

Sunday Reading.

HER HAPPY DAY.

One of the beautiful reminiscences of last summer has been told recently by the "Christian Herald." A little deformed girl named Maggie, living in one of the poorest quarters of New York City, was sent for a fortnight to Mount Lawn, a home opened some two years ago for the reception of the waifs of the metropolis during the hot months.

On the day of her coming the news had preceded her, and our boys and girls resolved to give the little stranger a right cordial welcome. A dozen wild mice went gaily to the woods around Mount Lawn and gathered a multitude of golden rods, with which they decorated the chair which was set apart for the little bunch of girls. A chorus of merry, childish voices greeted her as she drove up in the Hoe wagonette, and the air was full of waving flags and bunches.

Little Maggie looked bewildered, and her big eyes opened wide in surprise as the children crowded around her and bore her off to the great dining tent, where they set her down in a bower of wild flowers, to a table that was spread with white, to her simple mind, a queer feast. And for the first time in her life, the poor afflicted child of the tenements found herself the centre of interest and everybody's cheering kindness and love upon her.

Not a word escaped her lips, but her deep-set eyes shone with pleasure and her thin, white face flashed with happiness. It was indeed a new experience—a chapter from fairy-land—and she pinched herself to see whether she was awake or dreaming. Yes, it was all true; the flowers, the voices of the girls, and the nice, hot, appetizing dinner sitting on the beautiful drive, all were realities. Yet it was so strange!

And in the evening, when she was placed gently in the floral chair with the golden-rod nodding like a sceptre above her head and all around her, and carried to the chapel, she felt that she knew what it was to be a queen—a real, live, true, little queen—only for a day.

The children sang, and it seemed as if all their music was her; and they spoke and recited and laughed and chattered, and she felt that she had somehow been lifted out of the dull, sad, tenement life, and dropped right down into the mysterious "Land of Happiness," hidden somewhere among the clouds. Could it be true that these were tenement children like herself? Their voices still sounded sweetly in her ears through the mingled prayers that were said in the dormitories, and when her head was at last snugly pillowed, and the snowy coverlet tucked about her by a kind car taker, the fall asleep to dream of rambles among the flowers and still happier times on the morrow.

THOSE WHO STAY AT HOME.

It is possible to secure a good education even if not at college.

To every one of our young people who are now enjoying the new and beautiful life opened by the first year in college or seminary there are twenty, just as bright and just as ambitious, it may be, who, rather than add to the burden of father and mother, stay at home and lend their strong young shoulders to share its weight. They do this willingly, cheerfully, and we honor them for it; and a little secret sigh for the advantages they have missed.

But, dear stay-at-home, remember that a college education is not the only one possible to obtain. Many of the world's leaders have won their pre-eminence by bringing an alert mind and an indomitable purpose to bear upon whatever means of culture lay within reach, making the most of it until something better was discovered a little further on. You do this if you will. The long tedious car-ride to and from work may turn into a time of real profit and pleasure if you choose to spend it in company with a good book, a book that has real worth as a teacher of things you need to know, not something that has just interest enough to pass the time agreeably. The "between-times" of farm work and house work,—yes, even the work itself,—if you determine to use them wisely and well, will broaden the mental horizon and uplift the soul to a higher plane of life. The rocky hillside is Nature's text book of geology. From it you may read strange and beautiful lessons. The meadow grasses and the shy woodland growths are waiting to become your friends through botany's introduction; and the chemistry of food. If you will but make it your own, there is an education in every pasture lot and lichen-covered stone, in every golden grain-field and fruit-laden orchard.

But better than the acquiring of information and the storing of the mind with facts and figures, is the culture of the heart—the growth in the graces of patience, kindness, and love, the expansion of soul that enables you to rise above your own desires, and ambitions into the sunlight of unselfish living. This does not depend upon familiarity with college halls or the instruction of learned professors, but upon close intercourse with One who walks like

pathway hand in hand with us if we choose. One whose life, though lived in obscurity when here upon earth, endures all that is grand and beautiful. Whether at home or abroad, you may have the same less culture of His compassion; his glad knowledge that He is ever with you, leading, guiding, teaching and helping you to make of your life that which he wishes it to be.

