

Raindrops.

O merry sparkling raindrops,
You glimmer as you fall,
And all the little flowers
Will hear your joyful call.
You bring glad news of summer,
Of birds and blossoms fair,
Of fields and blooming meadows
That lately were so bare.

"Good morning," sing the raindrops,
While falling from the sky;
"We cannot tarry with you,
But quickly hasten by.
For we must wake the flowers,
And swell the little stream,
Then onward to the river
With a sparkle and a gleam."

Volcanoes.

I told you a little about earthquakes last month. I was reading the other day about volcanoes. You have all heard of the terrible eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, and have heard of the ruins of Pompeii. Well, I read that a house in Pompeii had been discovered long after the great eruption of Vesuvius, that had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcano-storm buried it. Painters' pots and brushes and workmen's tools were scattered about. Spots of whitewash starred wall and floor. Pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood on the stove, and there was a brown dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a sucking-pig, all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread, so the sucking-pig had to wait; and it never entered the oven, and the loaves were never taken out till after a sojourn of seventeen hundred years. The pig and the bread had been there since November 23rd, A. D. 79. M. Filorelli added the loaves to his museum at Pompeii, twenty one of them, rather hard, of course, and black, but perfectly preserved.

Pompeii is about ten miles from Naples, and at the foot of Vesuvius. Its walls were once washed by the waves, but the sea has long retired to some distance. The Pompeians were surprised one night in the year A. D. 79 by a terrible explosion and an eruption of smoke and ashes, which completely buried the whole city, and covered the surrounding country with dismay. After fifteen centuries had passed, a countryman, as he was turning up the ground, accidentally found a bronze figure. This discovery excited the attention of the learned, and further research brought numerous productions to light. The buried city has been again uncovered, and stands amongst other cities as much a stranger as any of its former occupants would be among his descendants of the present day.

—We read that the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. This was because the devil had dealings with both. He is the great accuser and divider of those who should be brothers. How he wastes energy; how he raises up envy, hatred, and malice, and destroys that union which is strength, and which should characterize Christian work! Rather let us imitate Louis XII. Before coming to the throne, he had many enemies. When he became king, he caused a list to be made of his persecutors, and marked against each name a black cross. His enemies fled, but the king sent for them to come back, saying that he had put a

cross against each name to remind him of the cross of Christ, in order that he might try to follow the example of Him who prayed for His murderers.

Peterborough, Oct. 22, 1896.
To Messrs. Edmansons, Bates & Co.,
Toronto.

Gentlemen,—I take great pleasure in testifying to the merits of Dr. Chase's K. A. L. Pills. They prove themselves to be just what they are recommended for, and are one of the best selling pills that I have ever handled.

J. D. Tully, Druggist.

—Seek your life's nourishment in your life's work. Do not let your occupation pass you by, and only leave you the basest and poorest of its benefits, the money with which it fills your purse.

Scurfy Head.

If a child's head is scurfy, do not comb the hair, which is apt to scratch and irritate the scalp, but brush gently. After washing the head thoroughly, dry it, and apply Dr. Chase's Ointment.

—To be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it, is as if a man should put off eating and drinking from one day to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

Souris, Man., Sept. 21, 1896.
Messrs. Edmansons, Bates & Co.

Dear Sirs,—I find your goods taking remarkably well with my customers and they appear to give every satisfaction, as indicated by the fact of our having sold one-half gross of your Kidney-Liver Pills alone during the month of August. S. S. Smith, Souris, Man.

—There are many people in the world who spend the first half of their existence trying to taste all the sweets of life, and the second half in trying to get the tastes out of their mouths.

Listowel, Sept. 22nd, 1896.
Edmansons, Bates & Co.,

Gentlemen,—I have pleasure in saying that Dr. Chase's Ointment, Pills and Catarrh Cure and Linseed and Turpentine are selling well, and are giving every satisfaction. Many of my customers have spoken highly in their praise. Yours truly,
J. A. Hacking.

—Strive for that serenity of spirit that will enable you to make the best of things. That means contentment in its best sense.

Health's Paradise

Regained after Twenty Years' Torture From that Dread Disease, Catarrh—
Hon. Geo. Taylor of Scranton, Pa.,
Tells the World what Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Has Done for Him.

I was a martyr to catarrh for twenty years—tried every known remedy, but got little or no relief. Was troubled with constant dropping in the throat, terrible pains in my head, and my breath was very offensive. I was induced to give Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder a trial, and the result was magical. The first application cleared my head instantly. I persisted in its use, and to-day I am a cured man, and it affords me pleasure to lend my testimony.

