

What Jesus Christ Did for Me.

What a beautiful name Jesus is! There is a sound of kindness and gentleness in it. And the name of Christ sounds strong and true. I am sure that any child who has Jesus Christ for a friend is well off. And I have Jesus Christ for a friend. I know I have, for it was really He who took me up in His arms that day so long ago when I was baptized, and He carried me to His Father like a newborn lamb, whom the shepherd brings to the owner of the flock.

The Lord Jesus has done a great deal for me. I wonder why He loved me and all the other little children so well. Long before I was born, He came into the world Himself as a little babe. When He was a man He loved children very dearly, and He taught them how to please God; and He died on the Cross for them.

But when I was a babe Jesus Christ made me one of His own dear ones. I belong to God. I am in His family, for Jesus Christ has joined me to Himself. I am like a little brother or sister, and He is an elder brother. And God the Father looks at me with a kind and tender look. He knows my Christian name. And I think I can hear Him say, "Once you were not in My house, but I took you in. And I will teach you many things which is good for you to know, and things which every one of My children must do; and other things which you must not do; and when I see you trying to please Me, I shall come and give you ever so much help. I will not leave you all alone to do right by yourself, for I know you could not do it."

And the kind Father says still more. He says, "I am going to give you a place some day in a very happy home when you die. It is a sunny land called Heaven; and it is there My faithful servants, the Angels, live, who sing around My throne, and go with glad faces and quick wings to do messages for Me. Some day when I have taught you, and helped you, and put out the bad things that are in your heart, I will bring you to that bright home. And there will be no tears there. No one will ever frighten you. You will never be hurt. You will never be punished, for you will never be naughty. You have a happy home now; but Heaven is much happier."

My Heavenly Father, I thank Thee for these kind words, and now as I lay my head upon my pillow, I will think of the glad place where angels sing, and where I and all Thy dear children hope to come, when our Saviour sends for us at last.

DOES YOUR SKIN CHAFE?—Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Chapped Hands, and is proof against chafing of the flesh in any part. A sure cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Barber's Itch, and all skin eruptions. Comfort in one application, and never fails to cure. 35 cents.

A Kind Cat.

Many strange anecdotes have been related which seem to show almost human intelligence and reasoning power in animals; but the following true incident, furnished by a correspondent of the *Companion*, suggests the possession of even higher qualities:

On a farm in Indiana there were two cats, and in the barn each had a nest of kittens of about the same age, on opposite sides of the hay mow. One

of the cats fell sick; she had a little cough, and wasted away until it became apparent that she would not long be able to care for her family.

One day the two old cats were noticed sitting on a beam in the barn, and the observer was impressed by something unusual in their actions. They seemed to be absorbed in the consideration of some important question.

After this had lasted for some time, the well and strong cat got down from the beam, and going to the nest of her afflicted friend, proceeded to carry the kittens from it one by one to her own nest on the other side of the hay mow.

The dying mother watched every motion of her sympathetic friend until the last kitten had been safely transferred to the home of the other family, and then she dragged herself from the beam, went out of the barn, and was never seen again.

The other cat brought up both families as one, treating all alike, until they were old enough to shift for themselves.—*Youth's Companion*.

What We Inherit

We are not responsible for. We cannot be blamed for possessing the disposition, tendencies and propensities which we derived from our forefathers. It is also our misfortune, and not our fault, if we have inherited scrofulous taints in our blood, which constantly manifest themselves in eruptions, pimples, sores and boils.

But it is our fault if we allow these taints to remain in our blood and be transmitted to our descendants. We are responsible for what we hand down to others. It is our duty to eradicate from our systems all the germs of disease and try to make ourselves perfect in physical health as well as in moral character.

For this purpose a pure, genuine, reliable medicine is needed—a medicine that actually has power to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood. Such a medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day. Hood's Sarsaparilla absolutely, perfectly and permanently cures all blood diseases. It drives out all the germs of disease, and prevents their development in any form of sickness, such as catarrh, dyspepsia, scrofula and salt rheum. It neutralizes the acid in the blood and cures rheumatism. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and pimples; boils and eruptions disappear. It gives richness and vitality to the blood and overcomes that tired feeling. It tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, and dyspepsia and indigestion vanish. It makes pure blood for the nerves to feed upon and nervousness becomes a thing of the past. It creates an appetite and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the safeguard against that wrong of which every human being is guilty in transmitting

to future generations a disease having its origin in impure blood and which might be avoided by purifying this all important "current of life."

