

UNIVERSITY

-OF-

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

A Fellowship of Trinity College in the Natural Sciences, tenable for three years, will become vacant on the 31st December.

The Fellowship is open to graduates in Honors in the Natural Sciences of any University in good standing. The Fellow will be required to lecture in his own Department.

Stipend \$500 per annum, with rooms and board in the College.

Applications with references, testimonials etc., to be sent to the
CHANCELLOR OF TRINITY COLLEGE
December 10, 1886. TORONTO, ONT.

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The Steinway Piano,
The Chickering Piano,
the Haines Piano.

It is quite unnecessary to say anything in praise of these instruments. The first two on the List are acknowledged by all to be the finest Pianos in the world. The most celebrated artists of the day have pronounced in favor of one or the other over all others.

THE HAINES, for a medium priced Piano, excels in finish and beauty as well as durability, any other instrument of its class. Its popularity is proved by the fact that the Haines' Factory has risen to be the Third Largest Factory in America.

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Special rates to Clergymen and Sunday Schools.

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Read this Twice.

In addition to our premiums of music and "Mikado" cards, we have just issued a beautiful panel picture, in colors, 14 x 26, a fac simile reproduction of one of the Paris salon paintings for 1884, entitled "Two Sisters." It is a perfect gem, and well worthy a place on the wall of any of the patrons of Dobbins' Electric Soap. We have copyrighted it, and it cannot be issued by any other house than ourselves. The edition is limited, and will be issued gratis to readers of this paper in the following manner only:—

Save your wrappers of DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP, and as soon as you get twenty-five mail them to us, with your full address, and we will mail you "The Two Sisters" mounted ready for hanging, free of all expense.

The soap improves with age, and those who desire a copy of the picture at once, have only to buy the twenty five bars of their grocer at once. This will ensure the receipt of the wrappers by us before the edition is exhausted. There is, of course, no advertising on the picture.

I. L. CRAGIN & Co.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HOW TO GET ONE.

E. EVANS, president of the Lumber Exchange Bank, Tonawanda, N. Y., writes: "January, 15, 1886, I was entirely prostrated, and was reduced from 176 to 126 lbs. I thought I had inflammation of the large bowel. The pain was relieved only by morphine forced under the skin. My doctor treated me for inflammation and catarrh of the bowels, an affection sympathetic with disorder of the left kidney. I had distressing pain, with night sweats, and could keep nothing on my stomach, especially liquids, and was intensely thirsty. Feb. 19, I was in intense agony with pain in my left kidney. I then began Warner's safe cure. In twenty minutes I was relieved. I refused the doctor's medicines thereafter. I finally passed a large stone from the bladder, then my pains ceased." If you write Mr. Evans, enclose stamp for reply.

THE RABBIT IN THE SNARE.

An autumn day forty-five years ago, and a hazel-wood. Great preparations going on in it for netting rabbits. Dogs barking, beaters shouting, sticks clashing, bushes crashing, intermingled with merry laughter. The narrow footpaths are netted on all sides, and stationed at each intersection of the paths are men and boys with guns or sticks to catch any poor rabbit who may clear the nets. Two little girls are placed at one of these stations. Thud! thump! two rabbits leaping, springing, rushing for dear life, entangle themselves in the net. One child lets her rabbit go; the other seizes it in spite of its kicks and struggles, and tries in her excitement to kill it. Up comes the farmer, hearing the commotion, and hits poor bunny on the neck, and his struggles are over in an instant. "There! that's the way to kill 'em," but somehow the sight of the poor little dead rabbit, stiff and stark upon the mossy grass, strikes the child with dismay. The joy of the autumnal day had suddenly waned; the excitement of the chase had vanished; not even the joyous barking of the dear dogs could gladden the child. It was a miserable day to look back upon—a dark day, even in that favourite copse.

A summer day forty-five years after—August, 1886. The lightheartedness of the child has been overclouded with many a care, and alas! with many a sin; but the remembrance of that poor little rabbit in the hazel-wood often recurs with sadness as the days of childhood pass before the retrospective glance of the ageing woman. But nature is unchanged; it is as fresh and bright and sunny as it was in the days of youth; the familiar forms of the wild flowers, the sweet-scented thyme, the bracken, and the purple heather brings back past days. Not many childish acts of thoughtless cruelty, perhaps—because by God's grace the child had always loved God's creatures less than man,—but some rat-hunts, and a poor doomed pig, and this rabbit, stood out like dark shadows of the past.

Reparation had been made for the rat, and friendship with the swine, but there was still the rabbit.

