

Children's Department.

The Stray Lamb.

Edith, Mabel, and Connie Stephen-son were roaming through the pleasant wild wood in search of flowers. Al-ready the elder sister had her pinafore filled with these fresh treasures, and amongst them a bunch of some healing herb for old Dame Gibson, who lived in the village, and regarded it as a certain cure for rheumatic pains. They were returning home, and were about to issue from the wood, when Connie stumbled against an object that lay right across their path. It was a dead lamb.

Now, I don't think these children had ever seen death before, and it is a solemn thing even for the oldest to look upon. Little Connie got down upon the ground and began to rub the snow-white fleece, as if that could restore the lamb.

"What is the matter with it, Edith?" asked Mabel, looking up with troubled eyes into the face of her elder sister.

But that face told her nothing. Edith gazed down with a gravity very unusual to her, and pressed her flowers tightly to her little breast as if knowing they too must fade and leave her.

"Poor thing!" she murmured. "Is it cold, Connie?"

"Quite cold," lisped the little one, placing her hands around the lifeless form, and trying in vain to raise it up. "It won't stir. Come home with me, lambie, do; and I will love you so."

But there was no response; the lamb was dead, and no amount of affection could win it back to life. How it came there they knew not; but they knew it had gambolled in their father's fields, and had heard that it was missing. The lost one was found, but how found! Whether it had been sick, or wandered into and got tangled in the thicket, they knew not. Perhaps it had been dragged thither by cruel



Mr. J. W. Dykeman
St. George, New Brunswick.

After the Grip

No Strength, No Ambition

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Perfect Health.

The following letter is from a well-known merchant tailor of St. George, N. B.: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Gentlemen—I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills have done me a great deal of good. I had a severe attack of the grip in the winter, and after getting over the fever I did not seem to gather strength, and had no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved to be just what I needed. The results were very satisfactory, and I recommend this medicine to all who are afflicted with rheumatism or other afflictions caused by poison and poor blood. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house and use it when I need a tonic. We also keep Hood's Pills on hand and think highly of them." J. W. DYKEMAN, St. George, New Brunswick.

Sciatic Rheumatism

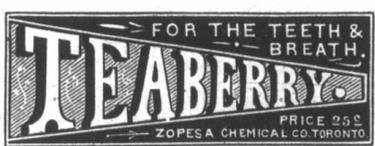
Capt. McCranahan Tells How He Was Cured.

"About a year ago I was taken with a severe attack of sciatic rheumatism and was laid off most of the summer. I went from here to St. John, N. B., in my packet schooner, and was so helpless and in such suffering that I could not get out of the cabin. The captain of another schooner came on board to see me, and wanted me to get Hood's Sarsaparilla; he said it had

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

cured him when he was so bad that his wife had to feed him. I sent to Boston for two bottles, which did for me all I had been told Hood's Sarsaparilla would do. I gained rapidly and when I had taken the two bottles I was able to work. A great many people here have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla since it cured me, and all speak highly of it." CAPT. S. MCGRANAHAN, Margaretville, Nova Scotia. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists; \$1, six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.



ALTAR LIGHTS

—AND— CLASSIFICATION OF FEASTS ACCORDING TO THE USE OF SARUM. By the REV. W. S. ISHERWOOD. Also The Shapes and Ornamentation of Ecclesiastical Vestments. By R. A. S. Macalister, M.A. Being Vol. I, Parts I. & II. of "The Transactions of the Society of St. Osmund." Price, 35c. W. E. LYMAN, Cor.-Secretary, 74 McTavish St., Montreal

dogs, who were frightened and so forbore to tear it further; we cannot tell.

But though these mourning children could not restore departed power, there is One who can raise the dead body and give life to the drooping soul. Children are by nature stray lambs, and as soon as they begin to act for themselves they too often wander away from the place of safety in which the dear Lord Jesus would keep them. How dreadful to be lost! How dreadful to be alone, surrounded by danger! Will you not put your little hands into the one pierced on the cross for sin, and say, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, keep me for time and for eternity, safe and happy in Thy love?"

The Bird Fancier.

Old Hans was the delight of all the village children. He knew the names and habits of all the birds in the neighbourhood, and always had a collection of eggs, birds and animals. Some of his birds were taught to perform tricks, others to imitate their master's whistling, and Hans' tabby cat was taught to live in harmony with them all. And so well did she learn her lesson that, although she often looked with longing eyes at the most plump specimens of bird-kind, she never forgot her manners so far as to attempt to touch any of them. Think of the restraint she must have put upon her feelings, poor Tabby!

Karl and Lisa often used to steal away from their companions in play hours, and watch Hans giving lessons to his favourites. The old man was pleased to have the children with him, and proud when they admired the wonderful achievements of his pets.

Asking Pardon.

I often wonder whether children know the joy of giving up, that is submitting, their own wills for the good of others. I am afraid that in general they are entirely ignorant of it. It is such a pleasure to be able to resign the pride of our evil hearts and gain a victory over self in any way. It seems hard at first to say, "I have done wrong!" but oh, what a sense of relief steals into the mind after the confession, and what peace it gives to know the Lord is pleased with us. It is not, as too many foolish people think, a silly thing to ask pardon of one we have offended; it is great and noble: and no child who loves Jesus should be ashamed to do so.

It is recorded of the good John Wesley that he once had a serious falling out with a travelling companion who frequently acted as his servant. The servant wanted to hear Wesley's sermon; the master insisted on his ab-

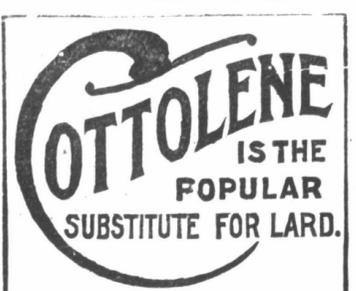
Births, Marriages, & Deaths.

DEATH. On the 6th inst., at 61 Winchester St., Toronto, Arthur William, eldest son of Right Rev. R. Young, D. D., Bishop of Athabasca, and Mrs. Young, in his seventeenth year.



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