

Sunday Reading.

IN MANY LANDS.

What is Going on in Religious Circles Throughout the World.

A native chief of our northern Pacific coast, says the 'Golden Rule,' was recently baptized, and he chose for his baptismal name, William Ewart Gladstone!

Miss Lankford Palmer, sister of the late Dr. Palmer, and one of the founders of 'The Guide to Holiness,' died at her home in New York, lately. She was a saint indeed. One of the 'charities in which she took great interest was the Five Points Mission, of which she was one of the founders. She was also president of the Convalescent Home in Harlem and connected with many other religious and philanthropic enterprises.

A missionary of the Irish Presbyterian church in Spain reports the eagerness of the people for the gospel, and their rapt attention, especially the men, who listened with their soul in their eyes as they were told of Christ as a laboring man; how he knew want, and was often weary, and could therefore feel for them. These people think of Christ either as a babe in his mother's arms or as a dead Christ, hanging on the cross; but the idea of Christ having been like themselves on earth, and therefore able to sympathize with them, is so new that they are filled with wonder.

The Rev. C. F. Aked preaching on a recent Sunday evening at the Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, on the drink question, stated that he had spent three hours late on the previous night in one of the dispensaries of the city, watching three surgeons, who were kept busy at work the whole time patching up broken heads, stitching cut faces, setting broken bones, and dressing hideous wounds, all of which, with one exception, were the result of drink and drunken runs. He alleged that Liverpool had obtained credit for an improvement which did not exist, and contended that, in spite of recent statistics, drunkenness was not appreciably less than it was five or ten years ago.

The last 'Jewish Christian' speaking of the remarkable interest shown by Jews in New York in working carried on there by Mr. Warszawski, says:—As in the previous month, so during the month of March, our meetings have been crowded night after night almost without exception. Thirty-one meetings were held at the mission during the month, which had thirty-one days. At more than twenty of these meetings it was necessary to put the sign out reading:—'The house is packed full. No more admittance.' Large numbers of people were refused admission, and during Passover week and at the Friday and Saturday meetings, hundreds of Jews and Jewesses were turned away because of the want of more room.

How to teach the temperance lesson is often a problem. E. P. Bancroft, the superintendent of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Sunday school, Brooklyn, commends a device prepared for his teachers on such an occasion. He obtained statistics from the Brooklyn Excise Commissioners, who were told what use would be made of the facts. These figures, of the number of licensed saloons, hotels, drug-stores, and other places in Brooklyn where intoxicating drinks were sold, were printed in display on a card; also the ratio of saloons to population in Brooklyn and Boston—to the latter's credit. Copies of the card were distributed by the teachers in their classes, with emphasis of its object lesson. An appeal to local statistics might be effective in other places.—S. S. Times.

At the annual meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association of Ottawa, Miss Bertha Wright, general secretary, who is about to marry a citizen of Kingston, resigned. She was presented with a magnificent Davenport desk, handsomely embellished and furnished, with two beautiful silver candlesticks and a solid brass inkstand with cut glass bottle. She was also recipient of a beautiful marble clock. The gifts were from the officers and board of management. Miss Alexander then moved a motion expressive of the esteem in which Miss Wright is held as a Christian, a worker and friend. It was seconded by Miss Harmon, and spoken to by Mrs. J. Tilton, Mrs. J. B. Hallett, Mr. Fedak and the Y. M. C. A. and the Rev. Mr. McIntyre. Miss Wright replied to the many kind expressions with great feeling. She told of her love for the work, and wished it continued success.

One of the signs of the times, says the London 'Christian,' is a striking change in the tone of the social reform orator in our public parks. Anyone who compares the Socialist oratory of seven or eight years ago with what he hears in our parks to-day must be impressed with the decrease of that narrow, arid, vindictive spirit which used to mark it. The stream of talk is as copious as ever, but it has become more intelligent and kindly. The barriers of prejudice between the classes are breaking down. The leaders of the workingmen are learning the important lesson that conciliation is the secret of concession, and

that just rights are more easily gained by earnest agitation and manly appeal than by breathing forth threats and slaughter against their fellowmen. The 'Mission Settlement' and P. S. A. movement have done much to soften old asperities. And the increased activity of the Church amongst the poor is growingly acknowledged by those who benefit by its ministrations.

