

Sunday Reading.

The Pew and the Man in It.

By IAN MACLAREN in Ladies' Home Journal.

Various changes have been wrought in the interior of the church since the days of our fathers, but no change is more significant than the opening of the pew, which in its way has been almost as great a change as the lowering of the franchise in England and the abolition of political disabilities.

When the Pew-Owner Was of Importance. If the tenant of the pew belonged to the upper circle of the district he covered it with cloth—red or green—furnished it with a cushion three inches deep—which contained in its recesses the dust of twenty-five years—hid a box for bibles, with a lock, where the books of worship could be kept in security from a stranger's hand.

It was an interesting sight, and one cherished in its grateful remembrance, when the local dignitary came in on Sunday morning to take possession of his mansion and to share in divine worship. The pew-opener, a shrewd old man brought up in the atmosphere of kirks, and whose very face suggested the most abstruse doctrines, had been speaking on professional subjects with the deacons of the place, and had allowed fifty of the commonalty to pass without more than a faint nod and a reference to the weather—crouched in subdued tones—comes forward to receive the chiefs of the synagogue and to lead them to their seats.

The Pew Door was Fastened With a Hasp. On arrival at the mansion house door the pew-opener, dexterously unhooking the door with one hand and wheeling around on one foot, faces the procession behind the open door as it stretches half way across the aisle, and stands there after a little bow looking straight before him, deferential, yet not unconscious of his place in the hierarchy of the church, and the members of the family file in and take their places till at last there is hardly room for the great man himself. It will be enough, however, if he can just sit down, for in that case the influence of a heavy body will gradually make room for itself, and the lighter bodies in the pew will have to give up as the service goes on till at last Dives is comfortably settled.

Certainly the door was closed with an effort, and more than once during the service you heard it creak, and could not help hoping—but that was in the days of one's boyhood—that by some fortunate chance the door would one day give way, and Dives, who depended too utterly upon it might be felled in the aisle. The hasp, however, not to say the hinges also were strongly made, and the pew-opener saw that everything had been done for safety as well as dignity, and then he processed back again to the door, not unconscious that he had acquitted himself with credit, and that he had created at least a sensation by his ceremonious disposal of the rich man and his family in their pew.

The Pewholder Made Himself Comfortable. And Dives unlocks the Bible box with a key which is upon his ring, and distributes the books as if he were presenting prizes to a school. The mother of the family gives to its youngest members such provision in the way of sweets as will sustain exhausted Nature through the next two hours.

There were cases where Dives was unmarried and had on other occupants for his mansion save his honorable self, but he was conducted in all the same, and set himself with dignity at the end of the lonely pew. And if you suppose that any stranger desiring a seat would be put in

ARE THE

children growing nicely? Stronger each month? A trifle heavier? Or is one of them growing the other way? Growing weaker, growing thinner, growing paler? If so, you should try

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It's both food and medicine. It corrects disease. It makes delicate children grow in the right way—taller, stronger, heavier, healthier.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, Toronto.

upon Dives, then you do not understand discretion of the pew-opener, and if you imagine that a casual, dropping into that church, would himself try to break in upon that majestic vacancy your imagination is held enough, but it has not yet mastered the expression on Dives' face.

People then Went to Their Own Churches. Strangers, it appears to me, did not in former days appear in churches unless they were visiting with some of the family, because everyone had his own church, and he went to it through rain and shine, whoever preached and whatever was going on either there or elsewhere. People boasted in those ancient times that they never wandered, and an absolute and unidentified stranger might have staggered the pew-opener, but being equal to any emergency he would have conducted him to his own pew, which for purposes of convenience, was near the pulpit so that he might not interfere with any other person's property and might be under surveillance. There was an appearance of solidity when the church was full, and of respectability; there was also a suggestion of dignity and prosperity, and it is right to add some flavor also of family unity and homely comfort which was most agreeable and comforting to that old-time congregation.

Open-Handed Hospitality of Modern Church. In an old-fashioned parson, and one perhaps too much enamored of the past with all its faults, desires to receive a shock, he has only to visit one of the modern churches of the extreme type, which are usually called free and open, as if they were public houses or pieces of waste ground on which rubbish is landed. Openness has been carried to its full length, for not only are there no pew doors, and no Bible boxes, and no cloth for your back, and no cushion into which you can sink—there may be a mat, and there may be hassocks—and hardly any division between one pew and another, but perhaps there are no pews at all, only chairs, and you stick your hymn-book into a rack in the back of your front neighbor's chair, who moves when you do so, and you kneel against that chair—if you are able to kneel at all—and then you push your front neighbor, which he naturally resents. Of course, there is no pew-opener, because there is no pew-door to open, and more than that, there is no particular place for you to sit where you please and take a different seat at each service if you wish.

