

Sunday Reading.

Right Living.

He liveth long, who liveth well,
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest, who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Be wise and use thy wisdom well,
Who wisdom speaks, must live it, too;
He is the wisest who can tell
How first he lived, then spoke the true.

Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst reap,
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love and taste its fruitage pure,
Sow peace and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

—Bonar

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

Andrew Lee had come home from the shop, where he had worked all day, tired and out of spirits—came home to his wife, who was also out of spirits.

'A smiling wife and a cheerful home—a paradise it would be!' said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and sat down with knitted brows and moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

'Come,' she said at last, with glance at her husband. There was invitation in the word only; none in the voice of Mrs. Lee. Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silent. He could find no fault with the chop and the home made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered his inner man if there had been only a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife. He noticed that she did not eat.

'Are you not well, Mary?' The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them for the face of his wife looked so repellent that he feared an irritating reply. And so in moody silence the twin sat together until Andrew had finished his supper.

'This is purgatory!' said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their breakfast room with his hands thrust into his trouser pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast. After removing all the dishes and taking them into the kitchen Mrs. Lee spread a green cover over the table, and, placing a freshly trimmed lamp on it, went out and shut the door, after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He drew a deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and then, drawing a paper from his pocket, sat down by the table, opened the sheet, and began to read. Singularly enough, the words upon which his eyes rested were: 'Praise your wife.' They rather increased the disturbance of mind which he was suffering.

'I should like to find some occasion for praising mine. How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment! But his eyes were on the page, and he read on: 'Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her.'

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper and muttered: 'Oh! yes, that's all very well. Praise is cheap enough; but praise her for what? For being sullen and making your home the most disagreeable spot in the world?' His eyes fell again on the paper.

'She has made your home comfortable for your health bright and shining, food agreeable. For pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She doesn't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years, but it will do her good, for all that, and you, too.'

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence were written for him, and just for the occasion. It was a complete answer to his question, 'Praise her for what?' and he felt it to be a rebuke. He read no further, for thought became too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convincing him of injustice to his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable as her hands could make it—and had he offered the slight return of praise for the comfort he had experienced? He was not able to recall the time or occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and, taking her work-basket from the closet, placed it on the table, and, sitting down without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work in her hands, and saw that it was the bosome of a shirt which she was stitching neatly. He knew it was for him that she was at work.

'Praise your wife.' The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them; but he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unfor-

giving. The expression on his wife's face

he interpreted to mean ill-nature; he had no patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper spread out before him, and he read the sentence:

'A kind, cheerful word, spoken in a gloomy house, is the little rift in the cloud that lets the sunshine through.'

Lee struggled with himself a while longer; his own ill-nature had to be conquered first; his moody, accusing spirit had to be subdued. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning toward her and taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness, 'You are doing this work very beautifully, Mary.'

Mrs. Lee made no reply, but her husband did not fail to observe that she lost almost instantly that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, and that the motion of the needle had ceased.

'My shirts are better made and whiter than those of any other man in the shop,' said Lee encouraged to go on.

'Are they?' Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness; she did not turn her face, but her husband saw she leaned a little toward him. He had broken the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds, and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

'Yes, Mary,' he answered softly; 'and I've heard it said more than once what a good wife Andrew Lee must have.'

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband. There was a light in it and a light in the eye, but there was something in the expression of her countenance that puzzled him.

'Do you think so?' she asked quite soberly.

'What a question?' ejaculated Andrew, standing up and going around to the side of the table where she was sitting. 'What a question, Mary!' he repeated, as he stood before her. 'Yes, darling,' was his warmly spoken answer. 'How strange that you should ask me!'

'If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good.'

Mrs. Lee rose, and, leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband stood and wept.

A strong light broke in upon the mind of Andrew Lee. He had never given his wife even the smallest reward of praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made light all around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face grew clouded, and what he considered moodiness and ill nature took possession of her heart!

