

ly), "ye dinna ken my Saviour if ye think He could deceive me or anybody else."

Happy, artless disciple, it had never occurred to him that a Saviour's testimony could be doubted, and he was shocked at the suspicion of it.

"And yet," said he, after a pause, with a confidential air, "I have one doubt that has given me a great deal of trouble. I cannot understand how this vile body (pointing to his own diseased and emaciated frame) can be fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body, after it has fed the worms, and yet continue to be my own same body."

I endeavoured, of course, to answer that Christ did not always explain things. It was enough to us if He said them, although we could not tell how they were to be accomplished; that Christ was able to do all this, for He who made the body at first was equally able to make it anew; and that we had His own word for it (Phil. iii. 21), that He would do this, "according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself."

Charley listened and reflected, but did not seem satisfied, until, at a subsequent interview, he said,—

"I have got over all my difficulty now. I see I must just trust it all to my Saviour's word. And why should I not? Since I have given up my soul to Him for ever, I can surely trust my poor body till the Judgment-day."

#### Little Easter Missionaries.

It was Easter Monday. Beth and Jack had a holiday, and went out among the grass and flowers, to play in the sunshine. Far off on the water the white sails of the fishermen's boats were shining; and the birds flapped their wings in the blue sky. Jack leaned back, and looked up. He was thinking of little sister Edie, who had gone away to Paradise, a year ago. "We shall see her again, some day, sure, Beth! Jesus said so, you know." "Yes!" said Beth, cheerfully. "Maybe the fishermen people don't know about that: for I heard Mrs. Joyce say she'd never see her boy again when he was drowned. And she cried so! We might go tell her about it. It would be a kind of Easter missionary work." "Let's ask mamma!" Beth jumped up; and they ran to mamma. She gave them a pretty Easter card, with verses on it; and they went off on their kind errand. The fisher-boy's mother sat in the door, looking very sad. She had no other children: only Harry in Paradise. Jack told her how Jesus had said everybody should rise again from their graves, and he and Beth sang their Easter carols for her, while she looked at the card. When they stopped, the tears were on her face, but she looked happier. "Yes!" she said, "a long time ago, I heard about Easter, and all that. It makes me glad! We haven't had any church here in so long. Now your papa has started one, I will go."

#### A Popular C.P.R. Officer

Adds His Testimony to the Merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for Catarrh and Cold in the Head.

He says it is peerless.

Mr. John McEdwards, the genial purser of the C.P.R. liner "Athabasca," says: "I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for cold in the head. It is very effective, easy to apply, mild and pleasant. For catarrh it has no equal. I have tested nearly every catarrh cure made, and found none to compare with it. I recommend it first, last and always."

#### A Charm.

Every gentle deed you do  
One bright spirit brings to you;  
One more angel watch to keep  
By your pillow while you sleep;  
Softer makes the wind's weird song  
Through the bare trees all night long,  
Clearer makes the bright stars gleam  
While you dream.

Every gentle word you say  
One dark spirit drives away;  
Makes the clover in the grass  
Whisper greeting as you pass;  
Swifter makes the cloud ships fly  
In their march across the sky;  
Daintier makes each frosted flake  
When you wake.

How many people are ashamed to go into company on account of their foul-smelling breath, caused from catarrh or cold in the head? If they would study their own interests they would soon have sweet breath like their neighbours. There is one sure cure for Catarrh and that is Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. Give one blow through the blower and you get relief immediately. Price, including blower, 25 cents.

—Men do not have their choice whether they will accept life or not; but they can choose how they will live.

#### Piles Cured by Dr. Chase.

I. M. Iral, 186 Drolet Street, Montreal. 15 years suffered. Cured of Blind Itching Piles.

William Butler, Powassan, Ont. Suffered many months. Cured of Protruding Piles by one box.

Pabano Bastard, Gower Point, Ont. Suffered for 30 years. Cured of Itching Piles by three boxes.

Nelson Simmons, Myersburg, Ont., cured of Itching Piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment will positively cure all forms of Piles. Write any of the above if in doubt.

—A just person knows how to secure his own reputation without blemishing another's by exposing his faults.

#### Dr. Chase Cures Backache.

Kidney trouble generally begins with a single pain in the back, and in time develops into Bright's Disease. People troubled with stricture, impediments, stoppage of water, or a frequent desire to urinate at night, will find Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a blessing. Read the wonderful cures in another column. One pill is a dose, and if taken every other night will positively cure Kidney trouble.

—All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand labour, there is something of divineness.—Carlyle.

#### Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured for 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures tetter, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barber's itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humours: 35 cents.

