

Sunday Reading.

SELF-CONQUEST.

A Few Words on a Celebrated Command of Christ.

That remark of Christ, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," is often misinterpreted. He was not here teaching the importance of benevolence, but the duty of self-conquest. That young man had an all-absorbing love of wealth. Money was his god, and Christ is not willing to occupy the throne conjointly with any other deity. This was a case for what doctors call heroic treatment. If a physician meet a case of unimportant sickness, he prescribes a mild curative, but sometimes he comes to a room where the case is almost desperate; ordinary medicine would not touch it. It is "kill or cure," and he treats accordingly. This young man that Christ was medicating was such a case. There did not seem much prospect, and he gives him this powerful dose, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor!"

It does not follow that we must all do the same, any more than because belladonna or arsenic is administered in one case of illness we should therefore all go to taking belladonna or arsenic. Because one man in the hospital must have his arm amputated, all the patients need not expect amputation. The silliest thing that business men could do would be to give all their property away and turn their families into the street. The most christian thing for you to do is to invest your money in the best way possible, and out of your business, industriously carried on, to contribute the largest possible percentage to the kingdom of God. Still, we must admire the manner in which the Great Physician took the diagnosis of this man's case and grappled it. We all need heroic spiritual treatment. We do not get well of sin because we do not realize what a dire disease it is, and that we cannot cure it with a spiritual panacea, a gentle antidote, a few grains of spiritual morphine, a mild moral corrective or a few drops of peppermint on white sugar.

We want our pride killed, and we read an essay on that sweet grace of humility, and we go on as proud as ever. The pleasant lozenge does not do the work. Rather let us set ourselves to do that for Christ which is most oppugnant to our natural feelings. You do not take part in prayer-meetings because you cannot pray like Edward Payson, or exhort like John Sumnerfield. If you want to crush your pride, get up anyhow, though your knees knock together, and your tongue catches fast, and you see some godless heaver in prayer-meeting laughing as though she would burst.

Deal with your avarice in the same heroic style. Having heard the charitable cause presented, at the first right impulse thrust your hand in your pocket where the money is, and pull it out though it half kills you. Pull till it comes. Put it on the plate with an emphasis, and turn your face away before you are tempted to take it back again. All your sweet contemplation about benevolence will not touch your case. Heroic treatment or nothing! In the same way destroy the vindictiveness of your nature. Treaties on christian brotherhood are not what you need. Select the man most disagreeable to you, and the one who has said the hardest things about you. Go up and shake hands with him, and ask him how his family is, and how his soul prospers. All your enemies will fly like a flock of partridge at the bang of a rifle.

AMONG THE RAMBLE LEPEERS.

Their State is Worse Than That of Those of Trance.

One of the deaconesses of Midway Park, who is now in the Holy Land, writes that she recently held a service among the lepers of Ramble. It is a pathetic description she gives of the poor creatures. She says: "About Ibrahim went to look for the lepers in their different haunts and collected them together under some trees outside the town. A stone in the centre of the circle was spread with a red pocket-handkerchief for me to sit upon. I have been told there were ten of them, but I only counted nine. 'What is missing?' I asked. 'Only poor Fatmah,' they replied, 'her place for begging is rather far away, and she cannot walk much, for she has hurt her leg.' 'Cannot some one help her?' I said; 'I want you all together,' he said, 'and the day is hot, but for your sake I will try.' Off he went, and after some time returned, beated, panting, breathless, carrying the old woman on his back, she looking as overcome as himself, with the exertion of holding on! If I had known how 'difficult' it was going to be for both, I fear I should not have insisted on Fatmah's presence. However, she had come, and the circle was complete. There were ten of them, and they were lepers. What heart could look on them unmoved? Who could resist the longing desire to see the Great Physician himself in their midst and healing them?"

"All forms of disease were exhibited among them. The blurred features, the rusticated hands and feet, the hoarse rasping voice, the hidden wounds. Some, like Hissian, who carried Fatmah, bore no outward tokens; others were painfully disfigured. One poor woman laughed mournfully as she told me her name was 'Shelbi-bah-beautiful.' Her face was attacked by the disease, and it had ever merited her name, all traces of comeliness had long ago disappeared. One of the number was a little boy apparently about fourteen.

Fatmah was a middle-aged woman who had been thirty years, fifteen with her husband and fifteen after his death. One of the men had lately come, and one, Salah, had just left them for the leper hospital in Jerusalem. He had become quite blind and very helpless, so at last he consented to give up his free open-air life. He was a Protestant, and could read, the others were all Moslems. They were full of regrets at his departure; and said they always enjoyed hearing him read as long as he had his eyesight."

