

Sunday Reading.

Overcome Evil With Good.

With burning brain and heart of hate,
I sought my wronger, early, late,
And all the wretched night and day
My dream and thought was slay, and slay

My better self rose uppermost,
The beast within my bosom lost
Itself in love; peace from afar
Shone o'er me radiant like a star.

I slew my wronger with a deed,
A deed of love; I made him bleed
With kindness, I filled for years
His soul with tenderness and tears.

"FOR VALOUR."

There never was an eight-year-old boy who found so many things to be afraid of as Allan Brent. His brothers and sisters laughed at him, his father gravely shook his head, and even his mother called him a dear little coward, but though he was ashamed of himself and often determined to be brave, his fears always proved stronger than his resolutions. There really seemed no help for it till one afternoon when his father sent him with a message to his uncle Professor Brent.

While the professor wrote a note in reply, Allan's attention was attracted by a small object on the library table. It was a Maltese cross of bronze attached to a faded red ribbon. On the cross was a crown and a lion, and beneath these a scroll, on which were some letters. Allan was trying to make them out, when his uncle looked over his shoulder and asked, "Can you read it?"

"For V a l-o-u-r," spelled Allan.

"Yes, for Valour," said the professor. "Do you know what that means?"

"To be brave?"

"Yes; courage; bravery; and this medal is what is called a Victoria Cross; you see the V just below the clasp."

"It once happened during a war in India, when a town held by the English was besieged, that one of their ammunition wagons exploded. They had but a scanty store at best, and there was great danger that the flames would spread to the other wagons, and to make matters worse, the enemy turned their guns against the spot to keep any one from approaching."

"The lives of helpless women and children depended on that ammunition, and yet it seemed as though nothing could be done to save it, when a young officer with splendid courage dashed forward, and while the shot from six cannon fell around him, he tore apart the burning mass and extinguished the fire by throwing on earth and water. Strange to tell, he was not even wounded."

"For this heroic deed he was given the Victoria Cross, which is presented to English soldiers and seamen who perform some act of valor in the presence of the enemy."

"That young officer was my uncle, and would be your great-uncle if he were living, and his name, like yours and mine, was Allan Brent. When he died, the cross was left to me, his namesake, and I count it one of my treasures. Don't you think you and I should be proud of our name and try to be worthy of it?"

His uncle was called away for a moment and while he was gone Allan held the cross in his hand, whispering under his breath, "For Valour," his heart beating fast at the thought of the wonderful courage of this other Allan Brent. He thought about it all evening, wondering if he could ever do anything brave."

As he came in the gate from school the next day, his mother called to him, "Allan, run as fast as you can to Doctor Marvin's and ask him to come at once to Mrs. Brown's. The baby is very ill. I saw the doctor drive past a few minutes ago, so I am sure he is at home."

Allan put his school-bag on the step and ran off, but when he reached the house, which was only a half a block away, he found a card tacked over the bell, which said, "Go to side door."

He walked down the steps very slowly; a battle had begun inside of him; for to reach this door it was necessary to go through a certain gate behind which lived a great dog, of whom he was terribly afraid.

He glanced at the windows but no one was in sight. That poor baby—mamma had said it was very sick. He went to the gate and looked through—yes, there on the porch he could see Dion's brown coat; then some thing seemed to whisper, "For Valour," and the thought that he must not be unworthy of his name gave him sudden courage. He softly pushed the gate open and made a dash for the kitchen door, which he thought offered the best chance of escape from the dog.

"For the land's sake!" cried Patsy the cook, as the door flew open and a small, frightened boy tumbled in.

It happened that Miss Janet, the doctor's

sister, was there giving some orders, and it was she who soothed his excitement and after sending off the doctor, made him rest a few minutes in her sitting-room.

"Were you so frightened about the baby?" she asked.

Miss Janet was a friend of Allan's and moreover was the sort of a person to whom you find it easy to tell things, so he confessed how afraid he was of the dog, but how he had tried to be brave.

She looked rather puzzled as she patted the plump hand. "I am glad you tried to be brave," she said, "but I don't know how you could have seen a dog on the porch, for Dion went to the country last week."

Allan was so certain that they went to the side door to look, and when he peeped cautiously out, there was Doctor Marvin's big bearskin rug thrown down to air.

Allan's face grew very red and his eyes filled with tears—after all he had not been brave!

Miss Janet wouldn't let him run away as he wanted to do, but kept him and comforted him, and finally heard all about the Victoria Cross.

"You were brave in spite of the funny mistake," she said, "and you will have an other opportunity some time, so don't be discouraged." Allan went home feeling a little consoled, though still rather grieved.

Miss Janet knew the professor very well and from her he had the story. The result was that he went to see his little nephew a few days later.

"I have a favor to ask of you," he said. "I am going away for several weeks and I want you to take care of the Victoria Cross for me."

Allan's face glowed with pleasure.

