

Sunday Reading.

A BIRTH IN THE LUTE.

A Serious Article From the Humorous Paper "Vogues."

After a few years of adult life, those who grow in wisdom as well as in length of days realize that happiness is possible only to the very selfish and the shallow, and to even these classes there come times when there is a rift in the lute. All that can be hoped for here, even under the most favorable conditions, is a certain steady cheerfulness and a being merry on occasion. Eternity is not a possibility of daily being.

Friendship, ambition, the learning of the schools, love—every conceivable human experience—has its alloy. The unavoidable misery of life is so great that he seems a foolish man indeed who deliberately adds to the sum of his unhappiness. That is, however, the habit of mankind. A little candid facing of facts and a philosophical making the best of them would spare the race many and expensive; but man persistently blinks facts, and he is, in consequence, forever crying, "Ah, woe is me, my brother has used me so despitely." The few who are wise enough to so adjust the yoke of life as to spare themselves the pain of unnecessary gloom, fearfully investigate truth and take it into account, thereby effecting a saving of much pain to themselves.

A most prolific source of unhappiness in man's propensity for setting up a high altruistic standard of behavior for his fellows toward himself. Without considering race, creed or degree of intelligence, the average man takes it very hard if others fail in honesty, courtesy or service. He persecutes himself that he has claims upon all others, which they are bound to respect. (He does not devote much thought to the claims others have upon him). So fixed is this habit of exaggerating the duty of others toward himself that the attempt is made to persuade him to take a more intelligent view of human conditions, he promptly sets up the cry, "Oh! you are a cynic," and persists in fretting his life with the shortcomings of others toward himself. Just why he should exact honesty, loyalty, generosity or gratitude from his fellows, when he himself is not conspicuous for the exercise of any one of these qualities, he does not condescend to explain. Neither does he make clear why it is so cynical to accept once for all the fact that people, as a rule, know little and practice less of ethics than it is to reach the same conclusion piecemeal through painful personal experience.

Some of the most poignant sorrows of a lifetime are caused by this childish habit of expecting others to be less self-satisfied than we are ourselves. Moved by pity we impulsively relieve the distress of friends, it may be by money gift, or by personal service. Later, ourselves in need of aid, we find the benefitted ones indifferent or cruel. Loud are our complaints of the base ingratitude of the world, and to the bored listener we recount to the last turkish the benefits we showered on the ingrates. To our grief is added the bitterness of finding out anew that the world is selfish. The mistake lay in assuming that the friends were capable of gratitude. How much wiser to have regarded them as probably as deficient in that quality as the next one, and to have made our appeal as one human being to another, and not in the somewhat ungracious spirit of give me back now what once I gave to you.

Yield to generous impulses or not, as choose, but spare yourself the unnecessary pain of worrying over benefits ignored. A little self analysis will help anyone of us to realize that we too have lived for self. The unnumbered letters, the forgotten commissions, the long overdue bill, the unmet bouquet which would have meant so much to the helpless invalid, the absorption in extravagant pleasures while illness and poverty are the daily portion of poor relatives to whom the price of one ball gown would have brought a year's comfort. Oh, the catalogue is long! Percept the fact that the world is selfish, and do not expect it to scale attitudes of good behavior.

THE BIBLE'S GRUMBLERS.

Elijah was silenced, and David lost a battle by Grumbling.

It is a truth which the croakers would do well to lay to heart that the Lord has always been against them. When Jonah grumbled he was taught the lesson of the gourd, when Elijah grumbled the Lord silenced him; David turned grumbler and lost a battle by it. All through the Bible we hear about grumblers, and are told that the Lord was displeased with them.

People who lament over the good old times forget one thing; they forget that their good old times were when they were children—when they thought and spoke and acted as children—and so they pass judgment on a constructive excellence the sense of which they drank in from the cup of their child-wonder, a half or three-quarters of a century ago. There is evil around—the devil enters into the hearts of men while they are busy writing long essays to prove that he has had no existence. We hear of a pupil that is scandalized—a shameless press that is subsidized—of a government official whose hands are soiled with bribes—of faith broken, of trust violated, characters irrevocably ruined,—we hear of all these, and yet we know that more is today being done for the Master than ever before. More numerous and more powerful agencies are being employed than ever before. There is more real humanity manifested in behalf of the destitute, the fallen and the oppressed, more charity, more toleration of opinion, for expressing which only a century ago men were sent to the stake,—more knowledge of God and his blessed word than the world has ever seen before. If it be claimed that infidelity is abroad in science it is sufficient to say that infidelity has al-

ways chosen one form or another for its expression, and so far from regretting that it has chosen the grand name of Science under which to fight its battles, we rejoice that it has manifested itself in just that particular phase where it can take no refuge in indefinite abstractions, but must stand on a solid ground.

