

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.

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.

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.

'Yes,' he said one afternoon, to an appreciative audience of pickaninies and white children who sat together around his feet in a truly democratic fashion.

'Den Miss Eunice come in, an ol Missis say 'come here dear, and see Uncle Joe. He done sbe yo life.'

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'Now play something, Uncle, the children cry, and Tommy Langley brought the fiddle that always hung in one corner of the cabin.

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

'Pears like de pain get wuss, 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.

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

'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 a'n'e 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.

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.

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.

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.

'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,' said a smiling ambassador from the merry group.

'Anny, 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; you can throw them in at the open window.'

As she spoke, she took a great handful of pearl 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, Anny?' 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 unpeeled 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 grey head turned feebly on its hard pillow, and Sally stirred restlessly.

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!

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.

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

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

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

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.

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.

Other People's Conscience. 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.

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.

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.

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.

No Other Remedy. No other remedy cures Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, etc., so promptly and quietly pain so quickly as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

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 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 his subjects 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, ped-

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.

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.

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 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 the matter of 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 Uttoxeter, 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 "uck" 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 nightgown 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 art 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 muscivore will do his nicest to soothe weary pleasure seekers into the realms of slumber, and the stinging, aching coars will remove every remnant of comfort, and evoke closeness in the soul that even the brightest sunshine cannot dispel.

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