PROTECTED BY HER BOYS.

Mother D'Arcambal Was Safe With the Convict Boys.

Here is an incident that "Mother" D'Arcambal relates of her convict "boys!" It was late at night when she happened to be alone in the "home" with a large number of those men who are regarded by the world as desperadoes, from the fact that they have once served a term in prison, usually for some minor offense, and whom Mrs. D'Arcambal calls her "boys." The superintendent of the "home" was at a neighboring town, to return on the midnight train, and the housekeeper was absent for the night. The men had gone to bed in their dormitory, which was connected with the first floor by a short flight of stairs.

At 10 o'clock Mrs. D'Arcambal went into the men's sitting-room and library, to examine some papers in a desk there. She became so engrossed that she forgot that she was not secluded in her own apartment, until roused and startled by a stealthy step on the stairs.

It is a rule of the institution that none of the inmates of the dormitory may leave it without permission. Whoever was slowly and stealthily descending the stairs had not asked this privilege, and was exposing himself to reproof.

'For one moment,' said this resolute woman, 'my heart stood still. I had been handling money, and there were sixty or seventy desperate men above stairs, who could easily overpower me and take what they pleased. But would they do it? Those boys who called me mother, and who had joined me in prayer that very night? I did not believe it. And as I thought this a head appeared, followed by several others, all looking over the shoulders of the first man, who said:

'We heard a noise, mother, and knowing you alone were there we feared burglars might be getting in. You ain't scared, be you?' 'I told them no, thanked them for their care of me, and after they had gone back to bed I sat there alone another hour, thanking God for saving my boys from themselves.

A Memory.

It is always a little amusing to see a young father sail forth with a baby—his baby—in his arms for the first time. It is no use for him to try to appear unconscious of his situation, for it is perfectly evident to everybody that it is his first appearance in public in the role of a father.

His awkwardness is manifest, but his pride is also in evidence, and the two form a combination of which no young father need be ashamed. There are some men and some women who are sentimental enough to have their hearts quite touched by the very sight of a young couple overflowing with tenderness and pride and solicitude over their firstborn. Those to whom this not uncommon spectacle appeals are apt to be middle-aged or elderly men and women, whose own youth has long been only a memory. But if they have lived honestly and truly it is a pleasant memory and the sight of a young couple and their first baby gives rise to some of the sweetest memories of their lives.

They recall the time when life was all hopes and all harmonies to them, and the coming of their first little one gave them new hopes and sweeter harmonies. The little one is a man now, perhaps, with children of his own, but you can remember just how he looked in his swaddling clothes and just how you felt when you first appeared in public with him in your arms. You don't talk much about it now, because you don't want to be thought "silly" or "sentimental" but if you are the man or the woman you ought to be you will have taught your children that God can give them no higher proof of His favor than to give them little ones of their own.

Manuscript Gospels Found.

It is reported from Constantinople that an ancient and beautiful manuscript copy of the Gospels, dating back to the sixth century, has recently been found in Asia Minor. It is written on the finest and thinnest of vellum, which is dyed purple, and the letters are in silver, except the abbreviations and sacred names, which are in gold. Representatives of English and American universities have unsuccessfully sought to obtain possession of the find which has been secured by Russia.

The Still, Small Voice.

There is a voice, unheard by the natural ear, which speaks to human beings louder than the tumult of the market-place, or even the roar of cannon in battle. It is a voice which the deaf can hear, and which the strongest of men cannot destroy. It is called "the still, small voice," by its stillness and smallness are really the elements of its greatness and power. All men have heard it, though all have not understood it nor yielded to its demands.

LONGEVITY OF ABSTAINERS.

Do the Statistics Prove That They Will Live Longer Than Drinkers?

