

Sunday Reading.

HER UNSELFISH ACT.

Little Dolly lived in a pretty house in the country with her father and mother and Lucy, the old servant. One cold winter's day papa and mamma went to visit a lady who lived a long way off, and Dolly was left at home with Lucy, for she could not walk so far. So Lucy put on Dolly's warm jacket and hat and gloves, and told her she might run along the road a little way. Presently she saw two naughty boys who had caught a poor little robin, and were thinking it fun to hurt and tease it. The robin was very much frightened, and lay on the ground panting, with all its feathers ruffled and looking ready to die.

When Dolly saw them she cried out—'Please—please—don't be so cruel! How can you be so cruel?' And she ran to the little bird and picked it up very gently.

'You let our bird alone,' cried one of the boys. But Dolly still held it, and was ready to cry when she saw how it panted, and felt its little heart beating with fear.

'Do give it to me, please,' she said; 'I will thank you very much.'

But these naughty boys would not listen to her, and only told her again very roughly to let the bird alone.

'You should not meddle with our bird,' one of them said. 'Let it go, I tell you, and run off, or else you will be sorry.'

But Dolly was a brave little girl, and she still kept hold of the bird.

'Please don't hurt it, then,' she begged. But these bad boys only laughed at her distress.

'I wonder if would they sell it,' she thought; and she remembered she had no money, except a bright new shilling that a lady had given her. She soon made up her mind.

'Let me have the poor little bird,' she said, and I will give—'

'What will you give for it?' said one of the boys.

Little Dolly took the shilling from her pocket and showed it to them. It did not want many words to that bargain, so Dolly carried home her bird in triumph. It was very mean to take a whole shilling from such a tiny girl, but when people are wicked enough to be cruel, we cannot wonder if they behave badly in other ways.

How happy was Dolly when she had got the robin safely away from those bad boys, and happier still when she carried it in to Lucy, and Lucy found it was more frightened than hurt by its ill-usage. To be sure, Lucy said that a shilling was a great deal too much to give for a bird, and told Dolly she would never be rich if she parted from her money so easily; but Lucy had a kind heart, and she brought a little basket with a soft handkerchief at the bottom, and they put the robin in it, and strewed some crumbs for it to eat, but it was too tired and frightened just then to do anything but lie still in the basket.

'Now, what do you want to do with the bird?' Lucy asked.

'I should like to keep it, if I may,' answered Dolly.

'Well,' said Lucy, 'we must see what your mamma says when she comes home.'

After dinner Dolly and Lucy brought down an old cage out of the store-room, and they were very busy mending it and cleaning it ready for robin. Then they took it out of the basket and put it in the cage, with plenty of crumbs, and you may guess how pleased Dolly felt, when the little bird hopped about the bottom of the cage to pick up the crumbs, and then got upon the perch, and said something like 'Peep, peep, peep.' Then when it grew dark, and Lucy lighted the lamp, they threw a handkerchief over the cage; and presently, when Dolly lifted up the handkerchief and looked in, she saw poor robin asleep.

When papa and mamma came home at night and heard what Dolly had done, they were very glad that Dolly had been so kind to the little bird, and they were very willing to let her keep it. Dolly loved her little pet very dearly, and she fed it every day, and Lucy helped her to clean its cage very nicely, and she talked to it so kindly, that soon poor robin knew her voice, and was always ready with 'Peep, peep, peep,' when it saw her. It was such a pretty fellow, too, with a bright red breast, and such smooth feathers, and all that winter it seemed very well pleased with its cage.

By-and-by the spring came and the flowers came out, and then one day Dolly noticed that her robin was fluttering about its cage and seemed very unhappy, and did not care for his food. She talked to him and coaxed him, but still she could not make him contented. What could be

The germs of consumption are everywhere.

There is no way but to fight them.

If there is a history of weak lungs in the family, this fight must be constant and vigorous.

You must strike the disease, or it will strike you.

At the very first sign of failing health take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

It gives the body power to resist the germs of consumption.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

the matter? She ran and fetched her mamma.

'Oh, mamma!' she said, 'is he ill? What is wrong with him?'

'No, my dear, answered mamma after looking attentively at the cage, 'it is not ill, but it wants its liberty now the spring has come. Would you very much mind letting it fly away, Dolly?'

'Oh!' cried poor Dolly, 'I want so much to keep it always. Won't it really be happy here any more?'

'I'm afraid not' said mamma. 'It wants now to fly about and find a mate, and build itself a nest. You have been very kind to it, and now you can do one thing more for that will make it quite happy.'

