

## Sunday Reading.

## THE LAST SERENADE.

Down in the negro quarters on a Georgia plantation stood a quaint little log cabin overlooking cotton fields that were white with their snowy fruit. Born in slavery, living in slavery and apparently destined to die in slavery, yet old Joe was happy; for to him slavery was not bondage—only a pleasant way of being cared for.

His days of active usefulness were over. He had served long and faithfully in those same cotton fields, then as a house servant, and later as a coachman. Now on account of age and the "misery" of his back, he spent his days in mending harness, telling stories to the children and making playthings out of the odd bits of rubbish they brought him.

His wife Sally, was head cook at the mansion which stood in another part of the plantation, in the midst of trees and flowers. Down a little further was a tiny brook that sang all the live long day and turned back, regretfully perhaps, to wind by the window of old Joe's cabin.

"The Pines" was a most hospitable house and usually thronged with guests, for its young mistress had an indulgent husband and money sufficient to gratify every possible whim. Mrs. Langley she was now, but to old Joe she would be "Miss Eunice" always. He had carried her when she was a baby, watched over her when she was ill, and once when a pair of maddened horses dashed down the drive, uttered beyond their owner's control, he had snatched the unconscious child from almost under the wild feet, and—saved her life, they said but the brave fellow had received internal injuries and had not been able to do much since.

"Yes," he said one afternoon, to an appreciative audience of pickaninnies and white children who sat together around his feet in a truly democratic fashion, "dat ar day war a great time fo' ol Joe. I war jes a gwine to de house wen I see des yer hosses comin ker-blip! right whar Miss Eunice war a playin, wid her doll-buggy. Dere wasn't no time to call her so I jes grab her and run, an my foot ketch in de doll-buggy an I trow Miss Eunice ober my hail in some soft grass an den de hosses tram on me an I kinder lost my mem'brance. Pretty soon I fin myself in de house an de doctor an ol Misses war a standin ober me. Doctor say, 'he come to all right,' an ol Misses she jes stoop down and kiss ol Joe! Tink ob dat!"

"Den Miss Eunice come in, an ol Misses say 'come here dear, and see Uncle Joe. He done sbe yo life.' An den I lose my mem'brance again. One day Mas'r walk in an he say, 'Joe, here's yo papers, yo's free now, jus ez free ez I is.' I say Mas'r, I don't want to go away from you and Misses an Miss Eunice. I want to stay heren on deol plantation, along o my ol woman. And den he wipe his eyes an say, 'I'll gib Sally papers too, an Sally say, 'no Mas'r, me an Joe don't want to be free; we want to stay here where we's happiest' an Mas'r say he keep des yer papers for us till we done want em. Dose was mighty fine times fo' ol Joe!" and he beamed at the children around his feet who had been listening with ever-fresh delight to the old, old story.

"Now play something, Uncle, the children cried, and Tommy Langley brought the fiddle that always hung in one corner of the cabin. His eyes brightened at the sight of the old brown thing, but he gently put the eager child away, saying, "No honey, not dis time. I got de misery in my back wens on eber. Go way, chilless, ol Joe's—so—tired!"

They obediently trooped out of the cabin and the old man's head dropped on his breast. The gaunt gray figure twined with pain, and he did not move until Sally came in to get his supper.

"Well, honey," she said cheerily, "how's yo back to-day?"

"Pears like de pain get wuns, Sally," he replied.

"Nebber yo min, yo'll get better byme by." Coming closer she dropped a bundle of illustrated papers in his lap.

"See wat Miss Eunice send yo, an look here!" She pointed proudly to the stooped shoulders, where a scarlet kerchief shone like a ray of light in the dim cabin.

Joe tried to smile, then said feebly, "Miss Eunice mighty good to us, Sally."

Sally assented and moving quickly about the cabin, soon had the evening meal on the table.

"Come Joe, more up yo cheer. Dis yere hos cako done to de fun!"

"Pears like I couldn't eat no supper," he said, then gave a half-suppressed groan that betokened an extra twinge of the "misery."

"Po' ol man," said Sally sympathetically, and she sat in silence, watching the kindly pain-drawn face, with ever-increasing anxiety.

As twilight fell, the sufferer sought his couch, where he moaned and tossed restlessly, and the pitying Sally, stretched wearily on a faded rug near the door was soon fast asleep.

