

Sunday Reading.

SAVING DUBLIN SALLY.

How She Came to Get Married and Lived a New and Much Happier Life.

One day as I was taking a walk in a town in one of our gold-digging districts of Australia, I noticed a house in which the glass of the window was all gone, the spaces being filled up by some old rag. Altogether, there was such an air of misery and desolation about the place, that I made further enquiries. At the police-station I was told that the house was occupied by 'Dublin Sally,' who, the senior constable said, 'was a horrible creature.' 'What do you mean by "a horrible creature"?' 'I mean that during the last twelve months she has been before the magistrates more than a dozen times for drunkenness. Now, Mr. Burnett, there is a chance for you. If you can make her a teetotaler, you will do a good work, and relieve me of a great responsibility; for she is a very heavy woman, and when under the influence of drink, it needs myself and two of my men to take her to the lock-up.'

When I heard what kind of a woman she was, I resolved to try and win her for the Lord Jesus Christ. But how was I to get access to her? My custom, whenever I had anything to do for the Master's service, is to go to the fountain head for help; so I knelt down and asked the Lord for help, and then I set out for the Dublin Sally's hovel. I knocked and was asked to come in. I entered a bare dingy-looking room. There was not a bit of paper on the walls; not a strip of matting on the floor; and all the little furniture that the house contained was not worth five shillings at a most liberal calculation. In the middle of the floor were a cat, a rabbit and a pet dog, all feeding together; and the odor that assailed my nostrils were such as I did not forget for many a day. 'Have you been to any of our meetings?' I asked. 'No, sir; but we are coming.' 'Is he coming also?' I asked. 'I did not say.' 'Is your husband coming?' 'I know that the man was not her husband. 'Yes, sir; we are both coming. 'Then, tell him that Mr. Burnett called, and that you are both expected to be at the Saturday night temperance meeting for working people. Saturday night came, and I saw them both arrive, and hastened to give them a warm welcome. This was not the last meeting to which they came. Night after night saw them there and at last they both took the pledge. Then they came to the evangelistic meetings for some time after they had given up drink; and gradually the truth crept into their hearts; their consciences were aroused, and they could not sleep on their beds, for they knew that they were living in a state of open sin.

At the close of one of the meetings, Dublin Sally came to me and said, 'I should like to speak to you in private, sir.' 'Is it anything particular?' 'Well, it is rather particular,' and she began to weep. 'Do you mean that you are not married?' 'That is it, sir; but I did not like to tell you, and John is saying that as you have been the best friend we have ever had, he would like you to arrange it for us.' I asked them a few questions, and then said that if there were no impediments in the way, I should be very glad to arrange it for them and to have it done for nothing. 'You are a gentleman, sir,' she said, as she took her departure. I found there was nothing to hinder the ceremony, and was about to make the necessary arrangements when she called on me again. 'Is this something else very particular?' I asked. 'Yes, sir; John was saying that, as you were our best friend, he would like—and I should like it too—that you would consent to give me away.' 'I had done many things in my lifetime, but I had never been asked to do anything like this before; but as she and John wished it very much, I consented. Were there any other guests that she would like to be present?' 'Yes, she would like the senior constable to come. I conveyed her invitation to the senior constable. 'I have an invitation to a marriage for you.' 'Whose marriage is it?' 'Dublin Sally's.' 'Yes, she is going to be married to John and as she says you are one of the people that have been kindest to her, she would like you to be present, if you care to come.' He called his wife and told her the news. Both laughed heartily. Then he said, 'It will be a grand day for Sally. Tell her I will put on my white vest and my Sunday clothes and come to the wedding.' The marriage was arranged for the following day, and in the morning John left the house, and all met in the drawing-room of a kind Irish lady who had lent her house for the occasion. The minister did his part. I did mine, and the bride and bridegroom had the knot tied. Then we congratulated the pair, and, with a few words of advice, were about to take their departure, when Sally asked if I would come and take tea with them. I called to mind my first visit, and the objectionable smell that had greeted my nostrils, and I recoiled at the idea, but I remembered that Sally had now been for some time a sober and christian woman, that doubtless 'old things had passed away, and all things become new,' so I consented. 'Is there anyone else that would like to come?' I asked. 'Yes, there is one; there is his worship the Mayor.' 'Do you think his worship would come?' 'Yes, I believe that he would. He has often said that I could command him in anything that would be helpful in my work, and this will be a proof if he meant what he said.' So I marched away to the mayor. 'What are you doing this morning all dressed up?' 'Oh, I have been to a wedding.' 'Who is married?' 'Dublin Sally.' 'Dublin Sally? You do not mean

