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CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

Children's Department.

The Value of To-Day.

So here hath been dawning Another blue day: Think, wilt thou let it Slip useless away? Out of eternity This new day is born, Into eternity At night doth return. Behold it aforetime No eyes ever did; So soon it for ever From all eyes is hid, Here hath been dawning Another blue day; Think, wilt thou let it Slip useless away? -T. Curlyle.

TROUBLE AT MELITA.-Mrs. W. H. Brown of Melita, Man., states that two of her children and two others belonging to a neighbor. were cured of the worst form of summer complaint by one bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, nature's specific for all summer complaints.

How to Keep Your Friends.

A girlIknow said : "I am a great one for making friends." It sounded as if she ought to be very happy, but when I had a minute to think I wondered if she were good at keeping them. Making friends is easy to the girl who is bright and happy, whose society gives pleasure and who is genial. But the keeping of them demands more than this.

If you want to keep a friend don't get too intimate with her.

Have your own thoughts, and permit her to have hers.

Do not demand too much of her in the way of confidence.

And do not be too aggressive, wanting to know why she hasn't done this and why she doesn't think as you do.

If you think your friend's style of dress is not beautiful, don't tell her; you only offend her, because deep in her heart she is convinced that she knows a great deal more about it than you do.

Do not find fault with your friend's friend, and do not expect to be the only one given a corner in her heart.

Be as considerate of her feelings as if she were a stranger, and remember that politeness is an every-day garment, and not one intended only for high days and holidays. To sum it up in one sentence, preserve the courtesy of the beginning if you wish to keep your friendship to the end.

A Bad Practice.

Sometimes communicants rob God of His Day, making it one for their own supposed recreation by an "outing" on the lake or a trip to some friend in the country. Public worship is omitted and personal indulgence is gratified. There cannot be any blessing to the person who makes a holiday of God's Holy Day. We have six days for business and pleasure; cannot we use a few of their hours for the " outing " and " visiting," and devote sacredly to God the whole day which is His?

" A Sunday well spent Brings a week of content, And health for the toils of the morrow But a Sunday profaned, Whate'er may be gained, Is a certain forerunner of sorrow."

THE ROOT OF EVIL.-Dyspepsia and constipation are the sources of various diseases, but root and branch may be removed by using Burdock Blood Bitters according to directions. It is endorsed by the press, the public and the profession, and cannot be excelled for the cure of constipation, dyspepsia and all diseases arising therefrom.

Mother's Rules.

Hang your hat on the staple, Was dear mother's rule; And then 'twill be handy When going to school.

A place for each thing, And each thing in its place : You can go in the dark And each article trace.

Whatever is worth doing Is worth doing well; Take time for your sewing,

Your work will excel. Be quiet and steady, Haste only makes waste;

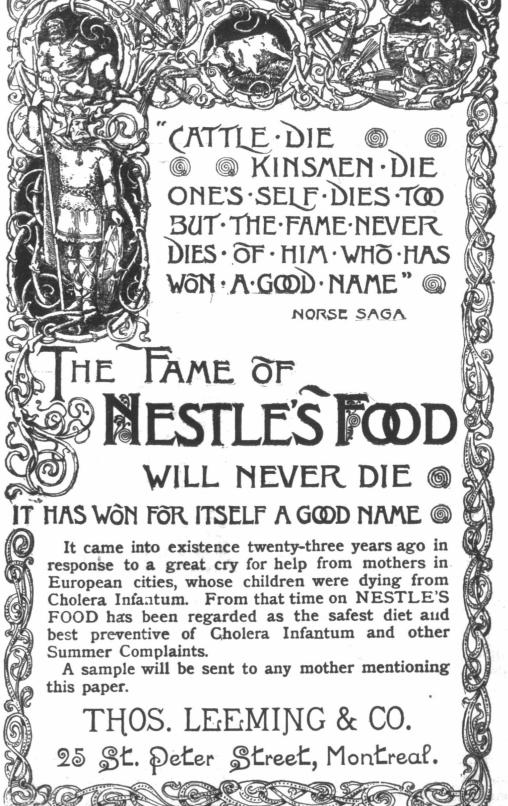
Steps hurriedly taken Must needs be retraced.

A bad habit cured Is a good one begun; The beginning make right,

And your work is half done.

What you should do to-day You must never postpone; Delay steals your moments And makes you a drone.

Never say, "I cannot," But "I'll try, try again;" Let this be at all times



SURELY NSUMPTION

TO THE EDITOR :- Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have con-sumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, **T. A. SLOCUM** M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.



Bermuda Bottled. "You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsi-ble for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

COD LIVER OIL. I sometimes call it Bermuda Bot-tled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION. Bronchitis, Cough

Or Severe conc I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensi-tive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hy-pophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine." or Severe Cold sure you get the genuine.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

Your cheerful refrain.

Be content with your lot : Be bright as the sun ;

Be kind and true, All wickedness shun.

Love God and your neighbour, The Golden Rule keep; Walk daily with Jesus, And in His love sleep.

Little Cassabianca.

Madge was a little girl who was always faithful to any charge given her; and as she was a quiet, gentle child, she was very little care to her mother.

in the front yard before her father's house, a coloured woman came with a basket of clothes she had washed.

"Madge," said Mrs. Barclay, go" up stairs with old auntie and stay there until; I come I will be up in a moment, and will then count the pieces."

Madge went with the woman at once. But Mrs. Barclay could not have been waiting for mamma. She had received.



lady called to see her, and she had to go into the parlour. It was over an hour before the visitor left, and then hours? O Madge, why didn't you Mrs. Barclay had forgotten all about come down ?" cried her mother, who the clothes that had been brought had run up stairs when she heard the home. As she was very busy she did child's voice. not miss Madge.

But she missed her at supper time, and wondered where the child could She sent the nurse out to look be. for her; but she could not be found.

" Perhaps she has fallen asleep in the house somewhere," said Mr. his little Cassabianca, as he put her on third story to which the clothes had disobey his father's command. been taken, he found Madge quietly sitting in a chair. "Why, Madge," he said, "what are you doing here in who did not forget that she had sat the dark ? Have you been asleep?" three hours alone, and in the dark,

follow as she had promised; for a told me she wanted me to stay here until she came."

"And have you been here three

"Because you told me to stay here until you came," repeated Madge. " You have often said I must obey you without asking questions; for you know best."

Her father laughed and called her One day, when she was playing out Barclay; and he went from room to his shoulder and carried her down room, looking for her. When he stairs. And after supper he told her opened the door of the room in the of the boy who lost his life rather than

> And for a long time Madge was called little Cassabianca by the family, "No, papa," she answered. "I rather than disobey the charge she