Day by day, week by week, here a little and there a little—now a trifling incident, and then a trifling illustration is afforded us of the tendency to outlive their fellows exhibited by those who have strength of mind enough to abstain from intoxicating drinks. We have quoted these illustrations from time to time; and, apart altogether from the social question, we beg once more to insist that the subject is of sufficient moment to excuse the frequency of our references even as a matter of the duration of life, and on that ground alone of interest as a life insurance matter. Dr. Ogle, of the Registrar-General's department, publishes the mortality of the general population of this country during 1871-80, and compares it with the mortality amongst the Rechabites, who are total abstainers, during the same period. The result was, at twenty years of age, 9.43 per cent in favor of the abstainers, and at forty years of age it was 4.28 in favor of the prudent people who abstain. If there be any strength whatever in evidence—unless we are to ignore altogether those influences which induce us to decide in other matters—the most bigoted must admit that the facts are all against drink; and that the evidence has long ago reached such a point that those who continue to drink have no excuse except that they are fond of it; and that is no valid excuse whatever. The evidence increases daily, and has long ago convinced all but those who obstinately adhere to the habit because they like the drink; and many even of them are sufficiently convinced, but do not follow their convictions in this any more than they do in other matters, in which reason pulls one way, and degraded, perverted human nature pulls in the opposite direction.—Insurance Guardian for May.

The Saloon in Politics.

Archbishop Ireland, says:—The liquor power must be totally eliminated from politics if we respect the institution of American democracy and desire their permanency. The aims of the saloon are selfish; its methods are slimy and criminal. It thrives by despoiling men of their reason and firing their passions. Its fruits are the moral and physical wrecks of humanity which crowd our jails and poorhouses. It is able to prosecute with fuller freedom its dire work it seeks the control of politics, which it reduces to its own level, and it successful, it chains in slavery to its chariot-wheels the degraded common wealth which allowed its triumph.

Few More Common.

There are few temptations more common to ardent spirits than that which leads them to repine at the lot in which they are cast, believing that in some other situation they could serve God better. If each such man had the spirit of self-surrender, the spirit of the cross, it would not matter to him, whether he were doing the work of the mainpring or one of the inferior parts. It is his duty to try and be himself—simply to try to do his own duty.—Frederick W. Robertson.

THE CRATER LAKE.

Picturesque Body of Pure Water in the Chimney of an Extinct Volcano.

Crater Lake, in southern Oregon, was discovered by a party of twelve prospectors in June, 1855. It had long been regarded by the Indians as the home of myriads of sea devils, called by them *Llaoes*, and it was considered death for any Indian brave to look upon it. Capt. Dutton, of the United States' army, visited the lake and surroundings in 1866. His survey and report first made known to the world one of the most interesting, grand, awe-inspiring spots on earth. W. G. Steel, fellow of the American Geographical Society, was one of Capt. Dutton's party, and has published some interesting papers on the lake, and C. B. Watson, of Ashland, a gentleman who has given much attention to local geographical studies, has delivered a few descriptive lectures, but when it is considered that it ranks along with Yosemite, the Yellowstone park and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado as one of the most interesting and unique scenic features of the world, it is astonishing that Crater Lake is known only to a very limited number of American people.

The lake is about ninety miles from Ashland, from which point it is reached by the Dead Indian road in private conveyances. The road passes over the cascades through beautiful forests, by way of Lake of the woods, the Klamath lakes and the old historic Fort Klamath. The lake is almost egg-shaped, ranging northeast by southwest, and is seven miles long by six in width. The water's surface is 6,251 feet above the sea level, and is completely surrounded by cliffs or walls from 1,000 to over 2,000 feet high, which are scantily covered with trees. To the southwest is Wizard Island, 835 feet high, circular in shape and thickly covered with timber. In the top of this is a crater—the *Witch's Caldron*—100 feet deep and 475 feet in diameter. It is supposed that this was the last smoking chimney of the once great volcano.

It is interesting to compare the measurements of altitude, area and depth of Crater Lake with like measurements of some of the other most noted bodies of water. Lake Baikal, in Siberia, is 54 by

365 in extent, 4,080 feet deep and 1,360 feet above the sea level. The Caspian Sea is 50 by 600 miles in extent, 3,600 feet deep, and 85 feet below the level of the sea. The Dead Sea is 10 by 45 miles in extent, 1,308 feet deep and 1,207 feet below the level of the ocean. Lake Tahoe, in California, is 12 by 20 miles in extent, 1,645 feet deep.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A PICTURESQUE NEWSGIRL.