In the Church of To-day all are Strangers. No pilgrim nor stranger need be ashamed in the modern church, for there is no other person there except people like himself; all are strangers since they have no right to an inch of ground, and all are pilgrims since they need not sit twice in the same place. No one can complain of any person's selfishness, since all things are held in common. If Dives, locked within his door, suggested exclusiveness, it may be said for him it was the exclusiveness of home, and within the pew there was a little community—the original community of life which is the family. And if something can be said for general free and openness on the ground of Christian brotherhood and human equality, one still clings to the belief that he is entitled to be with his own people—his wife, that is to say, and his children—in the House of God, and that he is more likely to worship God with reverence when he has some slight privacy.

The Family Existed Before the Pew. Possibly a visitor may feel more freedom in a free and open church, but, on the other hand, the family is broken up into units at the door, and no mixed multitude can ever make so strong a congregation, or one that appeals so powerfully to the eyes, as the long line of pews, let us say with doors and furniture, but each contain-

ing a family with the mother at the head of the pew, and the father at the foot, and the young men and women between. For the family existed before the church, and if the church is not to be a mere possession of priests or a lecture hall, the church must rest on the family.

The pew is a testimony to the family, and ought to be maintained with its doors removed, and it does not matter whether a man pay fifty dollars a year for his pew or fifty cents. The church authorities should see that the householder has his pew, with room enough in it for himself, his wife, and the children which God has given them. There is no reason in the world why the rich man should not pay a handsome sum for his church home. And some of us have never been able to understand why an artisan should not give something for his church home also. Surely, every man wishes to do what is right in the direction of his church.

Sunday Beggars and Monday Beggars. Every self-respecting man likes to pay for his home whether it be large or small, and it touches a man's honor to live in a workhouse, where he pays no rent and depends on the public. There is no necessity that this home feeling and this just independence should be denied in the house of God, but it rather seems a good thing that the man who works and gives to provide a home where he and his children can live in comfort and self-respect six days of the week should do his part to sustain the house where they worship God on the seventh day.

He is a poor creature who will allow a rich man to pay his rent for him on week days, and I have never been able to see where there is any difference between being a beggar on Sunday than on Monday.

Possion of a Pew is a Test of Character. One, however, wishes to add, and with emphasis, that the possession of a pew in the sense in which a man possesses his house is a test of character and an opportunity for hospitality. There is one kind of man who not only regrets that he cannot now have a door on his pew, but who would have it roofed in if he could, who will resent the introduction of a stranger—although there will be plenty of room—as a personal affront, and order strangers to be removed if, unhappily, they have been placed in his pew by mistake before he arrives. If he only occupy half the pew the officers dare not put in another set of tenants for the other half, because he will quarrel with them as to which half they are to occupy, as to who is to go in first, as to a hymnbook that has wandered out of its place, or about a friend they brought one day who intruded two inches on his share of the pew. It is fair to say that the miscreant is no worse in church than he is elsewhere, for he is a churl everywhere, jealous, contentious, inhospitable, unmanageable.

One man Whose Pew is Open and Free to all.

But, as a make weight to this abuse of the pews, take my dear old friend, Jeremiah Goodheart. He is now alone with his gentle, kindly wife, for the children have made homes for themselves, but he keeps the family pew, and will on no account give up a sitting. It sometimes seems to the managers of the church that Mr. Goodheart might take a homeless family in, but they do not press the matter when they remember how long he and his wife have had that pew to themselves, and how well he uses the vacant space. He has a number of intimates who are now old and grey-headed, and who come from time to time to worship with him and his wife, and feel that they are in right good company. He has, also, an outer circle of friends which can be numbered by the hundred, and all its members are also in the habit of dropping in to sit in that pew, and if he see a stranger at the church door Goodheart must needs say a word to him of welcome and a good cheer. If the stranger happens to be a young man he will take him by the arm and bring him down to his pew, and the chances are he will ask him home to dinner, and will tell him never to sit alone in his lodgings, but to count this house his home.

There is a Welcome Awaiting Him in Heaven.

And Mistress Goodheart tells her friends with much satisfaction the size of the joint they have on Sundays, because although their own sons have gone, they never sit down without some young men as guests, and Mr. Goodheart made their acquaintance through the pew. If some family in the church has visitors, and extra sittings are needed, why then the children of the family sit in the Goodheart pew and are received with open arms. Bless his white hair and genial face, he never is entirely happy and never enjoys the sermon unless he has his full contingent of guests; and



"There's the rub."