to that woman who has so often been before me for drunkenness?' 'Yes, it is she; and I have had the honor of giving her away. I have come from the bride and bridegroom with the request that you will honor them with your company at tea this evening.' The mayor was a tall man, about six feet high; he dressed well, and stood on his dignity. 'Do you mean what you say, Mr. Burnett?' 'Indeed I do. You have often told me that anything you could do to help me on in the work you would gladly do; and you know that we read that Jesus, whom we call Master, went into the house of the converted publican and did eat and drink with him.' 'Well, I never looked at it in that light before; and if you are going, though it is a little bit out of my line, I will accompany you.'

We walked down the street to the house where lived Dublin Sally. I knocked at the door. The bride opened it and gave us a warm welcome. As we entered, I gave the mayor an nudge to call his attention to the cleanliness and order of the place. On the walls were a number of Scriptural texts and pictures, while the floor was carpeted, and around new furniture was ranged round the room, and before us was a table covered with all manner of good things, fruit and confections. You would not have thought it was the same house, and the same people that had been in dirt and penury but a few weeks previous. We partook of the tea, then the mayor made an appropriate speech, wishing the bride and bridegroom all happiness and success; then, as he had an appointment to keep, he went away. We had worship after that, singing hymns and kneeling in prayer before the giver of every good and perfect gift; and, commending them to the keeping of the master, I left them. When next I heard of them, John had saved money and bought land. He was living on his own freehold, happy and contented; while Sally was collecting funds to erect a house of prayer in the neighborhood of the forest where they resided. You have about you many of the same type as Dublin Sally,—poor lost ones who have strayed on the downward track and gone on until they seemed to be beyond redemption. But they are not! Christ can save to the uttermost, and make them men and women in Christ Jesus.—Christian Herald.

CARNAL AND SPIRITUAL.

Rev. Andrew Murray on the Difference in the Two Kinds of Christianity.

The Montreal Star says that a very large congregation made up of representatives from almost every denomination in the city, greeted the Rev. Andrew Murray in the American Presbyterian church on a recent Sunday afternoon. Mr. Murray is returning to his far-away home in South Africa, and his visit to this city was undertaken at the earnest solicitation of friends who had heard his magnetic eloquence at the Moody conference in Northfield, Mass.

The name of Andrew Murray, it is safe to say, is a household word in every christian home, and it excited no wonder, therefore, that when he entered the pulpit, a sea of faces, everyone of which bore the countenance of a friend, welcomed the distinguished Presbyterian divine and missionary.

Mr. Murray possesses those qualities which eminently fit him for the great work he has undertaken and successfully carried out. Behind the somewhat fragile form lies a wealth of sympathy, benevolence and charity. His addresses are masterpieces of research and eloquence. His magnetism enables him to sway an audience as few men can do, and the intense earnestness which is characteristic of all his addresses, affords an index to the wonderful influence he always exerts upon the hearts and affections of his hearers. His addresses yesterday were practical and earnest, and full of deep spirituality. In the afternoon he dwelt upon the differences between 'Carnal and Spiritual Christianity,' taking as his text I Corinthians, iii, 3-4: 'And I brethren, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ.'

In enlarging upon the text the distinguished preacher dwelt upon the fact that in the early christian church there were two kinds of christians, the carnally-minded and the spiritually-minded. The former, while true believers, were nevertheless babes in Christ, and as such devoid of understanding. The latter understood the message of St. Paul—their christian life has been developed, and broadened. They have grown in spirituality from the day of their conversion. On the other hand, the carnally-minded were in a state of protracted infancy. Because they had yielded to the power of self they had remained where they had started. They were subject to envies, strifes and divisions. As then, so it was now. A great many christians find Christ, but there was no spiritual advance. Many were content to be simply converted, instead of going on from the strength to strength which God would have them do. They had to be looked after and cared for as 'babes.' Influence of pastors, friends and prayer meetings had to be brought to bear upon them in order to interest them in their christian life. Little independent or spiritual power existed between them and their God. Their lives were marked by repeated sins and failures. Too often the humility and love of Christ, which ought to characterize their individual actions in dealing with one another were wanting and in their places arose jealousies, quarrels, bickerings, harsh judgments and unforgiving spirits. Very frequently these characteristics of the carnal

state were found existing side by side with high spiritual gifts and attainments. The work of preachers and evangelists—some of them endowed with matchless eloquence—was too often marred by their lives. People would not listen to the man 'because his daily life was not consistent with his preaching.'

