

Children's Work.

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Day Dreams of the Future.

THE DREAMER.

CHAPTER X.

"Once upon a time—how long ago, I cannot tell—I was wheelman on board a passenger boat plying on these waters; and as I was a Christian man, I strove to discharge the duties of my position faithfully and well. Such a situation was then subject to many dangers, but I was fearless amid them all; and through many a storm and gale I guided that boat to the desired haven, until we encountered one worse than any I had ever experienced. It was night, but neither moon nor stars were to be seen. The wind increased to a fierce gale, while rain fell in sheets of water, swept along before the blast, and chilling the blood of all who were exposed to its power. Grave fears arose as to whether we would weather the storm, but I would not think otherwise. As I was the only child of parents who were both dead, and had no one depending on me, my only great anxiety was to do my best to save the others who had, as well as the boat and her cargo. At last through the darkness I thought I could see the faintest gleam from a distant lighthouse, and I began to feel some confidence of reaching port in safety, when a blast more fierce than any before tore the wheelhouse from its place, and I was swept with it over into the seething waters. No use to cry out, for nothing could be heard but the roar of the wind, and no one could help me if they had heard. Twice I sank and rose again, and the third time, with a whispered 'Lord Jesus, save me,' my body sank amid the waves, drowned and dead, while my spirit seemed to be caught by strong, firm hands, and I was borne up and up, through the cold and darkness and storm, till we seemed to be above their reach. Suddenly a door was thrown open, shedding a bright light on the darkness outside, while I was carried swiftly over its threshold into the warmth and shelter and safety inside. I was too weary and too exhausted to notice much beside, except that One, whom I seemed to know instinctively, spoke to me the words, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' and I was borne on into a room, whose warmth and subdued light were rest in themselves. Oh, how warm I seemed! and as I was laid on a soft bed, I felt myself sinking to sleep like a tired

child, when I was aroused by a familiar voice speaking my name, and when I opened my eyes I looked up into the face of my dear mother, who was smiling at me with a face full of welcome, and holding in her hand a cup which she held to my lips, and from which I drank a draught so delicious and reviving, that the weariness seemed to grow less and the restfulness more, and I fell asleep with one whispered word, 'Mother.'

"After that I knew nothing, for how long I could never tell; only that I began to arouse a little more and a little oftener, but it was always to find my mother near to minister to me, and once I was conscious of my father speaking to me; but after awhile my thoughts grew clearer, and I found myself wondering about many things. One was, how came I here, when I remembered so well the cold and darkness, and knew that my drowned body lay at the bottom of the sea. What was quite as puzzling was the presence of my father and mother, when I quite well remembered the burial of both of them, and seeing the coffins containing all that was left on earth lowered into their last resting place. And yet here they were with me, happy and safe; not only so, but I often saw others in the same condition, and came to the conclusion that I was only one of a multitude who seemed to retain their individuality, had shape and outline, and by and by it dawned on me that this was *Paradise*, the home of '*just men made perfect*.' From henceforth, no pain, nor death, nor sin, could come near us, and we were all safe for ever. I have no idea of time during the following period; sufficient that it passed in happy, restful communion with my associates, who represented those who had 'died in faith' in all ages, from Abel to the last comer. Time would fail to tell of the happy companionship, or to recount the sifting out of the brief histories of characters of whom I had read in God's word.

'The one pleasure common to us all, and which was far above everything else, were the frequent visits of the Saviour Himself. How we hung upon His words of tenderness and love, and sought in every way to give expression to our devotion to Him, as He told us of the progress which the Gospel was making on the earth, and sympathized in His longing desire that it might soon be proclaimed to all the nations; for until then we must wait and be patient, as He was. And we waited, till by and by we were all conscious of a growing restlessness; an eager expectancy, intensified by noticing that our Lord was evidently living in a state of longing ex-



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pectancy, too. One day He came, and we saw His face had taken on new majesty, while hope and love gave an added illumination to His countenance. Though safe and happy, we had always been conscious of a mysterious longing desire for some further development, and we waited with eager expectation for the redemption of our bodies, and we felt that we were drawing near to a change, and at last it came.

(To be continued.)

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Protect the Birds.

Nearly every tree and plant that grows swarms with insect life, and they couldn't grow if the birds didn't eat the insects that would devour their foliage. All day long the little beaks of the birds are busy. The little rose-breasted gross-beak carefully examines the potato plant and picks off the beetle. The martins destroy the weevil. The quail and grouse families eat the chinchbug. The wood-peckers dig the worms from the trees. And many other birds eat the flies and gnats and mosquitoes that torment us so. No flying or crawling creature escapes their sharp little eyes.

A great Frenchman says that if it weren't for the birds, human beings would perish from the face of the earth. They are doing all this for us: and how are we rewarding them? All over America they are hunted and killed. Five million birds must be caught every year for American women to wear in their hats and bonnets. Just think of it! Five million innocent, hard-working beautiful birds killed, that thoughtless girls and women may ornament themselves with their little dead bodies. One million bobolinks have been killed in one month near Philadelphia. Seventy song birds were sent from one Long Island village to New York milliners. In Canada, men offer prizes to those who can get the most sparrows and kill them.

In Florida, cruel men shoot the mother birds on the nests while they are rearing their young, because their plumage is prettiest at that time. The little ones cry piteously and starve to death. Every bird of the rarer kinds that is killed—such as hummingbirds, orioles, kingfishers—means the death of several others; that is, the young that starve to death, the wounded that fly away to die, and those whose plumage is so torn that it is not fit to put in a fine lady's bonnet.

In some cases, where the birds have gay wings and the hunters do not want the rest of the body, they tear off the wings from the living bird and throw it away to die.

Our beautiful birds are being taken from us, and the insect pests are increasing. The state of Massachusetts has lost over one hundred thousand dollars because it did not protect its birds. The gipsy moth stripped the trees near Boston, and the State had to pay out all this money, and even then could not get rid of the moths. The birds could have done it better than the State, but they were all gone. Do what you can to stop this horrid trade. My last words to you are, "Protect the birds."—Copied from "Beautiful Joe" by a young friend.