

Sunday Reading.

A BIT OF SUNSHINE.

He was a real boy, not the hero of a fancy sketch, and he flashed a bit of sunshine very unexpectedly upon me, while we were in a train upon Christmas day, when I saw him for the first, and, unless our paths should very unexpectedly cross each other again, for the last time. He was sitting beside his sister, looking out of the window, which was raised some six or eight inches, and he seemed to be taking even more interest than most boys would in everything which could be seen from the car windows.

Presently some one behind him felt the air coming in from the open window, and leaning forward asked him to close it. "All right," he answered cheerily, and promptly did as he was asked, but there was a little shadow of disappointment on his face; and wondering why he had wished to have the window open, he could not resist taking a little later, when his eyes met mine and I could lean forward and speak to him.

"Did you wish to have the window open for any special reason?" His face lighted up, and coming over to me so that he could better show me his camera, he exhibited a small kodak which had evidently been a recent gift.

"Yes, I did, but it didn't matter much," he answered. "You see I wanted to get some views as we slow up, and I thought if the window was open I could take anything the moment I saw it, without waiting to open the window. We are going along so fast, that I might miss something while I was getting the window open, but it doesn't matter. I guess I will wait time enough if I see anything. It won't take long to open the window. That will be all right."

Such a cheery voice, one that made you feel as if the very spirit of Christmas was in the boy's heart, and as if the whole world was full of peace and good will.

He was a little fellow, though he must have been at least fourteen years old, judging from his face. It was a frail, slender body, which held the brave sunshiny little soul, and the poor back was sadly misshapen and crooked. There were lines upon his face which told of suffering, but there was also the expression of patience that told of brave uncomplaining endurance. One could not be anything but overwhelmed with pity for the boy who had to go through life handicapped at the very outset by lameness and weakness.

Yet looking into his clear blue eyes one forgot to pity him, when one saw his bright happy spirit shining in his face and making his voice so joyous.

"Have you got a camera?" he asked, and he launched out into an eager explanation of his instrument, telling me how successful he had been with his last pictures, and how he intended to get a splendid view of the river when we should cross the bridge a little later.

"And you see that's why I was so anxious about the window," he concluded. "I got on the train early, so that we could get a seat on the right side for the sun, but I shall know before we get to it, and I am sure the gentleman won't mind its being up just for a minute or two."

"Suppose you change places with me," I suggested, and then you can keep the window up without the air blowing against any one."

He was delighted to make the proposed exchange, and soon was happily watching for the river, keeping a watch at the same time for any other good views which might present themselves. Presently I heard a click and the winding up of the film, and I knew he had taken one shot with his camera.

He came over to tell me about it, and we had another pleasant chat, and then he went back to be ready for the special view that he was so anxious to take.

As we rushed along we began to leave the brightness of the sunshine behind us. The sky was slightly overcast, and finally the sun suddenly hid itself behind a bank of clouds, and looked as if it had bidden farewell to us for the day.

"How disappointed my boy friend will be," I thought, as I looked up at the sky to see if there was any hope of the sun coming out again in time to let him take his picture. The clouds were completely concealing it, and I knew his cherished plan would have to be given up.

He put the camera back into its case, and looked over at me for sympathy still smiling and cheery.

"I am so sorry the sun went under just then," I said as we came to the river and swept across the bridge from which he could have taken a fine view if the tricky sunbeams would only have peeped out from behind the clouds.

"Coming I meant to take it just here," he said, coming over to make another visit. "You see how the train slows up here, and there is such a beautiful chance. Wouldn't that make a pretty picture?"

"Yes, indeed," I answered. "I wish the sun had lasted just ten minutes longer. It is almost more disappointing than if it had been cloudy from the start, isn't it?"

"Yes," he admitted; "but then," and there was a whole world of cheeriness in

the bright boy face and the happy tones. "Maybe the sun will be out when we come back again, and I can get my picture then. It will be all right. The sun always does come out again, you know, and it isn't likely that it will cloud over again just here. It will be sure to come out again presently. The clouds will be gone by and by."

"There will always be sunshine where you are; of that I am sure," I answered, marvelling at the cheery hopefulness with which he had borne what was a very considerable disappointment. Dear brave little heart.

