

Sunday Reading.

The Last Evil to Overcome.

The love of self in our natural good is the last evil that is overcome, and when the Lord would tell us of this He wrote in His great book of the soul that only Og, king of Bashan, remained of the remnant of giants. St. Paul expressed the same truth when he wrote: "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." For the love of self is essential death, and is the last of the race of giants to be destroyed. But it is the loving purpose of the Lord to regenerate the whole natural mind. Not only to teach its intellectual side to look up to Him and His Word as the source of all intelligence, but to destroy the reign of the Og of self-love in the good inheritance of the natural mind, and thus to bring the whole region of the natural affections to look to Him as the source of all good.

The Glory of God.

"God's glory will be increased the more we develop according to His purpose. Those glorify Him that most who are working most efficiently according to His design. God has set us in the world; He has established the course of nature, in the midst of which we are moving, and His glory is accomplished the more we fulfill His purpose and carry on the work to which he has called us. If we are to aim at this one object of glorifying God and doing His will we must set aim at one particular way according to the particular gift and character and endowments He has bestowed upon us. Let each put before himself the fact that he has a particular calling to which he has been directed by God, and let him fulfill that calling to the best of his ability."—The Dean of Ripon.

Live by the Bible.

He who believes in the Bible and follows its directions as to his conduct in life cannot fail to see that the heaven to which he is going is a goodly land. When he gets there he will know more about it than he can know here. But while here he will know enough by faith to transport his soul with the most exalted hopes, and make him content to leave this world whenever it shall please his heavenly Father to call him to the higher and better world. Thrice happy the man, and as wise as happy, who makes the bible practically sufficient to train his action, and lives for heaven in the light of what it teaches.

Understanding the Christian Religion.

The Christian religion is just coming to be understood. We are learning that all things true are Christian, and that Christianity includes all things pertaining to right living, and that the mission of Christ was to give man his freedom—not to build up institutions, frame theories, to teach social theories—but to aid man to reach the highest intellectual, moral and spiritual life attainable in the time and amid the environment where God has placed him. When His disciples shall have learned this, then shall the Lord have come again.

The Evils of Prosperity.

Prosperity begets self-satisfaction and self-confidence. God and His favors do not seem so indispensable when we feel that we have all the world can supply, and the danger of growing forgetful of Him is very great. This by no means implies that the soul which is increased with the world's goods may not be an uncompromising Christian, but only that prosperity tests one's higher life at every point, and that those who have weathered all the "shals" of ebb tide may be swept out to sea and lost on the rising waves of the flood tide.

Needless Misery.

Much of our misery is needless. Even where it cannot be helped, we make it worse by our worries. The affliction is embittered and intensified by gloomy thoughts and feelings which we inject into it, and by our refusal to accept the tender of compensating grace. Favoring providences are lost sight of in the imaginary ills. Life abounds in cheer, and, if we want to, we can get more sunshine than cloud out of it. Christian philosophy begets the hopeful and triumphant soul which sings amidst the storm.

Follow Duty.

This truth comes to us more and more the longer we live, that on what field or in what uniform or with what arms we do our duty matters very little, or what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure. Only to follow our duty certainly, and somewhere, somehow, do it faithfully, makes us good, strong, happy and useful men, and tunes our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Faith.

All human knowledge, all human affection, is built on faith. Faith is the eye and the ear of the soul. All history is with us a matter of faith. The farmer sows his seed by faith, and largely by faith a man prospers in business. Business is based on faith. Faith makes natural business inescapably possible; faith binds together the church, the nation, and the family.—Bishop Arnold.

Grains of Gold.

One may live as a conqueror, a king or a magistrate, but he must die as a man. Do not lose the present in vain perplexities about the future. If fortune favors today, she may smile tomorrow.

He that does not know those things which are of use for him to know is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides. The child's first experiences remain with him permanently. The first color, the first music, the first flower, make up the foreground of his life.

