

Sunday Reading.

LOOK FOR THE BEST.

When we pass hastily through an art gallery, we find ourselves looking at the largest pictures only, even though these may be rude and unfinished in workmanship, and without value from an artistic standpoint. The smaller paintings, though they may be worthy of close study, are entirely overlooked in our haste. Size and showy colors catch the eye first, and we pass on, with no thought of the masterpiece that may be modestly awaiting discovery alongside its gaudy companion! The result is, that when we have thus rushed through the gallery, we carry away only impressions of the grotesque and incongruous. It is in very much the same manner, often, that we gain our ideas of people. Our lives are so filled with duties and pleasures, with rush and preoccupation, that we hurry by those we meet along our pathway, catching only a glimpse of the most prominent points of character and action, and often unwittingly impressing upon our minds only memories of their unpleasant traits and shortcomings, merely because these were momentarily presented to our view. The pleasing and the good we have not taken the time to discover, and we accordingly conclude they do not exist.

The habit of discovering the good traits of others renders its possessor a charmed person: not only will he be the better prepared to appreciate the real worth of those with whom he comes in contact, but he and they will be the happier for this fact. And it is a habit. It is natural with some, but it is often acquired. Like its opposite characteristic of humanity—that of grumbling at the shortcomings, real and imagined, of others,—when once it is given free away it grows rapidly. At length it leads its happy possessor to discern traits worthy of admiration even in lives and characters that, at first, seem unforbearing and disagreeable.

The best part of it, too, is that the habit is not difficult to acquire. It simply consists in making it a rule to look for the best in the purposes and actions of others—to try to pick out the pleasant where thoughtlessness sees only the unpleasant.

A gentleman and his daughter were driving along a country road, when they met a young girl walking by the wayside. 'What a tawdry dress that girl has on!' exclaimed the daughter, when they were past.

'Is that all you noticed?' asked the father, smiling. 'I have two impressions to your one then; I noticed that the girl's hair was very neatly done up, and that she wore a bright, pretty carnation.'

The one had been looking for the best, while the other had caught sight of only the unattractive. The result was, that one passed on with a good opinion of the neatness of the unconscious country girl, while the other had a bad impression—perhaps a wrong one—of her taste.

Two young ladies, travelling on a railway train, overheard a mother speaking to her children in an adjoining seat.

'That woman's voice jars on my nerves!' said one. 'Her tones are so harsh.'

'I hadn't thought of it,' replied the other. 'I noticed, though, that her voice was low and tender when she was soothing her baby to sleep.'

To look for the best is to see the best, or, if we fail to see the best, we shall at least over-look the unpleasant and forbidding. Some of the most satisfactory pleasures of life are the cheapest. One of these is that which comes from this very ability to discern the good in persons and circumstances about us. There is little to elevate and inspire in a landscape that is simply a swale of bog-water and mire, and there is nothing to help or to urge us to nobler thoughts and actions in picking out and dwelling upon the flaws in the characters of others. Look for the best, and expect to find it. The great majority of men and women have more good traits, purposes and thoughts than they have bad, and it is owing to our failure to look aright if we do not succeed in discerning these. Even if shortcomings and failures are plainly to be seen, let us still look beyond these for the purpose of the individual. Try to put yourself amid the same temptations, and think of the same temptations and distracting circumstances assailing your own character and purposes. As good old Thomas a Kempis puts it, in one of the multitude of searching lessons he gives us:

'Even if we see our neighbor manifestly doing wrong, let us not utterly blame him, because we know not whether under like temptation we ourselves should have been steadfast. We do well not to assume that others are weaker than ourselves.'

AN INSPIRATION FOR US.

How a Devoted Woman Spends a Useful Life.

Most readers are well acquainted with the correspondent, Clara, M. Cushman, for years missionary in Peking. In a recent exchange, she gives this glowing description, when, the sun gone well-nigh down behind the city walls, and the city gates closed and locked, thousands of priests chant vespers in the temples near, and thousands of homes are made fragrant with evening incense.

The watchman's rattle begins to sound, and now the sweet-toned bell—a gift of love from a devoted woman in Wilkesbarre—peals forth clear and strong, calling all who will to come to the mission chapel, for we are holding protracted meetings in good old-fashioned Methodist style. Soon the room is full and the 'Jesus songs' ring out lustily,—then, straight up to the great white throne from this one corner of the heathen capital goes the voice of praise and supplication to the 'true God.' The missionary of the cross delivers his message of love and tenderly pleads with 'never-dying souls'; the Holy Spirit touches the hearts beating 'like muffled drums' beneath the blue jackets; the invitation is given and the altar is soon filled with earnest 'seekers.'

How the missionaries have longed and prayed and worked for this hour! How thankfully they now offer up their heartfelt prayers in behalf of those who kneel at the altar! How tender are the amenities and 'God help you' that mingle with the broken prayers of the 'seekers!' Who can describe the joy of the missionaries or the rejoicing of the angels as a whole altar full of Chinese sing softly with deepest emotion,—

Just as I am, thy love unknown
Bath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yes, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

Now all have taken their seats, save one. It is the poor man who builds our fires, empties our ashes, brings our water, and hires our donkeys. He runs on errands for us here and there, anywhere we choose to send him, but now he is transacting important business of his own for all time and eternity.