THE PAYMENT OF SMALL DEBTS.

The Man who Falls in Debt's Debts will soon owe Dollars. "There is a dash in a penny, as well as in a pound," says quaint Richard Sibbes. He said it a century between the years 1577 and 1635, the date of his birth and death, so that no one now living heard him say it; but the fact that it has outlasted the years shows that it was worth preserving, and here it is, an admirable peg on which to hang a thought connected with the payment of small debts.

An obligation is an obligation, whether to the amount of penny or pound, and it should be honored for sake of the principle involved, not to make of the sum. A man who is very careless about paying his debts will soon be in debt for dollars. He may pay his own dollars, but he should pay just as promptly his owing dimes.

In the actual matter of money obligations, one cannot be too careful as to the payment of small debts. Absolute exactness and uprightness in all financial dealings should become a fixed habit, and the time to secure this is in the days when one is not supposed to have large wealth, but has only pennies, dimes, nickels and occasional dollars. If one borrows a nickel, let him repay it as conscientiously as if it were a dollar. Rigid honesty will never overlook a debt because it is little, for that is no argument whatever against payment. And the creditor has a sense of justice to be satisfied as well as a debt owing. Nobody likes to be deliberately or thoughtlessly cheated, and the keen sense of the unfairness of a transaction rankles a thousand times more deeply than the paltry sum of loss. So, be careful to pay small debts, for there's a due in a penny as well as in a pound. Don't contract them in the first place, unless an emergency demands it, but never fail to pay. One's own self-respect demands it.

But there are other little debts to pay. We are to owe no man anything, but to love one another. The debt of love must often be paid in small change. There are small, sweet courtesies that are due, and should be rendered, or we should be left in debt to those about us. There will be a constantly accumulating principal upon which by and by the interest will count up enormously and hopelessly; for these small debts of love cannot be paid in the lump after the time is past. There is a daily rate and the thing of the day must be done in its day.

There are debts of forgiveness and of deference, debts of forbearance and consideration, little everyday obligations, that should be paid. Don't forget them. Nobody presents notes against us for these trifles, and no one will be forced to pay against his will. This makes it more worth while to remember these little obligations and to discharge them.

WORLD WEARY.

The Good Consecrated Christian Never grows Weary of the Joys of Life. There are many young people who believe that the same same of pleasure must have been attained by those who have palace homes, elegant carriages, beautiful clothes, glittering jewels, steam yachts, choice food and luxury that money can buy. The idea of having nothing to do but to enjoy these things appears delightful enough. You who long so for these things and for ease and idleness may fancy that there is no unhappiness in the lives of those living in luxury. Is this true? I wonder how many of you read very recently of a millionaire's son, reared in idleness and the extreme of luxury, who at the age of twenty-three took his own life, leaving behind him a note stating simply that he was "tired of living."

Another young man in the metropolis of a Western State, brought up in ease and elegance, committed suicide one beautiful morning last May because he was "tired of living." He was world-weary at twenty-four years of age!

You little know of the world-weariness that comes to the mere pleasure-seekers in this life. None of them escape it. No steam yacht nor brown-stone mansion nor beautiful garments can give rest and happiness to such. It is undoubtedly true that the rich frequently envy the poor quite as much as the poor envy the rich, and it is also true that there is far more real weariness among the idle than among the industrious.

God, who made all of our human needs, so constitutes us that work is more necessary than wealth to those who would be truly happy. The idler is not and cannot be happy for long. Absolute inaction is certain to produce the highest degree of unhappiness. It causes weariness more quickly than anything else in the world.

The writer once heard a so-called "city woman" whose life is one round of parties, dinners, tea, balls and receptions, say, "I get so tired of them all! They are all alike. I meet the same people and I know just what they will say and do." She was world-weary in the midst of what would seem to many a life of constant pleasure. But it was a pleasure that was not of God, and no lasting happiness could come from it. Do you know of any one working for God and humanity who is world-weary? Do you know of any true, consecrated Christian who is "tired of living"?