"I Know my Friend"

It is a fact evident to any one who has tried the experiment, or seen it tried, that kindness brings out intelligence and all the valuable traits of animals. Even swine feel the influence and show the effect of persistent kindness.

I have seen the mother of a promising family of little "porkers" almost frantic at the approach of a stranger, but endure with evident pleasure the handling of her little ones by the person who had her in his kindly charge.

Even that poor despised animal said, as plainly as acts could speak, "I know my friend."

25 cents cures Catarrhal Headache
" " Incipient Catarrh
" " Hay Fever
" " Catarrhal Deafness
" " Cold in the Head in 10 minutes.
" " Foul Breath caused by Catarrh.

25 cents secures Chase's Catarrh Cure with perfect blower enclosed in each box. Sold by all dealers.

Small Courtesies.

In this hurrying age it behooves us all to cultivate a habit of being generous in the bestowal of courtesies, especially upon the aged and lonely. One who is in the whirl of a busy career may never miss slight attentions, but another who sits apart and sees life's "great occasions drifting by," is apt to feel hurt if notice is withheld. It is the sign of a gracious spirit to cherish such persons in thoughtful remembrance and to recognize them in all possible ways. "What a beautiful letter writer your friend is," said a dear old lady, in a pleased tone, to her daughter. In point of fact it was a quite ordinary epistle, but it contained a cordial message to the old lady, whom the writer had never seen, and the unexpected attention brought sunshine into the dull monotony of her days. In our correspondence, and in all the interchange of social life, let us take more pains to notice the unnoticed.

SUDDEN DEATHS ON THE INCREASE.—People apparently well and happy to-day, to-morrow are stricken down. And in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the heart is the cause. The king of heart remedies—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—is within the reach of all, and if there are symptoms of heart disorder it should be used without delay. It relieves in thirty minutes, and cures most chronic cases.

A Child's Prayer.

Little Johnny lay burning with fever, and, becoming very hungry, said, "Aunt Kate, can I have a piece of bread? I am so hungry."

His aunt said, "No, darling; the doctor says it will make you worse."

Then another aunt came in, and was met with the same plaintive cry: "Aunt Alice, give me a piece of bread?"

Tears came into the eyes of both ladies as Aunt Alice said, "No."

In a little while some one else came—probably the mother—only to hear the same pitiful cry. The little boy, finding that his case was hopeless, went to another source of comfort. He, like many boys and girls of larger growth, found that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Like grown people, when human help failed, he turned to God. His parents and teachers had taught him to pray, and the evening incense of prayer and praise went up nightly from the little boy's heart. Now, in his hunger, he remembered the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." With hungry lips and sweet voice, laying his little hands on his breast, he said, earnestly: "Dear Jesus, your poor little boy is starving for a piece of bread; please give it to him. He is so hungry."

Of course, mother and aunts all began to cry; but, wonderful to relate, grandma came in, and, seeing the state of affairs, said: "Girls, don't you remember the doctor said, if Johnnie wanted to eat, we could give him some milk?"

Every one ran to get it. Tender hands raised Johnnie's head and held the cup to his lips, and never did milk go gurgling down a more grateful throat.

Instead of lying down immediately, the child raised his beautiful eyes and said: "Thank you dear Jesus. It went to the part what hurted."

A Croupy Cough was Soon Driven Away by Dr. Chase's Linseed and Turpentine.

"My little boy had a bad croupy cough," says Mrs. Smith, of 256 Bathurst street, Toronto. "My neighbour, Mrs. Hopkins, recommended me to try Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I did so, and the first dose did him good. One bottle completely cured the cold. It is surprising, the popularity of Chase's Syrup in this neighbourhood. It appears to me it can now be found in every house."

Where Pluck Tells.

Many a school is a great battlefield for Jesus. There was a boy who had given his heart to Christ, and who was allowed to come to the Lord's Supper with older people. The next day he went to school, and some of the boys formed a circle round him, and cried out: "Oh, here's a boy Christian!" The boy showed no signs of

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