

Sunday Reading.

OUR DEBTS TO POSTERITY.

The Proper Training of the Children as one of the Most Important.

And Moses said unto the Lord, Wherefore hast Thou afflicted Thy servant, and wherefore have I not found favor in Thy sight, that Thou layest the burden of all this people upon me?—Numbers 11, 11.

I wish to bring before you to-day, with a very special emphasis, the debt we owe posterity. In my text we find Moses complaining that God had greatly afflicted him, because he had laid upon his shoulders the burden of caring for a mighty people. This was surely a moment when Moses forgot how great a blessing it is to have a wide and lasting influence in the world. We look back to him and say: "How signally Moses was blessed in being made the leader of a host whose after-history was to be so potential in the shaping of nations." But if ever a man or a class of men approached the usefulness of Moses it is in the case of those who live in America at this crisis of commerce and history, and are permitted to lead even so small a portion of the national host that is marching on to the conquest of the Promised Land of the twentieth century! If you are burdened with the thought of your responsibility in having so great a people as the American States on your thought and prayer, I would inspire you a little this morning by pointing out what the certain fruits of your toils and petitions will be: If any of you happen to be careless of the debt you owe to those who come after, I would place the matter in quite a new light before you. To do this I greatly need the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and for that I do most devoutly pray.

We owe a debt first of all, and as men, human beings, to our children. To this extent, at least, we acknowledge that we are responsible for the welfare and right-doing of posterity. One of the quoted things of Daniel Webster is this: When once he was asked, "What is the most important thought you ever entertained?" he replied, after a moment's reflection, "The most important thought I ever entertained was my individual responsibility to God!" And Webster might have said that, next to that, the most solemn thought the mind can harbor is our responsibility to our children. Into our hands are committed practically all the items of their future. We put language into their mouths, imaginations into their brains, motives into their hearts, all the issues of life into their composition at the time when they are unable to judge and incapable of forgetting. How are you training your children? Are you bringing them up as house plants, carefully sheltered from all draughts and sudden chills of the world, or are you trying to prepare them for the inevitable time when they will have to face the rude blasts, and so inuring them to hardships? Are you making them home bred or self-bred, mother-reliant or self-reliant, weakly dependent or strongly independent? The object of training is to teach the child to take care of himself, but many people use their children only as a kind of spool on which to reel off their own experience, and they are bound and coddled until they perish by insanity or break all bonds and cords and rush to ruin by reaction. There is a startling truth in this, and as Alexander the Great developed a puissant army by taking children into his warlike camps and having them trained to handle arms even while they were in their swaddling clothes, so should parents foster innocence rather than ignorance, opposition to sin rather than obsequiousness, of stoic, bold freedom of thought rather than mere mimicry. If this were done our obligation to our children would be more largely met, and our posterity would grow better as the years pass, just as the coral becomes clearer in crystallization as it grows, and the diamond, built upon the graves of the millions of its predecessors, it comes at length near the surface, where the salt spray blows. More than one unfaithful parent has felt the millions of remorse around his neck, recalling the words of Christ about causing "one of these little ones to offend."—William J. Harrison.

Religious Denominations.

There are 143 distinct denominations in the United States, besides independent churches and miscellaneous congregations. The total of communicants of all denominations is 20,612,868, who belong to 165,177 organizations or congregations. These congregations have 164,282 edifices, which have sittings for 43,564,863 persons. The value of all church property used exclusively for purposes of worship is \$679,630,139. There are 111,086 regular ministers, not including lay preachers. There are five bodies which have more than one million of communicants, and ten more than 500,000. The leading denominations have communicants in round numbers as follows: Catholic, 6,250,000; Methodist, 4,600,000; Baptist, 3,725,000; Presbyterian, 1,280,322; Lutheran, 1,280,000; Protestant Episcopal, 640,000. A study of the details of the statistics develops some apparently strange results. Out of a total of 180,000 Jewish communicants, the Reform exceeded the Orthodox by 15,000. There are 13,500 Russian Orthodox, 100 Greek Orthodox, and 10,850 Greek Catholics. The Salvation Army has 8742 members enrolled, and the Christian Scientists just 18 less than that number. The denomination of "Editorial Culture" has a membership of 1064, while the "Altruist" is able to show but 25 followers. The members of the Theosophical Society aggregate 695.

In number of communicants and value of church property, New York leads and Pennsylvania follows, but in the number of organizations and church edifices Pennsylvania is first and Ohio second. The increase in value of church property since 1870 has been \$326,146,558, or nearly 92 per cent, while the number of churches

has increased 92 per cent; the increase in the number of organizations is 126 per cent.

AS THE LEAF CHANGETH.