A SILENT TESTIMONY. A wife a snake woman in a large Western city has recently been making an experiment interesting to many beside herself. Her expensive apparatus for profound scientific training is necessary for pursuing this particular line of investigation. She has been observing the people she meets to see how many of them look happy. And the results of her scrutiny are surprising.

Coming in contact with hundreds or perhaps thousands of strangers as she does daily, she sees represented every rank of life, every age and a large number of nationalities. She sees weary faces, anxious faces, faces on which vice has written its unmistakable lines. She sees faces that are pathetic in their hopelessness or repulsive in their covetous greed. "But so would believe," she says, "how seldom I see a person who looks really happy. When a young girl passed me on the street corner the other day, her eyes fairly brimming over with good cheer, I could have kissed her for the relief her sweet contentment brought me."

What sort of faces are you wearing, young people, to cast a shadow or throw a ray of sunshine upon the stream of human life that constantly flows by? Has anxiety set his seal upon you? But God has promised that all things shall work for your good if you but love him. A worried Christian is an incongruity. The perplexed and anxious look you wear dishonors your heavenly Father.

Have unkind thoughts or bitter feelings set a frown upon your forehead or drawn your lips into a pucker of discontent? Remember that hatred means misery, and that we grow happier in proportion as we love more. The scowl which daily deepens on your brow is a danger-signal, and tells you if you would enjoy you must forgive.

Christianness is not only the privilege of a Christian, but is his duty as well. And the happy face on which God has set his sign of peace is the one testimony which cannot be misunderstood. Through the smiling lips and clear eyes of the Christian who has learned to rejoice even in the midst of sorrow, the light of God shines into a darkened world, and turns the thoughts of men toward him.

She Was Comforted. It is wise to fill the mind with thoughts that are helpful and beautiful, for they are a source of strength in our times of greatest need. A recent writer tells, in this connection, the story of a little girl who was walking alone the sea shore with her nurse.

They came to an inlet, and the nurse decided to row across, believing that by so doing she shortened the walk home. When the boat reached the opposite shore, she put the child on land, thinking she was but a short distance from home, and rowed the borrowed boat back.

The distance home was short, but very rough and difficult for a little girl of four. She struggled all through the coarse grass and sand, climbing hillocks and walking through depths. At last her mother saw her coming and hurried to meet her exclaiming: "Were you frightened, my sweet?" "I felt very lost," was the reply, "but I sang 'Jesus Loves Me' to myself all the way; and so I kept from being afraid."

CONVINCED THE SCEPTIC.

The Merits of the Great South American Nerve Withstand All the Assaults of the Credulous and Sceptical.—When they are converted to its use in their Personal Ailments they become its Best Friends.—For It Never Fails Them. Mr. Dinwiddie of Campbellford, Ont., says: "I recommend South American Nerve to everybody. I consider it would be true to the best interests of humanity were I not to do so. In one instance I convinced an avowed sceptic to all remedies of its curative powers; he procured a bottle, and it has been of such benefit to him that he continues to purchase and use it, and has proved its great worth as a stomach and nerve tonic. It has done wonders for me and I keep it constantly in my house. An occasional dose acts as a preventive and keeps me well and strong. It is wonderful medicine."

A GIBBY ORIENTAL.

The Late Shah Was Once Visited and Hindered by His Parsimony.

The greatest defect of the Shah was his avarice, which was immense and insatiable; and though this is a fault common among oriental despots who feel that their power can only be made secure from attack by the command of a full treasury, yet it injured and often ruined his schemes for the development of his country. If he had been content to spend some portion of his hoards on public improvements, on the repair of ancient reservoirs and water courses and the construction of roads and bridges, would have brought under cultivation tracts of culturable land which are now desert and would have largely benefited both his own revenue and the general trade of the country. But he could not make up his mind to spend money, and required every improvement to only to pay for itself but to bring a large contribution to his own treasury.

