

voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him. The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was but a sixpenny piece—no more.

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly, and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it for the purpose of what he called 'testing the boy's honesty.' It was placed where, from its very position, the lad would often see it, and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master, to his mortification, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He was, however, determined that the boy should take it, and so he let it remain.

This continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance. The sixpence was taken. A simple present for that sister was purchased by it. But while returning home to gladden her heart, his own was made heavy by being arrested for theft—a crime the nature of which he little knew. These circumstances were proved by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. The counsel for the prosecution urged upon the jury the necessity of making 'this little rogue' an example to others. His address had great effect upon all that heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother, and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for or expected aught else but a conviction.

The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling, as if in fiend-like exultation over the misery he had brought upon that poor but once happy family.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy, and the youthful appearance of the barrister who had volunteered his defence, gave no encouragement—as we learned it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address. He appeared greatly confused, and reached to a desk near him, from which he took a Bible. The movement was received with a general smile. We heard a harsh fellow close by us whisper, 'He forgets where he is. Thinking to take hold of some law book, he has made a mistake and got the Bible.'

The remark made the young counsellor colour with anger, and turning his flashing eye upon the audience he convinced them it was no mistake, saying, 'Justice needs no other book.'

His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober judge upon the bench.



A Spring Thought for Mothers.

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The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him, as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst a breathless silence he read to the jury this sentence:—'Lead us not into temptation.'

We felt our heart throb at the sound of those words. The audience looked at each other without speaking, and the jurymen mutely exchanged glances, as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address, which for its pathetic eloquence we have never heard excelled.

Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful, the mother smiled again, and before its conclusion there was not an eye in the court that was not moist. The little time that was necessary before the verdict of the jury could be learned was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispered consultation ceased, and those happy words 'Not guilty' came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip. The dignity of the court was forgotten, and the lad's release was hailed with acclamation.

The barrister's plea was a successful one. He was soon a favourite, and he now represents his district in the councils of the nation. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrance, and we, by the affecting scene herein described, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the tempter than that of the tempted.

Killing with Kindness.

"Oh, mother, what sweet little darlings! Where did you find them?" cried Gertrude and Margaret, as they came upon their mother in an old barn, with two pretty kittens in her arms.

"Why, they were up in the loft of the barn, far away from everybody; and I heard such a piteous mewing that I came to try and find out what on earth was the matter. They were

all by themselves, poor little things! And I expect that, as I told John to make the doors fast last night on account of the high wind, their mother could not get at them, and they have been left alone all night."

"Do let us give them something to eat," said little Meg; and trotting off, she soon returned with some milk in a jug and a large spoon to feed them with.

"They don't want that spoon anyhow," said Gertrude, laughing. "They are sure to drink like our poor old pussy, whom we have lost."

However Meg stood with the spoon ready for any emergency, while her mother poured the milk into a basin, and the kittens quickly lapped it all up.

"Poor little things, they must be half starved," she said: "and what a state of mind their mother must be in! Ah, there you are," she continued, as a black and white cat walked in at the door, and took her place beside the little group, watching the kittens' proceedings with great anxiety.

"Why, it's our own lost pussy," cried Gertrude; "just look at her, Meg! Where have you seen to, you naughty old thing? We thought you were quite lost. And why did you go away from us, I should like to know?"

"Ah, that's my secret," astonishingly answered pussy herself, in a very high key.

"Good gracious, pussy, my dear!" said Meg, "why, have you been to a boarding-school, and learnt to talk while you have been away?"

"Oh, you didn't know all my accomplishments, my dears," replied the cat; "I can keep a secret, too, as well—or perhaps even better—than little girls can."

"Well, then, if these are your children, I want to know why you carried them away out of sight?"

"Yes, they are my children, and the truth is that I was afraid they might be killed by—"

"What nonsense, pussy, you ungrateful thing!" You know we wouldn't hurt anything of yours for the world.

"Oh, I know that, but really I was afraid they might be killed by—"

"Do you mean by Rover or old Juno?" said Gertrude. "Why they wouldn't touch your kittens; they are such dear kind dogs."

"Oh, no, they wouldn't, I dare say."

"Was it of Sophie, the old hen-woman, then, you were afraid?"

"No, oh no, not Sophie."

"Then it must be of Meg and me that you were afraid. Or else it is all humbug."

"Well, indeed, then I was afraid you might kill them by—KINDNESS!"

"Well," said a gruff voice, "and don't you think pussy has some reason on her side? I believe you children are both longing to get hold of the soft little creatures, and to squeeze them almost to death." "And then what should I do?" he continued, imitating pussy's miow; for he was a ventriloquist, and could make his voice come from anywhere.

Gertrude and Meg burst out laughing. "So it was you all the time, father," they said; "but in the future we shall always fancy, when pussy watches us so anxiously with that beseeching look in her eyes, that she is begging us not to pull her poor babies about and not to kill them—with kindness."

Now, this was exactly the lesson their father wished to teach the children. So, when he noiselessly stepped up behind them, by means of his wonderful gift of ventriloquism, he let them

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into the secret of pussy's ideas about the treatment her babies too often received at the hands of their loving, but thoughtless, little friends.

A Great Artist's First Effort.

Industry and perseverance was the motto of the sculptor Banks, which he acted on himself and strongly recommended to others. His well-known kindness induced many aspiring youths to call upon him and ask for his advice and assistance; and it is related that a boy called one day at his door to see him with this object, but the servant, angry at the loud knock he had given, scolded him, and was about sending him away, when Banks, overhearing her, himself went out. The little boy stood at the door with some drawings in his hand. "What do you want with me?" asked the sculptor. "I want, sir, if you please, to be admitted to draw at the Academy." Banks explained that he himself could not procure his admission, but he asked to look at the boy's drawings. Examining them, he said, "Time enough for the Academy, my little man! Go home—mind your schooling—try to make a better drawing of the Apollo, and in a month come again and let me see it." The boy went home, sketched and worked with redoubled diligence, and, at the end of a month, called again on the sculptor. The drawing was better, but again Banks sent him back, with good advice, to work and study. In a week the boy was again at his door, his drawing much improved; and Banks bid him be of good cheer, for, if spared, he would distinguish himself. The boy was Mulready; and the sculptor's augury was amply fulfilled.—SMILES' "Self-Help."