## 900000000000000000000000 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 rediant 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 beexploded. 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 gnns 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 it be 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 it 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?'

Miss Janet was a triend 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'I am glad you tried to be brave,' she said, 'but I don't know how you could bave 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 perped 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

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 bediscouraged." Allan went home feeling a 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

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 country. I feel it a duty to let others know sieged, that one of their ammunition wagons 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 fitteen 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

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. It 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 tempter and touchness 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 bimself 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 | brought into the condition in which we have

## AINE'S Celery Compound Cures

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Wells & Richardson Co.,

DEAR SIRS :- I take this opportunity to express my gratitude for the good that I and my friends have received from your valuablediscovery, Paine's Celery Compound. For years I have suffered from constant

a night for weeks. I have tried many medicines and doctored eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to 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

and he will begin to feel as it he had

never yet really known what Christ and

This is the perpetual marvel and miracle

of Christianity-that it can so change men.

Mr. Peter Harvey was a lifelong friend of

Daniel Webster. He wrote a most inter-

esting volume of reminiscences of the

great man. He tells how one John Colby

married the eldest sister of Mr. Webster.

Said Mr. Webster of John Colby: Finally

he went up to Andover, New Hampshire,

and bought a farm, and the only recollection

that I have about him is that he was called

the wickedest man in the neighborhood, so

far as swearing and impiety went. I used

to wonder how my sister could marry so

profane a man as John Colby.' Years

afterwards news came to Mr. Webster,

that a wonderful change had pressed upon

John Colby. Mr. Harvey and Mr. Web-

ster took a journey together to visit John

Colby. As Mr. Webster enters John Col-

by's house, he sees open before him a large

print bible, which he has just been reading.

When greetings have been interchanged,

the first question John Colby asks of Mr.

Webster is, "Are you a Christian?"

And then, at John Colby's suggestion, the

two men kneel and pray together. When

the visit is dong, this is what Mr. Webster

says to Mr. Harvey as they ride away: I

should like to know what the enemies of

religion would say to John Colby's con-

version? There was a man as unlike-

ly, humanly speaking, as any man

ever saw. He was reckless, heedless,

impious, never attended church, never ex-

perienced the good influence of associating

with religious people. And here he has

been living on in that reckless way until he

has got to be an old man, until a period of

life when you naturally would not expect

his habits to change. And yet, he has been

his salvation is .- Rev. Andrew Murray.

Yours with gratitude, Mrs. F. Willox, Creemore, Ont.

in the whole character of his redemption, seen him today—a penitent, trusting hum-

WELLS & RICHARDSON Co., DEAR SIRS :- 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 pain in my back; it was only by resting on bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and am now working every day. Anyone good. I send this testimonial without any living witness to the worth of Paine's Compound.

> Yours very truly, GEORGE J. SMYE, Sheffield, Ont.

ble believer. 'Whatever people may say,'

added Mr. Webster, 'nothing can convince

mighty God could make such a change as

to Franklin, New Hampshire, in the even-

ing, they met another lifelong friend of Mr.

door. Mr. Webster called out: 'Well

John Taylor, miracles happen in these lat-

ter days as well as in the days of old.' 'What

now, Squire?' asked John Taylor. 'Why,'

replied Mr. Webster, 'John Colby has be-

come a Christian. If that is not a miracle

what is?' Yes, this wonder remains.

Christianity still changes Sauls into Pauls.

And Mr. Webster's explanation of the re-

generating grace of Almighty God is the

true explanation. We should never des-

pair of anybody. It is worth while to teach

and preach so achieving a gospel .- Dr.

The Need of Rest.

but reserve a portion of it for meditation

upon eternity. We see Jesus Christ invit-

ing His disciples to go apart, in a desert

place, and rest awhile, after their return

from the cities, where they had been to an-

nounce His religion. How much more

necessary is it for us to approach the source

a God. We should look upon prayer as

the remedy for our weaknesses, the rectifier

Even the exercise of charity is often a

snare to us. It calls us to certain occupa-

tions that dissipates the mind, and that

may degenerate into mere amusement. It

is for this reason that St. Chrysostom says

that nothing is so important as to keep an

exact proportion between the interior

source of virtue and the external practice

of it; else, like the foolish virgins, we shall

find that the oil in our lamp is exhausted

We cease to pray to God as soon as we

cesse to love him, as soon as we cease to

thirst for His pefections. The coldness

of our love is the silence of our hearts be-

fore God. Let our hearts be full of love,

and they will pray. The ardour of our

wishes must render us fit to receive the

blessing. For if we do not feel a strong

desire for the success of our prayers, if we

tell a chilling indifference in approaching

Him who is a consuming fire, if we have no zeal for His glory, it we do not feel hatred for sin and a thirst for perfection,

we cannot hope for a blessing upon such

heartless prayers.

when the Bridegroom comes.

Do not devote all your time to action,

Wayland Hoyt.

of our faults.

Wells & Richardson Co.,

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 and liver troubles. After trying several addition to the dangerous ailments just mensick headache; at times I have been so bad | medicines that did not effect a cure I' tioned, I was continually sick at my stomach, that I have been unable to sleep two hours | decided to try your compound. Before using , with a sour taste and mouth all furred and it I was so low in health that I could not coated. I tried many patent medicines and was under the treatment of doctors, but received no benefit. I thank God for having elbow and knees I was enabled to obtain a heard of your wonderful Paine's Celery slight degree of ease. Before I had fully Compound. I procured a supply and used taken one bottle of your medicine I began it, and experienced a great change. No to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen 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 may refer to me in regard to these state- enjoy my food. No soul should despair ments, or to any of my neighbors around when they can procure Paine's Celery Comabout the medicine that has done so much | Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a | pound, the surest and best of all medicines. Yours truly,

280 Delaware Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Broma.

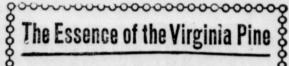
Powerfuf Tonic, and Cured also of a bad Cold by Morin's Wine Cresc-Phates.

me that anything short of the grace of Al-DR. ED. MORIN, & CO. I suffered for a long time from anæmia and general debility. I had reached the I, with my own eyes, have witnessed in the point that I was unable to do my work. I life of John Colby.' When they got back 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. Webster's, John Taylor, standing at his

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 laler I was not the same man. 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 consumpton... 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-

> Yours truly, ERNEST PERCHERON.

of all virtue, that we may revive our declin-Twelve hundred and fifty one locomoing faith and charity, when we return from ives were made in the United States last the busy scenes of life, where men speak year, of which 380 were exported. and act as if they had never known there is



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> Children like it It likes them

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