

## GOD SPEAKING TO US.

Oliver Cameron—"my big brother Nolly," as little Bess called him—was at home from school for a few days, and the children were delighted at the stories he told them of his school life and studies. One evening, after some lively games, they clustered around Oliver's chair to listen to a story before bed-time. "Well what shall it be this time?" said he; "a Bible story?"

The children liked Noll's Bible stories, and so they settled quietly into their places, and with bright-eyed Charlie on one arm of his rocking-chair, little Bess on the other, and sober Fred at his feet, he began.

He told them the story of little Samuel, the boy who was given to God by his good mother, and who when a little boy went to live with Eli, the priest, to wait on him and help him in the work of the Temple. He told how one night he was awakened from sleep by the voice of God calling him by name in the darkness, and how Samuel thought at first it was Eli who had called him, and it was not till the fourth time that he knew it was God who was speaking to him, and then how attentively he listened.

As he finished the beautiful story, Fred asked thoughtfully, "Why don't God speak to people now as he did in those days?"

"Do you want Him to speak to you? Would you listen if He should?"

"I guess we would listen and do just what He told us too, wouldn't we, Charlie?" said little Bess.

"But He does speak to us all very often," said Oliver, "only perhaps we don't know that it is He that is speaking.

"Samuel didn't know it was the Lord at first," said Fred. "But how does He speak to us, Noll?"

"He speaks to us in writing. When we read in the Bible, we can hear Him calling to us, and saying, 'Give Me your heart,' 'Follow Me,' 'Love Me and work for Me.' Then He has appointed His ministers to speak His words to us, and the Sunday school teachers, and in many other ways He talks to us."

"But if we could hear His voice directly, as Samuel did, it would seem more real," said Fred; "or if we could have lived in Jesus' times, and seen and talked with Him."

"He comes to us Himself and speaks to us in another way, just as real as if we could see Him. It is by His Spirit, who whispers to us words that nobody else can hear, and tries to lead us to love and obey Him. This is His 'still, small voice,' and we must listen to it, and always try to do as God tells us to do"—*W. S. Harris.*

**CERTAIN CURE FOR CHOLERA MORBUS.**—A positive cure for this dangerous complaint, and for all acute or chronic forms of Bowel Complaint incident to summer and fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; to be procured from any druggist.

## THE JOY OF THIS WORLD UNSATISFYING.

Lord Nelson was, in early life, a poor sickly boy. He entered the British Navy as a boy without friends and without much prospect of ever becoming a great man. But he desired very much to distinguish himself, and he did so. He risked much for fame, honour, and wealth. He gained them all. The poor pale-faced boy rose to the highest place in the English Navy. He became a knight of the various orders, an admiral, a viscount, a duke. He was the hero of a hundred fights. Whole nations feared him. In his native land no man was ever more honoured than he. He was literally covered with the glory of this world. All the things that he had desired he had gained. But did they make him happy? Judge for yourself from what he said. One day while writing to a friend, he used these words: "I am now perfectly the great man. No one stands near me in honour. Yet, from my heart, I wish myself the little man again."—*Stones from the brook.*

**HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.**—An honest medicine is the noblest work of man, and we can assure our readers that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is not only reliable, but is almost infallible to cure Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Canker of the Stomach and the Bowels, and the various summer complaints, whose attacks are often sudden and fatal.

## TO LITTLE GIRLS AND BOYS.

Shut every door after you, and without slamming it. Never shout, jump, or run in the house. Never call to persons upstairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them go quietly to where they are. Always speak kindly and politely to servants if you would have them do the same to you. When you are told to do or not to do a thing by either parent, never ask why you should not do it. Tell of your own faults and misdoings, and not those of your brothers and sisters. Carefully clean the mud and snow off your boots before entering the house. Be prompt at every meal hour. Never sit down at the table or in the parlor with dirty hands or tumbled hair. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home.

**OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.**—It is just as essential that the human body should have pure blood, as that a tree or plant should have sap to nourish and invigorate its growth. Nearly all our bodily ills arise from unhealthy blood. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies this fountain of life, and regulates all the vital organs to a healthy action.

## "MOTHER WILL UNDERSTAND."

Prayer must have love in it. You would not ask a favour of a stern task master, expecting him to grant it. You would go to a friend. If you are afraid of God you can scarcely pray to Him aright; if you love Him, you feel sure that your poor request will be understood.