The "rub" in one hand, and the effect of it in the other. Good design for a soap "ad."—isn't it? Question of health, if nothing else, ought to make you give up this wearing washboard rubbing with soap, and take up the sensible way of washing with Pearline—soaking, boiling, rinsing. The washboard rubbing, done in the midst of soiled clothes and tainted steam is harmful to any woman. If you think it isn't, you'd better think again.



there are times when he brings one too many and then the other pew-holders contend as to who shall have him for their guest.

What he is in church he is at home, with an open heart and an open hand, never content unless his friends are coming and going, never angry unless they will not stay and have a meal with him, never so full of joy as when he is doing a good turn, or going over old days with those to whom he is bound by a hundred ties of kindly words and deeds. As he has death with all men, strangers and friends alike, in his church and in his house, so will God deal by him, and for him we may feel sure there will be a hospitable welcome waiting where the churches of earth have changed into Our Father's House.

JOURNEY IN VAIN.

Mme. Guimond of St. Flavie Travelled Nearly 400 Miles on the Intercolonial Railway to no Purpose.

From Rimouski to Montreal—Hospitality Couldn't Cure her of Rheumatism. Dodd's Kidney Pills have Since Done so.

St. Flavie, Que., May 2.—This place is exactly three hundred and sixty miles from the city of Montreal. It is on the tidal water of the great River St. Lawrence where that stream widens out near the Gulf. It is thirteen miles nearer the open sea than Father Point, where the ocean liners are first spoken on their way from Europe to Montreal. It is near the Intercolonial Railway which turns away from the river towards New Brunswick at Little Metis, a few miles further east.

Mme. Maria Guimond, of St. Flavie, was afflicted with Rheumatism. Nothing she tried in St. Flavie could effect a cure. She decided to go to Montreal. It was a long journey for a person in poor health, but Mme. Guimond undertook the trip. She might have saved herself the pain and expense. The doctors of Montreal could do nothing for her. However, she is now back in St. Flavie, perfectly well, but owing entirely to Dodd's Kidney Pills. The following letter explains the case:

St. Flavie, Feb. 16th, 1900.

Sirs,—I have followed the treatment of the first doctors of Montreal for Rheumatism from which I have been suffering for six years, but I got no relief from it. I have taken seven boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and I am completely cured. I am telling all my friends of the excellence of this remedy and I thank you a thousand times.

Yours truly, MARIA GUIMOND.

About Hated Kipling.

This is not a bad story told of Kipling's absentmindedness, or his carelessness, by his landlady of four years ago, when he was in Gloucester getting local color for 'Captains Courageous'.

Kipling halted suddenly, wheeled sharply, and with a disturbed look on his face said to the landlady: 'There, Mrs. Smith, I clean forgot that till just now. I've an engagement to tea this afternoon, and I've only just remembered I haven't a clean shirt to my name. Do you know of any washwoman who would take this shirt and have it ready—well, say by five o'clock at the latest? I can wait up in the room till it comes, and I'll pay well for it—50 cents, or more, if she wants it.'

'Not time—not time? Then gracious me what shall I do? This one I've got on won't quite do, will it? Where's the mirror? No, hardly; this one won't do. We must do something; what's to be done, Mrs. Smith?'

'Now, Mr. Kipling, why don't you drop down around the corner to Brown's and buy one? That is the best way out of it, I think.'

'That's so, buy one—why, of course, I'll do that,' and out he dashed like a man on a sick call. In 10 minutes he was back with his little bundle and a look as of a man who had outflanked fierce enemies.

That Tight Feeling.

In the upper portion of your lungs, is inipient bronchitis. You will proceed next to having inflamed lungs and pneumonia may follow. Adamson's Botanical Cough Balsam will give immediate relief. It has never failed and will not in your case. All Druggists, 25c.

Failed to Recognize the Fire Truck.

The new motorman was strong and willing, but he hadn't been in a city very much. He had done farm work up in Northern Arcostook.

The other motorman was instructing him.

'If a fire alarm rings in,' said the old hand, 'remember that the department, the fire engine and the rest have the right of way. Hold right up and let 'em pass. If you don't, they'll run you down.'

The second day an alarm of fire was rung in. The car was near a cross street where the department must pass.

'Hold up,' said the instructor. Over the electric track tore the hose teams, then the fire engine spouting flame and smoke. The new hand cast a look up the street and then spun his controller lever. The car started.

'You infernal fool, what are you doing? Howled the old hand. He jumped and the new man jumped and the hook and ladder truck tore the front platform off the car and disappeared in a cloud of dust and with its men yelling like fiends.

'Why didn't you wait? Howled the instructor.

'Be gar,' replied his pupil, white and gasping, 'I no tink we have to bodder for dat sacre dam gang o' drunk house painters.'