Think of this summer day, poor tired Londoner, and refresh yourself with the memory of green meadows, and fields of ripening corn, and the pretty hop-gardens of Sussex. Cross over, more easily in thought than in

deed, perilous little bridges thrown over muddy streams which will find their way eventually into the Onse; climb over one or two five-barred gates, unless you are clever enough to find out the trick of the sliding bars, and make your way to a low ridge of remarkable rock or boulders in the neighbourhood of Hirstwood, rising up like the handiwork of some eccentric giant in the midst of the plain. What are they? Who has inhabited them? They would seem to be of volcanic origin, to an unlearned observer at least. They look like Druidical remains or once, perhaps, the abode of Christian Cenobites. Two rocks have been hollowed out, and there are traditions of a hermit who made these his abode; but local memories are hazy, and there are no books at hand to help or guide conjectures. Yet they will fashion themselves into shape, and suggest some thought of Druidic rites and human sacrifices, yielding to the sweet and gentle voice of Christianity, and refashioning the dark cave into a Saxon church; and then, when wave after wave had passed over it, and left it forlorn and deserted, a solitary hermit sought shelter in it from the restless world without.

But on this summer's day some piled-up rocks at the end of the grey ridge first attracted the former watcher of the rabbit-net. Ferns and moss covered the soft sandstone, and crouching between a cleft in the rock was a rabbit. It seemed asleep, it was so still and motionless, and going very softly up to it she caught it by the ears. It did not struggle like that poor netted one, but as she lifted it up she perceived that it was fastened to an uprooted bush of gorse by a piece of string and a wire; so, concluding that the rabbit was a tame one, tethered there by the owners of the orchard, she put it down again and left it.

Not until a mile and a half of the homeward journey was retraced, did it occur to her stupidity that the rabbit had been snared!

Impossible to return that day; but the next—the rabbit being ever in her thoughts—a second visit was paid to the Hermit's Cave, and eagerly she sought the cleft in the rock. There still was the poor imprisoned rabbit. Gently raising it—for the little creature never struggled, but nestled confidently in her arms—the string was quickly cut and the wire loosened, and still the rabbit lay still, never attempting to escape. She bent her head and kissed it, and it lifted up its head, and the little trembling, cleft lip gave back the kiss, over and over again. Then she put it out of her arms upon the grass, and oh! the exuberance of that joy, as with three bounds into the air, it reached its own home in the warren and disappeared.

Then it was that some familiar words of Holy Scripture sounded with a fresh harmony and a fuller meaning in the heart of her who had had the joy of setting the captive free: "The snare is broken, and I am delivered."—S. L.

A SEASONABLE HINT.—During the breaking up of winter, when the air is chilly and the weather damp, such complaints as rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat, croup and other painful effects of sudden cold, are prevalent. It is then that Hagyard's Yellow Oil is found truly valuable as a household remedy.

MRS. J. T. RICHEY, 562 4th Avenue Louisville, Ky., was a confirmed invalid for eleven years, daily expecting death. Doctors pronounced her trouble to be neuralgia, female complaints and every other known disease. For months her left side was paralyzed. Could neither eat, sleep nor walk. Finally the doctors gave her up. She then began to use Warner's safe cure, and November, 18, 1885, she wrote, "I am as well to day as when a girl, and feel about twenty years younger. Warner's safe cure has worked a miracle in my case." Mrs. Richey will gladly answer stamped inquiries.

WINGS BY AND BY.

"Walter," said a gentleman on a ferry-boat to a poor, helpless cripple, "how is it when you cannot walk that your shoes get worn?"

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment he said:

"My mother has younger children, sir: and while she is out washing I amuse them by creeping about the floor and playing."

Poor boy!" said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought to be overheard. "What a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?"

The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away showed that he did hear her. As she passed by him to step on shore he said in a low voice, but with a smile, "I am looking forward to having wings some day, lady!"

"Happy Walter! poor, cripple and dependent on charity, yet performing his mission, doing in his measure the Master's will! Patiently waiting for the future, he shall by and by mount up with wings as eagles; 'shall run and not be weary; shall walk and not faint.'"

CONSUMPTION is often only an indirect result of deranged kidneys. "Over two years ago I became a confirmed invalid. My friends all thought I was far gone in Consumption. I was sure the time had well nigh come when I must leave my helpless little children motherless. With this dreadful fact staring me in the face, I resolved to try Warner's safe cure. My husband tried to dissuade me, thinking I was too far gone for anything to help me. But I took it, and in two weeks time I was like a new creature; and in four weeks I was able to resume my household duties."—at this writing I am perfectly well. Mrs. E. J. Wolf, wife of Rev. Prof. T. Wolf, D. D., editor *Lutheran Quarterly*, Gettysburg, Pa. If you write her, enclose a stamp, and she will tell you the story is true.

—An Irishman was appointed warden of a prison, and on assuming the duties of his position, he harangued the prisoners, telling them if they behaved like gentlemen he would treat them well, but if they behaved badly he would immediately turn them out.

THOSE who preach, lecture, declaim or sing, will and do find Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar the speediest restorative of the voice in cases of hoarseness. It also cures coughs and sore throat rapidly and completely. Sold by all Druggists at 25c., 50c. and \$1.