

Sunday Reading.

HIS FIRST CHANCE.

A very unusual incident is related in the 'Youth's Companion,' which seems almost too strange to be true:

A young man had just joined the church. He was in the very first glow of religious elation, and eager to do something definite and important to prove himself worthy of the christian name. It was a country church, old and conservative. There were few young people in it, and there did not seem to be any opportunity for practical, every-day christian work.

In the congregation was a man who had been a drunkard. To use a common phrase, he had reformed and had become a changed man. He was thinking seriously of uniting with the church when his probation had ended.

One day, in stress of temptation, he was overcome by his old appetite. He remained under its debasing influences for about a week. Then he went in great trouble to a friend and said:

"What shall I do?"

"Do," said the other. There is but one thing to do. Go to the prayer-meeting. Take your usual seat, rise at the usual time and tell the whole story. Ask the pardon of God and of the church. Do this, if you are sorry. If you are not sorry, stay away."

The poor fellow went, and did as he had been advised. Tremblingly he told of his temptation and of his fall. With tears he offered his confession, and asked that the petitions of God's people might be offered for divine help, that he might never again be overcome by temptation; but not a word of encouraging response or a prayer in his behalf was offered by any of the members present.

The meeting ended. The people filed out past him on their way from the church. Not one of them approached him. It seems incredible, but this is no fiction. They who had vowed to cherish and help the penitent and the fallen went out and left their erring brother standing alone in his shame in the house of God.

"It can't be true. He must be a hypocrite," one said to another as an excuse for this neglect.

"It no use to coddle such men. They are a disgrace to the parish," said a third.

The young church-member passed out with the rest. Some feeling of sympathy agitated his heart. He watched the retreating figure of the abashed and humiliated man as he slunk away from the church with bowed head. He went home, but could not stay. He wandered out again, and his anxiety led him to the drunkard's house.

He hardly dared to knock at the door. He grew hot and cold, wondering what he ought to do. At last he thought he heard a woman weeping within, and summoning all his courage he rang the bell, and then wished himself a thousand miles away. He had never spoken to the man in his life, and he thought that probably his intrusion would be considered impertinent.

The wife admitted him, weeping. "Oh," she said, "help me! Maybe you've come in time to stop it. John is going away. He's packing up. He's going for good! He's leaving me and the children! He'll never come back. He says he'll never set foot in this town again. He's so ashamed of what he has done, and the way they've treated him. He never can hold up his head again. Oh! can't you plead with him, and prevent him from going?"

The young man forgot his timidity. "I will try," he said. He went into the room with the discouraged penitent and shut the door. The sounds of pleading—then of prayer—came through the partition to the wife's eager ears. An hour the visitor came out. Behind him walked a man whose head was erect.

"Well, Jennie," he said, "seems I've got one friend left in this place. As long as he sticks I'll try to stick, too."

Hope and determination were stirred. Another attempt for permanent reform would now be made. The selfishness of the young christian, in doing what others did not do, had accomplished this. The man was saved to his family. His soul had been strengthened in its fight with evil. Such consecrated work by every christian would win supreme honor to christianity and hasten the universal reign of Christ in the hearts and lives of men.—Union Gospel News.

Rubbing It In.

Never use a liniment for rheumatism, says a high medical authority. Don't rub it in—drive it out. Take something that removes the acid poison from the blood—take something that will improve your digestion, and build up the body to the perfection of robust health. That "something" is Scott's Emulsion, a remedy that obtains the best results in the shortest time. \$1. of all druggists.

THE ARREST OF THOUGHT.

A Plan to Remind People of how the Sabbath is to be kept.

In one of the central cities of our country, one Sabbath morn., the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association stood at the entrance of the post office and silently handed to all who came for their Sunday mail a card containing only the fourth commandment: Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy manservant, nor thy maidservant.

Many Christians who had for years thoughtlessly come for their Sunday mail at the close of church, crushing the sermon between the upper and nether millstones of the Sunday mail and the Sunday paper, realized for the first time that the man at the general delivery and the woman at the stamp window were severally the 'manservant' and the 'maidservant' whom God Almighty had forbidden to work on the holy Sabbath. The card might well have had below the commandment God's explanation of its humane purpose: 'That thy manservant and thy maidservant may rest as well as thou.'