She Attracts Much Attention—Womanly Pride at the Age of Six Years.

Despite the occasional vigilance of the Gerry Society's agents, one of the most industrious sellers of newspapers in the neighborhood of Broadway and Twenty-third street, New York, is a shabby-looking girl who probably hasn't passed her sixth birthday. She wears a red dress that was designed for a larger person, and during the warm weather she doesn't trouble herself to put on stockings. With a bundle of papers under her arm, she dodges under trucks and in front of cable cars with the skill that comes from a life spent in the streets. When business is dull and she crosses Broadway or Sixth avenue, her manner changes. She walks mincingly and holds up the ragged ends of her old red dress as carefully as if it had never degraded in the dust. Recently she has cut off the ragged bottom of her dress, thereby shortening it to her knees and thus improving it. In other little ways she was indicated that the female instinct to make the best of her personal appearance is moving in her, and yesterday afternoon she performed a toilet operation that attracted the attention of half a dozen people. When the significance of it became apparent the people who had been watching her looked at each other and smiled. She had just received her bundle of evening papers, and before offering them for sale withdrew from the crowd of newsboys that surrounded the delivery wagon and sat down on the curbstone near Thirty-second street Sixth avenue. She carefully tore off the margins of two papers and folded them together in a long thin strip. From a pocket in her old red dress she fished out a hairpin, which she closely inspected with pride. Several people had stopped to see what she was doing, but she was unconscious of their presence. She selected a side lock of hair that was about four inches long, and, after dampening it, she rolled it up in the thin strip of folded paper and fastened it with the hairpin. It was intended to be a curl if everything went well. Then she arose, straightened down her skirt, and with the single curl paper over the left ear she trotted down Sixth avenue, calling "Wextra! Wextra!" in a thin, small voice.—New York Sun.

THEY WERE CALLED DOWN.

A Party of Students Tackled a Clown and Took a High Fall.

An interesting episode occurred the other day at New Brunswick, N. J., when 100 or more Rutgers College students attempted to run a circus performance according to their own ideas. They gazed at the clown and he remonstrated, whereupon they gazed him all the more. The rest of the audience wished to see the performance and hissed the students, but the latter perished in their efforts to stop the show. Finally the patience of every one was exhausted. "You look like gentlemen," commented the clown. "Bravo," yelled the 100 students. "But do you intend to annoy these 2,000 women and children (wild cheering) who have paid to see this show (cheers)?" Have you no respect, have you no mothers or sisters?

(Loud cries of "No" from the students.) The clown stopped in despair. Suddenly he brightened up and yelled: "You needn't think you can run this show, even if you do wear 60c pants!" Then the audience yelled and cheered, and the clown, encouraged by the support, continued: "But don't be impatient, papa will send your board money next week." The students were quiet, but the rest of the audience shouted "Bravo."

Then the clown told a story. "I was standing at the station last night," he said, "when a young man was struck by a locomotive. His arm was knocked off, his leg twisted out of shape, his ribs knocked in, his head cut open and his brains scattered along the track. The doctor came past the man's arm on, straightened his leg mended his ribs and closed the gap in his head. The young man started off. Then the doctor discovered that he hadn't put the man's brains in his head. He yelled for him to come back, but the young man's friends said it wasn't necessary to bother about the brains, because he was going to college at New Brunswick, N. J." Everybody in the crowd cheered excepting the students. They were as meek as lambs, and during the remainder of the evening made themselves conspicuous by their quietness. Without an exception, it was the greatest and most successful "call down" the students have ever had.

Vari-colored Plate Glass.

In Le Montreux de la Ceramique et de la Verrierie an account is given of a new and attractive product, a glass plate of different colors—the manufacture of which is as follows: Upon a table provided with several rolls a certain quantity of glass is poured, which is leveled to the desired thickness either by moving the table or the lower roll. Upon this plate, before it has cooled off, another quantity of glass is poured, which, leveled with its respective roll, forms a second layer adhering perfectly to the first. If the two glass substances are of different colors, the plate obtained consists of glass of two colors, one upon the other, and a plate of more colors can be produced in the same way. By molding or pressing, letters or designs of any shape or dimensions can be represented, the impression being accomplished either by the fastening roll or another one running behind it, or still better by the vertical pressure of an engraved plate, or with cast designs and inscription.