Not the good times, if we will but believe it, are now;—the better times are not backward—but beyond. We believe, as in the past so in the future, the world will grow better and better. By-and-by the world and all that there is therein shall pass away, but in the new heavens and the new earth righteousness, only righteousness, shall dwell; and even then who can doubt that constant growth will ever mark the progress of the soul?

SPURGEON'S THEOLOGICAL TUTOR.

This Credit Belongs to an Old Woman Who Was a Cook.

The credit of being the late Pastor Spurgeon's theological tutor belonged, it appears, to a domestic servant. In the course of some autobiographical remarks published not long before his death, Pastor Spurgeon said: "I got all the theology I ever needed a good many years ago, from an old woman who was the house where I was usher, and I have never wished to get a newer sort." This worthy woman, Mary King by name, was a most valued and beloved servant in the family for nearly thirty years, and she often referred to the long talks she used to have with Mr. Spurgeon in her kitchen. Mr. Robert Atkinson says: "About twenty-five years ago I became acquainted with the person referred to, Mary King by name. She was then living in cottage lodgings, and was a member of the Bethesda Street Baptist church, close by. She was a staunch Calvinist, logical, clear-headed, and had a wonderful knowledge of the Bible. I have often heard from her lips the account of her intercourse with the youthful Spurgeon, of which she was naturally not a little proud, as he had then attained the height of his marvellous popularity. Professor Everett says: "During my acquaintance with her, I learned that she had outlived all, or nearly all, of a small income (I do not remember from what source). I wrote to Mr. Spurgeon acquainting him with the facts, and received from him a prompt reply, thanking me for my letter, sending a hearty greeting to his old friend, and with his characteristic generosity he enclosed a cheque, with a request that I would minister to her immediate necessities, pay her a weekly sum sufficient to keep her in coal, food, and generally use my discretion in disposing of the amount in his behalf. This I did, and reported to Mr. Spurgeon from time to time, always receiving a fresh cheque when the fund in hand became exhausted, and this was continued until her death."

Drunkness Among Moors.

A novel way of punishing drunken men and restraining them from mischief, was noticed by a newspaper correspondent in Tangier recently, and is recommended by him to the consideration of authorities in other lands. He thinks it is especially useful where men who drink are in the habit of indulging in wife-beating. "This morning," says the correspondent, "I saw a Moor who was what is called 'mad drunk,' and for the time being, as dangerous as a wild beast. He was chained to the wall by a collar round his neck, and consequently quite unable to do any harm. Strong drinks are not allowed by the Mohammedan religion; but, unfortunately, the low grog-shops so largely introduced by Spaniards into Morocco are working untold evils with the poorer class of Moors. The foreign minister, Sid Torres, told me that this disgraceful traffic is largely on the increase, and the Spanish Government, when remonstrated with, say that by treaty they are at liberty to carry on this trade." The Moorish government apparently has to submit, but exercises the right, with which the Spaniards cannot interfere, of teaching its own subjects a sharp temperance lesson in this summary fashion. While Spain is sending liquor to Morocco, and we are sending it to Africa, and England is encouraging the opium traffic in China, the world is still a long way from the realization of the central principle of Christian ethics, that the welfare of others is the concern of every follower of Christ.

Little Weaknesses.

"Oas little weakness," says Professor Drummond, "we are apt to fancy all men must be allowed, and we even claim a certain indulgence for that apparent necessity of nature which we call our besetting sin. Yet to break with the lower environment at all to many is to break at this single point. It is the only important point at which they touch it, circumstances or natural disposition making habitual contact at other places impossible. The sinful environment, in short, to them means a small but well-defined area. Now if contact at this point be not broken off, they are virtually in contact still with the whole environment. There may be only one avenue between the new life and the old; it may be but a small and subterranean passage, but this is sufficient to keep the old life in. So long as that remains, the victim is not 'dead unto sin,' and therefore he cannot 'live unto God.' Hence the reasonableness of the words, 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.'"