The secretary counted nineteen members of his own church among those who came that Sabbath noon for their mail. No doubt the other churches were as well represented. When he returned to his post for a like warning the next Sabbath not one of the church members he had seen there the previous Sunday, knowing them to be such was to be seen. What Miss Willard calls with large charity 'the arrest of thought' had come to them—the only arrest that most Sabbath-breakers need, the arrest for which this article is a 'warrant.' The writer has found great encouragement in many such proofs that 'a word to the wise (often to the unwise) is sufficient.'

If by printed or spoken word those who wrong God and their fellows and themselves by Sunday work and Sunday amusements were shown the far-reaching injury done by their thoughtlessness and selfishness, in many cases they would desist. Thoughtlessness and selfishness are indeed partners in Sabbath-breaking, and the writer believes that the first, the Christian partner, is really doing the most harm, because the most respectable and influential. It is not adequate excuse for men and women, that excuse of childhood, 'I didn't think.' Such a person uses his head only for a hat rack. God commands us to 'Think on these things,' to 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'

It should, however, encourage us that so often a reminder like this article, or the speaking of the same thoughts in the pulpit or in private, has caused such results as that already described. In more than a score of places during Mr. John Wana-maker's administration of the post-office department the writer secured the Sabbath closing of the local post-office by petition to the Postmaster-General, who had intimated he would order such closing when requested to do so by a majority of the adult receivers of mail. Not a whole sermon or so address was required to accomplish this, but only a brief reminder that there was no real need of Sunday mails, and nothing to sustain them but thoughtless habit and childish curiosity. It was shown that there was really a stronger excuse for Sunday saloons than for Sunday mails, since in the case of the former Sunday profits were double those of other days, and the patrons were moved by powerful appetites, while in the case of the Sunday mails there was no more salary paid for seven days' work than in like offices for six, and the patrons had in place of imperative appetite, only a childish curiosity. It is usually seen at once, when the question is raised that if it be admitted that there should be a weekly rest day, the postal clerk has as much right to require the dry goods clerk to serve him on that day as vice versa. In these days, when Saturday night and Monday morning telegrams provide adequately for all messages of emergency, when such messages, in fact, are seldom trusted to the slower mails, there can be no serious claim that Sunday mails are a work of mercy or necessity, kindred to the sale of milk and medicines and the necessary routine of the household.

Nor will the superficial objection that the suspension of Sunday work in postoffices would cause a congestion of commerce and hinder business prosperity, bear examination. London and Toronto both prove the contrary. In the former the Sunday work has long been next to nothing, and in the latter, which has grown faster in recent years than any American city save Chicago, there is absolutely no work done in the post-office in the twenty-four hours of the Sabbath. Those who think that to give the Sabbath to government employees (who more than almost any others need to

have abundant culture of conscience) would make double work on Monday, forget that the great bulk of the mail comes from business houses that are closed on the Sabbath, so making a twenty-four hour hiatus in the deposit of mail, which would give to Monday little more than the usual daily allowance to handle. In the words of a railway engineer pleading for Sabbath rest against shallow excuses that really charge God with impracticability, 'Right wrongs no man.' He who made the world and the man, made the Sabbath; made it not so much for early agricultural days when it was needed for worship chiefly as for these rushing days of steam and electricity, when it is a necessity of life to body and mind as well as soul.—Sunday-School Times.

ORGANIZED HOSPITALITY.

A Christianity Which is put Into Very Practical Form.