There was a little boy once, whose mother lay ill in the hospital. The child fancied his mother would not

have left him if she had loved him, and determined to send her a letter, and find out. He was quite unable to write, but he scrawled all over the paper, as little children will, and begged his friends to carry it to his mother. "Then," said he "I shall see if she loves me." The messenger laughed at the strange letter, and declared that no one could make it out. "Mother will understand," said the child.

And when Eddie's scrawl was given to her, she recognised at once the work of her child's fingers, and understood his meaning. My brothers, our prayers are often as badly put together as Eddie's scrawl! but the good God knows His children's meaning.—*Rev. H. J. Wilmot Buxton.*

## HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Dr. N. S. Read, Chicago, says: "I think it is a remedy of the highest value in many forms of mental and nervous exhaustion, attended by sick headache, dyspepsia and diminished vitality."

## A RETURNING PRODIGAL.

Some years ago an English clergyman, who spoke French fluently, was staying in a Swiss village. The pastor of the place made acquaintance with him, and invited him to preach. He did so, speaking on the words, "The Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me," pressing on the minds of the people the thought that, however careless or even wicked their lives might have been, there was One Who had been loving them all along, having proved that love even by the death of the Cross. He left the village the next morning. The following Sunday was one of those unfortunately rare occasions in Protestant Switzerland on which there was to be a Communion.

In the course of the week, a young man, well known as one of the worst characters in the parish, came to the pastor, saying that he wished to be allowed to communicate on the next Sunday. "You!" said the pastor, utterly amazed. "You! Who are known to be leading such an evil life? It's impossible." "Yes, sir, I know I have been very wicked, but I must tell you something. I heard the stranger preach last Sunday, and when he said how Jesus Christ had been loving me all my life and all through my sins, and how I had never cared to think of Him, it went to my very heart. I was miserable. I went home and to bed, but could not rest. I got up and knelt and tried to pray. So it went on for hours. At last, I suppose I fell asleep, for I saw Him standing there with the marks in His hands and feet. I thought I fell at His feet and said, 'Lord, I do love Thee,' but the face was cold and stern. I thought, Perhaps it is not true, I don't love Him, and He knows it.' 'Lord I will love Thee,' but there was no change in His countenance. I felt in despair; at last I cried, 'Lord, is it then not true that Thou hast loved me all my life, and didst give Thyself for me?' and then the face changed into such a look of love and forgiveness, and in my joy I woke. And now I do so want to come to the Communion on Sunday." The pastor consented, and has had the comfort of seeing this young man continue to lead a life of remarkable

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 WALL ST. N. Y.

Christian excellence for many years.—*Related by the Rev. Andrew Jules, during the London Mission.*

## THE SWALLOWS.

In the spring-time, when the swallows came back, and with cheerful twitter took possession of their old nest under the eaves of a farmhouse, the farmer said to his children: "Now do no harm to the good little birds; he who drives away the swallows from his threshold, also drives away good luck from his house. Our neighbour destroyed the swallows' nest before his window, and crushed the eggs; and from that time he has fallen back in his circumstances, and he is going to ruin."

Little Christian asked his father how that could be. His father replied, "Our neighbour had abandoned the pious, simple customs of his fathers. His grandfather and great-grandfather had treated with patience the harmless yea rather, the useful swallows, and were awakened for their work at early morn by the active chattering birds. But our neighbour, who was hard-hearted both to man and beast, and spent half the night in the pot-house, was glad, to dream away the bright morning hours; and as the swallows disturbed him in his morning slumbers, he destroyed their nest. The sullen, lazy, and wasteful man, in this way drove good luck and blessing from his house, together with the swallows."

**RHEUMATISM and the Gout** cease their twinges, if the affected part is daily washed with Glenn's Sulphur Soap, which banishes pain and renders the joints and muscles supple and elastic. It is at the same time a very effective clarifier and beautifier of the skin.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap heals and beautifies. St. German Corn Remover kills Corns, Bunions, etc. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye—Black & Brown. St. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute.

## WHICH TO THROW AWAY.

Let the boy who stands with a glass of liquor in his hand consider which he had better throw away—the liquor or himself.