Nature is Full of Hints and Prophecies of the Life Beyond the World.

Every "sere and yellow leaf" falling to the ground, every tree standing stripped and bare, every gusty wind and barren field preaches of universal human decay, says Rev. J. L. Campbell. They each tell us that generations of men, like the foliage of successive summers, are fast passing away. Where are the mighty nations of the past—Egypt, Persia, Babylon, Greece and Rome, that rose and flourished with such power and pride? Faded and gone like the falling leaf. Where are the cities they built, and the solid walls which arose in their strength, and the glittering armies which marched forth from under their gates of brass? Where the poets that sang, the kings that ruled nations, the statesmen that swayed senates, the mighty men of war beneath whose tread the continents trembled? Faded away like the leaf. So, too, of the most massive piles that are going up everywhere around us. The tooth of time will grow them up. They must perish at last. All human greatness must crumble away.

Nature is full of hints and prophecies of life beyond. Every seed that drops into the ground "is not quickened except it die," but from death it comes forth into a new life. This is Paul's own illustration (1 Cor. XV 36, 37.) Every harvest on every field waves golden promise that we shall rise again. Every blade of grass, thrilled with the pulses of spring after the long, cold winter, is a prediction of things to come. As the flowers that bloom upon the earth are, as Longfellow has it, "emblems of the resurrection, emblems of the better land." The worm passes into its chrysalis tomb, and at the call of God comes forth with its glorified body, a beautiful butterfly. Night is but the death of day and morning its resurrection. And here the argument: When resurrection is so insignificant a matter with God that He gives it to the faded leaf and the shrunken seed and a worm in the ground, shall He refuse it to us, who are the purchase of Christ's agony, and who are joint heirs with Him to His resurrection glory? Nay, more, if He can take an ungodly bulb or a shrivelled grain, or a dry withered root, and transform any of them and cause them to break forth and bloom in robes of beauty fairer than all the splendor of Solomon, if that marvel takes place before our very eyes—what must the glory of resurrection be when we shall be like Him and see him as he is? "We shall shine forth as the sun by and by."

I lay my dearest earthly friend, my brother, in the tomb. What is this death? Oh, cruel grave, thou hast robbed me, thou hast bereaved me, thou hast crushed me. Must I never see his face again? Back from the Christian sepulchre returns the radiant answer: "Thy brother shall rise again." "In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet; for the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised incorruptible and we shall be changed." Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

Grave, the guardian of our dust,
Grave, the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.

Fashion in Old Jerusalem.

As far back as seven centuries before the Christian era there were very gayly dressed women in Jerusalem. The prophet Ezekiel tells of them. They had garments of silk adorned with brocaded work, their bodies were swathed in fine linen; they had shoes of badger skin. They wore ornaments of gold and silver, rings in the ears, bracelets on the wrists, a chain around the neck, a jewel over the brow, and a crown upon the head.

The prophet speaks of the earrings which were worn by the women of Jerusalem; but these ornaments were worn by Jewesses ages before the time of Ezekiel, even in the days of Moses, and even today. There were earrings among the other gifts in the oblation given to Moses, as described in the book of Numbers. The first biblical reference to them is in the part of Genesis which tells how Rebekah obtained as a gift a "golden earring of half a shekel weight," from Abraham's servant, who "put it upon her face." At a later period the patriarch Jacob procured all the earrings which belonged to his household and hid them under an oak tree. Subsequently to that time earrings are frequently spoken of in the Bible. Even Job, the patient man of Uz, must have owned a lot of them, for the latter part of his life, for when all his brethren and all his sisters and all his acquaintances came to comfort him under his afflictions, "every one of them gave him an earring of gold."

In the very early periods of Jewish history women seem to have been as fond of dress and decorations as they are in modern times. When the daughters of Jerusalem were appalled and bewildered in the way described by Ezekiel, their garments and ornaments must have been nearly as expensive as those of the grand dames who now shine in society. The wearing of "divorcement," however, does not seem to have been a mark of honor.

Religion Belongs to Man.

Religion is the mother of all religions, not the child. The White City is not the parent of architecture, architecture is the parent of the White City. And the temple and the priests and rituals that cover this round globe of ours have not made a religion; they have been born of the religion that is inherent in the soul. Religion is not the exceptional gift of exceptional geniuses. It is not what men have sometimes thought it, a thing that is not to be, a thing that belongs to a favored few great men. It is the universal characteristic of humanity. It belongs to man as man. Religion is not a somewhat that has been conferred upon

him by any supernatural act of irresistible grace, either upon an elect few or an elect many. Still less is it a somewhat that has been conferred upon a few, so that the many, strive never so hard to conform their lives to the light of nature, unless aided by some supernatural or extraordinary acts of grace, can never attain to it. Religion belongs to man and is inherent in man.—Dr. Lyman Abbott.

