

Sunday Reading.

Make Me Thine.
 Jesus, Friend of little children
 Be a friend to me;
 Take my hand and ever keep me
 Close to Thee.

Show me what my love should cherish.
 What, too, it should shun;
 Lest my feet for poison flowers
 Swift should run.

Teach me how to grow in goodness
 Daily as I grow;
 Tho' I have been a child, dear Saviour,
 Thee I do know.

Fill me with Thy gentle meekness,
 Make my heart like thine;
 Like an altar lamp then let me
 Burn and shine.

Step by step, oh! lead me onward,
 Upward into youth;
 Wiser, stronger still becoming,
 In Thy truth.

Never leave me nor forsake me,
 Ever be my Friend;
 For I need Thee from life's dawning
 To its end.

—Rev. Walter Mathams in "Tollers of the Deep."

THE GOSPEL ON THE HIGH SEAS.

The Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen in Labrador is a branch of the parent society in England, which works chiefly on the North Sea. The latter was founded in 1881 in humble dependence on Almighty God, for man had then little good to say for it, and the enterprise was considered visionary, and unlikely to succeed. It was designed through the medium of a fishing vessel, all of whose crew should be converted fishermen, to spread the Gospel net for men at sea who were at that time entirely outside the pale of the Church. It was rightly judged that it would be almost impossible to secure landmen who could live that hard, rough, monotonous life on the ocean, seldom seeing land at all, at any rate not for more than a very short time, unless those men had been specially fitted for it by early training. Moreover, it was rightly judged that the men to influence fishermen are converted fishermen. A sailor judges much more by "does" than "says"—by a man's "life" than by his words. And God has honored in this work genuine, whole-hearted Christian fishermen, simple in speech, childlike in faith, earnest in love, who have themselves often gone through a very fire of persecution. These men He has used, is still using, and will, I believe, continue to use until the abundance of the sea shall be converted to God. The methods of this interdenominational Mission on the sea have always been to pay no evangelist as such, but to employ converted crews, converted doctors, converted shipwrights, riggers and workmen wherever possible, and God has blessed these methods. At the same time, volunteer evangelists of any or every church, who are actuated by a desire to win men for Christ, have been accepted for temporary service in the fishing fleets whenever they volunteered for work, which is usually in the summer months, when most work can be done. Looking back on eight years' work among those who literally do business in great waters on both sides of the Atlantic, we can see the inauguration of a social revolution—we can already see drunkenness giving place to sobriety, cruelty to gentleness, lust to family affection, ignorance and prejudice to Bible study and the fruits it entails. 'Cast thy bread on the waters, and it shall come back after many days.' So it has been. The one little Mission boat has grown to eleven fine vessels, four being hospital ships. Shore work has been taken up in earnest—a strong united Fishermen's Christian Association has been formed, and a similar association for boys. The work has spread to Ireland, Scotland, Holland, and now to the bleak and barren shores of Labrador. God has enabled His Gospel to go forth as a message of love to body and soul. On the starboard bow of each vessel is graven in letters of gold, 'Preach the Word'; on the port bow is, 'Heal the Sick,' while cut into brass on every wheel which guides the Mission ship on her errands of mercy are the words of Jesus, 'Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men.' Not like the devil's ships, which haunted every fleet of fishermen—alas! he sent his agents before God's people ever stretched out a helping hand—which defaced God's ocean as the saloons do His earth, and, spreading their vile net of plastered spirits, of aniseed brandy, of vitriolized rum, of foul, degrading literature and other tempting baits, lured many a brave man to a drunkard's grave at sea, led many a loving husband to forget the promise so earnestly made to a wife and bairns ashore, and brought many of God's children to lower depths than the beasts that perish. God has blessed the Mission to the sweeping

