

## Sunday Reading.

### THE CHURCH FIRST.

In one of the children's hymns is the line, 'Surely the Captain can depend on me,' and it declares the quality of service which every cause, and especially the Christian cause, needs. Church services, Sunday schools, prayer-meetings, need helpers who can always be depended upon, who will always be present in spite of bad weather, inconvenience or inclination, and who will give what aid they can, without reluctance or excuse. One helper who never fails, though he may be of moderate ability is worth a dozen brilliant but uncertain attendants. Let your pastor depend upon you, as a friend who writes the following account could depend on the lady he mentions.

Mrs. E. was the heart of the little church to which I first ministered. She was a very gracious lady and attracted by her winning ways; she had a large family of children, and always brought them to church, to fill her pew; she kept her rather easy-going husband up to his church duties and obligations, and set the fashion of helping the church to all her neighbors; but all this was of less account than her faithfulness. I could always depend upon seeing her in her place, and, whenever she had any service to perform. I could always rest, for I knew that it would be done in season—and well done.

Now this faithfulness was not maintained by her without opposition or without careful management. Her attractiveness, the good-nature of her husband, the social disposition of her children, made her house a favorite resort, and she never closed its hospitable doors. As a natural consequence the guests who came did not always take account of Sunday services or prayer-meeting nights. It was not unusual for out-of-town guests to leave the cars at her gate on Sunday morning, with the intention of a day's visit with their hospitable friend. Or the neighbors would run in on the night of the prayer-meeting for an evening's social call. The man of the house would count these interruptions as sufficient excuse for staying at home. 'We go to the church regularly, of course; but we cannot treat our friends rudely. We must stay at home this time,' he would urge.

'I will arrange it,' she would say quietly. Then when time came for getting ready, she would say to her guests, 'We belong to the little church here. We are much needed there and are always in the habit of attending. We have plenty of pew-room and should be glad to have you go with us. If you prefer to stay at home, make yourselves comfortable here till we return.'

Such an invitation was generally sufficient, and the little congregation was increased by the presence of the visitors; but if it was otherwise, and they preferred to remain at the house, they never could complain of want of courtesy on the part of their hostess. Her graciousness and sincerity left no room for anything but respect. She followed her convictions and at the same time gained everybody's esteem. When she died that church lost its strongest pillar. It had rested on her faithfulness.

### A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

How A Little Kindness Makes the Whole Day Bright.

It is sad to know that a part of the human race lies down at night hungry. Yet it seems still sadder that there are constantly around us, in our homes perhaps which are starving for a little appreciation. It is possible that those who are willing to try an experiment similar to that described below, may find the result as surprising as did the originator of the plan.

Just what put the idea into her head Mildred never quite knew. Perhaps the spirit of fault-finding, which prevailed in the Marsh family as in many another, may have produced a certain reaction in the heart of the oldest daughter. It is certain that when she came down stairs on this particular morning, 'he had resolved that through the day she would say every appreciative word she could honestly utter.

'How nice these muffins are!' she exclaimed at the breakfast table as soon as the meal had fairly begun. Mrs. Marsh looked surprised. She had been dreading comment on the coffee, which was not as clear as usual that morning.

The family tasted the muffins critically. 'Light as a feather,' declared Mr. Marsh. 'Mother's muffins are always good,' said Jack. And then the conversation at the breakfast table went on most pleasantly, and no one thought to grumble.

Bridget was scrubbing the front steps when Mildred put on her things to go to school.

'You did up my lace collar beautifully,' the young girl said, pausing at the door. 'I believe it looks better than when it was sent to the laundry.'

'That's a good thing, sure,' answered Bridget smiling. And then, for some reason, she went back, and scrubbed a corner of the upper step which she had passed over earlier.

'That explanation of yours helped me to see into the seventh example perfectly,' Mildred said, lingering after the class in algebra had been dismissed. 'Thank you.'

The pale teacher looked up and smiled. She had a sudden refreshed, rested feeling, such as she had felt one day when some one had dropped a bunch of violets on her desk, and their fragrance had soothed and comforted her without her realizing its source.

After school Mildred went into the shoe store after a pair of rubbers. 'My last ones wore splendidly, Mr. Grote,' she said, as she stood waiting for her change. And the angular Mr. Grote actually tipped over a pile of shoe-boxes in his astonishment. He was used to complaints, but appreciation of his really excellent goods was so unusual that he felt fairly embarrassed. After Mildred had gone he found himself whistling a gay melody he had known in his boyhood, and the suggestion of a smile lingered about his thin lips.

