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Through which they went as in life's spring-tide hour,  
Through fields of lady-ress they loving dreamed,  
Then thought the dame her good man pluck'd a flower,  
And placed it in her bosom, and it seemed  
That sometime in her early wedded youth  
That blossom was there folded of a truth:  
Was folded there, and faded ere the night  
Had set on spring's bright dream; now wet with dew  
Of grace divine, it bloomed in morning light,  
Which in an endless stream for ever new  
Pours forth from Him in glory, love, and peace,  
Round whom glad songs of angels never cease.  
Then knew they with good-will the Lord their prayer  
Had heard, and with His strength had shewn;  
A strange sweet peace filled all the hallowed air,  
And far away upon a gem-built throne,  
Mid hosts of light, they saw Him whom a child  
E'en now they greeted in the winter wild.  
"Glory to God on high!" in loud acclaim  
They join the hymn: "He hath the poor of earth  
Regarded, Blessed is His Holy Name,  
And blest art Thou who gave Him maiden birth;  
Him Whose good-will brings back the joys of yore,  
Spring's faded bloom, and peace for evermore."  
W. HENRY JEWITT

#### THEY "MEAN BUSINESS."

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, \$500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. This wonderful remedy has fairly attained a world-wide reputation. If you have dull, heavy-headache, obstruction of the Nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectation of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers, the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

#### TWO SCENES.

In the little town in the north of England where I was born, we often heard of a great city merchant who had once been an apprentice in the place, and had risen to be one of the merchant princes of England. He sometimes came to see the spot where he passed those humble years, and showed his good-will to young and old by many wise and kind deeds. Two scenes in his life may interest and help the young men into whose hands this tract falls.

The little town was busy with preparations for Christmas sixty years ago. In one of the public-houses sat a lad who had fallen into bad habits, and sometimes gambled all the night through. It was little wonder that he had gone astray. His home was in the country, and he was left alone when only thirteen to fight his way in the world. His master was a drinker, and set a bad example to the boy. His friends arranged that he should get all his meals at the public-house; and business habits were so bad in those days that he was required, when managing his master's business, to treat the customers to a glass of spirits and water, even when they only bought a five shilling parcel. Things were going very badly with him. He kept his pack of cards ready at all hours, and sometimes lost all he had, sometimes won heavy stakes.

At five o'clock in the morning he left the public-house and turned home to his master's house. Some reports of the lad's wild doings had reached his master, and the lower window which he used to leave unfastened was firmly nailed down. No way was left but one. He went up the street, climbed to the top of the lowest house, then along the ridges of the houses between that and his master's. When he reached it he slid down the slates, hung suspended over the street clinging to the water spout, and succeeded in opening the bedroom window with his foot.

When he was safely in bed his master came into

the room and stood by the apprentice, who was apparently fast asleep, murmuring and threatening that the moment he got up he would turn him out of the place. The lad's heart only grew harder as he listened. Soon after the waits came round singing their Christmas carols. His heart grew tender as he heard those singers. Thoughts of his father's grief, and the trouble to his home, made him resolve that if he could get his master's forgiveness he would live a new life. Twenty-four hours, without food or drink, he lay in bed, then as the Christmas morning dawned he rose and having secured a new trial from his master, he began to lead a better life.

He never looked back. His master trusted him, and left all his concerns in his hand. The apprentice was reformed; but the master went from bad to worse and everything would have been ruined but for the youth's efforts. All the little town knew and loved the bright, active, daring lad. He had been exposed to great temptation, and had yielded sorely. But God's mercy had been shown to him, and he had begun to live a true life.

Half a century later all Europe was in suspense about the fate of Paris. London raised vast sums for the relief of the suffering thousands. For four months there had been no milk in Paris, and a little bit of black bread, made of hay and straw and twenty-five per cent. of the coarsest flour, with a piece of horseflesh, the size of a walnut, was doled out to the starving people.

Help came at last. Starving people thronged to a great warehouse belonging to a famous English firm of merchants. Ten or fifteen thousand waited through an awful night of sleet and wind that they might be ready for the distribution of food in the morning. That great warehouse belonged to the apprentice of that little country town who slid down the roof of his attic bedroom fifty years before. He and his colleague were straining themselves to the utmost to help the poor people who were often scarce able to walk away with their parcels of food, and broke down into sobs of gladness at their deliverance. It was an awful time. For half a mile stretched the long line of applicants, four or five deep, waiting for provisions. One lady had been thirty-nine hours in the street.