Little things often change the current of life. A moment's temper has often severed a friendship which might have lasted a lifetime. An unkind and hasty word has left a mark which death seems scarcely to have erased.

Let a man but admit his ignorance and be willing to learn; there is always hope for him. It is for those alone who are invincibly ignorant of their own ignorance that there exists no prospect whatever of intellectual salvation.

The man whose heart is set on things perishable loses all when they perish. As long as love has a drop of blood left, it has something it is willing to give up.

The better a man is pleased with himself, the better the devil is pleased with him.

The devil will get a hard blow in the face, on the day woman is given the ballot.

If some people would think twice before they speak, they would keep still most of the time.

There would be more revivals, if more of the preaching were done to the sinners in the church.

God's children are the only people who have a place of refuge at all hours.

To license the saloon is to consent for the devil to stay loose.

Many are more anxious to be considered right than to be right.

Filling the mine with knowledge never takes any sin out of the heart.

Eligence may sometimes provoke righteous indignation, but it cannot produce righteousness of life.

God has filled the world with teachers for those who will learn.

The devil has an arm around the neck of the man who lives an aimless life.

David had longer arms than Goliath, by knowing how to use a sling.

Faith always builds its house on the rock.

A faithful trial of God's word will always prove that he is in it.

The most dangerous place for a Christian is to be where he doesn't feel the need of Christ.

No man can overcome himself without the help of Christ.

Whatever we ought to do we may expect God's help to do.

More mountains would be moved if there were more people with faith as a grain of mustard seed.

Association at Home.

In a recent sermon, Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston, said:

"No boy, no girl, can ever come to be utterly bad who remembers only love and tenderness and unselfishness and sweetness as associated with father and mother in the old time home. Give them manly and womanly example, give them training, give them the inspiration of devoted things. Do not care so much as to whether you are accumulating money, so that you can leave them a fortune. I really believe that the chances are against that of being a blessing for a boy. But leave them an accumulated fortune of memories and inspirations and examples and hopes, so that they are rich in brain and heart and soul and service. Then, if you happen to leave them the fortune besides, if they have all these, the fortune will be shorn of its possibility of evil, and will become an instrument of higher and nobler good."

Peace and Righteousness.

There is, if not a higher thought than peace, yet one which necessarily precedes and makes its permanence possible and desirable. Righteousness and truth are the only firm foundation of peace. Let us not deceive ourselves that peace at any price is to be wished for. Let the justice of the people be directed toward justice and the best and the speediest means of securing it. Even although our interests may temporarily suffer and our ease and comfort be disturbed, it is better thus than that wrong should prevail and evil be permitted to advance unchecked. Let us have peace in our fervent prayer, but none the less strong and ardent is our hope that righteousness and justice shall be established.

Pictures in the Mind.

Eyes and ears are the camera to photograph permanent pictures on the sensitive plate of the mind for active life and you are the responsible operator.

See to it that no impure picture occupies any space in God's gallery of soul paintings to make it the devil's inferno of vice for memory's book of life. If you do not, death's skull and bones will end your career here and hereafter in pictures transformed into character facts, as fixed as the stars.

TAPESTRY TREASURES.

A NEW ROUDOIR HUNG WITH GORGEOUS TAPESTRIES.

Mrs. Astor Owns Rare Egyptian Hangings and Other Ladies Possess the Worth of Many a King's Ransom in Splendid Specimens of Antique Needlework.

(Special Correspondence to FANCY.)

NEW YORK, May 8.—Apropos to tapestry, among the most beautiful and costly decorations of C. P. Huntington's new house on Fifth avenue, of which he has just taken possession, are the tapestries, hung in hall and dining room. There are Gobelin and Aubusson tapestries, and while most of them are originals, a few are replicas of famous hangings which adorn the walls of old castles and palaces of Europe.

Opening from Mrs. Huntington's boudoir is the tapestry room, which is almost as beautiful as that famous apartment in the old palace of the Knights of Malta.

