

Children's Department.

THE DAY OF GRACE.

EVERY morning when we go to church the word of warning sounds in our ears, "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts;" but on this day it comes with especial force, illustrated by the example of Jerusalem. A day of grace was granted to that favoured city, during which call after call was made to her. God spoke to her by prophets and wise men, by the conqueror and the spoiler, by judgment alike and mercy, and at last by His Incarnate Son: but Jerusalem would not hear. Hour after hour of that precious day did she waste, and when it sank in night her doom was fixed. Our Lord wept over Jerusalem then, but He could not save her; it was too late.

To each of us a day of salvation is also given, and while it lasts God repeatedly calls us to turn to Him, to draw nearer and nearer to Him. If to every call we answer, "Speak, for Thy servant heareth," if we obey it willingly, it will be well with us at eventide; if not, good were it for us if we had not been born.

The life of every Christian, be he faithful or faithless, bears witness to this. We will take for an example that of Albert Jones, once a scholar in the national school at Wenley.

Albert Jones was the only child of the station-master of the small station at Wenley on the railway. Jones was an intelligent and respectable man, and having been himself a schoolmaster's son, he knew the value of education. So he sent his boy regularly to Wenley school, in the hopes of seeing him a pupil teacher there, and in-time a schoolmaster.

Albert was a clever lad, full of good feelings, and desirous to please, forward in school, and a favourite in the playground too. Why, then, did the master look grave when Mr. Jones spoke of Albert's future career, and took it for granted that he would be an honour and credit to the school? His experienced eye noted that, though agreeable and clever, the boy wanted sound principles and a sense of duty, and he dreaded lest the temptations of life should prove too strong for him.

These temptations soon came. At fourteen Albert had begun to grow weary of school. Most of his friends had left it for work, and he missed them, became unsettled, and neglected his duties. His father remonstrated with him, offering to put him into a trade if he preferred it to school work, but insisting on diligence and attention. It did not seem, however, that Albert had a particular wish for any other calling, and his father was glad to keep him under his own eye; so at school he continued, promising to do better in future, and preparing for his preliminary examination. And for a time he certainly did better. The vicar of Wenley received him into a Confirmation class, and this helped to steady him. Only a few weeks were wanting to the Confirmation, when unhappily a company of strolling players came into the place, and gave notice that they should perform every evening in the neighbourhood. The men were an ungodly set, and their plays coarse and low. There was a great deal in them to shock every pure mind,

but no doubt there was a good deal that was amusing too, and this attracted Albert. In spite of the warnings and commands of his schoolmaster and his father, he watched the men, made their acquaintance, spent all his pocket-money in frequenting their theatre, followed them into public-houses, and learned from them swearing, drinking and other vices. He neglected his duties at school, his attendance at the vicar's class, till, having publicly disgraced himself, he was both refused his Confirmation ticket and dismissed the school.

Albert Jones thus forfeited, for the present, one means of grace; the way of life for which he had been marked out was shut against him; but neither his earthly nor his heavenly Father gave him up. Mr. Jones judged it best to send him out of Wenley at once, so he placed him with his brother, a market gardener, who lived a few miles off. Poor Albert seemed heart-broken, and, with many expressions of penitence and fair promises for the future, he went to his new home. It was a quiet place, and free from temptation; Albert liked working in the garden, and he had plenty to do in it, so all went on well, till, after a few months, his uncle sent him to the neighbouring town to receive a sum of money. With this in his hands, the poor lad met one of his former bad companions, was enticed into a public-house, led to drink to intoxication and robbed of every penny. Late in the same day, while wandering miserably through the streets in despair at his loss, he fell in with a recruiting sergeant, enlisted, and left the neighbourhood.

This was one chance of amendment thrown away, but the case was not hopeless yet. Army discipline acted for good on the young man, some steady men in his regiment befriended him, and his good education told in his favour. He felt hopeful of regaining his character, and indulged in visions of distinguishing himself as a soldier, and when he was quite a hero making himself known to his family, who would then forgive all. Alas, he was too self-confident! On a festive occasion he was betrayed into excess in drinking, neglected his duty, was punished, then thought all was lost, gave up his reformation in despair and sank into an habitual habitual drunkard. Again, however, God put forth His gracious hand and checked his downward course by a severe fit of sickness. The chaplain came to his bedside and found him full of self-reproach and apparent penitence. He listened to the sad history of his past life, and by warning and encouragement assisted him in making a fresh beginning.