'Oh, my brethren, we need the baptism of the Holy Ghost; we need his controlling influence upon our lives and actions. We need the gentleness and the humility of Christ—the power to raise and cheer the fallen, instead of tramping them deeper into the mire by our unkind words and actions. There was strife at the Supper Table, there were jealousies among the apostles; they foresook and denied their Lord and Master in His bitterest hour, but when the Holy Spirit descended on the day of Pentecost love came from heaven, courage entered the heart of the disciples, brotherly affection, and earnest Christ-like humility became the characteristics of each. Brothers, this is your privilege. Christ can save and also keep you. The step into the spiritual life is short. You will not be a mature christian in one day, but it is the growth you need. The reward is one of glory.'

COMMANDER BOOTH'S WAY.

Pen Picture of the Leader of the Salvation Army in America.

In view of the expected visit of Billington Booth to St. John the following description of him at a meeting in New York will be read with interest.

The commander of the army in America, who is the son of the General of all the Army, is the dominant feature and figure at these meetings which he leads every Tuesday. He takes the centre of the stage and heads off every one else who speaks for as long a time as sixty seconds, yet speaks himself without limit. He is dark, thin, tall, and has a very sharp, thin face, crowned with black hair—a long, pale, nervous, strained face that recalls the portraits of Edgar A. Poe. He is as English as the meetings, as the Army itself seems to be, for it is still a foreign affair of yesterday. The great majority of the speakers were Englishmen, assisted by two or three Germans who were among the musicians on the platform. The commander says now for now, cannot for count, makes cross rhyme with hoes, and has a distinct and not unpleasant English in oration.

He wore dark blue, like the plain soldiers but his coat was of the shape of a Prince Albert, with large frogs down the front, and the red shirt that he exposed under a waistcoat was worn, seemed of finer material than the other red shirts around him. He has a sense of humor. 'I will tell you a little story that is rather amusing, that I read the other day—a fable,' he said. 'It's about a large deer that came to the brink of some water and saw its self reflected on the surface, mirror-like. It saw its antlers, its horns, you know?' Mr. Booth defines his commonest words as if he were talking to children—and it said: 'These are very beautiful antlers. They adorn my head very beautifully. Now, if I had things like them instead of these long thin legs'—here Mr. Booth stepped out from behind his desk into full view of all the people, and pulling up his long coat tails displayed his own very long, very thin legs, like Henry Irving's or Mme. Bernhardt's, legs—'If I didn't have these ridiculous long thin legs, but had pretty legs to match my antlers, my horns, I'd be a very handsome creature.' The people all laughed very heartily and Mr. Booth smiled as if he liked his own joke quite as much. Then he went on to tell how a lion roared and the deer ran, and how its antlers—horns, you know—caught in the trees and held it while the monster enjoyed a very good dinner. This was to illustrate the point that we all spend a great deal on art and a great deal on giving our daughters a polish and cultivation to take their places in polite society, things we ought not to do, because what we and our daughters need is not pretty things that leave us unprepared for death, but those habits of mind and that soul training that will fit us for a better life than society offers—the life to come, of course.

On either side of the commander on the platform were soldiers in blue. Three or four held song papers in their hands, and the rest were musicians ready at a moment's notice to play the following instruments: A piano, a melodeon, a banjo, a trombone, a violin, a cornet, and a bass drum. There were two women musicians, also, one with a guitar and one at a piano. In what might be called the orchestra seats—for the hall is like a two-galleried theatre—were two long rows of women in poke bonnets and blue dresses, carrying tambourines. The dresses of the women sang just like the skirts of the commander's coat, as if they had recognized such pomp and vanity as comes with petticoats.

The main floor was packed with people; there were a hundred others in the first gallery, and there was nobody in the top gallery. The people seemed to be of every sort. There were well-dressed men and shabby men and tough-looking youths in their shirt sleeves. There were very thin, portly, gray-haired men and well-to-do, middle-aged men, and negro men and boys. Among the women were mothers with babies and others with little toddlers, quietly dressed old women, and a few smart-looking girls and wives. The majority of persons of all sorts wore the Army uniform. A good guesser would have said that in the congregation were typewriter girls and store porters and clerks out for the noon hour, but it could not have been so. They must have all been persons of leisure, because the noon hour cannot while the commander was talking, and not half a dozen got up and went away.