Up at the Pines all was light and laughter and music, for a crowd of young folks were gathered 'neath its hospitable roof and guitars and mandolins made the whole house ring with melody of a more or less penetrating quality. In the midst of this gaiety, Tommy stole up to his mother with a troubled look on his usually merry little face.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, putting her arm about him.

"Mamma, I'm afraid Uncle Joe is going to die. His 'misery' hurts him awful."

"Is Uncle Joe very sick, dear? I knew he was not very well, but he has always being ailing, you know. I'll have the doctor see him to-morrow."

"All right, mamma, and the little face grew bright again."

She kissed him tenderly and said: "Run away to bed, little son, the birds went long ago."

Tommy went off obediently, but Mrs. Langley felt worried about the faithful old fellow who saved her life. "I'll see him to-morrow," she thought and began to plan various things for his comfort and happiness.

A little later a pretty girl with a mandolin said: "Do you know, I feel like having a lark. Excuse the slang, please, but there's no other word that will express my meaning."

"Try a swallow," suggested a young man in a way that was meant to be funny. "There's lots of lemonade left in the pitcher."

She scorned the interruption. "I want a lark, a regular lark!"

"How would a serenade do?"

"Capital!" she laughed. "Just the thing! We'll take our mandolins and guitars into the moonlight and make things pleasant generally."

"But," said the maid with a practical turn of mind, "who is there to serenade? There aren't any neighbors, are there?"

"Give it up!"

"Ask Mrs. Langley—she'll know," and a smiling ambassador from the merry group, Mrs. Langley's own nephew, went to the fair-haired hostess who sat with her husband in the library.

"Auntie, who is there in this charming spot whom we can serenade? The girls think it would be fun, but we don't know where to find a victim in this isolated Eden."

Mrs. Langley rose quickly, and going to the little party, told them of old Joe and how she owed her life to those strong arms. She finished the story with an eloquent gesture that brought tears to the eyes of many and added: "Go down to the old man's cabin and sing the quaint negro melodies he loves so well—that he used to sing to me when I was a child. And take these roses with you; he used to love them so; you can throw them in at the open window."

As she spoke, she took a great handful of white roses from a vase and with a little pearl-handled knife, dextrously removed the thorns, then handed them to her nephew.

"How do we get there, Auntie?" he asked, with something like a tremor in his voice.

"Follow the brook," she replied. It flows right under his window, and you cannot miss the place. I'd go with you, only I can't sing, and wouldn't be of any use." She smiled brightly at them as they went down among the shadows, then to the tiny brook that seemed like a musical stream of silver in the moonlight.

The party was strangely silent for one bound for a "lark," and by much crossing of the little stream that wound its tortuous way through the grounds, they came to Uncle Joe's tiny cabin in an unseen nook of the plantation. They grouped themselves under the window in silence.

"Now then" whispered one of them. The mandolins and guitars played the opening strains of the sweet old melody, then their fresh young voices rose high and clear:—

Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home,

The old gray head turned feebly on its hard pillow, and Sally stirred restlessly.

Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home,

Above the song of the brook that seemed like a tender accompaniment to the tinkling of the mandoline the music rose, and old Joe woke from his dream of pain.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see  
Coming for to carry me home?

A band of angels coming after me,  
Coming for to carry me home.

"Oh light of the angels!" Oh raptures of the song! The familiar words brought back so much to the man's listening soul!

Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.

The fragrant shower fell around him. He grasped a great white rose that was within reach of his hand and pressed it to his parched lips.

Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.

Out of the clouds was the chariot coming for him? Yes—wrapped in celestial glory.

Swing low, sweet chariot,  
Coming for to carry me home.

The song died away, and the singers heard no sound within.

But the tired head fell back upon its pillow with a sigh of infinite content, the chariot came, and Uncle Joe forgot the "misery" and the roses alike in passing from supreme shadow to supreme dawn.

## ADVICE TO YOUTHS.

The Young Boy Usually Gives Promise of What he will Become.

In most of the homes that we reach there must be a great many boys of about this age. Why should we not address an editorial to them? They will soon be men. A short five years will bring them to the rights and privileges of American citizenship. Nor will it be much longer till they will be crowding forward, a mighty army, to seize the places of power and influence that are now held by their fathers. Will not our young friends listen for a brief space to one who sincerely loves all the boys in the world?