THE TRUE WEALTH OF JOB.

Questions in the Book That Have Only Been Partially Answered as Yet.

"There was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job, and that man was perfect and upright; one that feared God and eschewed evil. And there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters. His substance also was 7,000 sheep and 3,000 camels, 500 yokes of oxen and 500 she asses, and a very large household, so that that man was the greatest of all the men of the East." Job i, 1-3.

This is a wonderful story of the world's young morning; a story to be pondered by thoughtful men through all the years of time. It is full of grave, deep lessons that the world has been ages learning and has not yet learned them any too well. There are questions asked in the book of Job that have only been partially answered yet, because every age has its own answer, out of its own experience to these questions concerning God, and good and evil, and sorrow and prayer, and hope and patience. We are asked to gaze upon the sublime picture of a man looking up to heaven through the storm of complicated disaster and saying: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." The man who could say that and mean it was rich in a wealth compared with which his silver and gold, his horses and lands, and his servants, and his household, and his true wealth was not in the abundance of his possessions. These material forms of wealth have a very rare faculty of taking to themselves wings and flying away. There is nothing as capricious as wealth; that is, the wealth that consists of only of the seen and the material. A millionaires can be changed to the millionaire into a bankrupt. That tide is turning every day, and every newspaper bears the record of such changes. Job's true wealth was in his faith, his patience, and his hope. A man who trusts in God, who hopes in his mercy, and who can wait his time, is rich though all the banks should break and all the gold grow dim. What sublime faith Job had! What hope! "I know that my Redeemer (vindicator) liveth. He will vindicate me. I will bide my time. Though he slay me, yet will I trust him. Here is the true wealth that abides forever."

The process of character-formation goes on through the action and interaction of many forces. The totality of a life, as a moment, is the product mainly of little things. Trifling choices, insignificant exercises of will, unimportant acts often repeated, things seemingly of small account—these are the thousand tiny sculptors that are carving away constantly at the rude block of giving it shape and feature. Indeed, the formation of character is much like the work of an artist in stone. The sculptor takes a rough, unshapen mass of marble and with strong rapid, strokes of mallet and chisel quickly brings into view the rude outline of his design, but after the outline appears, then it shapes hours, days, perhaps even years, of patient, minute labor. A novice might see no change in the statue from one day to the other; for though the chisel touches the stone a thousand times, it touches as lightly as the fall of a raindrop, but each touch leaves a mark. A friend of mine, an Anglo called on the great artist while he was finishing a statue; some days afterward he called again, and the sculptor was still at the same task. The friend, looking at the statue, exclaimed: "Have you been idle since I saw you last?"

"By no means," replied Angelo, "I have retouched this part, and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to the lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "all these are trifles."

"It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifles." So it is with the shaping of character; each day brings us under the play of innumerable little influences. Every one of these influences does its work for good or ill; and all do their work through self-consent. By-and-by appears the full and final result.—Rev. Philip S. Moxon.

False Christianity.

There is false Christianity, which may be termed anti-Christ, for it is in any anti-Christ it is this, which has brought reproach on the name of Christianity itself. It is this false Christianity which fails to recognize the needs of others and centers itself on individual salvation, neglecting what the apostle James called "pure and undefiled religion"—namely, ministration to one's fellows. The social life of this land of ours would proclaim the value of Christianity, if it could in its true sense be called a Christian land. But we cannot be such a land. We do not attempt to carry out the principles of fraternity, and any claim that we do is mere ignorance or pretense—hypocrisy of the kind condemned by Christ in the strongest language. It does not avail us to make long prayers while we neglect widows and orphans in need. He who did this in the time of Christ violated the principles of national brotherhood. He who does so now violates the principles of universal brotherhood.—Professor R. T. Ely.

Missionary on a Wheel.

That wonderful invention of these modern days, the bicycle, is working great economic changes. It is revolutionizing the mode of travel, and even local life in some places. An American missionary in India writes: "My touring has been much facilitated by a

bicycle. Whole villages turned out to see the 'foot carriage.' Some are much astonished at the speed of the machine. Others think it ought to go faster. I am frequently asked whether the propelling power comes from my feet or my hands. Wherever I go, I find plenty of people willing to come and listen to my preaching, if they can only catch a glimpse of the horse that needs neither grass nor grain."

Converse With God.