His words flashed a bit of sunshine into my heart, which will linger there for many a day. "The sun always does come out again, you know."

Dear boy, with your patient endurance of pain and weakness, with your cheery acceptance of disappointments, and your hopeful prophecy of sunshine to come, you helped me as many another boy has done, where those who count themselves wise in earthly love have failed. Through the cloud of disappointment I shall always hear the cheery ring of your joyous voice and I shall know that for me as well as for my boy friend, "the clouds will be gone by and by."—CANADIAN CHURCHMAN.

LOST AND REDEEMED.

Every Soul has an Inborn Capacity for Loving God.

"Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."—I. Cor. vi., 19, 20.

"Christ in you, the hope of glory." God dwelt in the houses of the Israelites in Egypt, and in their tents in the wilderness, and then in the Tabernacle. How much he wanted the children of Israel to know that he was with them! Perhaps some had a still more misty idea of his being in their homes with them when they folded up their tents, where surely some must have had communion with God, they must have had a kind of lonely feeling, as we have when we leave a hallowed spot which was our resting place with our covenant making and covenant keeping God. So he dwelt in a Tabernacle which could never be closed up and folded away as a tent, and later he dwelt in the Temple.

But as the Temple became defiled and ruined, how their confidence in the hallowing presence of God waned! How cloying we should keep in the sheltering love of God, for he says we are his trying place—his continual abiding place.

Every soul that comes into the world is born with a capacity for love to God. There is none too high, none too lowly, none too degraded or naturally unclean, to be cleansed by the precious blood of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world; and there is not a soul that comes into this world without the need of this cleansing, but how few realize this deep need! How few really take in the thought that they "cannot serve God and mammon;" or indeed are conscious of the fact that they are serving the world.

Were you ever lost? "I remember once I was lost," said a noted evangelist. "It seemed to me there never was such a bright sunny day, the birds never sang so sweetly, the fields never looked so green, nor the brook so tempting. How I chased the gay butterflies! How I sought for the luscious blackberries! How I did enjoy myself! But, after a while the sun went down and it began to get dark and I was tired, and as I turned to go home to mother's arms I realized that I had no notion in which direction home was—then I was lost. If one had told me ten minutes before the sun went down that I was lost, I should not have believed it, everything was so bright and I was having such a fine time, but now! 'Oh, mother, mother,' I cried, but no answer. Oh, if I had only stayed within sight of home! At last I lay down tired and frightened, and went to sleep—presently I was awakened by a light, and as I felt my father's strong arms lift me up, I went peacefully to sleep again, knowing that now I was on my way home. Since then I have had a fellow-feeling for the lost. It is terrible to be lost, when one realizes it, but the danger is there just the same when one knows not that he is lost he wanders farther and farther away from home. Oh! how I long to help those who are lost to find their way back to their Heavenly Father's arms, but when I try to guide them, they look at me in surprise, and say, 'Oh, we are not lost, everything is bright and beautiful here, we are all right, wait until we need you.'"

In a large meeting a little girl let go of her father's hand and was instantly separated from him by the jostling crowd. The father hunted and hunted for her; and at last sent word up to the platform that his little girl was lost, and if the leader would announce that the little lost girl's father was waiting for her at a certain place, he would be very much relieved. The service was suspended for a minute or two while the leader asked for the child who was lost; no little girl

responded to the appeal, and the sorrowing father left the building, thinking the child must have strayed out on the street.

The meeting continued in the brightly lighted hall and no more thought was given to the child; when the crowd had all left the building, the janitor went round to put out the lights, and in the front seat he discovered a little girl, crying as though her heart would break. "Are you the little girl who was lost?" "No," she replied, "but I am lost now." When she had heard the notice given out she had thought it was some other little girl; how could she be lost in such a bright beautiful hall? And it was not until the people were all going out, and she looked up and saw that the man beside her was not her father, that she knew she was lost.

There are many today who have wandered away from their Heavenly Father, but they do not know that they are lost, they cannot realize that it is their Father who is asking for them to come to Him. When they hear the invitations given to "sinners" to come to Him, whom to know is life eternal, they little think that they answer to this description. "Sinner?" Oh, yes, a burglar, thief, drunkard or some terribly wicked person, but not themselves.