'You are good and true, Mary, my own dear wife; I am proud of you, I love you, and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh; if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth.'

'These are precious words to me, Andrew, said Mrs. Lee, smiling through her tears into his face. 'With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow.'

How easy had been the work of Andrew Lee! He had swept his hand across the cloudy horizon, and now the bright sunshine was streaming in and flooding the home with joy and beauty.—Unidentified.

THE SOULS ENQUIRIES.

Spiritual Cause and Effect are the Same as Centuries Ago.

Spiritual laws are not less definite and certain than natural laws; and an experience of many years in God's work has more and more convinced me that cause and effect are as certain in spiritual things as in natural things. A given number of atoms say of sulphuric acid combined with a given number of atoms say of carbonate of soda, will produce a definite number of atoms of sulphate of soda. In like manner a given amount of spiritual power operating according to spiritual laws will always produce like and definite results. There is no change since Apostolic times in this respect. Spiritual cause and effect operate exactly now as they did then, for God is unchanging. These spiritual laws may be discovered by the prayerful study at the word of God in dependence on His Spirit as a true interpreter. And here I would urge on my young friends the importance of bible study. We all desire to be truly prosperous men. God desires that we should prosper—not in some of our undertakings merely, but in them all. In the first two verses of the first psalm we have the path that leads to unerring prosperity: 'Whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.' While the first verse points out the negative side—the avoiding of the evils that would hinder—the second verse gives us the all important positive side: 'His delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night.' It is very easy to ascertain in what a man takes delight. Those who are fond of athletics will be talking about them when not en-

gaged in them. Those who are fond of science have their hearts full of it, and are always glad to speak of their favorite pursuit as well as to engage in it. Do our friends discover that our delight, our hope, is in the law of the Lord? If they do, we shall not fail of prosperity. In pursuits, literary or commercial, in the home life, in things great and small, we shall prosper in whatsoever we set our hand to, if we carry out this great law of God.—Rev. Hudson Taylor.

THE BRAVEST DEED.

Words That Made a Brave Boy do His Duty by the Enemy.

A group of old soldiers, both Confederate and Federal, were recently swapping stories of the Civil War. At last they fell to comparing the greatest acts of bravery that each had known, and a Southerner told the following story:

'It was a hot July day in 1864, and General Grant was after us. Our men had hurriedly dug rifle-pits to protect them selves from the Federal sharpshooters, and dead and dying Federals were lying up to the very edge of those pits.

'In one of the pits was an ungainly, raw, red-headed boy. He was a retiring lad, green as grass, but a reliable fighter. We never paid much attention to him, one way or other.

'The wounded had been lying for hours untended before the pits, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter. They were suffering horribly from pain and thirst. Not fifteen feet away away, outside the rifle-pit, lay a mortally wounded officer who was our enemy.

'As the heat grew more intolerable, this officer's cries for water increased. He was evidently dying hard, and his appeals were of the most piteous nature. The red-headed boy found it hard to bear them. He had just joined the regiment and was not yet callous to suffering. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he cried out:

'I can't stand it no longer, boys! I'm going! Take that poor fellow my canteen.'

'For answer to this foolish speech' one of us stuck a cap on a ramrod and hoisted it above the pit. Instantly it was pierced by a dozen bullets. To venture outside a step was the maddest suicide. And all the while we could hear the officer's moans:

'Water! water! Just one drop, for God's sake, somebody! Only one drop!'

'The tender-hearted boy could stand the appeal no longer. Once, twice, three times, in spite of our utmost remonstrance, he tried unsuccessfully to clear the pit. At last he gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and once on the other side, threw himself flat upon the ground and crawled toward his dying foe. He could not go close to him because of the terrible fire, but he broke a sumac bush, tied to the stick his precious canteen, and landed it in the sufferer's trembling hands.