NAGGING MEN AND WOMEN.

Dr. Edson's Warning to Them in the "North American Review."

A nervous man or woman who is anxious, discontented, gloomy, dissatisfied, worried from any cause, cannot enjoy good health. This mental turmoil produces as one of its primary effects on the body an inability to digest food properly. The blood within should supply the force necessary for the function of digestion is continually drawn away from the stomach by the excitement in the brain, and the woman who nags suffers.

A nagging man or woman is generally thin. Their habit of mind has partially starved their bodies.

I have seen two cases of what Shakespeare calls "these cursed shrews" who did really as the result of the violence of their own tempers. It is more common, however, to find that this habit of dissatisfaction with all the acts of others produces in time some form of insanity.

As over two-thirds of their grievances are imaginary—that is, over two-thirds of the grievances for which they scold have no existence except as inventions in their own disordered brains—the inability of insanity to distinguish between the real and the unreal has begun to show itself. We need not waste much pity on them. The sooner they kill themselves, the sooner their insanity so far develops as to make it possible to place them in an asylum, the better it is for everyone. More than this, they do a fearful amount of harm.

When a man comes home from his office he must have rest. This is not a thing he may dispense with; he must have it. When he takes his food he must be let alone, so that the blood will find its way to the stomach and there enable him to properly digest that food, so that he may acquire a fresh store of force for use on the morrow.

The man comes home and the nagging wife begins. If the man be physically strong, fair-minded and just, his mind will revolt in time from the injustice of his wife's accusations. It is the peculiarity of the nagger to enormously exaggerate everything, even if she does not invent her grievances. Forgetfulness on the part of a husband is annoying, as it is in anyone, but it is not a crime. A continual stream of scolding, lasting three or four hours, over the failure to post a letter will cause any man to consider the effect disproportionate to the cause. If the husband be healthy, if he be not cursed with a highly nervous organization, what happens? The first thing is, that any love he may have ever had for his wife dies, drowned in the flood of words; he speedily begins to look on her as a nuisance; from this to dislike, and then a positive hatred, is not a long journey.

He may not actually beat her, because the restraining influences of his training have not lost their hold on him. Perhaps it would be better for her if he did, for physical fear of a whipping might be sufficient to make her control herself. While he may not lift his finger to her, he will invariably become brutal.

The nervous condition the woman has created in herself by her nagging, itself renders her powerless. Such a family is a hell on earth.

I know of a case once where the nagging of a wife drove her nervous husband to an asylum, where he died, the victim of melancholia, brought on by ceaseless nervous irritation, produced by his wife's tongue, yet, to the day of his death, he worshipped that woman.

It sometimes happens that a woman is the nagger owing to causes which she cannot control. There are diseases which affect women that have a most disastrous effect on the nerves, and therefore on the temper.

What shall be said of a nagger who distorts and twists and misrepresents the mind of a child? What shall be said of the woman who cripples all the moral innocence and mental powers of the little ones committed to her care? Is not this damnable, devilish? Does not such a woman deserve the execration of all men and women?

It seems to me that the spectacle of one of these nervous children, timid, affectionate, with a strongly developed conscience, in the grasp of a nagging mother, is the most pitiable I know of, the little one is so helpless, the torture is so fiendish. Often a child is simply nagged to death, and one is bound to feel only joy over the deliverance, for, if it lives, it only reaches manhood or womanhood with shattered nerves and a ruined constitution.

Children have a far keener sense of justice than the majority of people believe.

but so far as the expression of this feeling is concerned they are dumb. Under the torture of nagging, more than often emphasized by slapping or whipping, they must suffer in silence.

Not only is the child's physical health ruined, its mind is injured more than I can easily explain. The constant exaggeration inseparable from nagging prevents the growth in the mind of the child of mental perspective. Its mind grows one-sided.

The effect of nagging on the child's moral qualities is extremely bad. The constant, unceasing injustice warps the better nature. The dumb anger induced through so many years stimulates the growth of passion in the mind of the child; in time it becomes absolutely unable to do justice to others, simply because its sense of justice, naturally strong in all children, is destroyed. In order to shield itself from the intolerable torture, the child naturally resorts to lies.

What remedy is there? I say regretfully there is none whatever, except public opinion. Those who suffer, if they be adults, shrink from facing their misery, and if they are children they know of no appeal. There is, however, a duty which should be regarded as sacred. If there are children, and if the wife or husband be a nagger, then the other should do something to protect the little ones. He or she who refuses is as guilty towards them as is their torturer.