And so they live on in the bright light of this world's pleasures, till the people all leave and the lights begin to go out and they realize at last that they are lost?

Now how are we to help these lost ones to find their way home? First, we must show them the difference between serving God and serving mammon; the world has its ideal of what a Christian life ought to be and if those who are called by his name do not follow their Master as closely as they ought, the world at once sees it, and asked what is the use of being a Christian when one can scarcely tell the difference between those who profess to serve God and those who serve mammon? Ah, friends, the fault lies with us if we do not follow our Master so closely that all the world may 'take knowledge of us, that we have been with Jesus.' Let us stand to our colors and stand up for Jesus wherever we go, so that by our consistent lives as well as by our godly conversation we may win many to our precious Saviour.

Especially let us try to help those who are bound down by the terrible chains of strong drink, let us point them to Jesus who is mighty to save, a Saviour who is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. For whom nothing is too hard, for the things which are impossible with man are possible with God.

When our hearts are filled with the knowledge and the love of God, we will have no love or longing for those things which displease him, and the love of Christ will drive out the love for strong drink as surely as water poured into a tumbler will drive out the air which was there before. "Sin shall not have dominion over you."

ALWAYS READY TO OBEY.

That is the True Secret of Love and Trust in Christ.

"Just how shall I come to Christ? To this proper question I would reply that 'coming' implies action on your part; it is more than an opinion, a feeling or a desire. It is a positive step. The only faith in Christ that is of any avail is the faith that acts. In two ways your faith may act—prayer and practice. Your sins lie as a heavy score against you; pray fervently for forgiveness. Your heart is unclean; pray for cleansing. You are morally weak; pray for strength. All this prayer will avail if you do nothing towards the answering of your own petitions. Obedy Christ! Begin to do what he bids you. This touches the very core of character and conduct. This means the putting the knife right through your besetting sins. This means a radical change of conduct, and a ready, sincere, conscientious obedience to a new Master. The first thing you do simply to obey Jesus Christ marks the change; that is the first evidence of conversion. Christ is very gentle and patient and kind with new beginners who are sincere in coming to him. He says, 'Learn of Me' in very much the same way that a kind teacher overlooks a boy who is attempting his first 'pothooks' in writing, or a loving mother directs and helps her baby who is making his first attempts at walking. The help he will give you is direct spiritual help acting on your will and your affections. Remember that you are dealing with a divine all-powerful Person who can act and

and does not directly on you and me in a supernatural fashion. If you do not accept that great fact, you reject the A. B. C. of Christianity. Jesus Christ when He calls you promises His supernatural help to you in the coming; and when you begin to obey Him, He tenderly says to you, 'My burden I will make light; my yoke is lined with love; my grace is sufficient for you.' The admission of Jesus Christ into your souls brings a new and a divine power. —Rev. Theodore Cuyler, D. D.

THE ANGLI-SAXONS.

They Have Taken Possession of a Large Share of the Earth.

There is an opportunity for a discussion, or, rather, for an explanation, as to who, at this late day, the Anglo-Saxons are. England and the United States are spoken of as Anglo-Saxon nations, and yet there has been in the United States such a mingling of blood that it would be difficult for an American of the ordinary mixed ancestry to say: 'I am an Anglo-Saxon.' The matter has been simplified by calling all the English speaking people and countries Anglo-Saxon. Certain it is that all countries where English is the prevailing language are Anglo-Saxon enough for all practical purposes.

Both the past and future of the Anglo-Saxons are interesting. More than one writer has devoted himself to the elucidation of the theory that the descendants of the Ten Tribes—the majority of the 'chosen people'—who, after the separation, wandered into Europe, keeping to the north and northward, to found finally, in the British islands, the empire of the Anglo-Saxons, destined to possess the earth. As to the future of the Anglo-Saxons, it is probable that every man or woman in the world having in her veins the old conquering blood has indulged in speculations and dreamed again the old dreams.