Everybody had a sheet of song choruses in his hand. It was worth noting that there was none of the 'Hallelujah for Jesus' and 'Hallelujah glory' songs that have offended other Christians. Every now and then the Commander would head off a speaker by ordering one of these songs sung. 'Sing 95,' he would shout, as some old woman rambled on in a squeaky voice. 'Give us more next Tuesday, sister. Let us have the rest on Tuesday. Sing 95.' There was a sign—red like so many other things in the hall—that said: 'If you wish to testify, rise. Stand until your turn.' A dozen or fifteen persons, mainly women, obeyed this injunction. What they said before they were headed off each time was just about the same as what one hears at a quiet country experience meeting of the old-fashioned sort. The speakers all wanted to testify to the saving power of God and to their being saved and leading blessed lives. But one shrewd, bright-eyed elderly lady, a little Yankee-like of type, interested the Commander by her original way of speaking.

'I feel so good I want to jump,' she said. 'What's that? What's jumping?' Booth asked. 'Come out here to the front. The people in the gallery want to hear that.'

'I feel so good I want to jump,' she repeated. 'I want to "ance a hallelujah dance." 'A hallelujah dance!' said the Commander. 'Oh, that's good. We'll have one of our bonnets put on you, sister.' This frightened the devotee and she ended her testimony abruptly. When the Commander ordered the next song it proved to be one he enjoyed very much, and he cried: 'You are not all singing. Sing it again.' This being done, he cried again: 'Now, then, sing it very low, just above a whisper.' A little later he liked another song, and ordered it treated in the same way, only this time he said: 'Let the women sing this in their sweetest voices. Sing as you never dreamed of singing before. No music—no horns—just sweet voices, please.' Presently he hit upon No. 6, which begins like this:

My sins are forgiven.
I'm going to heaven;
If Jesus should ask me, may I say that you'll go?

It was sung for him with a zoom of the drum, a crash of cymbals, a blare of horns, and a cluster of tambourines. Then he said: 'That's the improved way. When you sing "My sins are forgiven," put your right hands on your hearts; when you say "I'm going to heaven" point up to heaven, and when you say "If Jesus should ask me may I say that you'll go," turn to your neighbour in the next seat and ask him or her the question.' This was done to his satisfaction. Then he began his address. It was not backed up, or stilted or weighted with cant. It showed him to be more than moderately original and able to think for himself. His fault, if he had one as a speaker, is that in his composition humor is overweighed by melancholy. The melancholy is far the stronger quality, as is seen in the down drawn lines that mark his face in repose. When he raises his voice or becomes intense he all but cries. His nerves are too strained and busy. His movements are incessant, and as of a nature to show that his address was to the effect that some one has invented a process by which the voice and portrait of a man may be flashed a mile and a thousand miles simultaneously and instantaneously, so that if a murderer did his evil work here and fled to Chicago, the detectives here could give the Chicago detectives the appearance of his face and the sound of his voice. We think this wonderful, and yet to-day, every hour and minute, our thoughts and deeds and impressions are being recorded in a great book that will be opened and scanned when each of us gets there at the end of life.

Object of Christianity.

What is the object of Christianity? It is the evolving of men in a higher and better world. That is also the object of evolution—what evolution has been doing since time began. Christianity is the further evolution. It is an evolution, re-enforced with all the moral and spiritual forces that have entered the world and cleaved to humanity through Jesus Christ. Beginning with atoms and crystals, passing to plants and animals, evolution finally reaches man. But unless it ceases to be a scientific fact cannot stop there. It must go on to include the whole man, and all the work and thought and light and aspiration of man. The great moral facts, the moral forces, so far as they are proved to exist, the Christian consciousness, so far as it is real, must come within its scope. Human history is as much a part of its natural history.

Swayed by Impulse.

The decision of impulse never can be final. They must of necessity change, for they are not the result of trained perception. There is no character in the world so much to be pitied as the one that is swayed continually by impulse. There is no definite goal, it cannot reach after that which marks success. It has no yesterday, and its tomorrow are vague periods of time to which the to-day's point, but with which they never connect.—Canadian Churchman.

A Message From God.