These were little things, indeed the trifles which make the difference between happiness and misery for so many of us. But one girl, at least, thought the experiment worth repeating indefinitely. Try it for yourself, and see if she was right.

### HELP THEM TO BE HELPFUL.

One Way to Bring People Nearer the Way Christ Works.

There is one field of usefulness which you earnest, energetic young people are very likely to neglect. Your idea of helpfulness is to do something for some one, to spend your time and strength in the service of others. Yet there are times when our love should prompt us to withhold rather than to give. Drummond says that to toss a coin to the beggar on the street is often easier than not to do it, but if we really loved our unfortunate brother we would either do more for him or less. We once knew of an extremely enthusiastic girl who became president of a flourishing literary society. She took upon her shoulders the duties of secretary and treasurer, in addition to her own. She always stood ready to fill any vacancy on the programme caused by the negligence of someone else. The result was that in three months' time the society had retrograded astonishingly. The officers and the heads of committees had no sense of responsibility for their respective duties. The members had lost their interest. By her lavish giving she pauperized the spirit of the entire organization.

This is an illustration of a very practical truth which you would do well to italicize in your mental note-books. The best way to help others is to lead them to be helpful. Frequently it costs more than the more showy form of giving aid. A child was putting her play-room to rights slowly and laboriously, when an older sister appeared upon the scene, pushed the little one aside, and proceeded to finish the task in the most expeditious manner. 'It's easier than to show her how to do it right,' she said, when some one remonstrated. And it was easier, but not half so kind.

Help others to be helpful. You big brothers and sisters, guide those small hands and feet that are so willing, although so unaccustomed. Get those poor children in your mission class interested in helping those less fortunate than themselves. Suggest to that sad-eyed invalid that she can radiate blessing from her chamber of suffering. Ask the advice and the co-operation of those people who all their lives have been sitting with folded hands, letting others carry the heavy burdens. Get them to feel some responsibility. Wake their interest and enthusiasm. It is not so easy, in the beginning at least, as to do the work yourself, but it is infinitely nearer the way Christ works in uplifting men, and transforming them into his likeness.

### A STRANGE SOWING.

How One Man's Christianity Revolutionized an Island.

Marvelous indeed are the ways through which God makes his truth known to the world, as is proved by the following account of a strange sowing and its glorious harvest, taken from the 'Missionary Herald.'

Nine, or Savage Island, which is south of Samoa, has recently celebrated its Jubilee. It seems that more than fifty years ago a native of the island escaped in time of war to Samoa, where he learned to read and write, and made confession of Christ. On four distinct occasions he tried to return to his native island, but each time he was prevented by his countrymen from landing. In 1846, however, they suffered him to come ashore, but stole his goods and persecuted him in various ways.

## Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

FOR WEAK PEOPLE

Having Heart or Nerve Troubles such as Palpitation, Throbbing or Irregular Beating of the Heart, Dizziness, Shortness of Breath, Distress After Exercise, Smothering Feeling, Spasms or Pain Through the Breast and Heart, Morbid Condition of the Mind, Feeling of Anxiety, Etc. These Pills are invaluable for Weak and Nervous People, Troubled with Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Anemia, General Debility, After Effect of Grippe, Loss of Appetite, Etc.

More Proof Still

### READ THIS LETTER:

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.: Gentlemen,—I have been physically weak for over two years, my blood very thin and unable to keep vitality. I felt weary and distressed nearly all the time and suffered greatly from complete nervous prostration. My nervous troubles brought on palpitation and irregular action of the heart, and I suffered greatly from coldness of the hands and feet. Sometimes my hands and feet felt as if they were frozen. Nervous headaches and dizziness also caused me great distress. Seven weeks ago I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills from Mr. E. C. Harvey's drug store, and since taking them have gained steadily in strength. My blood has become richer and circulates more freely. These pills have strengthened my heart and nervous system and banished the fits from which I suffered. I feel completely invigorated and built up, and can say that in my case they have acted as a splendid restorative, so much so that I can recommend them to any one suffering from heart or nerve trouble as I did.

(Sd.) MRS. M. PERCE, 28 Wilson Avenue, St. Thomas, Ont.

HEART

IT IS THE TRUTH.

### A Brantford Lady Tells How She Was Cured.

Mrs. George Lemon, 131 Erie Avenue, Brantford, Ont., says: 'For a number of years I was greatly troubled with what the doctors called spasms of the heart. In fact I was in a terrible state. My heart pained me greatly, and fluttered continually. As a consequence I lost weight, and had no appetite. However, as soon as I started using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I experienced prompt relief, and am now better than I have been for years.'