'Oh, I can't spare it,' said poor Dolly, and she began to cry.

'Well, it is school time now, said mamma. 'You must go now, and you can consider about it when you come home.'

All the time that Dolly was at school the little bird kept coming into her mind, and I am afraid the lessons were not done quite as well as usual, though Dolly really tried.

As soon as school was over she ran to the cage, and saw the poor bird still looking very melancholy. Dolly was a good, unselfish little girl, and when she saw that, she made up her mind to give up her favorite.

She took the cage into the garden and opened the door, and out flew little robin, and perched on a tree quite near, and said, 'Peep, peep, peep,' as if he meant 'good-bye.' Then he flew away quite out of Dolly's sight. She almost cried as she picked up the empty cage and came back into the house, but for all that she was quite glad to think that she had made her dear little bird quite happy.

NOT HIDDEN FOREVER.

A Church That is the Oldest and Grandest of all Edifices.

The most magnificent church building in the world, and possibly the oldest, is the one dedicated in Constantinople one thousand three hundred and sixty-six years ago by the Emperor Justinian, and named the Sancta Sophia, that is, the 'Holy Wisdom,' or Holy Word. It cost many million dollars, and was begun and finished in the incredibly short space of five years.

Nine hundred and sixteen years after its dedication Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks, and ever since then the majestic Christian church has been known as the Mosque of St. Sophia, the Mohammedans adopting it as their religious temple, and covering as far as they could, the Christian symbols with those of their own faith. Bible verses chiselled in the stone, carved crosses, cherubims, etc., with faces of saints and martyrs, were concealed with plaster, and written over with Koran texts and the praises of the califs. For five centuries the sacred sculptures have lain hidden under the usurper's mortar, among them a relieve of the face of Jesus on the wall of the apse or pulpit end of the great nave or centre aisle; but around this, we are told by visitors who have been admitted into the guarded sanctuary, the crust has cracked and crumbled, and the stucco is falling away, until, looking forth from its long eclipse, can once more be seen the countenance of Christ.

In the turmoil of the world the forgetfulness of even the declared followers of the "Son of man" may suppress His spirit and ignore His presence as effectually as

STAINED GLASS

Memorials,
Interior
Decorations.

CASTLE & SON,
20 University St., Montreal.
Write for catalogue E.

the trowel of the Turk concealed His image, but He will not always remain neglected and forgotten. How much is Christian and how much is pagan in the fever of a time like this, when the very air throbs with a passion and a cry, may not appear till the event is past, but all the mistakes of men and the strifes of nations cannot hold Him unseen and silent forever.

Down the dark future thro' long generations
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease
And, like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace.'

An Unhappy Prince.

The 'Missionary' gives the following from an account of Mr. Sherwood Eddy's tour in Ceylon:—In the evening we called upon the Prince of Siam, who has left his title, his property, and his country to become a Buddhist priest, and who, we learned, was among the worshippers at the festival. He was sitting wearily after his day's labors, and arose to receive us most courteously, apologizing that he had no chairs to offer us. He politely remained standing with us until we insisted upon his being seated. His face, though bright and intelligent, was wrinkled and worn beyond his years. He spoke freely in English. During our conversation he admitted that Buddhism was not properly a religion at all, but only a system of philosophy, as they believe in no God. He confessed, too, that some of the Buddhist priests were immoral, and that they were growing worse instead of better. All his efforts to reform Buddhism in Ceylon had failed. He confessed, too, that he himself had not found peace. This only could come with liberty, he said, and he could not have liberty or peace in such conditions in Ceylon. He said that he was going to Burmah in search of peace, for he hoped that circumstances would be better there. Poor man! He will only find that no circumstances can give peace, nor can any destroy it if there is peace within where the heart is right with God. It was sad to see one who had given up so much and found so little. We told him with love of Him who promised rest to the weary and heavy laden. He said he believed Christ was a good man and wished we were all as good. We left him a copy of the New Testament, and he promised to read it when he found time. We also gave him a copy of Bushnell's 'Character of Jesus.' Pray that he may see the light from Him who came to guide our feet into the way of peace!

Give Offerings Freely.

'One reason why I like the system of tithing is because it brings out so clearly the idea of giving our offerings to God. We set apart our tenth, and call it the Lord's money, dedicated to his service. And we go a step farther, and ask his aid in spending it for him, and his blessing to go with it on its mission, we have learned the secret of true Christian giving. When we give in this way we forget to worry about the way in which our offerings are used. We give cheerfully as God directs us, and then rest in perfect confidence that the Lord is able to make the very best use of what we have given him.'—Marion Park.