"You see," the professor continued, "I think you were truly brave the other day."

"It is a very common experience that the things we are afraid of turn out to be quite harmless, so I want you to keep on trying, and perhaps the cross will help you to remember."

Allan was very happy; he held it for a long time in his hand and then put it away among his own treasures. When he went to bed that night he said, "you need not stay with me, mamma, I am not going to be afraid of the dark anymore."

"Very well, dear, I am glad to hear it," she answered, a good deal surprised, and turning out the light she left him.

Going back some fifteen minutes later she found him asleep, but as she bent over him to draw up the cover he stirred a little and murmured, drowsily, "For Valour."

—MARY LEONARD.

DAILY THOUGHTS.

Gems of Thought Gleaned From Cultured Spiritual Sources.

If God send thee a cross, take it up willingly and follow him. Use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable. Bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable. If it be light, slight it not. If it be heavy, murmur not. After the cross is the crown.—F. Quarles.

I cannot too earnestly plead with my reader, if possibly his attention has never yet been especially directed to the want there is of humility within him or around him, to pause and ask whether he sees much of the spirit of the meek and lowly lamb of God in those who are called by his name. Let him consider how all want of love, all indifference to the needs, the feelings, the weakness of others; all sharp and hasty judgements and utterances, so often excused under the plea of being outright and honest; all manifestations of temper and touchiness and irritation; all feelings of bitterness and estrangement have their root in nothing but pride, that ever seeks itself, and his eyes will be opened to see how a dark—shall I not say a devilish—pride creeps in almost everywhere, the assemblies of the saints not accepted. Let him ask what would be the effect if, in himself and all around him, if towards fellow-saints and the world, believers were really permanently guided by the humility of Jesus; and let him say if the cry of our whole heart, night and day, ought not to be, Oh, for the humility of Jesus in myself and all around me! Let him honestly fix his heart on his own lack of the humility which has been revealed in the likeness of Christ's life and

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DEAR SIR:—I take this opportunity to express my gratitude for the good that I and my friends have received from your valuable discovery, Paine's Celery Compound. For years I have suffered from constant sick headache; at times I have been so bad that I have been unable to sleep two hours a night for weeks.

I have tried many medicines and doctored a great deal, but never received a hundredth part of the value from them that I have obtained from Paine's Celery Compound. After using three bottles I can sleep well, my headaches have ceased, and I feel healthier and fresher than I have done for years.

Being one of the earliest settlers in this place, I am known to all the surrounding country. I feel it a duty to let others know about the medicine that has done so much good. I send this testimonial without any solicitation.

Yours with gratitude,
MRS. F. WILCOX, Creemore, Ont.

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DEAR SIR:—It is with great pleasure that I testify to the value of your medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. For nearly two years I suffered from indigestion, kidney and liver troubles. After trying several medicines that did not effect a cure I decided to try your compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to pain in my back; it was only by resting on elbow and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and am now working every day. Anyone may refer to me in regard to these statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE J. SMYTH, Sheffield, Ont.

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GENTLEMEN:—No living mortal can imagine the terrible sufferings that I endured for four years, owing to liver trouble, headache and sore back. I may say that in addition to the dangerous ailments just mentioned, I was continually sick at my stomach, with a sour taste and mouth all furred and coated. I tried many patent medicines and was under the treatment of doctors, but received no benefit. I thank God for having heard of your wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. I procured a supply and used it, and experienced a great change. No other remedy ever gave me such wonderful results in so short a time. I now find myself a new woman, and can sleep well and enjoy my food. No soul should despair when they can procure Paine's Celery Compound, the surest and best of all medicines.

Yours truly,
MRS. J. CURRIE,
280 Delaware Avenue,
Toronto, Ont.

Broma.

Powerful Tonic, and Cured also of a bad Cold by Morin's Wine Creso-Phates.

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I suffered for a long time from anemia and general debility. I had reached the point that I was unable to do my work. I arose one morning with discouragement in my soul, having passed a very bad night and seeing before me a worse day. I had taken many medicines, but felt no better.

I saw one day in a Quebec paper the advertisement of Broma. I resolved to try this medicine. I got one bottle from the druggist, and I commenced to take it at once. After a few doses I felt great relief. Ten days later I was not the same man. I was getting strong. I could eat and drink, and my sleep was quiet and restoring. I was cured and wanted to go back to work. But I had to be careful of myself under the circumstances. I did many imprudent things, after which I had a very bad cold which made me fear consumption. I called in my doctor who gave me different medicines without any change. I passed days in great suffering, feeling terrible pains in all my body. The nights were not better, I passed them in coughing and in moaning. I decided to try Morin's Wine Creso-Phates. If Broma had restored my strength and health, why could not Morin's wine do as much for my obstinate cough? I took this medicine for a few days only and I was radically cured a second time. All my life, I shall be grateful to Broma and Morin's Wine Creso-Phates.

Yours truly,
ERNEST PERCHERON.

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