The concessions which were given to all comers for manufactures, mines, tramways, roads, banks, monopolies for lotteries, electric lighting, tobacco culture, and other schemes were in no case assisted by State money, but all had to surrender a share of their profits, real or problematical, to the Shah. The consequence was that the greater number of the industrial undertakings, which, in a strange country, and among a suspicious population, required constant support and large pecuniary assistance from the Government, soon withered and disappeared, and the Shah not only lost his anticipated profit, but solid and honorable financiers were deterred from venturing in so unpropitious a country. The ground was left free to less honest speculators, who applied for concession, not to work them seriously, but to pass them for a consideration to others who might successfully plant them in the often credulous markets of Europe. Disaster followed, the credit of Persia was lowered and sound enterprises were seriously injured by the collapse of worthless speculations.—Nineteenth Century.

REBUILDING

The Old and Broken-down House.

Keeping the Structure in Good Condition.

Filling it With Health, Comfort and Happiness.

When a house becomes dilapidated and beyond the possibility of repair, it is removed to make room for a structure that will have strength and permanency. Our bodies, when not properly cared for, become frail, weak and broken-down, and when the work of rebuilding is not commenced in time, death surely claims the wasted and worn-out frame, and it is removed forever.

Can we rebuild our wasted bodies? Yes; the work can be done even though the spark of life glimmers but fitfully and feebly. This work of rebuilding is done through the use of Paine's Celery Compound, that marvellous medicine which has brought new life to so many in the past. This heaven sent remedy acts directly on the great nervous system, giving new strength to every nerve, makes fresh vitalizing blood, increases weight, and gives fresh power to every bone and muscle.

When this is accomplished by Paine's Celery Compound, it is easy work to keep the rebuilt frame or human structure in good condition. Ordinary care in diet, sleep and general living will surely keep up the good work. Then will the rebuilt man or woman be filled with true health, comfort and happiness, and life will be worth living.

Will you, dear reader, rebuild your broken-down system? The work can be accomplished by you if you call to your aid Paine's Celery Compound. No physician is required to aid you, and you have no heavy bill to meet after you have made well and whole. The work has been done for thousands of others; will you have your share of the good that it bestows?

STUDENTS WHO WORK THEIR WAY.

Manner in Which Assistance is Given to Four Young Men at Columbia. Year by year the number of students in the colleges of the country who are self-supporting increases. The many things which a student can do in his spare hours, and the various societies that aid students, make this possible. In former years Yale was called "the rich man's college," and was considered an institution at which no poor student could work his way through. This has been all changed, and the number of self-supporting students is proportionately as large at Yale as at any other university except those in the cities.

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

TWO BUCKETS AND A PIPE.

Take two common water-buckets; connect them at the bottom with a small pipe. Now undertake to fill one of them with water; you perceive at once that the water tends to fill the other pail also. "What's the use of saying that?" you ask me. "Every fool knows that water in connected reservoirs will assume the same level." Quite so. Yet the wisest man on earth didn't know it once. If the ancient Romans had known it they wouldn't have gone to the trouble and expense of building their great aqueducts. Oh, dear! oh, dear! After a thing is pointed out what a lot of people are able to see it.

But to see it the first time? Ah! that takes eyes. To explain it the first time? Ah! that takes brains. The blood circulates through pipes in the human body thousands of years before anybody even suspected it. Isn't that queer? Now, there is a matter—But let us have an example or two first, and then the theory afterwards.

A father writes this about his daughter: "During the summer of 1890 my daughter, Rebecca, got into a weak languid way. Her appetite was poor, and after eating she had so much pain at the chest and sides that she didn't know where to put herself. She also complained of pain in the pit of the stomach, in the throat, and at the back of her neck. Cold, clammy sweats used to break out all over her. Her breathing became short and labored, and at times she could not even lie in bed on account of it. She consulted two physicians, who prescribed for her without avail. This was her general condition until January, 1893, when she began taking Mother's Sigel's Curative Syrup. This preparation certainly had a remarkable effect. One bottle alone greatly relieved her. She relished her food and grew stronger. By simply continuing to use this medicine in three months she was completely cured. Since then she has been well as ever before. My married daughter who has suffered from indigestion for a long time, seeing what this remedy had done for Rebecca, took it also, with the same good results. Yours truly, (Signed) Batholomew Bell, Grocer, etc., Bromfield, Northampton, October 25th, 1893."