Curious Case of Courtship by Proxy.

Most men deem it advisable to attend to their love-making personally, for obvious reasons, but there are on record a few eccentric exceptions to this commendable rule, as the following authentic examples will attest.

A Manchester merchant—a nervous and retiring man of good appearance and position—fell in love with a comely Lancashire lass, but lacked the courage to personally declare his passion. He therefore confided his secret to a cousin—also an attractive and wealthy man—and asked him to interview the young lady on his behalf, and convey to her the fact of his ardent attachment. The cousin, after some demur, accepted the awkward commission, and did his best to honourably fulfil his cousin's wish. The sequel was not surprising. The young lady, while appreciating the honour conferred upon her by her invisible suitor, decided that he was not sufficiently courageous to win her, and finally married his representative.

Another bashful bachelor met with more salient success, perhaps because he elected a woman as a medium. Mr. Ernest Dewar, of Boston, U. S. A., found his heart hopelessly captivated by a charming friend of his sister, who visited them occasionally. Too shy to tell his tale, he persuaded his sister to speak for him. With superb tact and address did this lady perform her delicate task, that the pleasing sequel was a happy union.

A certain Berlin Banker, extremely enamoured of a pretty fraulien in that city, asked a nephew—who was his counterpart in face and form—to woo and win the damsel for him, promising a substantial cheque as his reward. His scheme was scarcely a success, for the nephew not only won and wedded the woman of his choice, but also forged his uncle's name on a cheque for a very large amount, and got clear away with both the girl and the gold.

VALUABLE CATTLE

Cattle need Spring medicine, just as people do. If you want your cattle to be well—to do the work you want—to look sleek and healthy, and fetch a good price if you want to sell them, give them a few doses of

DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS

No other condition powder gives the results that this old tried remedy does. If your dealer does not tell it, send us the price 25 cts., and we will mail you a full size package as sample.

HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Free BICCEST OFFER YET Free

