

## Sunday Reading.

### ALICE'S HEART SERVICE.

It was the second week of school. Alice Lawrence sighed as she looked out of the large window into the sunny playground beyond. She heard the birds singing in the branches of the soft maples. She heard the sighing of the cool west wind; and closer to her, right at her elbow in fact, she heard the voice of Jimmy Crooks reciting monotonously:

"2+7=9+3=11."

"Twelve," said Alice somewhat sharply, rousing herself for the exertion.

"2+7," began Jimmy again, intending to go over the whole sum in order to rectify his mistake. But when he reached the end his small mind was far away by a little stream, watching the silver sheen of the fish, beneath the waters; and so again—

"9+3=11," said Jimmy.

Alice looked at him frigidly. She might as well have been smiling, however, for any effect she made. Jimmy was sublimely unconscious of her anger and his own mistake.

"You may be seated," said Alice in her most measured tone.

Jimmy heard, and obeyed with alacrity. Four o'clock, school over, and the children happy!

"But not one of them is half so happy as I am to get out of this tiresome school. I wonder why I ever tried to get the appointment. If it were not for the money—sighed Alice. By this time she had reached the little hall where her hat hung, and she had only just taken it from the peg when she heard the principal's voice saying:

"Yes, she will make a great success as a teacher. Her work, as shown by her popularity alone, is wonderful for so young a girl."

"And to what is her success due?" asked another voice which Alice knew to be the superintendent's.

"I suppose to the same thing that almost all success is due. Miss Richardson loves her work. Her heart is in it."

Then Alice, not wishing to listen, walked away.

"Her heart is in her work," she repeated mechanically. "Can that be true?" She walked slowly down the long hall and glanced through the open doors as she passed. At Miss Richardson's room she paused.

"When are you going home, Grace?" she asked.

The young girl seated at the teacher's desk, looked up smilingly.

"In about fifteen minutes," she answered. "Come in and wait, and we will walk home together. I have only to finish correcting these few exercises."

Alice took a seat beside her.

"Just look at this exercise," went on Grace brightly. "You could easily tell it was Ben Tillman's. Written in such a wild, erratic way. But he is a dear little fellow, and so kind at home to his hard-working mother. When he seems more than usually stupid, or has had lessons, I always say to myself: 'Little Benny was probably up last night, singing the baby to sleep.'"

So on she went, from one child to another, telling their little ways until Alice was almost bewildered. "You seem to take a personal interest in each of your charges," she remarked, with the least tinge of sarcasm in her voice.

Grace noticed the inflection, but only said quietly: "I do indeed. I should consider myself but a poor sort of teacher were I to think only of getting through the required work in the required time. Before I ever began teaching, I heard a sermon which impressed itself on my mind indelibly. The clergyman said that 'no two persons could be dealt with alike. From the little child to the old man, each has his own characteristics, and it is these characteristics, peculiar as they may often be, that make individuality. I cannot speak the same to all my people,' he said. 'I may give the same lesson, but give it in different ways to different people, according to their dispositions. So the physician gives his medicines. Different drugs for different sicknesses. And so the Great Physician treats each man according to his own peculiar needs.' Then when I began to teach, I thought of those words. 'I will apply them to my pupils.' I said, 'and try to draw out the best that is in each little nature.' It is really very interesting, once you have tried it, and it is wonderful how quickly the hours pass, perhaps before you have found out even one small trait in one of your children."

While Grace was speaking, Alice felt a sudden shame rise within her. "Here I have been taking money for work that I

have only half performed," she said to herself. "What a poor thing I am after all!"

She longed intensely for the morrow to come, that she might begin her work in earnest. She no longer felt tired; no longer disliked the daily routine which before had seemed so monotonous. "Her heart is in her work," she said to herself of Grace, "and so shall mine be."

After all, they were lovable, these little children. Alice wondered why she had never noticed it before. And in that first day of her real work, she found out many things. She found out the reason that Jimmy Crooks' mind would wander to the woods and streams was because he had been for one whole day, the past summer, in the country. Those little feet, which had never before walked on anything softer than city pavements, felt the cool green of grasses beneath them for once. And then because he loved her in this new mood, he tried to keep his mind on his lessons, and succeeded.

And so with each one of her pupils, Alice worked, trying to root out their small faults and water their goodnesses with kind words. She found out that teaching consists not in the mere hearing of recitations, but in drawing out the best that is in a pupil.

"I may not be so successful as Grace," she said mentally, at the end of the third week, "but I will do my best, and at least I can say truthfully now, that my heart is in my work."

### IN THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE.

The More we Reflect Upon Divine Knowledge the Brighter It Seems.

Ignorance always causes the feeling of being at a disadvantage, sometimes of absolute helplessness. The wisest often appreciate this most keenly, because they understand better than others how much there is to be known. Their superiority over others in wisdom they see to be comparatively small, while nobody else appreciates as they do the magnitude of the possibilities of knowledge. This consciousness of ignorance, by whomsoever felt, is depressing. It sometimes almost unnerves us.