A Good Profession.

Many things are changed in times of war and bloodshed, but some remain fixed and immovable.

A surgeon in one of the hospitals was filling up a blank for a convalescent soldier who had done brave service in the Civil War, to which he had gone from his New Hampshire home.

'What were you by profession before the war?' asked the surgeon.

'I was a Methodist sir,' answered the man; and then he added, stontly, 'And I can tell you, sir, that it would take more than going to another war and losing my other arm, to change me.'

'Quite right,' said the surgeon, who suppressed the smile that was inclined to come to the surface. Then he had the tact to ask his question in another form, which elicited the fact that the soldier had been a carpenter as well as a Methodist in his days of peace.

Practical.

An American farmer in Mexico had no difficulty in convincing his neighbors that oxen could do more work under American yokes than under the Mexican, which latter are fastened to the animals' horns.

A New York exchange gives the story: The American brought some modern jokes from the States, and the curiosity of his Mexican friends being aroused, they proceeded to ask questions.

'Well,' said the American, 'when you lasso a steer, and the rope gets around his neck, what do you do?'

'Turn him loose,' was the reply.

'Why?'

'Because he is too strong for us that way.'

'That's it,' said the American. 'His strength is in his neck, not in his horns.'

The Mexicans saw the point, and now yokes of United States manufacture are generally used in that neighborhood.

PAIN-KILLER cures all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns and sprains. Taken internally it cures diarrhea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Ferry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

Excited lady (at the telephone)—I want my husband, please, at once.

Voice (from the exchange)—Number please? Excited lady (snappishly)—Only the fourth, you impudent thing!

'What made him propose to her in French?'

'He accidentally overheard that the only French word she could pronounce was oui. Magistrate—Next case! Who've you got now? Constable—John Barlow, alias Buck. Magistrate—Ladies first. Let Alice Buck take the stand. Harold—If I should attempt to kiss you, do you think your dog would bite me? Ethel—Well—er—he has never bitten any of my other gentlemen friends.'

advancing, robing the adding leafage, when, at ions, hopeless day. Val- ions glimmer of red on the the wood. r to the window, peering on grating, and saw the ceases. rath dashed upon her, filled- lled dismay. ng was on fire! Valtie stood shuddering, assailing her. ave her to perish in the were leaping round the had left the wood, she ons clutches of Pearline er that they would simply her peril, and neglect to h sinking heart, at the pon the tree, until she wood seemed all aglare. e door, trying to rattle the d the lock fixed; there hich she could avoid the d menacing the solitary ome to her aid, she gwell, she would die, it mprisoned bird. he window she uttered a air. ke writhed about the glad- and and Valtie could hear e—could see the deadly y the spreading demon. ent or two of shivering a loud crash shook the g vapour began to fill her er eyes. o leave me here,' she th dread. 'Marc is away, rely abandoned. With my or will sink out of know- r betrayal and the punish- wa.' quivering start when the d of more debris collapsing at room would be in jeop- aping for fresh air, choked vapor, her whole figure he eerie light that flooded east molten glintings on her ould the fiery fiend take to work of devastation, and ia mercifully prevent the g? ound, with horror in her a daris of flame began to and she was a helpless prey of the devouring destroyer. lose to the grating, trying rength to dislodge it, and wild tumult surrounding eeping, raging furnace; the to open and go crashing o barrier of stone and iron e; she could have sprung it would have been to cor- rangelly bewildered, stand- stly pyre, her hands clasped in ds. d resignation. he slightest vestige of hope the awful fate that threat- ody was climbing up the at the portion of the Grange ined erect, and a voice pre- arately— m coming to save you, my at Lodi who, through the a and glare, was coming to e her side, and catching her in s, began to descend arzardous ordeal, fraught with step. e handsome features were set ed, his eyes gleamed with in- etermination to carry Valtie n the dreadful doom in which e was perished. ed the ground at last, the with his burden, and Valtie, own gasping for breath, said or— e seen Madame Delvont, e she in the building? 'I only nows?' he replied. 'I only on Valtie, when I saw the e Grange, on returning from ine has not already escaped, that can be done. You cannot ill not have time to run away t being overtaken.' r, anxious to save the woman e had schemed so recklessly, idly-beating heart, his young nning lamely through the ng that near path leading in of the sea, e she went, with every nerve e a dreadful fear that she would less exhaustion, to the ground ould reach the end of the wood- d mean surrender to the fate ict to elude. ad not escaped the giddy peril e the writhing flames teething range—to succumb without a e live to reach Brookvale, the e childhood, which she, in ig- had disdained—would live to e dear to her. ally they would give her wel- e could have explained to Basil

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