away of this terrible curse, of these "pirates of the sea." Gone they are like the old rovers of the Spanish main, for international legislation has now displaced them, and a new era has followed their disappearance. For saloons ashore have no longer attractions for regenerated men, and homes which were once squalid and poverty-stricken, where half-fed and half-clad women and children awaited with dread the return of a brutalized fisherman from sea, are now gardens of God, bringing forth the peaceable fruits of the Gospel of Christ. Recruited as the ranks of deep-sea fishermen are constantly from workhouse, industrial and reformatory schools, from homes for waifs and strays, from runaway boys and out-of-work, homeless men, hundreds and thousands of the absolutely friendless and orphaned were to be found at sea. Men and boys who had 'no friends'—never had a letter in their lives—'did not know any one on earth cared for them'—God has opened to these also a wonderful door. Ladies who love the Saviour, and whose one desire it is 'to tell the old, old story,' have banded together to find out these friendless ones, and have commenced writing letters to them. Marvellously has this been owned and blessed. Many and many a correspondent has been rescued from hopelessness and helplessness. Many have found for the first time that Christians really not only pray in churches 'for those in peril on the sea,' but really love and care about them in their hard lives—really are willing to give time and personal work for their sakes—with the result that many have been led to see through those who they find love them through they never saw them, Him who loved us while we were still enemies to Him, and who gave His own life a sacrifice for ours. This 'Letter-writing Associating' grew and flourished until now some thousand ladies are in regular correspondence with, and often go down to visit as they return from sea, those who before 'never had a friend.' —Rev. Mr. Grenfell.

An Example to Shun.

It must be admitted to begin with that a good deal of that which passes for fun among boys had no real right to the name. I-matured tricks whose only object is to wound somebody's feelings, are outside the object of this talk. But I have in my circle of acquaintances boys whose idea of their own dignity is so great that they resent a laugh as if it were an insult. If they make an amusing blunder, and somebody smiles, they resent it instantly, and try to prove they were right in what they said or did. And the most singular thing about these lads is that a joke which strikes them as intensely amusing when it is at the expense of some one else, loves all its humor if directed against themselves. I well remember being with a party of boys who were starting out on a camping expedition one summer. In the process of loading the camping equipment into the boats, a box of provisions fell into the water. One boy, named John, laughed in glee over the accident, but when he suddenly became aware that the unfortunate box was the one his mother had packed for him, the expression of his face changed so suddenly that it was the turn of the lookers-on to laugh.

Harmful Believers.

Is it not possible for a professing Christian to sometimes work greater injury to the cause of Christ than is ever wrought by those who make no profession of religion at all? Have you not heard of young men who seemed to be actually excusing themselves to others for having united with the church or with the Y. M. C. A.? It was Phillips Brooks who said in one of his great sermons: 'The man who trusts God sometimes seems almost to say to his unbelieving brother, "Forgive me, I am not as strong as you are. I cannot do without this help. You are more strong and do not need it. But let me keep it still." And the great preacher said truthfully that no open foe of faith could do faith so much harm as that kind of a believer.'

Life in Him.

If our hopes of life eternal is based on the fact that Jesus rose from the dead, it is no less true that our life here is full and blessed because he abides with us. Young people sometimes talk of the desirability of 'tearing life,' meaning thereby to taste its dissipations and bring themselves into contact with the worst side of human nature. A mole, tunneling his way through the dirt, would have better reason to congratulate himself upon seeing the world. Christ is the only interpreter of life. Its suffering, its defeats, its temptations, are inexplicable except as he teaches us to look deeper than the surface of things, and beyond that little portion of existence bounded by the river of death. It is through him we find that what comes to us from without—wealth, friends, pleasures—cannot give life either beauty or worth. In his presence all of God's gifts take on new



Now if I only had a little pot of Quickcure in my tool-bag.

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value, and each day becomes precious in its possibilities. When we realize that he is close at hand to bless our joys and share our sorrows, we know that we are living even this present life by the faith of the Son of God, who loved us and gave Himself for us.

From our Sins.

The real source of happiness is in what we are, not in what we have about us. A wicked man would be miserable in Paradise. A man like Paul learns to rejoice in tribulation and affliction. And so to be worth anything, salvation must transform us; we must become new creatures. While envy and malice and hate are in the heart, there can be neither growth nor peace. If we are selfish we cannot at the same time be helpful to others. Young people frequently have a vague idea that accepting Christ means that they are to be saved from an indefinite something far in the future. But the work begins as soon as the heart is open to the entrance of the divinest of Guests. Christ wants to save you from your besetting sins, from the weaknesses which stand in the way of your helping others. His salvation keeps us from that which will cause remorse and sadness in the future. It comes as close as our daily temptations, even those unspoken temptations which spring into being in the heart itself.

The Kind We Like.