'You never heard such gratitude in your life. Perhaps there was never any like it before. The officer was for tying his gold watch on the stick and sending it back as a slight return for the disinterested act. And this the boy would not allow. He only smiled happily, and returned as he had gone, crawling amid a hailstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of the pit he called out to his comrades to clear the way for him, and with a mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

'He took our congratulations calmly. We said it was the bravest deed we had



seen during the war. He did not answer. His eyes had a soft, musing look.

'How could you do it?' I asked in a whisper later, when the crack of rifles ceased for a moment.

'It was something I thought of,' he said, simply. 'Something my mother used to say to me. "I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink," she said. She read it to me out of the Bible, and she taught it to me until I never could forget it. When I heard that man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head. I couldn't get rid of 'em. So I thought they meant me—and I went. That's all.'

'This was the reason why the boy was ready to sacrifice his life for an enemy. And it was reason enough,' added the soldier, with a quivering voice.

LAFAYETTE, THE COURTEOUS.

Though a Great Man and Soldier he was Courteous to All.

Many charming stories have been told by old ladies who were in their prime when Lafayette made his second visit to America, of the gallant Frenchman's courtesy.

On the day of his public reception in Virginia he rode in an open carriage without his hat, exposed to the rays of a brilliant sun, bowing to the crowds always ready to greet him. There was some apprehension that sunstroke might be the penalty of his politeness; but the marquis was an old soldier. Before leaving home he had put a damp towel into his capacious wig, and protected by this helmet, he could indulge his French politeness with impunity. French and American revolutions and Austrian dungeons had taught him the art of self-preservation.

The most charming story is of earlier date—his visit to the mother of Washington. He found her in the garden, raking together dried weeds and sticks, preparatory to a bonfire, arrayed in a lincey skirt, sack and broad-brimmed hat tied over the plaited border of her cap.

The hostess met the situation with the composure of a duchess. Dropping her rake, she took between her bare palms the hand the nobleman extended, as he bowed before her, and said:

'Ah, Marquis! You have come to see an old woman! I can make you welcome without changing my dress. I am glad to see you. I have often heard my son George speak of you. But come in.'

Preceding him into her living-room, she placed herself opposite him, erect as a girl of eighteen, never touching the tall, straight back of her chair, whilst she listened to the praises of her son poured forth by the eloquent Frenchman.

Then she mixed with her own hands a cooling drink and offered it to the general with a plate of home-made ginger cakes. The man of the world accepted the beverage as simply and gracefully as it was tendered, pronounced it delicious and arose to go. Would she give him her blessing?

She looked up to heaven, folded her hands and prayed that God would grant him 'safety, happiness, prosperity and peace.'

MAN AND WIFE IN DISTRESS.

From Chronic Catarrh—But Instantaneous Relief Follows the First Application of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—Don't Neglect the Simplest Cold in the Head. It may Develop Into This Disgusting Malady Almost Before You Can Realize It.

Rev. Dr. Boehr of Buffalo says: 'My wife and I were both troubled with distressing catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from the aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application. We consider it a godsend to humanity, and believe that no case can be so chronic or deeply seated that it will not immediately relieve and permanently cure.'

Diamonds in a Volcano.

An interesting discovery from a geological point of view was recently made, says Le Genie Civil, by an explorer in the mountains of Witik's Hoek, Natal. On the summit of an extinct volcano on the edge of a lake that occupies the crater, soundings revealed a layer of sand inclosing small diamonds. It would be interesting to know whether these diamonds were there accidentally, that is as the result of washing operations, carried on by the natives, or whether this discovery corresponds to an actual mine of diamonds, for the hills of Witik's Hoek are not situated in regions known to be diamond bearing. On the last hypothesis, the presence of precious stones in the crater of a volcano would doubtless throw some light on the formation of the gems in nature.

WHEN TO TAKE CARE.

'Mrs. ENTWISTLE,' said the doctor, 'if you don't take care, you will have a life-long misery.'