To discerning eyes, at least, the boy of sixteen usually gives promise of what he is likely to become in later years. It is the natural order that it should be so; and the exceptions to the rule are fewer than is usually supposed. People properly take it for granted that a good boy will turn out to be a good man, and vice versa. The late Dr. E. E. Wiley, who gave more than half a century to the cause of education in connection with Emory and Henry College, and who was one of the most sagacious men that we ever knew, once said to us: "First and last, I have taught more than 6,000 boys; and in less than a score of instances have I found it necessary to revise in subsequent years the judgments that I formed of my students while they were under my eye in the class room."

Such an utterance from such a source ought to have great weight. We quote it here for the purpose of emphasizing the thought that the boy who proposes to spend the opening period of his life in idleness or vicious indulgence, promising himself, meantime, that he will make a great change, and be of some account when he gets to be a man, is cherishing a most dangerous delusion.

It is an awful truth that character is often fixed and destiny sealed before one passes the line of twenty-one. The importance of this fact is too great to be overestimated. With whatever power we can command, we wish to urge the consideration of it on all our friends. Let us not be understood as advocating the premature development of boys into sedate and quiet men. We do not regard that as a desirable end to be attained. There is a time of life in which it is natural for mortals to grow, run, jump, shout, and indulge in agreeable sports and pastimes. To deprive them of all opportunity for such innocent merriment is neither wise nor kind. The mature man who cannot look back upon the season in which he fairly revelled in the mere joy of existence is to be pitied.

But innocent sports are a very different matter from what is called "sowing wild oats." The latter phrase suggests the idea of dedicating one's brightest and holiest days to the service of the devil, a thing which is not to be tolerated for one moment. A strong, healthy, alert boy, running over with life and spirit, may still be a God-fearing Christian, an obedient son, a diligent student, and an honest worker at all his Providential tasks. The notion that it is necessary to be vicious in order to be happy is fit to have come from Satan himself. Any falsar statement was never uttered in this world.

The inspired writer bids us remember our Creator in the days of our youth. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. True religion is the glory of childhood as well as of old age. They that seek the Lord early shall find him. Blessed are all those who enter into covenant with him while the dew of the morning is still fresh upon their hearts, and who abide faithful to him till their heads are crowned with gray hairs.

But some one may ask us whether religion is the same thing in a boy as in a man. We answer, yes and no. There are undoubtedly points of difference in minor details, but an essential identity in main features. One of the chief tokens of piety in a boy is reverence for his parents. The absence of this is the sure sign that his moral and spiritual nature has never been fully aroused. Parents stand in the place of God to their children, and are to be honored accordingly. The commandment which teaches this lesson is the first one to which a promise is attached. "That it may go well with thee." Purity in action, speech, and thought, is as possible for the young as for the old. The example for all alike is Jesus Christ.

"across the clear heaven of whose mind there never floated a defiling imagination." Absolute honesty that spurns the mere thought of appropriating what has not been fairly earned; a true truthfulness that despises a lie or even the appearance of it; manly diligence that scorn to eat idle bread; gentle courtesy that abhors rudeness and coarseness of speech and manners; an eager desire for knowledge that accounts ignorance a curse and a disgrace; all these virtues should adorn the character of every boy.—Nashville Advocate.

## High and Worthy Ends.

These high and precious and holy gifts of God should be used for an end correspondingly high and worthy and holy. Such a high and worthy end is not difficult to find or to realize. It is not necessary to go out of our way in quest of something remarkable, unfamiliar or extravagant.

This high and worthy end is secured in the lives of thousands of men and women who are engaged in the plainest and most ordinary routine of duties, duties of the workshops or duties of the school room. The only indispensable condition for attaining to such an end is that of having a spirit of genuine love to God and love to man, a spirit of consecration, obedience and unselfish service, in one word, the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ. Such a spirit when properly possessed and applied will certainly elevate our lives to that which is truly high and direct to that which is noble and worthy. And the end, the result of such a life will be the manifestation and enjoyment of the glory of God, the establishment of His kingdom, the triumph of the true and right and good, and the salvation and spiritual welfare of souls.

