

Children's Department.

RYE.

Do you know Rye?—blundering good natured Rye? Have you heard the last story about him? Poor Rye.

"Sweep, O! sweep your chimney, O!" and looking down into the street, early that morning, Rye saw the sooty man go by, his queer, peaked cap giving him a story-bookish look, while his voice, rolling out magnificently, thrilled Rye like the bass of the big church organ.

"If one can't go round the country with a hand organ," thought Rye, "or a Punch and Judy show, or be a policeman, then a chimney sweep is the thing. I'd just like to go singing Sweep, O! sweep your chimneys, O!" like that.

Now, Rye's mother has no servant in her pretty kitchen, and it would do your heart good to see how bright and neat everything is. "It would be a sin to eat off that floor," one nice old lady says, "it is so clean."

At breakfast, that morning, in that pretty kitchen, Rye said:

"Mother, don't you want your chimney cleaned?"

"By and by, dear, when I have the spare penny. It needs it badly enough."

"Now, help your mother all you can, to-day," said his father, hurrying away to his work; for it was last vacation this happened.

"I shall be gone all the afternoon," said his mother at noon, "and you must mind the house."

And now see what a good boy can do. As soon as his mother is gone, he capers a minute for joy. Such a happy surprise as he will give her, when she comes home. "She is just the best mother in the world," says Rye.

First he whistles for Tom, who lives next door. They manage, somehow,

to get the long ladder in place, against the kitchen chimney; they tie a rope fast to a brick; they peak their old felt hats, and singing, "Sweep, O! Sweep your chimney, O!" are soon on the roof. Oh, what black hands and faces! Oh, what fun! Oh, what lots of soot!

SCENE II.

Then they hide behind the pantry door, to see what the mother will say when she comes home.

"How much better to be helping mother than going fishing," said Rye.

Mother comes in. She is dressed in white. She trips down into her pretty kitchen to lay out the supper. It is almost dark, but she does not need to light the gas. She knows just where everything is.

"How stuffy the room smells!" she is thinking. "How strange everything is to my touch," passing her sooty hand across her face.

Then Rye hears her scream with amazement, and he runs in to find her fairly crying at the plight the room is in.

"I thought I cleaned it all up, mamma, I meant to—"

Poor Rye! There are many things it is hard for him to understand.

JENNY MARSH PARKER.

Hawk and House-Hen.

Persons who write fables tell us that a hawk fell into a dispute with a barnyard fowl, and used the following words of reproof:

"Thou ungrateful creature, see how kind man is to thee! Thou hast full liberty to roam about, with plenty to eat, and a good roosting-place; and if I do but look at thy children, thou hast only to give the alarm, and the very boys and maids run out to defend thee. And yet, if they want to catch thee, thou wilt run, clacking and screaming, into every corner to avoid them; while I," continued the hawk, "who am chained to my perch, half fed, and only brought out for their amusement, come down at a call, and sit on their wrist."

"My good sir," answered Dame Partlet, "I have a notion that you never saw a hawk upon a spit; but that has been the end of all my family for many generations; so that I know pretty well how to value the favors which we receive at the hand of man."

Now, a very worthy friend of mine, who listened to this fable while I read it aloud, thinks it was not meant for hawks and barnyard fowls. And he begins to point me out a moral in it, thus:

"We are very apt to say: 'Well, if I were such a person, I am sure I would not behave as he does. But we never can tell how we shall act till we find ourselves placed in the same situation. It is enough if we do our duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us.'"

Examine Yourselves.

2 COR. XIII. 5.

Since winter's snows lay upon the ground, a sweet child whom I knew very well has gone to her rest. She was one of Jesus Christ's children, and during her brief young life she strove, oh, how earnestly! to become like Him. Looking unto Him she lived, and looking unto Him she died. After her death there was found in her little desk a paper, written in her own handwriting, and containing questions for self-examination.

"I ask myself them every night," she once said to her mother, "before I say my prayers; and they remind me of so many things which I used never to think of." This little paper she kept between the leaves of her Bible, and I have copied it out exactly as she wrote it, in the hope that it may help to "remind" any other dear girl or boy. At the head of the paper there was this text:

"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves."

1. Did I really pray this morning?
2. Have I been dutiful and obedient to papa and mamma?
3. Have I tried to bear and forbear with little brothers and sisters?
4. Am I bearing malice to any one, or have I returned evil for evil?
5. Have I been quite true in all I said?