Finally he is so quiet and motionless and remains kneeling so long that we think he has fallen asleep. The leader touches him gently on the shoulder and says: 'Lin No. 2, you may now take your seat.'

'Oh, my shepherd,' he exclaims, 'I came here for something. It has not come yet. I am truly unable to go.' The man of God understands. Again we unite in prayer. The Father hears, for he loves and pities the man, and he sends down a wonderful joy and peace. The 'something' he longs for comes to the poor collier's heart. His face, yellow and wrinkled and sunburned though it is, beams with joy. He shouts and rejoices. As he tries to 'tell it out' smiles and tears mingle strangely on our faces. We close the service with a doxology.

The next morning the coolie meets the missionary and he says: 'Look at me, shepherd. I am nothing but a poor coolie. Look at my garments; they are old and worn and patched. I have no learning, no rank, no silver, but in my heart's center I have an unquenchable fire. No man in this Middle Kingdom, not even the emperor on his throne, is so rich as I, this morning.'

The busy days slip by. I watch our coolie's every-day life and I rejoice. His faith and trust and his gentle, kindly deeds and earnest service so full of the Christ-spirit, are an inspiration to us. How many good talks we have! Time and again he comes with the good news, 'Miss Cashman I've got another man.'

DO NOT COMPROMISE.

He Abstained From Principle and Won Others to do the Same.

The influence of consistent conduct in spite of temptation is emphasized by a recent occurrence at one of our large universities. The incident may well serve as a lesson to any who are tempted to compromise principle for the sake of policy.

A—was the youngest student in the university when he entered it, and is now the youngest as well as the leading scholar in his class. A classical club to which he belongs, and which includes professors and students in its membership, is accustomed to have refreshments served at its meetings. Until recently, beer or light wines were an important part of the bill of fare.

A—comes from a strictly temperance home and is a boy of a manly Christian character. From the time of his honorable election to the club he took a marked rank among the members, but was alone in declining the light drinks. One of the professors first remarked A—'s abstinence, and, when the boy frankly told him it was from principle, commended his course and apologized for the professors on the ground of habits acquired in foreign

study. Other students soon followed the brave boy in declining beer; and this year A—has succeeded in banishing it altogether from the meetings of the club! He will take leading honors at commencement but the Master's approval of his brave loyalty to him is his dearest prize.

Beginning the Day.

Our early hours tune all the rest of the day. Broken, discordant, or disfigured days are possible larger because we have not learned to protect their beginnings. We trust to chance to get through the day. Against such dangers a devotional habit is the surest and most natural protection.

An appeal to our own experience reveals that only as we have made it a rule to pray have we prayed effectively. To respect this rule rather than our moods is the only guarantee of secure and steady living. We may say as little as we please about our devotional habits, but a Christian life which can rely upon itself is sure to have them. There is a sustained power in the life which carefully observes its devotions, and nowhere do we need them more than at the beginning of each mysterious new day, with all its unknown dangers and blessings.

—S. S. Times.

'All the sadness and sins of a whole world were on the shoulders of Jesus, and yet he found time to be good to a miserable beggar. He was about to begin his great kingdom, but he was not too busy to heal sick people that nobody else cared for. Remember how full of little good deeds was the life of Christ.'

'It is better to lose the good opinion of others than to lose a good opinion of one's self.'

Be grateful for little things. An ungrateful person is apt to prove unpleasant company.

THIRTY YEARS OF GLOOM.

He had Hunted the World for a ray of Hopeful, Healthful Sunshine, but in vain until South American Nerveine Brought a Midday burst of Healing Light to Him and Made Him Strong again.

Thomas Waterman, a well-known and popular resident of Bridgeport, N. S., had been suffering from indigestion and weakness of the nerves for nearly thirty years. He had tried every remedy, and treated with best physicians, but all failed to give any permanent relief. He had almost given up hope of a cure, and as a last resort procured South American Nerveine. One bottle greatly benefited, and after taking three or four bottles he proclaimed himself perfectly well.

A SOLID MASS OF SORES

CURED BY

BBB FOR THE BLOOD

Home Proof from St. Mary's, Ontario.

That Burdock Blood Bitters is the best Blood Purifier for use in spring is a fact which everyone knows. However, there is

— ANOTHER POINT —

BBB Is an All-the-Year-Round Medicine.

It cures bad blood, regulates the stomach, liver and bowels at any and all seasons of the year. In fact B.B.B. does the work every time—and all the time. Read this grat full letter:

MESSES T. MILLER & CO., TORONTO, ONT.

GENTLEMEN,—I have used your Burdock Blood Bitters for my little boy, aged 10 years. He was a complete mass of sores and pimples. The doctors said it arose from bad blood. His head and face were one mass of sores as well as his body.