There is relief, however, in the thought of the divine knowledge. God knows all things and, so far as his wisdom is necessary to us, it is at our service freely and fully. If we are trying to live in unity of spirit with him and to do his will, the wealth of his wisdom is available by each of us, no matter how humble or needy we may be. He will not dispel for us all the mysteries or solve all the problems which perplex us. That would be to enervate us and to rob us of the opportunity of cultivating faith and courage. But so far as our honest study and earnest effort in our own behalf needs the enlightenment which he alone can afford, we may depend upon receiving it.

To realize that he who is our creator, our daily guide and ruler, our tenderest friend, knows all things and means to use that knowledge for our good, is full of comfort. It is a help in the hour of temptation. We are checked, when likely to yield, by the recollection that the divine eye is upon us and all the consequences of our sin are foreseen by him. It is a help in the day of trouble. It is consoling in some degree to be sure that God knows why we have been afflicted and how good can be made to result from our bitterest trials. What ever knits us closer to our heavenly Father is of present, permanent and the utmost benefit, and our consciousness that he is all-knowing as truly as all-loving helps to bind us fast to him.

Even the consciousness that he knows our follies and our faults should have the same effect. For we may remind ourselves that he understands, as no one else does, our struggles against sin. He knows of the secret inner strife, the penitent resolutions to try again and again, the shame which we feel when we have been overcome, and the longings for goodness which in spite of the evil within our hearts, we have. Yes, the more we reflect upon the divine knowledge, the better we comprehend that it throws steady light upon our human way.—Congregationalist.

### SCOWLING.

It Does No Good and Only Serves to Disfigure Our Faces.

Don't scowl, it spoils faces. Before you know it, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cowlick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and oh, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. "Constitutional scowl," we say. The little toddler who likes sugar on his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross," we say about the children, and "worried to death," about the grown folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy.

We should possess our soul in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid contentment. If your forehead is rigid with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy? There is one consoling thought about these marks of time [and trouble]—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake, let us take a sad-iron, or a glad-iron, or something tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our visage.—[Selected.]

### KINDLY IMPULSES OF A WOMAN.

She Followed the Dictates of Her Heart and Good Resulted.

A youth once went to a large city to work. He had no friends, no money, and was both awkward and bashful. He could not spend a cent for pleasures, but he had been brought up to love his church, and every Sunday found him in his place, though he was too shy to join the young people socially.

Just behind him sat an elderly couple whom he knew by reputation, for the gentleman was an honored statesman and general. One Sunday the General's wife whispered to her husband as they rose to leave the church: "Invite that young man home to dinner, dear!"

Like most great men, and all good soldiers, he knew how to obey promptly, so he courteously gave the invitation.

Though almost overwhelmed at the honor the latter at once accepted, and when his shyness wore off, showed his entertainers that he could talk well and intelligently. To be brief—and this incident is true—the General engaged the youth as his private secretary, and he became an inmate of the grand house, where he was treated almost like a son.

Months later he ventured to ask the lady why he was invited to dinner, and she answered: "Because you were in your place every Sunday, and showed reverence to God. I grew to observe you closely, and soon decided that you were alone and poor, but a neat, self-respecting, and intelligent boy. I longed to give you a taste of home, and perhaps a little motherly help, and I am sure that neither of us will regret that you awakened the impulse and I indulged it."—[Selected.]

### PRAYER IN SECRET.

Christians often complain that private prayer is not what it should be. They feel weak and sinful. The heart is cold and dark; it is as if they have so little to pray, and in that little no faith or joy. They are discouraged and kept from prayer by the thought that they cannot come to the Father as they ought or as they wish. Child of God, listen to your Teacher. He tells you that when you go to private prayer your first thought must be: The Father is in secret; the Father waits me there. Just because your heart is cold and prayerless.

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get you into the presence of the loving Father. Do not be thinking of how little you have to bring to God, but of how much he wants to give you. Just place yourself before, and look up into his face; think of his love, his wonderful, tender, pitying love. Just tell him how sinful and cold and dark all is; it is the Father's loving heart will give light and warmth to yours. Oh, do what Jesus says: Just shut the door, and pray to thy Father which is in secret.—[Rev. Andrew Murray.]

### Alone With God.

Alone with God is the keynote of a holy life; the secret of power; the garden of all useful, beautiful and fragrant growths. The school of graduation in this high and holy exercise is private prayer. Without private prayer grace flows in shallows and dries up. A vital connection with God, an ardent desire to know and love him more and more, and to serve him better is the basis of private prayer. Hypocrites have no closet. Formalism knows nothing, cares nothing about being alone with God. The worldly Christian has never learned, or has forgotten, the lesson of private prayer. Other motives may draw to public prayers. God only draws to the closet. The true Christian like the seraphim, loves to veil his approaches to God. A worldly Christianity is always ostentatious; publicity and parade are its delight.—Selected.