The walls are entirely covered with splendid needle work pictures some sixteen in number. Richly carved furniture, upholstered in crimson velvet, complete the furnishings of the tapestry room.

Other New York members of the Croes family—the Elbridge Gerrys, for instance, and the Phelps Sticks, own many of the famous tapestries; some are so old that they are almost on the eve of dissolution but like an ancient ruin, the older the better. You then cherish the



MRS. HUNTINGTON'S TAPESTRY ROOM.

delusion that it has descended to you from a long line of ancestors.

In Mrs. Astor's splendid new mansion are also magnificent examples of tapestries, particularly of Brussels tapestry—the silk and gold point as it is called; and some of the very oldest of her hangings are said to be replicas of Egyptian tapestries, seldom seen nowadays. So old is the art of making tapestry that it is spoken of in the Bible, and probably the making of these delightful stuffs originated somewhere in the shadow of the pyramids.

"I have woven my bed with cords, I have covered it with painted tapestry,

Principles Makes the Man.

Behind all character there are enduring principles, and it is by these principles, handed on from sire to son, but developed for the first time sometimes by him in whom they are illustrated, that greatness is nurtured and the truest kingship achieved. We see now and then, men of the humble lineage, as the world reckons such things, who mount to the loftiest eminence from the lowliest and most obscure beginnings, and we see all along, in the history of such men, certain dominant aspirations, courage and majesty of rectitude, which rule and mould them from the beginning. Such men, whatever their origin seem to be born of great truths and nurtured by grand ideas. By these their intellects were nourished, their wills disciplined and their consciences enlightened.

Misunderstanding God.

We misunderstand each other—it would be strange if we did not often misunderstand the ways of God. The essential thing is that we should be at rest in heart in the remembrance that it is impossible that He should misunderstand us or judge us hastily or harshly. It is when our minds are most perturbed that we are inclined to quarrel with His dealings, and then (if we will but stop to consider it) our opinion is not valuable. As one who waits for a cloudless day to estimate the genial warmth of the sun, we must wait for the clearing of our clouds of doubt before we imagine that we know the purpose of God's love.

Patience With Others.

He who walks through life with an even temper and a gentle patience, patient with himself, patient with others, patient with difficulties and crosses—he has an every day greatness beyond that which is won in battle or chancel in cathedrals.—Dr. Dewey.

It Unites all Graces.

Love is like the diamond—pure, white. Other graces shine like the precious stones of nature, each with its own hue of brilliance, the diamond uniting all colors with one beautiful and simple white. Love uniting all graces is the fulfilling of the law, the beauty of holiness, the image of God

brought from Egypt," says the woman in the Book of Proverbs.

An authority on the subject of tapestries, Mr. Guiz, says that from Egypt, through Western Asia, the art of tapestry making found its way to Europe, and was followed in France, Germany, England, Italy, and Spain. Monks were among the best workers at this, and the walls and altars of their convents were hung with tapestry; trade guilds were formed in France and ancient Flanders, and several places won special fame, but as an outcrop them all, so that "Aras work," "Aras-hangings" or "Arasze," came to be a common word, meaning all sorts of tapestry woven by hand.

It is but one among other terms by which, during the middle ages, tapestry was called wherever it was made, for during the 14th and 15th centuries, Aras was the city from whence came the most important tapestries. They stood for all that was richest in color and choicest in material.

We all know what an important part Aras hangings used to play in old novels—indeed a story without its tapestry covered walls were very tame indeed.

The famous Gobelin tapestries originated with a family named Gobelin. Jehan of Rheims, towards the middle of the fifteenth century, founded on the banks of the river Bièvre, a dyehouse which became celebrated and brought to its proprietors a fortune.

TRY

SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., Ltd., St. Stephen, N. B.

ONE THOUSAND LLAMAS LADEN WITH GOLD.