Laughter as a Moral Tonic.

Foreigners traveling in this country have more than once commented upon the singular gravity of Americans as a race, observed Golden Days. The Puritans were inclined to frown upon laughter as frivolous, and therefore wicked. Life was a very grave affair to them, and an almost constant struggle for existence, and they had no time to make merry. The first two centuries of our national life were busy years. It is no wonder our forefathers rarely enjoyed a hearty laugh. Perhaps all these wars, troubles, and privations may have fixed gravity in our national hearts. Then it may be that the idea was wisely entertained that it was undignified to laugh. We know that the eyes of the world were upon us, and it would never do to act like children. Philosophers and cynics sneer at laughter. Many people are afraid to laugh because they think it common; so they repress their merriment with a smile. They do wrong. Nature evidently intended us to laugh, or children would not know how.

Work as an Aid to Virtue.

There can be no enjoyment of vocation to one whose whole life is vocation. People who do not work do not know what rest is. Those who have no regular employment find their leisure a burden, and their life is full of ennui and restlessness. A daily task is a sure preventive of such a result. It is, in great part, the divine ordinance of six days' work which makes them rest. The daily task is a great aid to virtuous living. Idleness and vice have very close affinities. The vicious and criminal classes are not recruited, in any great measure, from the ranks of the regularly employed. They are made up of the lazy and shiftless, whose work is at most an occasional odd job. If the physical and mental powers are steadily employed in the performance of some daily task, there is little of time and energy left for the pursuit of the indulgences to which idleness is so favorable.

The Chinese Emperor and the Bible.

On receiving the testament recently presented to her on her birthday the dowager Empress of China began to read it. The Emperor wished to see the book, and, growing impatient, sent a servant named Li to buy at the American Bible repository "one Old Testament and one New Testament, writing the titles down with his own hand. The servant soon returned with the copy of the New Testament, complaining that a number of pages the corners of which had turned down were misprinted. A more correct copy was substituted, and since then, according to the Pekin correspondent of the London Times, the Chinese royal family has been busy reading the Scriptures.

Pilgrims in Mecca.

The risk of a pilgrimage to Mecca may well make the most earnest Mussulman hesitate to undertake that pious duty. Of the 66,000 pilgrims who have sailed from various Oriental ports for this sacred spot during the last six years, 22,000 have never returned. A few, it is thought, may possibly find their way back by other routes. Many, it is feared, have been murdered by gangs of scoundrels, who are believed to travel regularly by the Indian steamers, marking down pilgrims who are possessed of valuables, and attacking them when a favorable opportunity occurs. It is said, however, that by far the greater number fall by the wayside on the long tramp from Jedda to Mecca or Medina.

Messages of Help for the Week.

"Their voices were heard, and their prayer came up to his holy dwelling place, even unto heaven."—2nd Chronicles 30:27.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy path."—Prov. 3:5, 6.

"In these days came John the Baptist, preaching . . . and saying, repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."—Matt. 3:1, 2.

"Then cometh Jesus . . . and, lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."—Matt. 3:13-17.

"His disciples came unto him, and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us: We perish. And he said unto them, only ye are so fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm."—Matt. 8:26.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."—Matt. 26:41.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—John 12:32.

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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 signature, dated May 10, that he has been troubled with indigestion of a most aggravated character. Terrible weakness, as well as agonizing suffering followed. South American Nerve Tonic 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 Nerve Tonic a reasonable medicine. It cured me of my suffering, which seemed incurable, and had baffled all former methods and efforts."

Language cannot be too strong or too strong when used in setting forth the merits of this remarkable, scientific remedy. It has cured many of the most desperate cases of indigestion and nervous diseases in the Dominion.