## Other People's Convenience.

We ought to think of other people's convenience more than we generally do. The home is the place where this thoughtfulness should begin to be cultivated. One who comes late to breakfast admits that he is guilty of an amiable self-indulgence, but forgets that he has marred the harmonious flow of the household life and caused confusion and extra work. How often an important committee is kept waiting ten minutes for one tardy member, who comes sauntering in at last, without even an apology for causing perhaps fifteen men a loss of time that to them was very valuable, besides having put a sore strain on their patience and good nature. Every day life is full of just such thoughtfulness, which causes untold personal inconvenience and oft times hurts the hearts of friends.

## The Severest Test.

The severest test of manhood is never found in good times, but only in hard times. It is not the man who has success when others are doing well, but it is the man who keeps up his courage and struggles on when everybody else is wavering or going down who is the hero in the sight of God and men. It is an easy matter to make good time when both wind and tide are in one's favor, or when one is moving with the current; but it requires character and skill and daring to make head in spite of opposing forces or to work successfully against the current.

## Kind Words.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the home where peace and blessing dwell.—Rev. T. F. Stauffer.

## The Fruit of Obedience.

How true is it that character in any form is the fruit of obedience? It cannot be enjoyed in any great proportion except as the individual yields himself to forces above him and subjects will and disposition to laws that were made to govern. And without character there can be no inheritance. Hence to possess it man, woman and child must obey.

## Intentions and Actions.

God takes into account intentions as well as actions, belief as well as practice, profession as well as life. The purpose is as important as the execution. What we are is the result of what we will and feel. The inner and outer relations must be in harmony with God's requirements.

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## SEA BATHING.

Not Always Healthful, Except When Certain Conditions Are Observed.

It is the most unwise thing in the world to conclude that because we may be at the seaside it is the correct and proper thing to take salt water baths. For some robust person this is all very well. They rush down to the sea at unhealthily hours in the morning, plunge into the cold water and come out glowing with health and spirits. They are made strong and vigorous for the year by their summer baths, and are rather apt to scorn the weaker portion of mankind because they can't do the same.

This is all very well for the robust, but sea bathing, like most other things, has its drawbacks, and unless certain rules and precautions are observed, lasting harm, and not good, will be the portion of some persons who indulge in it. Indeed, some should never bathe in the open sea at all.

Any one with heart trouble or any chronic malady should not try it; the rapid salt water baths may be taken at home with great benefit. It is also very foolish to go into the sea when overtired or overheated from any great exertion or when in an excited frame of mind; after a sleepless night, too, the bath must be given up entirely, or it will only further exhaust, and not invigorate the body.

Another thing that must be borne in mind is that you must never bathe until quite three hours have elapsed after your last meal. On the other hand, if you bathe before breakfast you must have a glass of milk or a cup of tea and a biscuit when you wake, and before running down to the shore. It is a good plan always to take a few biscuits in your pocket and eat them after your bath, while dressing as sometimes you feel hungry when coming out of the water. If you bathe after breakfast, between 11 and 12 is the best time to choose, and you should always see that the tide is nearly high. The water is much fresher than when it is low, far more free from seaweed or driftwood and more invigorating.

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## CAST HIS LOT WITH THE BLACKS.

A White Man Who Was Bought up Among Slaves.

Take the case of Rev. W. J. White, the editor of a Baptist weekly published at Augusta, Ga. White is a man of intelligence and integrity, and his account of his early life has never been disputed.

Briefly, this is the story. A few years before the war a dark-faced boy made his appearance on a large Georgia plantation. He was supposed to be a mulatto, and when the planter died the youngster was sold with the estate.

After the war this alleged mulatto picked up an education and investigated his ancestry. He was not much surprised to learn that he did not have a particle of negro blood in his veins. His mother was an Indian and his father was a white man.

White was not long in deciding to cast his lot with the blacks. He had always been classed with them. It seemed to be the will of the Almighty that he should share the burdens of the negro race, and he made up his mind to stick to his old companions.

He prospered and became a leader among the people. He has the respect and confidence of both races, but he has never attempted to rise above what he believes to be his divinely ordained sphere.

It is easy to see at a glance that this man is not a quack, but his mixed Indian and Caucasian blood cannot be mistaken, but he has no desire to cut loose from the ex-slaves, with whom he has spent the best years of his life.

Many of the white ministers of his denomination know the peculiar facts of his case, and they treat him with great consideration. Uncomplaining he leads his life of self-sacrifice, and his only object seems to be the advancement of his adopted race. He married a mulatto and submits to all the laws and social distinctions which separate the two races in the south.

