. Buy one and test it. Large bottles of NERVILINE only 25 cents, at all druggists. NERVILINE, nerve pain cure.

EARNING SCHOOL MONEY.

I want to tell you a true story of Emma and Willie. They were very anxious to go to school this winter; but their mother has a large family of boys and girls, and she hardly felt as if she could pay for them to go. So what do you think Emma and Willie did? They earned the money to pay the teacher! Emma, who is only eleven years old, washed dishes, and scrubbed for her mother; and Willie, who is eight years old, husked corn, and carried wood. So, instead of hiring people to do these things, their mother gladly gave them the money; and they began to go to school; two of the happiest children there, I am sure!

"And besides," said Emma and Willie, "we both tried not to say anything wrong." Now, is not that pleasant? When a boy and girl care as much as that for learning, I am sure they will grow up to be wise and good.

And if you wonder how I found out this true story, why, their teacher told me!—*The Shepherd's Arms.*

In one of the great picture galleries at Windsor Castle are several precious caskets. The Queen entered one day with a book in her hand, asked the keeper of these treasures which was the most rare and valuable of all these caskets. He showed her one of pure rock crystal, ornamented with gold and enamel. In this casket the Queen placed the small book—Gen. Gordon's pocket bible; annotated and marked by his own hand—and there it will remain.

A LUCKY ESCAPE.—Mrs. Cyrus Kilborne, of Beamsville, Ont., had what was thought to be a cancer on her nose, and was about to submit to a cancer doctor's operation, when she tried Burdock Blood Bitters, which effected a radical cure. This medicine cures all blood diseases.

THE DEAF AND DUMB TO HEAR.—"After eight years suffering from deafness so bad that I was unable to attend to my business, I was cured by the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. With gratitude I make this known for the benefit of others afflicted." Harry Ricardo, Toronto.

FOUR YEARS OF SUFFERING.—Mrs. Torrance McNish, of Smith's Falls, Ont., after four years of intense suffering with scrofula, from which her head became bald, was cured by Burdock Blood Bitters after the best medical aid had failed.

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DEATH.

At the residence of her niece, Mrs. Lett, Rock Court Collingwood, on Thursday, the 6th inst., Sarah Frances, widow of the late Honorable and Rev'd T. P. Rodde, aged 77 years.



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