Organized hospitality is the outgrowth of Christianity, and while we glory in such work as our city missionary societies, homes and asylums, fresh air benevolences and floating hospitals are doing to brighten the lives of those less fortunate than ourselves, we must not allow them to take from us the privilege of using our individual homes in a personal manner. Two modern instances of the large and loving use of Christian homes it is a joy to record. A merchant of extensive business relations, who reserves time for doing errands of the Lord's larger or smaller errands, with his consecrated wife, is accustomed to invite groups of young working women to dinner companies at his own home (not some public hall), and to devote entire evenings to them in the discussion of grave matters of current history in municipal or national affairs. A gentleman who could hold almost any position of public trust in Massachusetts receiving these lonely, homesick young girls into his home, and treating them with as much consideration as he could bestow upon his only daughter, is a lovely picture of nineteenth century Christlikeness. The other method of hospitality is most significant in its twofold relation to guest and hostess, and illustrates a noble way of raising above mere selfish grief by doing the Lord's will. Father and mother had passed into the rest that remaineth for the children of God, and left an only daughter in a large and most homelike house. With an intense longing to remain in the dwelling so dear to her, she began to wonder how to read just her life 'without selfishly keeping the dear home all to herself.' Providentially a physician told her of a lady who would be greatly benefited if some one in the suburbs could invite her away from the heat and noise of the business section for a two weeks' rest, a change which would involve no long journey by rail. An invitation was immediately extended, and in the two years since then this lady has received as guests, home and foreign missionaries, Salvation Army and other christian workers, trained nurses and young business women, besides adopting a little German orphan in whom her mother was much interested. 'It is simply making such use of their home as would gratify my parents,' she recently said to me, adding, 'Adjectives are misplaced in its mention, since the people who need me are those I most need.' There was no closing of doors from a morbid, selfish grief, and the home is all the dearer since making it a haven of rest to guests of the character described.—Harriet Knight Smith in the Congregationalist.

Important Papers.

Queen Victoria has given so many proofs of the possession of sterling virtues that no one ever expects her to swerve from the path approved by her judgement and her conscience. When she first became queen, however, the world had yet to learn how determined the young girl ruler could be. Lord Melbourne, her prime minister, is said to have declared that he would rather have ten kings to manage than one queen. On one occasion he arrived at Windsor late on Saturday night, and informed his youthful sovereign that he had brought for her inspection some papers of importance. 'But,' said he, 'as they must be gone into at length, I will not trouble your majesty with them tonight, but will request your attention to them tomorrow morning.'

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'To-morrow morning?' replied the queen.

'To-morrow is Sunday, my lord.'

'But business of state, please your majesty.'

'Must be attended to, I know,' replied the queen, 'and as, of course, you could not get down earlier to-night, I will, if these papers are of such importance, attend to them after we come from church to-morrow.'

In the morning the royal party went to church, and the noble statesman was not absent. Much to his surprise, the sermon was on the duties of the Sabbath.

'How did your lordship like the sermon?' asked the queen.

'Very much, your majesty,' he replied.

'I will not conceal from you,' said the queen, 'that last night I sent the clergyman the text from which to preach. I hope we shall all be the better for his words.'

It is presumable that they were better, for the day passed, and no word was heard of the papers. At night, when her majesty was about to withdraw, she said: 'To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please, we will go into those papers—at seven o'clock, if you like.'

But the papers had suddenly grown less pressing, for the prime minister found that nine o'clock would be quite early enough to attend to them.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The Professor's Unwelcome Increase of Knowledge.

One of Washington's scientific men found himself in an assemblage where there were a great many young people. He endeavored to rise—or, perhaps, to descend—to the occasion as gracefully as possible. Having been introduced to a number of young women, he tried to make himself agreeable by explaining some of the latest information in ethnology, and he became so absorbed in his discourse that he did not notice, until they were nearly all gone, that a youth with a nasal voice was winning his audience away from him with a funny song. He tried it again with archeology as the theme. A girl with a bango wrecked his ambitions. He thought he was making some headway by means of his remarks on paleontology when a man who took a rabbit out of a silk hat eternally quenched his pride.

'My dear,' he said to his wife, on their way home, 'I have been thinking it over, and I find that the evening has been far from wasted.'

'I was very much afraid that you would feel differently about it.'

'No, I have made a very important and interesting discovery. The merest accidents sometimes lead to the most surprising revelations, and tonight I learned something which completely overturns an accepted theory.'

'Is it possible?' 'We have been led to believe that the chief of all forces is the attraction of gravity.'