—Nearness of life to the Saviour will necessarily involve greatness of love to Him. As nearness to the sun increases the temperature of the various planets, so near and intimate communion with Jesus raises the heat of the soul's affections for Him.

—The harmful effects of carelessness are sometimes as great as those of deliberate wrong doing.

#### The Life of Dr. Chase.

As a compiler of Chase's Recipe Book, his name is familiar in every household in the land, while as a physician his works on simple formulas left an imprint of his name that will be handed down from generation to generation. His last great medicine, in the form of his Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, is having the large public patronage that his Ointment, Pills and Catarrh Cure are having. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is especially adapted for all Bronchial and Asthmatic troubles.

#### Two Ways.

"I'm not ready to be a Christian yet," said a young Sunday-school scholar whose teacher had been urging him to give his heart and life to the Saviour. "But," he added, looking earnestly into his teacher's face, "I'm not going to be a bad boy, Mr. Blake. I'm not going to lie and steal and do all those wicked things, even if I'm not a Christian. If I'm not very good, I won't be very bad."

"Do you think you can keep along a sort of middle way?" asked Mr. Blake.

"That is what I mean," said John. "Do you think that middle way will by and by bring you nearer to God and make it easier for you to love and serve Him?"

"I think so," said John, "and when I'm bigger it will be time enough."

"But the Bible teaches us, John, that there is no middle way. There are only two ways, one that leads to God and one that leads away from Him. There is a path of light and a path of darkness. You think if you do not lie and steal, you are safe, but what about disobeying God when He says, 'Give Me thy heart'? If you refuse to do that one thing, you turn away from Him and walk in the path of disobedience, which will take you farther and farther away each day you live. You talk about some sins that you will not commit, but what about the worst sin of all, which is refusing to love and trust Jesus, your Saviour? No, no, my boy, there are but two ways, the path of obedience, and the path of disobedience. There is no middle way."

#### Help for a Child.

When Mary Bond was only ten years old, she saw a poor, hungry, shivering child in the street. Her mother said, "You ought to make a frock for that poor little girl."

"I will, mamma," said Mary, running off to her work-box.

When she came back, and had got some stuff to make the dress, she sat down very eagerly, her little heart beating fast with pleasure. But after a bit she came over to her mother with a sad face, and said, "I have been trying, mamma, and I cannot do it."

"Why did you not ask me to help you?" said her mother.

"Oh, would you help me? I thought I was to do it all by myself. But I was determined to make the frock."

"I will help you, and I will do the hard parts for you," said her mother.

"Oh, how nice!" cried Mary: "if you help me, mamma, I am sure it will soon be done, for I am determined"

(that was a favourite word with little Mary) "to work hard and do my very best."

If this little girl had not had her mother to help her, she could never have made the frock. But if her mother had offered to help her, that would have been of no use unless Mary put her mind and heart to it, and said "I will do it." So you see that two things were wanting—Mary must try and mother must help.

Yesterday I was reading in my Evening Chimes about the promises I made to God when I was a babe. I promised to fight against that wicked enemy, the devil, who sometimes puts angry or naughty thoughts into my

## THE KING OF MAN-KILLERS

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys Baffled the World's most Eminent Medical Authorities until

### DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Came to the Rescue and Delivery of Mankind, Stopping Forever the Deadly Assaults of Life's Most Insidious Foe.

Men are dropping from the ranks everywhere. Cut down in the flower of youth or the fruitage of manhood by that ruthless destroyer—Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

Only a few days ago Sir Hercules Robinson, the doughty Governor of Cape Colony, was forced to resign that post because of encroaching Bright's Disease.

Hardly had his successor been appointed when the wires brought tidings of the death of William P. St. John, a New York banker, and remembered by everyone as the treasurer of the National Democratic party during the latest national campaign. Bright's Disease carried him off.

It has killed many better men than most of us. So has Diabetes, its twin curse. Yet there is one cure (and only one), that never fails in cases of Diabetes and Bright's Disease. Let these testimonials bear witness:

Mr. FRED CARSTENS, Palmerston, Ont., says:—"After many years suffering with Bright's Disease, I am a new man, cured by using three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mr. F. X. GROULX, Ottawa, Ont., says:—"Dodd's Kidney Pills have been a godsend to me, as they have cured me of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys."

S. G. MOORE, King St., London, Ont., says:—"After taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I am as well as ever in my life, despairing of recovery from Bright's Disease."

Mr. CHAS. T. BYE, Garryowen, P. O., Ont., says:—"For the past three years have suffered from Diabetes, but noticing cures published I have used Dodd's Kidney Pills, which have perfectly cured me."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS are for sale by druggists everywhere, and by the Dodd's Medicine Co., Toronto Ont. Price 50 cents a box.

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