6. Have I been passionate, or said any angry cross words?

7. Have I tried to get more for myself than for others?

8. Have I been a peace-maker, or have I liked to see quarreling?

9. Have I done any good to any one this day?

10. Do I really try to be like Jesus?

"Search me, O God, and know my heart, and see if there be any evil way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

Alice and the Bears.

A missionary who was going to work in North America was spending his last few days in England in the house of a great friend.

Everyone in that house desired to do something for him before he started on his journey—the master, the mistress, the servants, and the children. But there was one little girl too small to stitch, or write, or knit, or pack for her friend.

Yet she was very fond of him, and she sat on his knee, looking longingly in his face.

"Can't I do something for you?" at last she asked sorrowfully. "Do think of something I could do."

She was just going to bed, and when her friend kissed her good-night, he whispered to her, "Can't you pray for me?"

"Yes, yes," the little girl whispered back; "yes, I can, I will. But tell me what you will want out there."

So the young missionary thought a minute, and then he said, "It is a wild country: there are dangerous beasts in the forests I must travel through. Pray that I may be kept safe from the bears."

"Yes, I will," said the child, very seriously. And every night after that she said at the end of her evening prayers, "Pray God keep Mr.—safe from the bears."

Many months passed on. The missionary wrote to his friend in England several times he was well, he was safe, no harm had happened to him.

But still little Alice prayed "against the bears," as she said.

Her brother, a year older, told her one evening that she could leave off praying now, for Mr.—never met any bears, and perhaps there were no more left in the forest. There had been bears in England once, he said, but there were none now.

But Alice shook her head—she would go on till her friend told her he did not need her prayers.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

Takes hold in this order:

Bowels,
Liver,
Kidneys,
Inside Skin,
Outside Skin,

Driving everything before it that ought to be out.

You know whether you need it or not.

Sold by every druggist, and manufactured by

DONALD KENNEDY,
ROXBURY, MASS.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING
CHURCH BELLS & PEALS
PUREST BELL METAL, (COPPER AND TIN.)
Send for Price and Catalogue.
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

"AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION."

ADAMS' PEPSIN
Tutti-Frutti.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & CONFECTIONERS

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.
DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

HOMOEOPATHIC PHARMACY,

394 Yonge Street, Toronto,
Keeps in stock Pure Homoeopathic Medicines, in Tinctures, Dilutions, and Pellets. Pure Sugar of Milk and Globules. Books and Family Medicine Cases from \$1 to \$12. Cases refitted. Vials refilled. Orders for Medicines and Books promptly attended to. Send for Pamphlet.

D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist.

WANTED Position as lay reader by candidate for orders. Six years experience. Musical. ALPHA, box 2640, CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

DR. STRONG'S SANITARIUM,
SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

It is a popular resort for health, change, rest or recreation all the year.

Elevator, Electric Bells, Steam, Open Fireplaces, Sun Parlor and Promenade on the Roof. Dry Tonic Air, Marvellous Waters and Winter Sports. Massage, Turkish, Russian, Roman, Electro-Thermal, all baths and all remedial appliances.

Send for Illustrated Circular.

And, one day, a box came from America directed to the family. The missionary had sent it. There was many pretty things in it—bead slippers and embroidered bags and purses; but every one looked most at a great thick hairy rug, which was labelled, "For Alice, to kneel on when she says her prayers."

And the missionary's letter told a strange story. The little girl's prayer had saved her friend. He had been attacked by a bear in the dark forest, and with some difficulty had killed it. And here was the skin for his little friend.

"I thought of you all the time I was in danger, my child," he wrote to Alice, "and I was sure God would preserve me because of your prayers."

This is a true story.

A Tonic

HORSFORD'S

ACID PHOSPHATE,

A most excellent and agreeable tonic and appetizer. It nourishes and invigorates the tired brain and body, imparts renewed energy and vitality, and enlivens the functions.

Dr. EPHRAIM BATEMAN, Cedarville, N. J., says:

"I have used it for several years, not only in my practice, but in my own individual case, and consider it under all circumstances one of the best nerve tonics that we possess. For mental exhaustion or overwork it gives renewed strength and vigor to the entire system."

Descriptive pamphlet free.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

CAUTION.—Be sure the word "Horsford's" is on the label. All others are spurious. Never sold in bulk.