An Easy Yoke.

There are two sources of peace and strength to the human soul. The one is the clear recognition and acceptance of the inevitable—the acquiescence in the fact that we are not our own masters, nor are we possessed of irresistible might, and that therefore there are many things which we cannot hope to accomplish, and there are also many duties and responsibilities which we ought not to avoid. There are different ways in which the inevitable may be accepted. If, for instance, the recognition be made under the influence of sheer compulsion—as a great, disagreeable necessity—there will be but a sullen submission, and life's duties will be but a burden, accepted as a mechanical obedience that covers the

smouldering fire of rebellion, which are only too ready to break out on the first prospect of success. Here is neither peace nor strength to be found. It is duty, but duty without love—duty stern, terrible, inevitable. Now, there is a far higher spirit of acquiescence; not that of mere duty or compulsion, but the recognition of the right and goodness of such a yielding, and the apprehension of a goodness which thus inspires and calls, through what it asks. This alone is the spirit of free, spontaneous, and cheerful acquiescence.

A Petition For a Mission.

In Tai Yuen Fu in China, a mission station is established of which Rev. S. B. Farthing, the Baptist missionary, has charge. About a year ago two men visited him and asked for religious instruction. He welcomed them gladly, and after a time satisfied of their conversion, he baptized them both. Shortly afterward they returned to their own town of Chiao Cheng, forty miles off. Recently they sent him an invitation to visit them and he went. On his arrival he inquired, as directed, for the Blacksmith's shop. He soon found it, and while waiting for his friends took a survey of its interior. The niche where the idol usually is placed in such shops was empty. The shop on which the high-sounding title of god is inscribed had been scraped clean, and on it was written, "The holy instruction of Jesus," when the blacksmith appeared he warmly welcomed his spiritual father and told him of what had been done. One after another of their fellow-townsmen whom he visited, he found that they had been induced to come to the shop for instruction and a mission established in a suitable building. They had circulated a petition for such a mission and the singers had undertaken to pay all the expenses of it for a year. Until, Mr. Farthing went on that visit, no white missionary had visited the town. They way had been thus thoroughly prepared by the two native converts.

Accepted as a Gift.

Among Mr. Moody's most earnest and indelible helpers in Scotland is a builder who gave the evangelist the following description of his conversion: "Eight years ago when you were here, I attended your meeting one night. I had no intention of going to it till a friend suggested and finally yielded and went. We were late, and had to stand near the door. You were speaking, and I was standing with my hands in my pockets, and gazing at the architecture of the church, for I was a builder. I was startled in my thoughts by what struck me as a singular remark of yours. You were pointing towards me, and you said, 'A young man, will you have eternal life as a gift?' I said to myself, 'I would like a gift, I didn't take it.' From that hour I have had salvation."

"Nothing Pays."

There are times when even the Christian hearts will cry out of the depths of depression, "Nothing pays." This is the language of discouragement, of despair, perhaps of temptation; and in the shadow of this darkness let us draw near to the heart of Him who was tempted in all points like us. Yet after treading the wine-press alone he paid the most inconceivable sacrifice in all time to purchase for us the joys of eternity. When we review our little lives in the light of that eternity, only those things which we have done heartily unto the Lord will seem worth doing. Let us be loyal to the Master. Earnest, well-directed, Christian effort, put forth wherever God has placed us, shall never be in vain.

When Your Property Goes.

Sons and daughters of God, mourn not when your property goes. The world is yours, and life is yours, and death is yours, and immortality is yours, and thrones of imperial grandeur are yours, and rivers of gladness are yours, and shining mansions are yours, and God is yours. The eternal God hath sworn it and every time you doubt it, you charge the King of Heaven and earth with perjury. Instead of complaining how hard you have it, go home to night, take up your Bible full of promises, get down on your knees before God, and thank him for what you have, instead of spending so much time in complaining about what you have not.

The Force of Kindness.

Oh, that we might in our families and in our churches try the force of kindness! You can never drive men, women or children into the kingdom of God. A March northeaster will bring out more honey-suckles than treiffulness and scolding will ever bring out Christian graces. I wish that in all our religious work we might be saturated with the spirit of kindness. Missing that, we miss a great deal of usefulness. There is no need of coming out before men and thundering to them the law, unless at the same time you preach to them the gospel.

Messages of Help for the Weak.