On his recovery Albert Jones found that his regiment was ordered abroad. His friend, the chaplain, thought that this might be a good thing for him, as removing him from the scenes of his past sin. "You will have temptations there," he said, "but they will not be quite the same, and it may be easier to you to withstand them. Another opportunity of amendment is granted you; the day of grace is not over. Only take heed, for you do not know when it will end."

So, after writing to his father a confession of the past, and receiving his pardon, and that of his uncle, Albert sailed for India, full of promises and good intentions, which were, however, ill fulfilled. For a short time the in-

fluence of the good chaplain remained, for a short time Albert lived a godly and sober life; then he grew careless, and even before the voyage was over showed again

"How nirth may into folly glide,
And folly into sin."

When he arrived in India he gave himself up to gambling, intemperance and other vices. More than once he was found guilty of neglect of duty, and punished. When his last and worst punishment was over he tried to drown his shame and remorse in liquor, but, failing to do so, in his mad recklessness he deserted. Taking nothing but his gun, he rushed straight into the deep jungle, only anxious to get away from the scene of his disgrace, and he was never seen again. His comrades searched for him, and after two or three days they found at the foot of a tree his gun bent and broken, some part of his regimentals, and such other sad remains as showed him to be no more. They conjectured that he had lost his way in the jungle, and then climbed a tree to escape from the wild beasts which abound in that district, but that from sleep or giddiness of head he had fallen and become their prey; we cannot tell: but we do know that at the age of twenty-one, he who had so lately been the darling of an English home, the pride of an English school, died in misery and disgrace in a foreign land.

His sun went down long ere noon, his day of grace was early quenched in night. We do not know how long ours may last, and should therefore take diligent heed to use it aright.

HAPPINESS IN THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.

In a recent conversation with Mr. Connor, Royal Opera House, (Toronto), he spoke as follows to a representative of a prominent journal in reply to a question concerning his health:—"During the early part of last October I had a severe attack in my right knee of what my physicians pronounced acute rheumatism. I used many so-called rheumatic remedies without receiving any apparent benefit. Observing that St. Jacob's Oil was being constantly recommended by many of the leading members of our profession, I decided to give it a trial. Accordingly I purchased a bottle of the article and applied it as directed. From the first application I commenced to improve, and before I used two-thirds of a bottle I was entirely cured, and experienced no return of my ailment."

TORONTO AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—We have great pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the announcement in our advertising columns of the date of opening of this popular institution. It will be seen that the amount offered in prizes, \$26,000, is the largest amount yet given. We understand arrangements are in progress for making use of the electric light and opening the Exhibition during the evening; this and other special attractions should draw a largely increased patronage from the public. And we trust the energetic efforts of the directors and officials may be rewarded by a prosperous season.

NO GOOD PREACHING.—No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters.—*Albany Times*.

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A Scotch minister went to Edinburgh once to prepare a harmony of the Four Gospels. "Sandy," said some one to a parishioner of his, "where is your pastor?" "Ah," replied Sandy, "he's gone to Edinburgh to make four men agree who never fell out."

BE WISE AND HAPPY.—If you will stop all your extravagant and wrong notions in doctoring yourself and families with expensive doctors or humbug cure-alls, that do harm always, and use only nature's simple remedies for all your ailments—you will be wise, well, and happy, and save great expense. The greatest remedy for this, the great, wise and good will tell you, is Hop Bitters—rely on it.—*Press*.

A HOUSEHOLD NEED FREE.—Send address on postal for 100-page book, "The Liver, its Diseases and Treatment," with treatises upon Liver Complaints, Torpid Liver, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Malaria, etc. Address, Dr. Sanford, 24 Duane Street, New York.

The firm of J. & S. McEachen, Douglas, writes us June 1st, saying "There is not another preparation we can recommend with so much confidence as Burdock Blood Bitters, as it invariably gives the best of satisfaction." Burdock Blood Bitters cures all diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys.

NEW INVENTION.—On the sixth of March last I obtained a patent in Canada, for changing common windows to Bay Windows. The invention is also patented in the United States, and is having a large sale in every State. I have sold twenty-two counties in Canada, and offer the remainder for sale, or will take a partner; the right man with \$200 capital can secure the management and an interest in the business. Canadian references given.—Address, W. S. Garrison Cedar Falls, Iowa, U. S. A.

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