The Anglo-Saxon, whether he is the descendant of the 'Ten Tribes' or not, has possession of the earth, and is a fact also that the march of empire with him has been a rapid one. Taking the date of the landing of the small ship-load of middle-class English people in New England—commonly spoken of with reverence as the landing of the pilgrims—as a point of beginning, the Anglo-Saxon has done what western people call 'land office business,' the heaviest operations being in North America, India, Australia and New Zealand and latest in South Africa.

This is the spectacle presented in history: A small tribe emigrating from the woods of Schleswig-Holstein to a neighboring island, and their descendants later carrying their flag and language and rule all over the earth and all around it. And for this there were plain reasons. The first of that the Anglo-Saxon is, and has been for centuries, the boss transportation and traffic manager of the world. As soon as man left off hugging the shore and paddling about in chimney galleys, and began to go to sea in earnest, the Anglo-Saxon became the best sailor alive. He has outlasted and outgotten everybody who came against him on the water. Today there are in possession of the Anglo-Saxon all kinds and also more railroads, more locomotives and more cars than are owned by all the world besides. To possess the earth it is necessary to get about it, and the Anglo-Saxon has for a long time defied competition in his transportation facilities.

Once arrived in a country either for trade or conquest, the Anglo-Saxon has always insisted on "ruling the ranch." In the arrangement for transporting two persons on the same horse he has always claimed the front seat. He never runs in connection with other races than his own on a "fusion" ticket. The conquered race must submit or suffer the unpleasant alternative of extermination.

The Anglo-Saxon have conquered or absorbed any given area of the earth's surface and the inhabitants, is a fairly decent and reasonable conqueror. He is about the only party who has really got hold of the idea of religious toleration. He is capable of enjoying religion himself without forcing his variety of enjoyment upon others. Whatever he may take from the natives, he leaves, he leaves them their religious belief. Hence Queen Victoria is the ruling sovereign of millions of Mohammedans, Buddhists and various varieties of heathen, and all without any friction on account of governmental interference. The Anglo-Saxon has learned something—never to be a religious persecutor.

And will he Anglo-Saxon keep on joining relief to field? In a way, yes. The earth is getting smaller, and there are no more solid continents to absorb. Still the

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

field of influence remains. The language of the Anglo-Saxon, for one thing, increases its domain. People from the ends of the earth come to the United States and to England to be instructed in English. Englishmen and Americans, which means on go everywhere, spreading their native speech. Some day English speaking people will find no spot where their voice is not heard and understood.—Kansas City Star.

WIVES OF PUBLIC MEN.

Instances in Which They Have Proven Themselves Helpful.

Woman has always been, in enlightened times and countries, the special ornament of society and the home, but in these latter days a better appreciation of her real worth, a stronger sense of justice and a truer idea of human economy are elevating her to the position that is hers by right, the equal helpmeet of man in all his best efforts, aspirations and interests. When the modern Ulysses now throws himself into large enterprises he does not leave Penelope at home weaving tapestry in and out, until at his good pleasure he shall return and give an account of himself, but if he is wise he will find her judgment frequently superior to his, and her advice a guide and support. This is especially true of American the English woman and of American woman who have married Englishmen. The American wife of Lord Randolph Churchill was a better politician than her husband and probably more of his fitful success was due to her sagacity and tact than to his. We recognize the fact in this country in a somewhat unrefined way perhaps, but still in a way that is significant. When a man rises to special prominence in politics, literature, science or invention, and the light of publicity beats down upon him, the public is not satisfied until they know as much about his wife as about him. She is looked upon in a great measure as the key of his character and his success. And she does not shine brighter than the sun at least sincerely admire and sympathize with the unselfish devotion of his wife, who leaves a seclusion doubtless more agreeable to her tastes to care for her husband in all the exigencies of a new and trying experience.