"Take delight in approaching to God . . . and the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not."—Isaiah 58.

"That the soul be without knowledge it is not good."—Proverbs 19: 2.

"Take heed that ye do not your yoke before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 6: 1.

"Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me."—Mark 10: 47.

"Let her alone; . . . she hath done what she could."—Mark 14: 6-9.

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment; so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto those that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation."—Heb. 9: 27-28.

"And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire."—Rev. 20: 15.

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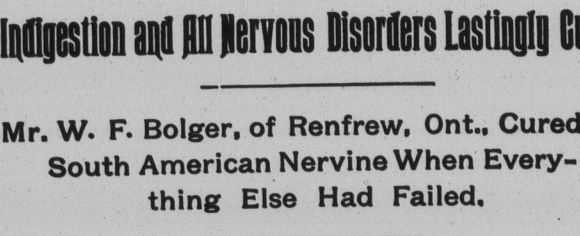
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Evidence on this point might be presented by the volume. The subjects of such a cure are found all over this fair Dominion. Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., tells us in a letter over his own signature, and dated May 16, that he has been troubled with indigestion of a most aggravated character. Terrible weakness, as well as agonizing suffering followed. South American Nerveine was brought under his notice, and he decided on giving it a trial. The result in his own words is this: "I found very great relief from the first couple of bottles; my appetite came back and I soon became strong. I can honestly say that I consider South American Nerveine a remarkable medicine. It cured me of my suffering, which seemed insupportable, and had baffled all former methods and efforts."

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MR. W. F. BOLGER, RENFREW, ONT.



PROBATE COURT.

City and County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, or any Constable of the said City and County:—
Greeting:—
Whereas, William R. Russell, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John aforesaid, (father of the age of fifty-six years, the executor named in the last Will and Testament of John Logan, late of the said City of Saint John, Carpenter, deceased, and a legatee under said last Will and Testament, hath by his petition dated the eighteenth of June, A. D. 1894, and the thirty-first day of December, A. D. 1894, and presented to this Court, and now filed with the Registrar of this Court, prayed that the said last Will and Testament may be proved in solemn form; and an order of this Court, having been made that such prayer be complied with, YOU ARE THEREFORE REQUIRED to cite the following next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, namely:—