I got a bottle of B.B.B. and before half the bottle was used he began to improve. The improvement was rapid and continuous. At the end of the first bottle he had not a sore or pimple left on him. I used the medicine internally and externally, according to the directions.

Washing his face and body with the B.B.B. diluted with water gave him great relief. He was not able to be dressed for weeks, but is now perfectly restored to health through the use of this remarkable blood purifying medicine. Burdock Blood Bitters did my little boy so much good that I shall always recommend it.

The cure has been permanent up to the present date, and I believe no other medicine could have performed such a miraculous cure in so short a time. It shows me plainly that B.B.B. acts on the blood directly, and through it regulates, purifies and restores the entire system. (Signed),

MRS. PHILIP MITCHELL, St. Mary's, Ont.

THIS IS THE MEDICINE THAT DOES THE WORK

FOR THE BLOOD

CRUELTY OUTWITTED.

How a Quick Witted Sailor Escaped His Punishment.

Though the conditions of the merchant-sailor's life are not yet what they should be, the present evils are mostly those of neglect, rather than of downright aggressive cruelty. The old days, when a captain felt that custom demanded that he should knock his crew about with a marline spike, are happily passed away. It is told of the days when the famous 'Swallow-tail' line of clippers sailed to Liverpool that a sailor once outwitted his officer by an ingenious means and escaped a heavy punishment.

The mate was a rigid disciplinarian, who used to make the men wash down the iron masts seated in a bowl, because they would get through their work more quickly if they had nothing but a knot in a rope to cling to than if they had the board of a 'bos'n chair' under them.

Another of this amiable officer's tricks was to stand by the fore-castle door and administer a kick to the last man out. This was to promote spryness and inspire respect. The rush for the fore-castle door can be imagined, each man thanking his stars as he got safely through.

Somebody had to be last, however, and this misfortune fell to the lot of Dick H. for two successive mornings. To be last once was a gross offence, but to be last twice was criminal, and he trembled as he approached the door.

He knew the mate lay in waiting outside and that every instant's delay made the matter worse. Suddenly a happy thought came to him. As he reached the door he turned round and savagely growled to an imaginary comrade, 'Who are yer shovin', anyway?'

Then he hurried by the mate, who still waited for the last man to appear, and was safe in the rigging before the ruse was discovered.

It is a satisfaction to add that the sailor's shrewdness struck the mate's sense of humor, and the intended punishment was forgotten.

INDIAN JUSTICE.

How Some Penobscot Indians Fitted the Punishment to the Crime.

'According to the books that I studied when a boy,' began an oldish man at the club the other night, 'the Indians looked down on their wives, and made them simply beasts of burden. That may have been so in some places, but it wasn't always so, or everywhere.'

A good many years ago there were some Penobscot Indians near my people's place in New Hampshire who evidently thought a good deal of their squaws and

made one of the bucks appreciate the fact that that his wife was not a beast of burden. This buck went on what we now call a bat, and got drunk—'drank too much ocapac and Cheepie [devil] got in him.' When he came home he was in a bad humor, and finding his wife in his way he stuck her feet in the fire and burned them off.

'The other Indians discovered this very promptly and tried him by a very summary process. The general opinion was that he should be executed at once; but one of the elder bucks interposed and gave this advice: 'No shoot him; make him live long as squaw live; him carry squaw when she want walk; when squaw die bimby, then we shoot.'

'This advice appealed to the other men, and they decided to punish the buck as the old chief suggested. So the buck carried his wife around on his back, whenever the tribe moved, whenever she wanted to go any place. So far as I learned, she did not hesitate about moving around. Of course, the buck hated to carry her; but the beauty of the arrangement was that he didn't dare to ill-treat her, much less to kill her, because his life depended upon hers. If she died, he knew the tribe would kill him.'

'I don't know how long this punishment lasted—who died first, or if after her death he was pardoned or executed. If those Indians didn't make the punishment fit the crime, I don't know who did, either, not Gilbert's 'Mikado,' at any rate.'

EIGHTY UNFORTUNATES.

In the Estimated Proportion in every Hundred People in this Climate Affected with That Dread Disease Catarrh—How easy The Proportion Would be Reversed if Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder was Universally Used—It Relieves in 10 Minutes.

'Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder benefited me at once, and it's so easy to apply,' says Rev. W. H. Main, of Emmanuel Baptist church, Buffalo. Thousands more in professional, and in the humbler callings of life, could say Amen to this statement.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gives relief in from 10 to 60 minutes in most acute cases. Now is the season of severe weather changes, and now is the season when disease germs develop. That slight sneezing cold in the head may mean that the seeds of chronic catarrh have been sown. The tested cure is the safest and quickest.

Keep the Mouth Shut.

If you would avoid colds, keep the mouth shut when coming out of an over-heated room, especially late at night, and breathe through the nose. Chills are apt to ensue when people talk freely while out of doors just after leaving a room full of hot air, and theater-goers who discuss and laugh over the play on their way home are inviting illness. It is, a fact, during youth that the greater number of mankind contract habits of inflammation which makes their whole life a tissue of disorders.