The Little Picture.

Did you ever see a man taking a photograph of some church or view in the country? He put his curious box standing up in front of the scene, and he opened a little window, and in a few moments he shut it again; and next day he had a beautiful little picture of the church, or mountain, lake, or tree.

The view was very large, but the picture was not bigger perhaps than a page of this little book. In the little picture you could see the same things (only smaller) which you would see if you went to the window of your room and looked out.

One was large, the other was small, but in both the same things appeared.

I often think the "Belief" or "Creed," which we say in church, is like that little picture, while the Bible is like the wide view. We have in the Creed all the great things the most important things—which we have in the Bible.

Once on a time, before men learned to print books, Bibles were very scarce and very dear, and most people could never have one at all. And even now when you have your Bible, you know it takes a long time for a child to read it all through; but you can say your Belief, in the words of the Creed, in two or three minutes.

It is very nice to be able to say over about the Father who made us and all the world, all the bright seas and fields below, all the blue skies above, and the sun and stars over all.

It is pleasant to be able to repeat those words about Jesus Christ, God's Son, who came down to be the Saviour of all mankind: who was a babe once, and then a man; who died to save us, and rose again the third day, and went to heaven to pray to His Father for us.

These things we read about in the Bible, as well as about the Holy Ghost, the forgiveness of sins, the Resurrection of the Body, and the life everlasting; but it would take a long time to teach them all to a poor, ignorant child, or a heathen, unless one could say the Creed, and learn and teach about them in a few words.

The Creed was made by holy men who lived about the time of the apostles, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John, were teaching.

I am glad I have that little picture of God's great Book, and I will whisper "I believe" as I lie down upon my pillow, and I will thank God that I know about my Father, and His Son, and the Holy Ghost. There are millions of poor heathens who have not heard these things, but I have been taught them, and "I believe." How glad I am that I have been taught the Creed.

An Old Custom Revived.

It used to be the custom—we read about it in story-books, and many of us have seen it, as children, in our homes—for the house-mother to have a little tub of hot soap-suds brought her on a tray after each meal. She would then gather up the silver, the glass, and the frail china cups and saucers, which were the delight of her heart, and with a little handled dish-mop she would wash them, dry them on a linen cloth, and herself see to putting them away. These nice dishes were never trusted to the hands of the servant, and that is why so many of grandma's tea-sets have come down to a younger generation without crack or nick.

This custom is being revived, and every young housekeeper feels that her housekeeping outfit is incomplete without the cedar tub, dish-mop and tray. The enjoyment of possession is enhanced a hundred-fold when one takes the care herself of her precious belongings. In some homes where there are growing daughters, the eldest takes this work from the mother, and makes the dining-room furnishings her especial care. It is her first practical lesson in housekeeping. But, whoever does it, it is a pretty custom, and an economical one as well; for the pretty china and delicate glass will last much longer for the gentle treatment it will receive from the appreciative hands of its owner.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.

—He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper, but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to his circumstances.

BUTCHERED OR BURNED?

We read with horror of the cruelty and butcheries of Gen. Weyler in the fair Isle of Cuba, but little reck we of the ravages of that more direful King of Grave-Fillers, KIDNEY DISEASE, here in our midst.

People of high and low degree drop into graves on all sides of us daily from Kidney Trouble. We incur it ourselves. We encourage it. We do everything but cure it.

Yet there is a cure, pleasant as a May morning. Sure as fate. Infallible as heredity. Before this wonderful remedy, the agonizing tortures of Kidney Ills vanish like a snowflake in a fiery furnace.

This cure, of which we sound the praises, is DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Yet not alone we, but every one who has tried them. One hundred per cent. of cures we record. Here are examples:—

W. F. Smith, 16 Carrol St., Toronto, says:—"I have taken eight boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, which have cured me of Heart Trouble, Pain in the Back and Dizziness, after other treatments had failed."

D. J. Kenney, Queen's Hotel, Mount Forest, says:—"Have suffered greatly from Nervousness, but information as to the effects of Dodd's Kidney Pills in such cases led me to use them, with the result that I am cured."

Louis H. Bounsall, 573 King East, Toronto, says:—"Had been troubled for several months with pain in my Back and Kidneys which prevented my entering in bicycle events, but am in the ring once more after using three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mr. James Stokes, Deseronto, Ont., says:—"From the first box taken of Dodd's Kidney Pills I found relief, and hundreds here, knowing me for the past fifteen years, can vouch for my cure of long standing Kidney Trouble."