'Hear my prayer, O Lord, and give ear unto my cry: For I am a stranger with thee. O spare me, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more.' Psalm 39: 12, 13.

A CONSCIENTIOUS TORONTO LADY.

The Following Statement is Published by Request.

I consider it my duty to inform the public of the extreme benefit I have received from the use of your South American Rheumatic Cure. I have been great sufferer for several years from rheumatism, and used this remedy with the best results. I trust others will follow my example, and believe if they do so they will feel as grateful as I do for the benefit derived thereby.

MRS. BATES, 71 Gloucester street Toronto.

To Raise Drowned Bodies.

A St. Louis inventor has patented a device for the raising of drowned bodies from the beds of rivers and lakes, which has been applied with marked success in many places in the West during the present summer. The old plan was to fire a cannon over the surface of the water near where the drowned body is supposed to lie, the concussion causing the body to rise. The apparatus of the St. Louis man utilizes the force of four or eight sticks of dynamite in a machine box connected by fine wire to the electric battery on the shores from which is

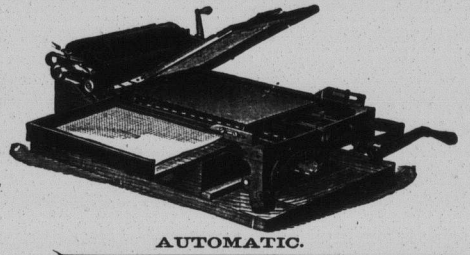
If You Wish to be

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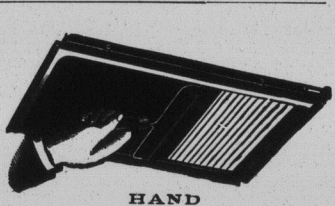
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communicated the spark that fires the heavy charge resting on the river bed.

HAMILTON BAPTIST PREACHER.

Joins With Leading Members of the Faculty of McMaster Hall in Praise of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Everyone who uses Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has a good word to say for it. In these columns a short time since was quoted the favorable opinion of three members of the faculty of McMaster Hall, the great Baptist university. Of the same denomination is to be added to the hearty endorsement of this remedy by the Rev. G. Anderson, the indefatigable and successful pastor of the Wentworth Baptist Church, Hamilton. He has used this medicine, and does not hesitate to proclaim its good properties. Just at this particular time of the year this remedy is doing a grand work in removing that dreaded trouble to many—Hay Fever.

One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two three-cent stamps. S. G. DETCHON, 44 Church st., Toronto.

Where Jones got Left.

Jones asked his wife: 'Why is a husband like dough?' (He expected she would give it up, and he was going to tell her it was 'because a woman needs him,' but she said it was because he was 'hard to get off her hands.' The domestic contented cordials were ruffled.)

There is more than sentiment in the saying of Sir Walter Raleigh to his executioner, 'What matters it about the head if the heart is right?' The trouble is that in this high pressure age

the heart is seldom kept right. By careful estimate it is calculated that one person out of every four or five has a weak or diseased heart. Think for a moment the important work that the heart has to perform, and it is not difficult to realize what a derangement even to a slight extent of this organ means. Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart is a cure for heart trouble, and nothing else. It is a mistake to suppose that remedies that are given out as panaceas for all the ills that flesh is heir to can effectively cure heart disease. Within 30 minutes after taking the first dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart relief is secured, and eventually complete restoration is effected.

Bound to See the Show.

In Carrollton, Mo., the other day, a man and wife who had driven in to see the circus stopped at a doctor's house to ask what ailed the child they had with them. The child was dead. Then they asked if they could leave the body in the doctor's back yard while they saw the show. And they did.

THAT DRAGGING IN THE LOINS.

It Usually Caused by a Derangement of the Kidneys—South American Kidney Cure Will Positively Relieve it in Six Hours.

One may be deceived by the feeling of weight or dragging in the loins that causes unpleasantness and inconvenience to men and women. Attributing the trouble to something else, they forget that this may be evidence of inflammatory affections of the kidneys, that eventually may develop into serious trouble. That very successful specific, South American Kidney Cure gets at the root of kidney trouble, and will quickly remove the cause, and having done this, complete recovery is soon reached. It is worth repeating that South American Kidney Cure is a remedy for the perfect cure of this one trouble. It does not pretend to be a cure-all, but it is a cure certain in every case of kidney trouble. And it does it quickly.