### Talk With Jesus.

Make a confidant of Jesus. Let him be your bosom friend. Tell him all your secrets. Talk with him about your troubles, and they will disappear; about your doubts and they will vanish; about your cares, and they will grow light; about your duties, and they will become plain; about your enemies, and your resentment will die; about your disappointment, and hope will bloom again, about your hopes and they will grow brighter all the time. Let Jesus be not an abstraction, but a real person. Talk with him just as you would talk with your wife or your most intimate friend in private. You may not see him in the viewless air around you, but he will be there to hear, and you will receive the token of his presence in the calm joy diffused throughout the soul.—[Sel.]

### WHY SUFFER WITH PILES?

Dr. Chase's Ointment Will Cure Them at a Cost of But 60 Cents.

Piles, scrofula, eczematous eruptions, scald head, salt rheum and all other annoying and painful skin diseases can be easily cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. "I had protruding piles for ten years," writes H. H. Suberland, commercial traveller, of Truro, N. S.; "tried many remedies, and had doctors operate. It was no use. I was completely laid up at times. Chase's Ointment was recommended to me by Mr. Brennan, of the Summerside P. E. I. Journal. I tried it, and one box completely cured me."

Mr. Statia, the editor of the Streetsville, Ont., Review, gives this unsolicited testimonial under date of Nov. 6, 1895: "Half a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment cured my daughter of eczema. That was six months ago, and there has been no reappearance of the disease."

T. Wallace, blacksmith, of Iroquois, Ont., was troubled with blind itching piles for 20 years. "I tried every remedy that came out in vain," he writes, until I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment. It was a godsend. One box cured me."

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### Florida's Vanishing Spider.

On the borders of the Everglades you often see a large yellow spider. He swings a strong web from two plant twigs on each side of a path or clear space of ground and waits for his prey. The web is in the shape of a hammock and tapers at each end to a fine point, though quite broad in the middle. The bright color of the owner seems to mark him out for destruction—he is clearly defined against the white sand or dead leaves, and you wonder what he would do for defence in case of attack. Approach quietly and he watches you intently. Now raise your hand suddenly and he will disappear! While you are wondering what became of him you see first a blur where he had been, then several spiders, then you catch sight again of the yellow ball you noticed at first. Repeat the performance, and the stage effect is renewed. The disappearance is absolute—there can be no doubt about it, and the little magician

trusts to it entirely for his protection. How is it done? As soon as he is threatened he starts the vibrations of his airy hammock. These become too rapid for the eye to follow, and he vanishes. As these become slower you see a blur, and then several spiders as the eye catches him at different points of his wings, until finally he rests before you.

### Blond Indians.

One of the mysteries of Mexico is presented by the Mayas Indians, who inhabit the Sierra Madre Mountains in the lower part of Sonora. They have fair skins, blue eyes, and light hair, and students of ethnology have always been puzzled to account for them. There is a tradition, however, that these Indians are the descendants of the crew and passengers of a Swedish vessel wrecked on the Mexican coast centuries before Columbus discovered the New world. But this tradition is founded on nothing more substantial than a folklore tale, current among them that their ancestors came over the big salt water hundreds of moons ago.

The Mexicans have never been able to conquer this people. Nominally, indeed, they are under Mexican rule, but really they are governed by their own chief, and whenever the Mexican Government has interfered with them they have taken up arms, getting the best of the scuffle every time. Their nearest Indian neighbors are the Yaquis, and these two warlike tribes have reciprocity down to a fine point. Each helps the other when the Mexicans attack them. The Mayas live principally by the chase, although they cultivate some corn and garden truck. The men are large and well formed, and some of the women are remarkably handsome blonds.

### Cured Weak Back for 25 Cents.

For two years I was dozed, pilled, and plastered for weak back, scalding urine and constipation, without benefit. One box of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills relieved, three boxes cured. R. J. Smith, Toronto. One pill a dose, price 25 cents.

### Stoves and Ranges Used at Sea.

Stoves and ranges used at sea have two peculiarities. One is that the doors are made to turn down and not to swing, and have fastenings to hold them securely when they are shut, so that they can't possibly fly open. The other peculiarity is in the rack on top. It is elevated four or five inches, and runs around the edge of the stove to keep the pots and kettles from sliding off.

Some stoves and ranges used afloat are also provided with cross rods which run from the fixed rod at the back of the stove to the rod in front, across the top of the pots and kettles and hold them down and keep them from shifting. They are used in very heavy weather, or when the ship is rolling. For some reason these cross rods are more used on British than they are on American ships.

When a vessel is in port the front rail of the rack is usually taken out, and then the cook has as easy access to the top of the stove as he would have with a stove ashore.

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