When I commenced taking these wonderful pills I weighed only 125 pounds; now I weigh 140 pounds. I can heartily recommend the pills to all who suffer from any heart or nerve trouble, for they have cured me of all the distressing complaints from which I suffered for such a long time. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills may be obtained from any druggist. Price 60 cents per box, or three boxes for \$1.50.

### THE DYING FIREMAN.

Didn't Have a Chance to go to Church or be a Christian.

A few years ago I was sitting one afternoon in front of the hotel in a little town in Southern California, says a writer, when news came that the overland train from the East had met with an accident near the outskirts of the village, resulting in the fatal injury of the young fireman of the locomotive, who, standing at his post, had saved the train from utter wreck. Almost simultaneously with the news came the sight of a small procession of trainmen, carrying upon an improvised litter their injured comrade.

They brought him to the little tavern and when they asked him if he wanted to see a priest he gasped out that his mother was an Episcopalian, and he knew she'd want him to see a clergyman of that church. A messenger was dispatched to a neighboring town and in an hour or so of time a young missionary was on the spot.

The injured man's brother, a brakeman on the same train, and several other train men were standing about his bed. As the minister entered the room the brother cried in agony, 'Oh, sir, do something for my brother. Pray for his soul.' Going at once to the bedside, the young clergyman saw that he had but a few moments in which to minister to the dying man, and asked him whether he was a believer in Jesus and had ever been baptized.

'Yes,' said the poor fellow, 'I do believe in Him, and I was christened when I was a kid, but God knows I haven't had a chance to go to church or to be a Christian.'

'He has been a good boy,' said his brother. 'He worked night and day to support our crippled sister, old mother, and me, when I was laid up with the rheumatism and couldn't do a thing for a year.'

'He took care of me through the small-pox when no one else would come near me,' declared a big, burly railroadman, with a sob. 'And after taking his own run,' added a young, sickly-looking fellow, 'he often took mine when I wasn't able to go out.'

As those testimonials were finished, the brother asked in agonized earnestness, 'God won't damn such a fellow, will He?' Promptly the minister answered: 'No! not if he is the God I have believed Him to be.' And then, bending over the injured man he said, 'In His name who declared, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me," I commend thy spirit into the hands of God who gave it.'

A few moments' silence, a look of perfect peace upon the face of the dying boy, and then a whispered 'Brother.'

Instantly his brother was kneeling close beside him, and we heard him say, 'Brother, you won't mind my telling you of it now, will you? and perhaps you'll let Nellie know it when I'm gone.'

'What! Jack,' exclaimed his brother, 'have you loved Nellie?'

Fainter came the answer, 'with all my heart.'

'And you didn't tell her because you knew I loved her, too?'

Eyes full of tenderness and affection gave the answer which the lips could no longer utter, and with his brother's cry of mingled admiration, gratitude and love, 'Jack, Jack, God bless you!' sounding in his ears, the soul of the man who 'hadn't had a chance to be a Christian' passed into the other world.

## Take No Risks.

Do Not Foolishly Experiment With Medicines That Have No Standing or Reputation.

Paine's Celery Compound The Only Medicine That Cures and Blesses the Sick.

In matters of health and life no man or woman can afford to take risks or experiment foolishly. A wrong move, or following the advice of the careless or ignorant, may result in serious complications.

This is especially true in regard to the use of medicines when people are in a low condition of health.

When the physical powers are impaired, when you are weak, nervous, irritable, despondent, sleepless or weighed down with that dull, aching feeling that usually commences at this season of the year, it is wise and prudent to use the medicine that has given health, vim and activity to thousands of weak people in the past.

This safe, certain and health-giving remedy is Paine's Celery Compound, which is now so extensively prescribed by the ablest doctors in Canada. The ingredients of Paine's Celery Compound, besides those in the ordinary walks of life, are clergymen, lawyers, judges, members of parliament and bankers, hundreds of whom it has rescued from suffering and death. Avoid the numberless liquid medicines that are worthless from a medical standpoint, and that have never gained the shadow of a reputation. Put your faith in Paine's Celery Compound, and when you purchase be sure you are supplied with the right article. See that the bottle and box bear the name 'Paine's Celery Compound' and the stalk of celery; this is the only genuine make—the kind that makes people well.

### A Boon for Cooks.

The country woman who has invented a kettle in which meats and vegetables may be boiled without odors being diffused through the house, should be greatly rewarded by her sister sufferers. The merit of the invention lies in the cover, which has a curved tube or spout long enough to extend into an opening in the range pipe, and provided with a circular piece of tin near the end so that it may be fitted into any aperture. With this kettle one need not eat her boiled dinner before meal time.