TRY

SATINS.

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

SOLEMN JERUSALEM.

Trade and Commerce are Confronted to Life's Necessities.

Jerusalem is a city of surprises. It is, apart from its sacred associations, an intensely interesting spot, even to travelers who are already saturated with the hitherto unfamiliar and surprising charms of Cairo, Athens and Constantinople. Its size can best be expressed by the statement that the journey round the outside of its walls may be made by an ordinarily rapid walker in the space of an hour.

Its houses are small, irregular in shape, squalid and mean. Its streets, if streets they can be called, are not named or numbered; they are never cleaned, and in many instances are steep, crooked, narrow, roughly paved; and they are vaulted over by the buildings on each side of them. Never a pair of wheels traverse them, and rarely is a horse or donkey seen within the walls.

The halt, the maimed and the blind, the leprosy and the wretchedly poor, form the great bulk of the population of Jerusalem, and, with the single exception of the Hebrews, they are persistent and clamorous beggars.

Trade and commerce seem to be confined to the bare necessities of life and to dealers in beads and crucifixes. There is but one hotel and one Turkish merchant, who displays in his little windowless, doorless shop a small assortment of silver charms, trinkets and bric-a-brac to the gaze of the passer-by, and is almost the only shopkeeper who sells anything like luxuries in the place. His customers, of course, are the pilgrims who come to see, and not to worship. Jerusalem is unique as a city. Everything is serious and solemn and severe.

It has no clubs, no public houses, no beer gardens, no concert halls, no theaters, no lecture rooms, no places of amusement of any kind, no street bands, no wandering musicians, no wealthy or upper classes, no newspapers, no printing presses, no book shops, except one outside the walls for the sale of Bibles, no cheerfulness, no life. No one sings, no one sports, no one laughs in Jerusalem; even the children do not play.

ACOUSTIC SIGNALS.

They are not Always Effective or Reliable Except in Open Sea.

Acoustic signals are excellent in the open sea, and for indicating the approach of vessels to the coast in a fog, but unfortunately they are not always reliable, and it is now claimed that there are around them zones where the sound is not always heard at the sea-level.

Shipwrecked sea-captains have affirmed that the sirens that were sounding on the coast have at times ceased to blow, and they have accused the keepers of negligence.

In a communication to the Academy of Sciences the phenomena that has so long deceived everybody is duly set forth. It has been found that sirens are surrounded by a neutral zone, in which the sound is not heard at the sea level. This zone is more or less distant, according to the height of the siren on the coast, and it has a mean width of about 8,000 feet.

On the nearer side of this zone the sound is of course heard perfectly, but when it is traversed the sound weakens gradually till it becomes scarcely perceptible; then it increases again, and when the zone is left behind the sound resumes its full intensity. Experiments have been made on this subject with a steam-vessel, by causing it to approach or recede from a lightsip in different directions and in a straight line. In each course the sound was deadened almost completely in a zone whose central line was about 15,000 feet.—Cosmos.

Harmless Modern Weapons.

The deadliness of the modern weapon, as it is used in war, is all humbug. It is less deadly than a policeman's club or the remark shot from the mouth of a defeated candidate. The club fractures a skull once in awhile, and the defeated candidate's remark may hit a weak spot in his opponent's record, but the records of modern war show that only one leaden pellet in a thousand hits a living target.—Army Knox in Scranton Truth.

Origin of Petroleum.

The recent impetus given to the study of electric synthesis, produced by means of the intense heat of the electric furnace, has resulted in the production of several carbides besides that of calcium carbide, from which acetylene gas is obtained. One of these, the carbide of cerium, yields, when treated with water, petroleum, which would seem to confirm Mendeliev's hypothesis concerning the oil wells at Baku. About twenty years ago this celebrated chemist was laughed at for suggesting that the continuous formation deep down in the earth, due to the action of water in the

metallic carbides, and today we find that the carbide of cerium, which is one of the heavy metals supposed to exist in that situation, does not yield petroleum when treated with water.