Who will say that any man ever sincerely chose any religion for any other than a good purpose? It is incredible. And before the spectacle of an immortal soul seeking for and communing with its God all hostilities must cease. No missile must be discharged. All the anger and furies must wait on that mood and fact, or worship, for an immortal soul talking with God is greater than a king. And while we wait in this divine silence let us read the profound and befitting word which heaven has vouchsafed to the people of the Orient, and which has been preserved to us through the ages in one of the sacred Books of the East. The great deity said to the inquiring Arana concerning the many forms of worship: "Whichever form of deity any worshiper desires to worship with faith to that form I render his faith steady. Possessed of that faith, he seeks to propitiate the deity in that form, and he obtains from it those beneficial things which he desires, though they are really given by me."—Dr. E. Rexford.

Advice to Young Converts.

Count on victory in the name of Christ. Determine to make a success of your Christianity, if you have to fail at everything else.

Be a Bible Christian; a prayer meeting and a prayer loving Christian.

So live that all who come near you will know that you find it a joy to know Christ.

Let it become the fixed habit of your life to do something for God wherever you go.

If you are a banker be a Christian one, and if you are a blacksmith, be a better one than a man without grace could be.

Be a willing worker, and a faithful witness for the Master everywhere.

Depend much on Christ, and don't worry about things you can't help.—"Rim's Horn."

A Message From God.

"It riches increase set not your heart upon them." Psalm 62: 10.

NEAR THE DARK VALLEY.

A YOUNG GIRL RESCUED FROM AN EARLY GRAVE.

Pale, listless and weak, the Victim of a Hacking Cough, She Was Apparently 'Going Into a Rapid Decline.'—A Case of Deep Interest to Every Mother in the Land.

(From the Cornwall Standard.)

It is now a common thing in this locality to hear people acknowledge the wonderful benefit they have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it is not to be wondered at that the druggists find the sale of this remarkable medicine so large and yet constantly increasing. We would give any number of instances of splendid results following the use of Pink Pills, but so many of these are well known to our readers as to need recapitulation. However, now and again a case of more than usual interest arises, and we will give the particulars of one of these for the benefit of the public at large. Some years ago a young girl of 14, a daughter of Mr. Leon Dore, a well known and respected resident of Cornwall, began to show serious symptoms, and caused her mother great anxiety. She was just at the critical period of her life, and medical aid was called in and everything done to help her. But i-

again called on Mrs. Dore and read it to her, asking her if it was entirely correct. She replied that she would like to give even stronger expression to her appreciation of this wonderful medicine. She further said that Pink Pills had greatly helped herself. She had been suffering from the effects of an attack of la grippe, and the Pink Pills had restored her to health. Her daughter also expressed her gratitude for the extraordinary change this medicine had wrought in her health.

In the case of young girls who are pale and listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood, and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, correcting suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness.

Manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and sold in boxes (reper in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. May be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company at either address.

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or any two numbers of which 6, 7 or 8 formed a part, for he could not call them to his mind. Other numbers he knew well. He could no longer tell time by the watch. For a week after the onset of the disease he did not recognize his surroundings. On going out for the first time the streets of the city no longer seemed familiar; on coming back he did not know his own house. After a few weeks, however, all his memories had returned excepting those of the letters and figures named; but as the loss of these put a stop to his reading and to all his business life, the small defect of memory was to him a serious thing. Experience has shown that such a defect is due to a small area of disease in one part of the brain. Such cases are not uncommon, and illustrate the separateness of our various memories and their dependence upon the sound brain.—The Interior.

Was a Good Little Girl.

Sweet little Lucy Browne is a Walnut street tot, who is the idolized baby of a well-to-do and Christian family. The dear little thing attends church and Sunday school regularly, and her health and morals are closely watched by gentle and loving parents. One bright afternoon, not many weeks ago, Lucy was taking a walk with her big brother Charles. Lucy was very happy. Her mamma had given her five cents to buy ice cream, a luxury of which she was very fond, and the eyes of the demure little dear sparkled in anticipation. Suddenly the sunshine of Lucy's happiness was clouded. Her tender heart was near to breaking as she saw a wicked boy beating a small, wretched-looking cur with a stick. Attached to the dog's tail was a tin can, and a refusal to run was a cause of the beating. Lucy's eyes filled with tears as she pleaded with her big brother to save the dog. Theurchin showed fight, but at last consented to let the dog to the little girl for five cents. Brother Charles looked down approvingly into the big blue eyes dimmed with tears, and mentally resolved to at once repay Lucy's generosity by another nickel from his own pocket. Lucy gazed at the dog and then at the coin in her hand. Then she thought of the ice cream she so fondly desired. After a moment's silence she brightened up. She had an inspiration.

"What, is it dear?" asked brother Charles.

"Say, brother," said she, "you kick in a couple of that kid's ribs while I hustle the pup up the alley!" Philadelphia Record.