EVERY FARMER WANTS

The Celebrated and Popular work, Entitled

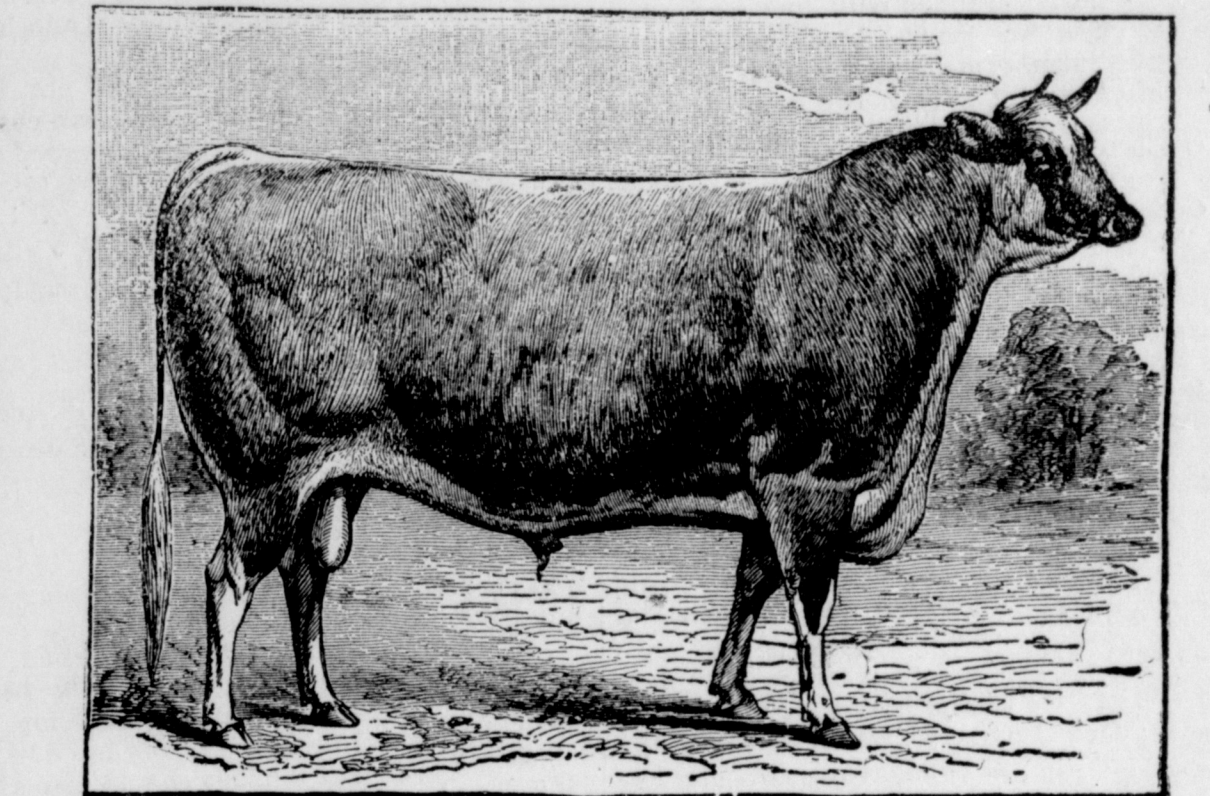
Manning's Illustrated Book

ON

Cattle, Sheep and Swine.

300,000 Sold at \$3.00 per Copy

READ OUR GREAT OFFER.



This great work gives all the information concerning the various breeds and their characteristics, Breeding, Training, Sheltering, Buying, Selling, Profitable Use, and General Care; embracing all the Diseases to which they are subject—the Causes, How to Know and What to Do given in plain, simple language, but scientifically correct; and with Directions that are Easily Understood, Easily Applied, and Remedies that are within the Reach of the People; giving also the Most Approved and Humane Methods for the Care of Stock, the Prevention of Disease, and Restoration to Health.

Determined to outdo all offers ever yet made, we have secured this celebrated work, the most complete and practical yet produced, heretofore sold at \$3.00 per copy, and offer A Copy Free to every new subscriber to our paper.

OUR OFFER

Although the price of one year's subscription to the PROGRESS is only \$2.00 we now offer to send this great work in cheaply bound and for one new yearly subscription to the PROGRESS.

Think Of it? MANNING'S BOOK

Former Price, \$3.00 All for Only \$2.00

The Progress

Send by Postal Order or Postage Stamps \$2.00 at once and secure this unrivalled and useful premium.

Yet another shy suitor constrained his mother to act as inter media in securing the hand of a lovely girl, which the good dame did with such exquisite finesse that the climax was a happy wooing and a joyous bridal.

To Cure a Corn.

There is no lack of so-called cures for the common ailment known as corns. The vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms have been ransacked for cures. It is a simple matter to remove corns without pain, for if you will go to any druggist or medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and apply it as directed the thing is done. Get 'Putnam's,' and no other.

A Cheap Drive.

A wealthy foreigner, intent upon a day's outing, wanted to hire a dealer's best horse and trap, but not knowing his man the dealer demurred at trusting them in his hands.

Determined to have his drive, the gentleman proposed paying for the horse and the vehicle, promising to sell them back at the same price when he returned. To that the other saw no objection, so his customer's wants were supplied, and off he went.

He was back in time at the stables, his money reimbursed according to contract, and he turned to go.

'Hold on!' exclaimed the dealer. 'You have forgotten to pay for the hire.'

'My dear sir,' was the cool reply, 'there is no hiring in the case. I have been driving my own horse and trap all day.'

And he left the dealer to his sorrowful reflections.

A Serious Case.

Customer: 'My watch won't go.' Jeweller (examining it) 'My! My! Have you been in a railway collision?'

Customer (surprised) 'Why, no.' Jeweller (solemnly) 'When you undress you should not throw your vest down on the floor when your watch is in the pocket.'

Customer (thoughtfully) 'I never do. I have been exceedingly careful with that watch. Don't know how it got hurt. How long will it take you to repair it?'

Jeweller (after another examination) 'You'd better leave it here at least a week;

but if you can get along without it, I would advise two weeks.'

Customer: 'Very well. Do it up right. Good day.'

Jeweller (to assistant) 'Hans, blow that speck of dust off this wheel, and charge up 5s. 6d. for repairs.'

Easily Satisfied.

Willie had done an errand for Uncle Frank and received simply a kind 'Thank you.'

'Oh I don't care for any thanks,' said Willie. 'I'll be satisfied with your jack-knife.'

She Had the Money.

'Say, I thought you said Miss Scaryellow had money in her own right?'

'Well, that's the hand I've seen her carrying her pocketbook in.'

PACKARD'S

The 1st Cost—25c.

Cuts but a small figure when buying ordinary Shoe-Dressing. It is the indirect cost—The Injury Done to Shoes—That runs into money.

PACKARD'S

Special Combination Leather Dressing

(RUBBER, TAN, BROWN—ALL COLORS.)

Though sold for 25 cents.

REALLY COSTS NOTHING.

It PAYS FOR ITSELF IN Shoe-Life.

PACKARD MAKES PACKARD OF MONTREAL (L. H. PACKARD & CO.)