

Childrens' Department.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The following incident was related a short time ago, by a home missionary:

Once I saw kneeling, in a church, where I had been preaching, a poor collier lad some ten or twelve years of age. His hair was rough; his coat was worn and ragged; his feet were bare. As I passed, his hands were clasped as if in prayer, and a sad wistful look was on his face.

I turned and went to speak to him. "I want to be good," he said; "I want to belong to the Saviour; but," he added, "I can't believe he loves such as me."

His had been a hard life in the world, poor lad. How could I convince him of the love of God? I spoke to him of friends and play-mates.

"Is there anyone you know who would, if need be, die for you?"

He was silent; he had no belief they would, and I pressed the question.

"Is there any one you have ever known who, if you had to die would die instead to save you?"

For a few moments he was silent; then he looked up and said:

"I believe my mother would!"

Ah, poor lad! in that brief pause he had looked back on life and thought of the only love he had ever known—his mother's love. He remembered, very likely, how she had sat up late at night to mend his clothes, or to earn by her needle to-morrow's bread. Convinced of the reality of her love, his heart told him it would be strong unto death.

"Then see what Jesus has done," I said, as I spoke to him of the life and death of the crucified one.

As I was speaking he bowed his face in his hands, and at last said:

"I can love him back again and trust him too."

Thus was the victory of the cross won in that young heart.

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A WISE CONCLUSION.

One summer evening, after Harry and his sister Helen had been put to bed, a severe thunder-storm came up.

Their cribs stood side by side; and their mother, in the next room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked, in low voices, about the thunder and lightning.

They told each other their fears. They were afraid the lightning would strike them.

They wondered whether they would be killed right off, and whether the house would be burned up. They trembled afresh at each peal.

But tired nature could not hold out as long as the storm. Harry became very sleepy, and at last, with renewed cheerfulness in his voice, he said, as

he laid his head on the pillow, "Well, I'm going to trust in God."

Little Helen sat a minute longer thinking it over, and then laid her own head down, saying, "Well, I dess I will too."

And they both went to sleep, without more words.—*Youth's Companion.*

OUR FATHER.

Men are told that God stands to them in the light of a Father. Yet they do not say, "My Father loves me, so there must be a blessing in the troubles which He sends me."

Rather they begin to judge Him, their Maker as well as their Father, grumbling and complaining at His ordering of their lives.

What should we think of the little child who sulked and cried, "My father is no loving father; he holds my hand when I want to run about; he struck me with the rod the day I played by the river, and when I was ill and my head ached he gave me bitter medicine instead of the sugar I asked for."

Surely some one would reply, "You foolish child, your father holds your hand to keep you from falling and wounding yourself. He let you feel the rod that you may never again be tempted to play by the deep dangerous river, and he gave you a better drink to cure your pain. It is to him you owe your present health and safety, ungrateful little one!"

And are not many men—are not you indeed like this little child? You complain of your Father in heaven because He keeps you poor, perhaps, and unable to do the thing you would. He let you feel His rod the other day to prevent you repeating that sin you fell into. He afflicts you now to make you well for all eternity.

You are, perhaps, about five years old as regards God, like that little child, and you have no sense to judge Him, the great Creator of all men.

Be humble, then, and do as you would like your little child to do to you. Trust God though you do not yet understand His dealings. He is your Father.

PETLEY AND PETLEY.—This well-known house is now carrying on their "winter sale of mantles". Any of our readers who wish to get a good one at one half of its value, can do so at this establishment, and we would recommend them to call early and secure one of these handsome mantles before they are all sold.

WHAT ENERGY HAS DONE.

Twenty-five years ago a few young men in London resolved to meet every evening to exchange ideas. The number gradually increased until it was necessary to hire a room. Growing ambitions, they hired lecturers, and many people were brought together. Many of them now trace their success to this effort of getting knowledge.

Indefatigable industry coupled with the desire for knowledge produces great results. Walter Scott, when he was in a lawyer's office spent his evenings in study. John Britton, the author of agricultural works, said: "I studied my books in bed on winter evenings because too poor to have a fire." He used every opportunity to read; the books he picked up for a

moment at the book stalls helped him, he says. Napoleon had indomitable perseverance and energy. Dr. Livingstone, at the age of ten years, working in a factory, bought with his first wages a Latin grammar, and studied it until twelve at night. He studied Virgil and Horace the same way, and finally entered college and graduated.

Many will ask how they can advance themselves in knowledge. The first thing is determination; the next perseverance.

Walter Scott gave this advice to young men: "Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take hours of recreation after business; never before it." Business men often say, "Time is money." But it is more than that to the young man. If used rightly, it is self-improvement, culture. The habit of idleness is a hard one to get rid of. Time spent in reading in anything and everything is weakening to the mind. Books chosen and read with care, cultivate the mind and character. The books you read should raise your thoughts and aspirations, strengthen your energy and help you in your work.

A LITTLE PAINTER.

Elgar had a box of paints, given him for his birthday; and he began to paint pictures of everything.

Lily said, "Oh, Eddy! make a picture of dolly and me!" But he painted dolly's hair such a bright red color, and made her nose so big, that Lily was angry.

"You don't know how to paint!" she said. "I can make better pictures myself." She reached out, to get one of the brushes, and her hand knocked over the bowl of water. It ran over the paints; and there was a great outcry and trouble. Such a picture as there was then, in that room, I am sure no artist would like to paint! A little boy and girl, each with an angry face; and the chair and floor all covered with water and paint! Mamma did not think it a pretty picture, when she went in. Do you know, children, that you are making pictures, every day, just in the way these children did? Try to have pleasant ones, because God, your heavenly Father, looks at them all, and He is grieved when you make such naughty pictures as Edgar and Lily made.—*The Shepherd's Arms.*

JUST AS I AM!

Some time ago a poor boy came to a city missionary. Holding out a dirty and worn-out bit of paper, he said, "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Opening it out, the missionary found that it was a page leaflet, containing that beautiful hymn beginning, "Just as I am, without one plea." The missionary asked where he had got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir," said he, "in sister's pocket after she died. She used always to be singing it while she was ill, and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and to put it in a frame and hang it up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?" That simple hymn given to a little girl seems to have been, by God's blessing, the means of bringing her to Christ.

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