William Duncan, aged 68 years, Car Inspector, resident in the City of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick; Mary Ann Duncan, aged 61 years, Spinster, now resident in the said City of Saint John; Charles H. Duncan, aged 35 years, Clerk, resident in the City of New York, in the State of New York, one of the United States of America; or Duncan, aged 33 years, Medical Doctor, resident in the said City of New York; Walter Duncan, aged 28 years, Clergyman, resident in the said City of New York; Susan Duncan, aged 29 years, Spinster, resident in the said City of New York; Robert Hunter, aged 44 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John; Sophia McManus, aged 42 years, wife of Charles McManus, resident in the said City of Saint John; Mary Hunter, aged 35 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of St. Andrews, in the City and County of Saint John, in said Province of New Brunswick; Lillie Brand Arnold, infant, aged 14 years, Spinster, resident in the Parish of St. Andrews, aforesaid; Laura Louisa, aged 11 years, Spinster, resident in the said Parish of St. Andrews; Frederick John Arnold, infant, aged 7 years, resident in said Parish of St. Andrews; Leonard Hunter Moore, aged 27 years, Moulder, resident in the said City of Saint John; John D. Moore, aged 21 years, Laborer, resident in the said City of Saint John; Robert Moore, aged 21 years, Machinist, resident in the said City of Saint John; Elizabeth McConnell, aged 16 years, Widow, Housekeeper, resident at Charlottetown, in the State of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America; Jane Lacey, aged 4 years, wife of George Lacey, resident in the Parish of Lancaster, in the said City and County of Saint John; Dora Boyd Grant, aged 34 years, wife of Frank Grant, resident at Machias, in the State of Maine, one of the United States of America; George Henry Hunter Edson, aged 31 years, Hostler, resident at Canis, in the said State of Maine; Eva Mabel Edson, aged 17 years, Housekeeper, resident at Canis, aforesaid; Ann Osborn, aged 31 years, widow of Samuel Osborn, resident in said City of St. John; Sarah Howarth, aged 70 years, widow, resident in the City of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, one of the United States of America; Margaret Roxborough, aged 65 years, widow of Jasper Roxborough, resident in the City of Boston, in the said State of Massachusetts; Elsie Lynne, aged 60 years, widow of James Lynne, aged 60 years, in the City of Boston; William Burke, aged 36 years, Farmer, resident at Souris, in the Province of Prince Edward Island; Ma Ida McKensie, aged 36 years, wife of Archibald McKensie, Farmer, resident at San Diego, in the State of California, one of the United States of America; James Burke, aged 31 years, a Member of the Mounted Police, in the Northwest Territories, in the Dominion of Canada; Mary Burke, aged 32 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, in said Province of Prince Edward Island; Martha Davison, aged 30 years, wife of John Davison, Farmer, of Bay Fortune, aforesaid; Frederick Burke, aged 25 years, Life Insurance Agent, resident in said City of New York; Elizabeth Burke, aged 25 years, Spinster, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid; Alfred Burke, aged 23 years, Farmer, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid; Mary Jane Gigg, aged 25 years, wife of William Gigg, resident at Long Beach, in the Province of New Brunswick; Ship Carpenter; James Rodgers, aged 34 years, Carpenter, resident at Cambridgeport, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid; Margaret Spearin, aged 23 years, wife of Freeman Spearin, Millman, resident at Campbellton, in said Province of New Brunswick; Sarah Ann Sallinger, aged 60 years, wife of John Sallinger, Car Builder, resident in the City of Boston, aforesaid; Isabelle Halse, aged 47 years, wife of John J. Halse, Clergyman, resident in the City of St. John, aforesaid; Alexander Rodgers, aged 43 years, Farmer, resident at Erbs' Landing, in the said province of New Brunswick; David Rodgers, aged 43 years, Farmer, resident at Cranville Landing, Bellefleur, aforesaid; Clara Halse, aged 41 years, wife of Alexander Halse, brass moulder, resident at Reading, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid; Hannah Lechin, aged 30 years, wife of Geo. Lechin, baker, resident at East Lexington, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid; George Howard, aged 40 years, painter, resident at Stonham, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid; Edwin G. Hunter, aged 36 years, Fireman, resident at I-eto, in the State of Wisconsin, one of the United States of America; Augustus R. Wheaton, aged 34 years, wife of L. D. Wheaton, of Kingston, in the County of Kings, in said Province of New Brunswick; John F. Hunter, aged 33 years, barber, resident at St. Martins, in the City and County of Saint John, aforesaid; George A. Wheaton, aged 29 years, wife of Gordon Wheaton, of Kingston, aforesaid; James H. Hunter, aged 23 years, mason, resident at Somerville, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid; Amanda Hunter, aged 21 years, Spinster, resident at Kingston, aforesaid; John W. Hunter, aged 28 years, carpenter, resident at Somerville, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid; Harman G. Hunter, aged 29 years, Master Mariner, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid; Ernest Hunter, aged 21 years, carpenter, resident at Somerville, aforesaid; Maggie M. Hunter, aged 38 years, Spinster, seamstress, resident at Somerville, aforesaid; Louisa Hunter, aged 27 years, Spinster, Dressmaker, resident at Somerville, aforesaid; Annie F. Worden, aged 24 years, wife of George A. Worden, Farmer, resident at Kingston, Kings County, in the State of New Brunswick, and the following devisees and legatees of the said John Logan, deceased:—Mary Jane Baisell, aged 31 years, Spinster, resident at the City of St. John, aforesaid, devisee and legatee and the said William R. Russell, aged 56 years, Clerk, resident at the City of Saint John, aforesaid, legatees, and all other next of kin of the said John Logan, deceased, if any and all persons interested and all others whom it may concern, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in the Equity and Probate Court Room in Pugsley's Buildings in the City of Saint John, within four days after the date of the publication of this notice, to wit: on Monday, the Thirtieth day of May, at two o'clock, in the afternoon, to attend and take such other part with regard to the proving of said last Will and Testament being so proved or otherwise as they and every of them may deem right. The said petitioner having made it appear to this Court that he has given the names, ages, occupations and places of residence of all of the said next of kin, heirs, devisees and legatees, so far as the same is in his power so to do. Given under my hand and the Seal of the said Probate Court, this third day of January, A. D. 1895. ARTHUR I. TREMAM, Judge of Probate.

JOHN McMILLAN, Registrar of Probates for said City and County.

A. P. BARNES, Proctor.

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