What did he mean by 'taking care?' Who, by taking care, can add one cubit to his stature? How far back must care-taking begin if we would avoid life-long miseries or week-long miseries for that matter? At what time does a man have the whip hand over trouble, so as to lash it from him like a pack of hungry beggars? Tell me that, and then I'll tell you what the doctor's warning to this woman was worth.

The facts of the case are clear and simple. In the summer of 1890 she began to feel heavy, weak, and tired. She had a bad taste in the mouth, and was constantly belching up a sour fluid which bit her throat like an acid. About an hour before each meal she experienced great distress and pain at the pit of the stomach—sometimes so intense as to double her up with it. Of the numerous medicines that were tried, none availed to mitigate this state of things.

Being employed at a mill in Blackburn, she couldn't afford to lose time and (consequently) wages. So she stuck to her work, although as 'the pain was something awful' the reader can fancy what courage and resolution were required.

In a letter dated Aug. 9th, 1894, Mrs. Entwistle says, 'I saw three doctors at Blackburn, who said I was suffering from indigestion and weakness. One of them said that if I did not take care should have a life-long misery. He further told my mother that it might turn to a cancer.'

'In this way I dragged along through two weary years, when my mother persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, and got me a bottle from the Bank Top Co. operative Stores. In a fortnight I was much better, and in a few weeks I had no more pain. My appetite came back and I was soon as strong and healthy as ever. This was due wholly to the Syrup, as after beginning with it I used no other medicine.'

(Signed) Mary Entwistle, 13 Bentham Street, Mill Hill, Blackburn.

Mrs. Sarah Walsh, of the same place, had an almost identical experience, only her's began four years earlier, in 1886. She had a sour taste in the mouth, a poor appetite, and felt tired, weak and languid.

'I was frequently sick,' she says, 'vomiting a green, bitter fluid; and for days I would be prostrate and good for nothing. For more than five years I remained in this condition, when I read in a little book about Mother Seigel's Syrup. I was better after taking only half a bottle of it; and after having used it a few weeks more, all the bad symptoms left me; my food agreed with me, and I gained strength. Since then, by the occasional use of Mother Seigel's Syrup, I have kept in good health.'

(Signed) Sarah Walsh, 20, Beverley Street, Mill Hill, Blackburn, Aug. 8, 1894.

When the doctor told Mrs. Entwistle to take care it was too late. The day for the ounce of prevention was gone by. She was then in the grasp of inflammatory indigestion and dyspepsia in its advanced stage. It must be a positive and powerful remedy, or nothing; and 'nothing' meant the certain progress of the disease to a fatal ending sooner or later. Happily Mother Seigel's Syrup proved in both these cases to be a remedy that cures when others do not—as it usually proves to be.

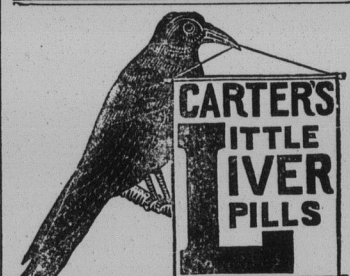
Still, it is wise to take care when care can be taken—that is, at the moment when the first signs of disease appear. Try no idle experiments; don't wait; resort to Mother Seigel's Syrup then, and you may, indeed, avoid a life-long misery, and perhaps a premature loss of life itself.

Currency of Palestine.

Business is much transacted in gold francs, there being much more French than Turkish gold in circulation. An anomalous financial condition exists in that, in smaller transactions, the piaster is the unit of value and its value is variable. Thus in converting American gold into francs, a loss of three and one-half per cent. is sustained. If the conversion is made into Turkish piasters, the loss is seven per cent.

As so much of the business is done by local money changers rather than legitimate banking concerns, it is difficult to know the exact amount of money in circulation. The banking capital of Palestine is about \$400,000. The actual amount of money in circulation has been estimated, after careful inquiry, to be about \$2,000,000.

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