When Hon. P. A. Collins was serving his first term in congress he was reported as saying to a friend, 'I have the best and most efficient clerk of any member here.' 'Who is it?' was asked. 'My wife,' was the reply. Mr. Joseph Manly, of Maine, who has been looked upon as a highly sagacious and successful politician, had the misfortune to lose his wife last winter, but probably he would cordially concede what his friends say of her, that she was his right arm in all his political engagements. She was interested in his work and understood depression of spirits. I kept up with my work, but had always a sense of discomfort. Off and on I continued in this way for two years, nothing that I took relieving me. At last I heard of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and procured a supply. After I had taken only a few doses I found relief; my food digested, and gradually all nervousness left me. Although I had no reason at first to feel any confidence in this medicine, never having used it or seen it used, I now gladly admit its value, and its power over disease. Since my recovery, for which I thank Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, I have been in the best of health and spirits. In the interests of suffering humanity I deem it a duty to send you this testimony. (Signed) D. Griffiths, tailor and outfitter, 151, Hockley Hill, Birmingham, June 8th, 1893.

There is a deal of difference between Mr. Griffiths' candid letter and the story about the light that cast no shadow. The latter may be true enough, but it cannot be verified without more trouble than it is worth. On the other hand we have a trustworthy witness, who will answer letters of inquiry, and can be found at his address.

Finally, there is nothing mystic or magical about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. It acts on the theory that most ailments are but symptoms, forms, or phases of that universal disease—indigestion and dyspepsia; it cures that, and throws the light of health and happiness over hearts and homes where illness and pain had cast such dark and terrifying shadows. And this is why people believe all that is told of its success by eager witnesses.

THE LIGHT THAT CAST NO SHADOW. CURIOUS stories are told about the powers possessed by certain natives of India, who live up among the Himalaya mountains. These old men, it is said, have devoted scores of years to the study of natural laws and forces, which the rest of the world knows nothing about. Lately a German professor visited the "adepts," as these queer Hindus are called, for the purpose of finding out the secret of their remarkable performances. They treated him rather scornfully, but interested him all the same. One day the professor wanted to examine some ancient Sanskrit manuscripts. An adept went with him to a cave wherein the books were kept. The place was dark as the bottom of a well.

"I can't see to read, here," said the visitor. "Then we will have some light," was the reply, and immediately (the professor says) a soft, pearly light brightened the cave, but he noticed that it had one strange quality—it cast no shadow. This a story hard to believe, yet its truth is affirmed by a man of vast learning and high character, and you who now read it have no reason for doubt except that all the lights you have seen have cast shadows. Belief or disbelief commonly runs parallel with one's own experience. Dr. Johnson sniffed at the account of the Lisbon earthquake, yet credited the tale of the Cook Lane ghost.

A man who has been ill for years, and failed to find a cure, is sceptical when friends tell him of a medicine which they believe will make him well. What else but doubt could result from his experience? Take an example:—"In the spring of 1888," writes our correspondent, "I fell into a low, weak, and languid state. I felt low-spirited and out of sorts. At first my stomach was deranged, my appetite poor, and after eating I had pain and weight at the chest. I was much troubled with wind, and frequently spat up a sour fluid, also bitter bile. Later on I suffered from nervousness and great depression of spirits. I kept up with my work, but had always a sense of discomfort. Off and on I continued in this way for two years, nothing that I took relieving me. At last I heard of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and procured a supply. After I had taken only a few doses I found relief; my food digested, and gradually all nervousness left me. Although I had no reason at first to feel any confidence in this medicine, never having used it or seen it used, I now gladly admit its value, and its power over disease. Since my recovery, for which I thank Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, I have been in the best of health and spirits. In the interests of suffering humanity I deem it a duty to send you this testimony. (Signed) D. Griffiths, tailor and outfitter, 151, Hockley Hill, Birmingham, June 8th, 1893."

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Go Through the Sewers to Search for Articles of Value. Shoemen or shrewworkers, they sometimes call themselves, but their most familiar appellation is 'toshers,' and the articles they pick up 'tosh.'

They really belong to another well-known class, the mudlarks, but consider themselves a grade or two above these latter, for the genuine tosher does not confine himself as they do, traveling through the Thames mud and picking up odd pieces of coal or wood, copper, nails, bolts, iron and old rope. The tosher, when the coast is clear of the police, makes his way into the sewers, and will venture sometimes for miles in quest of valuables that occasionally find their way into them by the kitchen sink or the street grating.

When about to enter the sewers these men provide themselves with a pole seven or eight feet long, on one end of which there is a large iron hoe, a bag carried on the back, a canvas apron tied around them, and a dark lantern, similar to a policeman's. This they strap on their right breast,

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