Who doesn't like to read about buried treasure? Who hasn't dreamed of finding it? What delight suddenly to possess vast riches? Shining gold, sparkling gems! Things for which we have not been obliged to toilsome toil; that will free us from all need of scheming or toiling thereafter! Ah, let us not indulge such fancies. They make work seem like slavery and wages like pinches of common dust. Yet that such hidden masses of wealth exist there is no doubt. But where are they?

About four centuries ago the Emperor of Peru was a captive in the hands of the Spaniards. His people sent a train of 1,000 llamas (a small beast of burden resembling a camel) laden with gold to ransom him. While on their way, crossing the Andes mountain, the men in charge of the expedition heard of the death of the Emperor, and concealed this enormous treasure so effectually that not a trace of it has ever been found. Go and dig it up, and you will never again feel the sting of poverty.

But clap the brakes down hard on the wheels of your imagination. What was money to Robinson Crusoe? What would the wealth of Peru have been to Mrs. Jane Stranks, during a certain period of eighteen months that she tells about? Dust, my dear fellow, countless pinches of common dust. Here is the reason why—once more picture to that fatal furnace in which all earthly desires are melted into one prayer—"Oh, God, deliver me from pain!"

"In June, 1891," she says, "I had an attack of influenza, followed by bronchitis, which left me very low and feeble. I had no appetite, and the little food I forced myself to take gave me pain and palpitation of the heart. I had a weary, sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach and was obliged to fight for my breath. I had a continuous hacking cough, and spat up quantities of thick phlegm. Later on I had gouts all over me, as it were, my hands, face, and legs being puffed up, and was in agony day and night. I became so weak I could not raise my hand to my mouth, and had to be fed."

"For months I lay perfectly helpless and almost lifeless, having to be lifted in and out of bed. Four doctors attended me for nine months without effect. Then they told me they could do nothing for me, one of them giving me a letter of recommendation to Guy's Hospital. At Easter, 1892, my husband took me in a cab to that hospital, and I was placed in the Miriam Ward, and examined by several doctors."

"At this time a hard substance seemed to have formed in my stomach, which the doctors said was a tumor, and treated me for it. I got weaker and weaker, until one night the nurse told me that the doctors had said I was as bad as I could be, and would not probably live through the night."

"The nurse placed a screen around my bed, expecting me to die."

"Taking a slight turn for the better, I returned home, but was soon as bad as ever. After this I got a letter of recommendation from our landlord, and attended as an out-patient at Victoria Park Hospital. After being under treatment a month, I lost all faith in medicine and gave up taking it. I was now little more than a living misery. I was tired of life, and often prayed that the Almighty would take me. I now had fits of shaking so bad that the bed trembled under me. My head was so full of pain that I thought I was going mad, and several times a day I lost consciousness."

"In this dreadful condition I lingered on until November of last year, 1892, when a book was left at our house telling of a medicine called Seigel's Syrup. I had lost all hope of getting well, but my husband would have me try this medicine. To please him I did so; and after taking it a few days, I felt a little relief. My breathing was easier and my appetite revived. Continuing with the medicine all pain gradually left me, and I gained strength daily. In six weeks I was able to go about the house and do light work, the first time I had done anything in eighteen months. I am now in good health, and able to do any kind of work. I owe my life to Seigel's Syrup, and my case to be made known."

(Signed) Jane Stranks, 22, Gaywood Road, Hoe Street, Walthamstow, near London, April 20, 1893.