The sort of a boy I admire does not need to be handled as gingerly as dynamite for fear his dignity will be shaken, and an explosion will follow. He does not pretend to know everything, so he is not greatly disturbed if some one catches him in a mistake. If he is made the object of a good-natured joke he does not grow red in the face and become sulky and silent, or angry and ready to fight. He can join in a laugh against himself with such hearty good-humor, that you almost forget your amusement in your liking for him. He is more certain than another kind of boy to keep from wrong-doing, for he has none of that fear of ridicule which has led so many thousands astray. It is worth while for you Brigade boys to ask yourselves if you are the sort of lads who can be manly and sweet-tempered and courageous when the laugh is against you.

For A Definite End.

We are saved from something definite. We are also saved for something definite. Christ conquers hate in our hearts that we may begin to love in earnest. He closes our lips against evil-speaking that we may utter words of comfort and tenderness. He drives out selfishness to make room for the loftiest of ambitions, the desire to help others. Unless we are working for those about us we have not yet entered into that fullness of life which Christ offers us. But it day by day we walk at his side, striving to carry out his plans for the spreading of his message, that part of salvation which concerns the great eternity we may safely leave with him.

A Little Defined.

Mrs. Katherine L. Stevenson, in addressing a recent meeting of the W. C. T. U. the other evening, gave an interesting explanation of her reasons for liking the title of the association. 'I like union,' she said

The Bicyclists' Lament.

He's a wise wheelman whose tool bag contains something besides medicine for a damaged machine. He is just as liable to puncture his own skin as to puncture his tire—more liable to bruise himself, than to break his wheel.

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'because it is a union of sects and sections, and because in Union there is strength. I like temperance, because while we by no means believe that the saloon is the only evil, yet we see, and see it with clearer and clearer vision—that just so long as this is left unchecked nothing of good can be accomplished. Woman's; of course, that tells why we are interested, but we are not only interested for the woman, but for human, Christian; we seem to have reached the original meaning of this word, Christ man. We must be Christlike before we can bring others to him.'

FROM AGONY TO JOY.

Acute Sufferings From Acute Rheumatic Allment Relieved by South American Rheumatic Cure When Hope Had Well-Nigh Gone—Mrs. W. Ferris, Wife of a Well-Known Manufacturer of Glasses, Cheerfully Tells the Story of Her Cure.

'I was for years a great sufferer from rheumatic affection in my ankles, and at times was so bad that I could not walk. I tried every known remedy and treated with best physicians for years, but no permanent relief. Although my confidence in remedies was about exhausted, I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I purchased a bottle. The very first dose gave me relief, and after taking two bottles all pain had vanished and there has been no return of it. I do cheerfully recommend this great remedy.'

Ships on Wheels.

A French inventor, M. Ernest Bazin, has recently launched a model of a steamship which, in place of ordinary hull, has six large, hollow, wheel-shaped rollers, on whose axles the framework of the ship's body rests. As the vessel is driven forward by a screw, the floating wheels that sustain it rotate, and Monsieur Bazin thinks this rolling of the wheels must result in a decrease of the resistance offered by the water to the advance of the ship. He asserts that the saving in motive power will enable large steamships constructed on the roller plan to travel thirty knots an hour, with a consumption of only 800 tons of coal in crossing the Atlantic, while the best ships now in existence consume more than 3000 tons of coal during such a voyage and are able to go only twenty-two knots an hour.

NO AVAIL.

Adam Soper of Berk's Falls found all Remedies for Kidney Disease of no Avail Until He Used South American Kidney Cure—To-Day He is a Well Man and Gives the Credit Where it is Due.

'For a long time I have been a great sufferer from disease of the kidneys. The pains I suffered were the severest. I had tried all kinds of remedies, but all to no avail. I was persuaded to try South American Kidney Cure. Have taken half a dozen bottles, and I can confidently say that today I am a cured man, and can highly recommend this great medicine to all sufferers from kidney trouble.'

A Curious Wooden Watch.

The most curious timekeeper, perhaps, that has ever been made in this country was the work of one Victor Doriot, who lived at Bristol, Tenn., about twenty years ago. This oddity was nothing more or less than a wooden watch. The case was made of briar root and the inside works, except three of the main wheels and the springs (which were of metal) were made from a piece of an old boxwood rule. The face which was polished until it looked like a slab of finest ivory, was made from the shoulder blade of an old cow that had been killed by the cars. 'Doriot's queer

watch,' as it was called, was an opened faced affair, with a glass crystal, and was pronounced a fine piece of work by all the watchmakers in East Tennessee.