HE DID NOT GO TO AUSTRALIA.

Nothing is easier than to recommend a man to go to Australia. A dozen words or so out of your mouth and you have done it. But for him to act on your advice—that is a gray horse of another color. You see, Australia is half-way round the world; and to pull up stakes here and go there—family, interests, and all—is a job no man takes in hand save for the strongest sort of reasons.

Yet this is what Mr. Emrys Morgan Price, grocer and tea merchant, of Trebald Road, Hafod, S. Wales, was advised to do by a doctor at Merthyr. Now, we don't say but that the result, if Mr. Price had gone, would have proved the doctor's judgement to be sound; but it happened Mr. Price came out all right in the end by just staying at home.

The facts are briefly these: In August, 1881, the customary cholera complaint took place at Abergavenny, and Mr. Price attended. In some way—he fails to state how, and it doesn't matter—he took cold and had a chill. When he arrived home at Dowllais he could scarcely breathe. To draw his lungs full of air was quite impossible. In fact, he felt as if he were suffocating. Of course, there was no more thought of singing; the question was one of getting breath enough to live on. He at once tried that good old-fashioned remedy, mustard plaster, putting them on his chest and perhaps on his back between the shoulder blades. They relieved him for the time, as we might expect. But mustard plasters do one thing no more. They draw some blood from the inflamed parts to the surface; that's all. When they have set up a bit of mild counter-irritation they are done; they don't get down to deep causes. And here there was a deep cause. We will point it out presently.

There was a constant whistling noise in his throat, he says. You hear it in children when they have croup. It means that the air passages are contracted and the breath has to pass violently through a small orifice. Disease has often strangled people to death that way. "Next," he says, "a violent cough set in. I coughed and spat up thick phlegm night and day." This meant more and worse inflammation, and shows us the spectacle of Nature trying to get rid of the product—the phlegm or mucus. But to cough night and day! Think of it. What becomes of a man's appetite and sleep? You can imagine. No wonder the doctor at Merthyr was anxious and suggested a change of climate.

Still, Mr. Price, as we have said, remained at home and consulted other physicians, one at Dowllais and one at Hafod. All the doctors agreed that their patient was suffering from acute bronchitis, and very properly treated him for that. Yet somehow their medicines failed to effect any real and radical good. That they were temporarily helpful we may not doubt. But, you see, bronchitis, once seated, is an obstinate and progressive ailment. It has a tendency to take up new ground and to get down on the lungs, the reason being that the lining of the air passages and of the lungs is all one thing. So an affection of any part of it, if not cured, spreads like fire in dry grass.

"A time went on," says Mr. Price, "I got weaker and weaker and my breathing became distressing to hear. All my friends thought I was in a consumption, and as a sister of mine had died of that complaint, I naturally felt alarmed. Indeed, one night in July, 1885, I was so bad that my wife thought I was dying."

Happily the lady was mistaken, yet death sometimes comes with fearful suddenness in that complaint, and her fear was very reasonable. At that time, please remember, our good friend had suffered about four years, and was in a state of low vitality. The whole body was feeble and exhausted, and there would have been nothing surprising in a fatal termination. But a better result was in store as we shall now see.

Mr. Price's letter, dated August 6th, 1893, concludes in these words: "Better and worse I continued in the power of this malady year after year, and had given all hope of ever getting better. In February, 1887, after having endured it 5½ years I read of a person at Pontypool having been cured of the same thing by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a supply of it and in a few days I felt relief. I kept on with it and gradually improved. In six months I caught had left me and I was a well man. Since then I have been sound as a bell. If you like you may publish my statement and I will answer any inquiries." (Signed) Emrys Morgan Price.

Good! That is pleasant and cheering to hear. One word—an important word. Bronchitis, pneumonia, rheumatism, gout, nervous disorder, liver complaint, kidney trouble, and most of our familiar diseases are caused by poison in the blood; and the poison is produced by stomach fermentation, indigestion, and dyspepsia. Consumption itself comes in the same way. Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup drives out the poison and stops the manufacture of more. That's why it cured Mr. Price and will cure anybody.

Socialists in Paris are urged to use no soap save that made by a socialist co-operative association.