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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 aforesaid, Clerk of the Court of the said City of Saint John, 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, aforesaid, deceased, and a legatee under said last Will and Testament, hath by his petitions dated the eighteenth 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, Saleswoman, 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. Hunt-er, aged 35 years, Medical Doctor, resident in the said City of New York. Walcott, aged 30 years, Spinner, resident in the said City of New York. Robert Hunter, aged 34 years, John, Sophia McManus, aged 32 years, wife of Charles McManus, resident in the said City of Saint John. Mary Hunter, aged 63 years, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick. Lillie Maud Arnett, infant, aged 14 years, daughter of said John Logan, deceased, residing in the Parish of Simonds, in the County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick. Frederick John Arnett, infant, aged 11 years, son of said John Logan, deceased, residing in the Parish of Simonds, in the County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick. 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. Eliza both McConnell, aged 56 years, Widow, House-keeper, resident at Charlottetown in the State of Massachusetts, one of the United States of America. Jane Lacey, aged 49 years, wife of George Lacey, resident in the Parish of Lunenburg, in the said City and County of Saint John. Dora Boyd Grant, aged 34 years, wife of Frank Grant, resident at Matamoras, in the State of Maine, one of the United States of America. George Henry Hunter Eaton, aged 31 years, Hostler, resident at Calais, in the said State of Maine. Eva Maud Eaton, aged 17 years, Housekeeper, resident at Calais, aforesaid. Ann Osborn, aged 23 years, widow of Samuel Osborn, resident in said City of St. John. Sarah Howarth, aged 70 years, resident in the City of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, one of the United States of America. Margaret Roxborough, aged 62 years, widow of Jasper Roxborough, resident in the City of Boston, in the said State of Massachusetts. Elizabeth Lynch, aged 50 years, widow of James Lynch, resident in the said City of Boston. William Burke, aged 38 years, Farmer, resident at Souris, in the Province of Prince Edward Island. Maida McKenna, aged 36 years, wife of Archibald McKenna, 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 22 years, Spinner, resident at Edward Island. Martha Davison, aged 22 years, wife of John Davison, Farmer, of Bay Fortune, in said Province of Prince Edward Island. Frederick Burke, aged 27 years, Spinner, resident in said City of Saint John. Elizabeth Burke, aged 25 years, Spinner, resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Alfred Burke, aged 23 years, Farmer, or resident at Bay Fortune, aforesaid. Mary Jane Giger, aged 18 years, wife of William Giger, resident at Long Beach, in the Province of New Brunswick. Ship Carpenter. James Rodgers, aged 14 years, Carpenter, resident at Cambridgeport, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Margaret, aged 12 years, wife of Freeman A. Spearin, in the Province of New Brunswick. Sarah Sal-linger, aged 10 years, wife of John Sallinger, Car Builder, resident in the City of Boston, aforesaid. Isabelle Hale, aged 7 years, wife of John J. Hale, Clergyman, resident in the City of St. John, aforesaid. Alexander Bod-gers, aged 4 years, farmer, resident at Erbs-land, in the said province of New Brunswick. David Rodgers, aged 4 years, farmer, resident at Grandall's Landing, Belle Isle, aforesaid. Clara Hale, aged 4 years, wife of Alexander Hale, brass moulder, resident at Reading, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Hannah LeCain, aged 30 years, wife of Geo. LeCain, baker, resident at East Lexington, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. George Howard, aged 20 years, painter, resident at Stoneham, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Edwin G. Hun-ter, aged 18 years, Fireman, resident of Tor-onto, in the State of Wisconsin, one of the United States of America. Augusta R. Wheaton, aged 14 years, wife of L. Wheat-on, of Kingston, in the County of Kings, in said Province of New Brunswick. John W. Hunter, aged 13 years, barber, resident at St. Martins, in the City and County of Saint John, aforesaid. George A. Wheaton, aged 12 years, wife of Gordon Wheaton, of Kingston, aforesaid. James E. Hunter, aged 12 years, mar-ine, of Kingston, aforesaid. John W. Hunter, aged 10 years, Carpenter, resident at Somerville, in the State of Massachusetts, aforesaid. Har-riet M. Hunter, aged 10 years, spinster, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Louisa Hunter, aged 10 years, spinster, resident at Somerville, aforesaid. Annie F. Worden, aged 10 years, wife of George A. Worden, Farmer, resident at King-ston, in the County of Kings, in said Province of New Brunswick, and the following devisees and legatees of the said John Logan, deceased:—Mary Jane Bisset, aged 15 years, spinster, resident at the City of St. John, aforesaid. Devisee and legatee and the said William R. Russell, aged 56 years, Clerk, resident in the City of Saint John, aforesaid, and all other next of kin of the said John Logan, de-ceased, 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 and for the said City and County of Saint John, on Monday, the Thirtieth day of May next at the hour of ten o'clock in the afternoon, to attend and take such other part with regard to the proving of said last Will and Testa-ment in solemn form as they may see fit with- out power to oppose said last Will and Testa-ment being so proved or otherwise as they and every of them may deem right. The Court that he has given the names of the oc- cupation and places of residence of all of the said next of kin, heirs, devisees and legatees, so far as the same are 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. TRUEMAN,
Judge of Probate.

JOHN McMILLAN,
Registrar of Probate and City and County.

A. P. BARNHILL,
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