"All my life," writes a woman, "I have suffered more or less from sickness and spasms. I always felt weak, tired, and languid, and had no desire for company. I had a bad taste in the mouth, and frequently felt sick and prostrate. I had no relish for food, and, after eating, had pain at the chest and side. Such was my manner of life for years. Two years ago my sister told me of Sigel's Syrup; I tried it and even a few doses relieved me. I continued taking it, and soon my appetite improved, and my food digested. Since that time I have felt quite a new being—so light-hearted and strong. What a pity for me that I didn't know of Sigel's Syrup years before. But better late than never. Yours truly, (Signed) Mrs. Annie Goodover, 20 Broadway Street, Leicester, May 10th, 1893."

"From childhood," says another, "I have suffered from indigestion and sick headaches. I never felt as if I wanted food, and after eating I experienced the usual pains and distresses of the confirmed dyspeptic. The attacks of sickness and headache were of no less than dreadful. So-called medicines and remedies were, at the best, only temporarily useful. In January, 1892, a friend, living at Hackney, told me of Sigel's Syrup. I used it, and it cured me. I never felt so well in my life as I do now. (Signed) Miss L. White, 92 Barnsbury Road, Islington, London, April 20th, 1893."

Now, see. Evidence like the above (though much more impressive) proves that Mother's Sigel's Syrup either cures or relieves almost every known complaint. Yet it never was (nor is it now) recommended for any disease except indigestion and dyspepsia. What is the inference? That nearly every known complaint is caused by indigestion and dyspepsia—is, indeed, a symptom of it. "But everybody believes that nobody," you say. Not everybody, but very many. The rest will by-and-by. Although the fact is old as Adam, the discovery of it is new. Yet the principle will presently be as obvious to all as it now is to a few.

Coal Mine Worked by One Man.

The smallest coal mine in the world is in the southern province of New Zealand, where, according to the reports of the inspectors of mines for the colony, the Murray Creek Colliery is worked by one man, T. Boltho, a Chinaman, who owns, manages and works this small colliery in the same province worked by one man with the assistance of a donkey. The next smallest colliery is in England, in the village of Nelson, in Lancashire. It is situated near the Collier's Arms, and affords employment for two miners, father and son, who combine in themselves the positions of proprietors, managers, miners and haulers of the undertaking. They have the assistance of a donkey, and all the output of the mine is sold to the householders who live in the village or its immediate vicinity.

Be Warned.

Don't be a fool; know what you want and refuse to be imposed upon by greedy dealers when they attempt to palm off your producing substitutes for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe, sure, and painless corn cure. Putnam's Corn Extractor is the best, the safest, and only painless corn remedy.

The Hessian fly is so called from the fact that it was brought to this country in straw, used in 1776, when the Hessian cavalry was imported to fight the Americans. It made its first appearance on Staten Island, near the stables of the Hessian troops, and soon traveled over Connecticut, spreading at the rate of 30 miles a year.

IT KNOWS it is to wash all kinds of on wash day SURPRISE SOAP, they try. easiest quick-best Soap to see for yourself.

the earliest methods of secret to have the head of the message to write the message on the hair had grown the messenger to his destination, where the hair removed and the message brought

artisans wound a strip of paper staff, wrote lengthwise the staff, removed the message on the did not read until it was wound staff the same shape and size as one. Charles I was beheld the evidence afforded by cryptograms were too simple. Sympathetic much used, but it has always

is says that the only thoroughly reliable cryptogram is the simplest, the two persons must have books alike. Any book will do. In message the first letter on the first the first on the second in b, and the second message will begin at leaves off in the book.

SUFFERERS ONLY KNOW.

Carpenier, of Hastings, was a sufferer from Kidney Disease—American Kidney Cure Effect—Quick Cure—It is a Specific Remedy for a Specific Disease—Dissolves and Eliminates All Solid Matter From the System—Is Safe and Permanent.

my years I have been troubled by my disease, necessitating the much in the way of remedies. I ago they became so bad that I seek the aid of a physician. My urine like blood than anything else, and painful. Just at that time I be-South American Kidney Cure. I immediately relief, and from that now I have had no difficulty. I and honestly recommend this to all persons suffering from

be - hind me. As my and pain, And the

sweet and true:

sung for you.

D. C.

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