OH, THE MULTITUDE WHO SAY IT!

Speaking of another world than this, a certain Book from which so many draw comfort in times of trouble, says: 'The inhabitant never saith, I am sick.' But in this world the air is full of the weary, wailing cry, 'I am sick.' 'I suffer so.' 'Can nothing be done to rid me of pain?' Here is another case of it—another out of a number beyond all counting or imagining. Yet this one got well. Do you want to hear about it? or do you know of any pain-racked mortal who might like to hear about it? Then read, either for yourself or for someone else. We give the facts exactly as they were given to us.

'In the early part of 1889 I began to suffer from illness. I had at first a bad taste in the mouth and belched up a sour, gaseous fluid. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had a burning pain at my chest, and palpitation of the heart. I had also a gnawing, grinding sensation at the pit of the stomach, with a feeling of sinking as though I were being bodily lowered into a pit. My food never seemed to settle, but repeated, and I had to spit it out; this going on until my stomach was empty.

'I lost a deal of sleep at night. I got very weak and thin, losing over a stone in weight; I was so feeble that I could barely drag myself along. As time went I grew irritable and nervous and took no interest or pleasure in anything.

'Sometimes better and at other times worse, I continued in this way until August of last year (1893), when I had to give up my employment as collier at the Waterloo Main Colliery, where I had been at work for seven years. At this time I had got so bad that I sat in my chair from morning till night, too weak and prostrated to go about. When I did venture out I dare not go alone for fear I should fall down in the street.

'At times a strange feeling came over me, as if my heart had stopped beating; and on one of these occasions I felt as if I were dying, and said to my wife, 'Lass, it's all up with me.'

'During my long illness I consulted several doctors, and they all said my heart was strong and that the trouble was all from my stomach and liver. They gave me medicines and recommended a change of air. I therefore went to Blackpool, Scarborough, and Whitby, but was no better either from the change or from the doctor's physic.

'One day a book was left at my house telling about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and I thought it might possibly help me. So I got a bottle from Mr. Webster, chemist, Green Road, and when I had finished that bottle I found relief, for my food no longer distressed and the pain at my heart was easier. I kept on with the medicine and soon my appetite returned, and I could eat without feeling any pain or distress. Gradually I improved, getting stronger and stronger every day. I can now eat anything, and do my work with pleasure. I feel quite a new man, and consider that Mother Seigel's Syrup has saved my life. Yours truly, (Signed) George Hopton, 25 Baywater Terrace, Roundhay Road, Leeds February 3rd, 1894.'

No words of ours can add an ounce to the weight of this plain and manly letter. From it, as from a hilltop, we can see the sad picture of those four years of misery. The discouraged and suffering husband, the patient, burden-bearing, helpful wife. Heaven be praised that it all ended as it did—in renewed health—instead of as it might have ended. The disease was that insatiable fiend and monster—indigestion and dyspepsia; cunning as a fox, destructive as a man-eating tiger. In this case, as in so many others, Mother Seigel's Syrup demonstrated that power which has made it celebrated all over the world—in palace and in hut, wherever the inhabitant saith, 'I am sick.' If you are one of these, try it now. If you are healthy and hearty, thank God for that, and pass the news of George Hopton's illness and recovery on to any who need to hear it.

Merrile Whittles.

A correspondent of the London Daily Graphic, writing from Armenia, says: 'One peculiar feature of life in a Turkish city is the noisy night watchman. At Constantinople these men thump on the pavement all night with an iron-shod staff: at Smyrna they use rattles, or they rap on the house steps with a cane; while at Mersine they blow on a moaning whistle and this blowing they keep up all night. They whistle to each other and they whistle in answer; and they whistle to warn the turgar that they are on the watch, they whistle to keep each other awake, and they whistle to keep themselves awake. For several nights they succeed in keeping the traveler awake as well.'

A NEW MAN.

C. G. Chapin, Jeweler, of Berk's Falls, Says He is a New Man Since Using the Great South American Nerveine—His Testimony is Endorsed by Thousands of Others.

'For years I have been greatly troubled with nervous debility and affection of the kidneys. I believe I tried every proprietary medicine under the sun, but none seemed to give me any relief until I had tried South American Nerveine. To my surprise the first bottle gave me great relief. I have persevered in taking it, and can say that I have not felt so well for years. I do heartily recommend this great cure.'

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