For men similarly situated would have followed White's example. As a rule, peo-

ple of Indian and white parentage claim to be the social equals of the whites, and if they have a Pocahontas strain in their blood they are proud of it.—Chicago Times-Herald.

## DR. LAMONT'S STRONG FINGERS.

"I was afraid you were going to slip through my fingers," said good old Dr. Lamont.

The writer was a boy of about seventeen then. While a student at school, more than 300 miles from home, I was taken down with pneumonia. I had a tough time, and for two or three weeks my life was despaired of. But youth and good care won the fight, and one bright morning I was ready to go home with my dear father who had come for me. I was weak still, but well and happy clear up to the brink. Oh, what a ride! Oh, what sweet air! Oh, what a glorious world I had got back into! and what a reception from mother and sisters at the familiar house. Oh, life! Oh, death! Oh, dulce, dulce domum!

Such an illness, if one survives it, only makes the sense of existence and its blessings more keen and delightful. It is good rather than bad. Lucky boy, not to have slipped through the doctor's fingers.

But when a man with most of his boys behind him has to write a line like this "All my life I have suffered more or less from disease"—why that is another and sadder story. It is the odds between an occasional thunderstorm and a sky always covered with clouds.

We quote what he says, reminding the reader that in this matter Mr. William Hodgkinson voices the experience of millions. He says: "I always had a bad taste in the mouth, no proper relief for food, and after eating had pain and fullness at the chest."

These sensations are symptoms of acute indigestion. In the stomach there is marked loss of power. The food is neither rolled over as it should be so that the whole of it in turn may be presented to the digestive fluid, nor is it duly moved on towards the outlet into the bowels. As a result it ferments and gives off irritating acids and gases, hence the patient complains of pain, weight, distension, acidity, and flatulence in that region. Thence the poisons proceed to every other part of the body, and headache, vertigo, gout, rheumatism, depressed spirits, and a score more of evils follow; among them, possibly, nervous prostration, progressive anemia, locomotor ataxia, and more or less complete paralysis.

"Frequently," continues Mr. Hodgkinson, "I was sick, and at times went on I became very weak and feeble. I consulted one doctor after another, and took various medicines, but obtained no real or lasting relief from any of them. This describes my general condition until the fortunate day when I read about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I was impressed by the statements others had made concerning it, and proceeded to try it. After taking one bottle I found relief, and was soon entirely free from my old complaint. Since that time (now eight years ago) I have enjoyed good health. Knowing personally of its virtues, I have recommended this remedy to hundreds, and have never heard of its having failed to give relief. But for Mother Seigel's Syrup I should have been in my grave years ago. (Signed) William Hodgkinson, Hollington, near Uttroter, Staffordshire, August 11th, 1893."

Mr. Hodgkinson is well known and highly respected. He is a local preacher in the Methodist church, and by employment a quarry master. Had he gone into the grave, as he feared he should, he would have been missed and lamented by the community in which he has long been useful, and will be useful, we hope, for years to come.

Now let us repeat our leading thought. Short illnesses, even though sharp and dangerous, may result in good rather than harm. But a disease that drags its victim through decades of lingering distress—what shall we say of it? The trouble and suffering it inflicts is bygone estimate, and its name is indigestion and dyspepsia.

And the name of the medicine that cures it; Mr. Hodgkinson has done you the favor to mention with clearness and emphasis.

## The "Hook" Party.

One of the efforts of the ubiquitous summer boarder to amuse himself this season is called a duck party. The name means that the participants are expected, the men to wear duck trousers and nylgile shirts, the girls duck skirts and shirt waives. The whole is to be most informal and to take the form of a moonlight picnic, a straw ride or any other al fresco entertainment that is within the limits of the dress prescribed.

## Summer Comes

With the flowers and sunshine. Birds pour out their melody and the chirp of the grasshopper will soon tempt the fisherman to stretch forth his hands and grasp the shadow of his flight. The playful mosquito will do his nicest to soothe weary pleasure seekers into the realms of slumber, and the stinging, aching corras will remove every semblance of comfort; make sad the songs of the birds, and evoke cloudiness in the soul that even the brightest sunshine cannot dispel. Corns are thorns in the flesh, but Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes them in twenty-four hours. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the best.