No words of comment can be too strong for a case so remarkable. We stand before it at a loss what to say. It is not a miracle, of course; although many a reputed miracle has been less wonderful. How is it possible that Seigel's Syrup could, with such apparent ease, have restored to health a person in so desperate a straits? Yet that it did restore her is certain. The facts have been thoroughly investigated and established beyond a dispute. Mrs. Stranks was on the crumbling edge of the grave, and was thence brought back to the region of health, activity, and enjoyment. How was it done? There is the simple secret. The influenza left her whole system debilitated, as it usually does. Indigestion—which in the first place invited influenza—attacked her with increased power. Asthma, heart disturbance, nervous prostration, the inflamed and congested stomach, which was mistaken for a tumor, etc., etc.—all results and symptoms of arrested digestion—followed. The private and also the hospital treatment failed, because it was directed to the symptoms, not to the cause. Finally, Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup was ap-

plied to, and responded by setting the digestive function in operation, expelling the poison from the blood, and placing Mrs. Stranks at the head of her house, a sacred woman. But it was a marvel all the same.

As to that pile of treasure hidden in the Andes. We should like to have it. Oh yes. No use saying we shouldn't. But as between it and health—give us health. For what would gold have been to Mrs. Stranks the night she lay behind the screen—given up to die? Ask yourself that question.

Revealed.

We are told that nothing ages us so fast as anger. Once an actress got in a rage with Perrin, the Paris manager, and gave him a fifteen minutes' tongue-lashing. "My dear Perrin," said Febvre when told of it, "what did you do?" "Nothing," replied Perrin. "I said nothing—and watched her grow old."

The Missing Link.

Customer—"What a lovely hat! And yet it seems to lack something. What is it?" Miller—"A head, madam."

DEATH FROM DELAY.

A Life Lost by Heart Disease When Prompt Measures Would Have Saved It.

This is not to be said of one death from heart disease only, but of tens of thousands. If the symptoms that warn one of heart trouble are not heeded, the outcome is almost sure to be serious. When one is fortunate enough to be acquainted with the merits of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart in 95 per cent. of cases disaster is averted. This medicine will positively give relief in half an hour's time, and taken with some little degree of perseverance radically cures. If your heart palpitates, flutters or tires out easily, and you value life, use this remedy.

More Convenient.

"He told me that he had read my poems by the fireside," said Scribb. "Very likely," said Cynicus. "He can throw 'em in without getting up."

Useful at Last.

"You should have seen how regally Miss Do Frivolous swept down the avenue yesterday!" "Well that's the first time I ever heard of a girl doing anything useful."

CONTENTS OF THE BOTTLE.

Where a Rheumatic sufferer Was Cured With One Bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure.

The cures effected by South American Rheumatic Cure are so quick and certain that they may well be termed marvellous. The secret is that the medicine removes from the system the acids that are really the cause of rheumatism. W. H. Cooper, of Delhi, Ont., says: "My son, 15 years old, was a sufferer from rheumatism for six months. He became so bad that he was unable to walk. I purchased one bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Byers, our local druggist, and the following day he was able to drive a load of wood to Delhi." Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Odds and Ends.

It never rains but it leaks. Mexico needs immigrants. Hot lemonade is good for colds. Cactin exports 12,000,000 fars every year.

Golden opportunities fly by, but they fly swift.

Soft hands indicate a character lacking energy and force.

There are over 70 miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock of Gibraltar.

The devil has no fault to find with the man who is in love with himself.

It is estimated that 32,000 varieties of goods are manufactured from wool.

Two hundred and seventy-two textile mills were erected in this country in 1892.

The father of Spohr, the great violinist, was a country doctor with small practice.

Major Andre's sword is in possession of a German named Riepe, living in Avondale, N. J.

MUST BE DISSOLVED.

Kidney Disease Cannot be Cured by Pills or Powder.—The Common Cause of Science.

For a disordered stomach or a sick headache pills and powders are not without effect, but when these same remedies are said to cure kidney disease, the common cause of science rebukes the claim. The insidious and growing disease will not be driven from the system unless a medicine is given that will dissolve the hard substance—uric acid and oxalate of lime—that give rise to the distress and pain that is common to all who suffer from kidney complaint. South American Kidney Cure is a kidney specific. It dissolves these hard substances, and while it dissolves it also heals. The cures effected leave no question of its powers.—Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.