'Yes.' 'Well, I have found out to-night that there are times when it can't hold a candle to the attraction of levity.'—Washington Star.



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FAIRLY WELL ISN'T WELL ENOUGH.

Let us say that your wages are twenty shillings a week. You have worked hard, done your best, and feel that you have earned your money. Very good. Now imagine that when Saturday night comes your employer hems and haws, and wants to put you off with fifteen. 'I'll be bound you would think yourself hardly treated. What are the great strikes in this country commonly about? Why, in some fashion they are about wages or hours; it comes to the same thing. Be it understood that the writer uses this fact as an illustration of another fact—that is all. What is that other fact? We will work it out of the following personal statement.

'Nearly all my life,' says Mrs. Sarah Dalby; 'I have been subject to attacks of biliousness, accompanied with sickness, but got on fairly well up to the early part of 1883. At this time I began to feel heavy, dull, and tired, with an all-gone, sinking sensation. My skin was sallow, and the whites of my eyes a yellow tinge.'

As every body knows, or ought to know, the colouring matter was bile. The liver being torpid, and therefore failing to remove the bile from the blood, it entered the skin, and showed itself on the surface. But the discoloration isn't the worst mischief done by the vagabond bile, containing many poisonous waste elements; it disorders the whole system and sets up troublesome and dangerous symptoms, some of which the lady names.

'I had a bad taste in the mouth,' she goes on to say; 'and, in the morning, particularly, was often very sick, retching so violently that I dreaded to see the dawn of day.'

'My appetite was poor, and after eating I had pain at my chest and side. Frequently I couldn't bring myself to touch food at all, my stomach seemed to rebel at the very thought of it.'

[This was bad, but the stomach was right, nevertheless. More food would have made more pain, more indigestion, matter to ferment and turn sour, more of a load for the sleepy liver, more poison for the nerves, kidneys and skin. And yet, without the food, how was she to live? It was like being ground between the upper and the nether millstones.]

'After this,' runs the letter, 'I had great pain and fluttering at the heart. Sometimes I would have fits of dizziness and go off into a faint, which left me quite prostrated. Then my nerves became so upset and excitable that I got no proper sleep at night, and on account of loss of strength I was obliged to lie in bed all day after another, and attended at Bartholomew's and the University Hospitals, but was none the better for it all.'

'In September, 1883, my husband read in Reynolds' Newspaper about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and got me a bottle of it. After taking it for three days I felt relieved. Encouraged and cheered by this I kept on taking the Syrup, and in a short time all the pain and distress abated, and I was well—better than I had ever been. That is ten years ago, and since then I have never ailed anything. With sincere thanks, I am yours truly, (Signed) Mrs. Sarah Dalby, 93, Tottenham Road, King'sland, London, N., January 2nd, 1894.'

Now run your eyes back to the first sentence of Mrs. Dalby's letter, and you will come upon these words: 'I got on fairly well.' &c. This is the sad thought; she has always got less than her due; she lost part of her health—wages. Do you take my meaning? Of course. Whatever may be our differences of opinion as to the rights of capital and the value of labour, it is certain that every human being is entitled to perfect health—without reduction, without drawback. All the more, as nobody else loses what one person thus gains. No, no. On the contrary, a perfectly healthy person is a benefit and a blessing to all who are brought into relations with him.

But do all have such health? God help us, no; very, very few. Why not? And, the answer is too big; I can't give it today. To the vast crowd who only get on 'fairly well' I tender my sympathy, and advise a trial of the remedy mentioned by Mrs. Dalby.

Prairie Dogs in The Sunshine.

On recent days when, though the air was keen the sun was bright and strong, some of the prairie dogs in the prairie dog village in the Central park menagerie came up out of their burrows to enjoy its warmth sitting perfectly still in their characteristic attitude, or even skipping about a little within the inclosure. After the prairie dog has gone down into its winter quarters where it has already carried a winter's store of provisions, it may not come out again until spring, but as the days grow longer and the sun gets higher, a still brighter day sometimes draws it to the surface, even though the winter has not yet passed.—N. Y. Sun.