Day by day our friend was working with all his might, and winning the love of those poor, starving Parisians, and the honor of his own countrymen. "I have little time," he said, "to read the Bible! but I read the ninety-first Psalm every morning, which is a great support to me."

The lad whose life had been so nearly wrecked by temptation had become one of the greatest merchants and philanthropists of his time. From the hour when the Christmas carols had aroused feelings of penitence and new resolve, he had never looked behind him. Life had been a hard struggle; but he had faced all its troubles with courage, and had won himself a commanding position. No honour that London could grant would have been withheld from him. But his heart was set on better things. He was a humble, earnest Christian, and devoted his time and wealth to the work of charity. He was the constant friend of young men, the helper of all who were in trouble, and when he died all England felt that one of our truest and finest men was gone from us.

This is a true story. Every word of it had its lesson. We used to watch George Moore walking the streets of our little town, and used to hear of his deeds with a feeling of pride and thankfulness that remains to this day. His example had great influence on young men, and roused many of them to do their duty faithfully.

#### A HAPPY WOMAN.

Happy is the woman without bodily ills, but happier is the woman who having them knows of the saving properties of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When relieved, as she surely will be upon a trial of it, she can contrast her condition with her former one of suffering and appreciate health as none can who have not for a time been deprived of it. The "Favorite Prescription" corrects unnatural discharges and cures all "weakness," and irregularities.

#### A MOTHER'S TACT.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with dull, rounded scissors, and some old magazines, was just as busy cutting out pictures.

"It would litter up the carpet,"—so said Aunt Martha, who had come in for a cozy chat.

Mamma knew this, but she knew that a few minutes work would make all right again, and Josie was happy.

All went well until the little boy found that he had cut off the leg of a horse that he had considered a marvel of beauty. It was a real disappointment and grief to the little one.

"Mamma, see!" and half crying he held it up.

"Play he's holding up one foot," the mother said quickly.

"Do real horses, mamma?"

"O, yes, sometimes."

"I will;" and sunshine chased away the cloud

that in another minute would have rained down.

It was a little thing, the mother's answer; but the quick sympathy, the ready tact, made all right. The boy's heart was comforted, and he went on with no jar on nerves or temper, and auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.

"I am tired cutting pictures, mamma," said Josie, after a while.

"Well, get your horse and wagon and play those bits of paper are wood, and you are going to bring me a load. Draw it over to that corner by the fire, and put them into the kindling box; play that's the wood-house."

Pleased and proud, the little teamster drew load after load till the papers were all picked up without his ever thinking that he was doing anything but play.

"Well, I declare," said Aunt Martha, "old as I am, I've learned one thing to-day, and I wish Emily would come in and take lessons, I do."

Mrs. Waldo looked up in surprise.

"What do you mean, my dear aunt?"

"Well, I spent yesterday afternoon over there"—the old lady had a weakness for visiting, and was "Auntie" to people generally—"and things were in a snarl and high-de-low all the time, starting with less than Josie's given you a dozen times since I sat here. I've had a good talk with you, and you've given me pleasant thoughts for a week to come; over there we couldn't hear ourselves speak. It was, 'Don't do that,' and 'You naughty child, spill and scratch and break and tumble, scold and slap half the time. Emily means well; she loves her children, and never spares herself sewing for them, or nursing them when they are sick. She has a world of patience some ways, but she don't seem to have any faculty for managing them. Well, well, I'll send her over here, only I won't let on why," and the old lady rolled up her knitting as the bell rang for tea.

A little tact, springing from thoughtful love, how good it is!

FOR SCROFULA, IMPOVERISHED BLOOD AND GENERAL DEBILITY.—Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, has no equal in the whole realm of Medicine. Read the following: "I gave Scott's Emulsion to my own child for Scrofula, and the effect was marvelous." O. F. Gray, M.D., White Hall, Ind. Put up in 50c. and \$1 size.

#### CHRISTMAS COMMUNION.

Every person who is confirmed ought to receive the Holy Communion frequently and regularly; but such we are sorry to say, is not the case. When confirmed, you promised to "keep God's Holy Will and Commandments." Has that vow ceased to be obligatory upon you. You would despise yourself if you should forswear yourself to man. Is it less heinous to swear falsely to God?

There is on the present roll of communicants a considerable number of persons who have not communicated for some time. Will they not avail themselves of the opportunities that remain before the old year closes? No season could be more appropriate than Christmas. Now, when we commemorate the great fact of the Incarnation and