

Sunday Reading.

A Story Of A Picture.

Alice Mitchell had stopped on her way from school to talk with Aunt Belle. She liked to tell her of her difficulties and vexations at school, because Aunt Belle had such a practical way of putting things that somehow they seemed less annoying than before. Today Aunt Belle was silent for a time, then she said:

"I am wondering whether my dear girl looked at her Book of Directions before going to school."

"Well, no, if you mean my bible, Aunt Belle, I did not have time to read this morning, and if I had read my chapter, it would not have been anything about what happened at school."

"Perhaps not definitely, but it is as David says, a 'lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path,' there must be some way of making it practical for just such times as this. A soldier never starts off in the morning without his orders, nor should a christian."

"Why Aunt Belle, you talk as if any one cannot be a christian unless she reads the bible. Now I do not enjoy the bible at all. I would rather read anything else, even Sabbath-school papers, though I always skip the goody-goody parts. It does not interest me, and yet I think I do try to be a christian in my way as well as you can in yours?"

"I know of only one way of being a christian, and that is not my way or your way, but His way; to follow Christ and do as he bids us. If I do not try to obey His plain commands I am not following Him, am I?"

"Why, no, but I do try to follow His commands, do I not, as far as I know?"

"As far as you know, perhaps; but if one neglects to read the bible to find out what the commandments are, they become responsible for not knowing. Get my bible, dear, and read John v. 39."

Alice found it and read, "Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and these are they that testify of me."

"But you love the bible, Aunt Belle, and it helps you, you say; but if I do not like it, and do not understand it, will it do me any good?"

"Well, it does not say in my bible, 'Search the scripture' if you like to, or if you enjoy that kind of reading. It is a simple command to 'search,' and 'search' means more than the mere reading of a chapter every day if it is not crowded out by something else."

"Yes, I know it does, and I see it is a command, though I never thought of it in that way before. But I want to ask you, did you always love it, even when you were as young as I, and do you think I will ever learn to love it?"

"I hope so, dear child, and to your first question I will say that I did not love the bible as I do now, for it grows more and more precious every day, and I obeyed the command conscientiously until it came to be a delight. I think I can tell you a story that will help you."

"My story is of a bright young boy, orphaned at a very early age, and with several brothers and sisters to care for support. Bravely he took up the burden, putting aside his springing ambition, with only a dim memory of the home that had been his, and devoted himself to the task of earning the bare necessities of life. This called for the plainest kind of living, the plainest clothes, no outings, no society, no association with those who would have been congenial to him; he had no time for social intercourse had it been offered him; nothing but hard, unremitting toil."

"By some strange turn of fortune's wheel, when he was twenty-one, he came into possession of a large fortune. The limitations of his boyhood and youth were removed, but he realized his lack of fitness for his changed position, and, with characteristic bravery and perseverance, set himself to conquering that as he had other difficulties."

"Among other things which came to him with his new home and elegant surroundings was a very beautiful oil painting. He knew it was considered a masterpiece, knew that others appreciated it, but, to his great regret, he could see no beauty in it; common and less expensive pictures he could enjoy, but not this."

"Acknowledging this to a friend, he received this advice: 'Sit down before that picture half an hour every day. Look at it from every direction. Sit directly in front of it, then to the left of it, then to the right of it, then to the left of it. Raise and lower the shades. Get every light possible on it, and I feel sure the picture will grow to mean more to you.'

"He followed the advice faithfully. Each day he sat before it; studied it as a whole; studied it in detail until the subject took complete possession of him. After a time he began to think he would like to imitate it. He provided himself with paints and brushes, and tried to reproduce it. He made trees but they were very poor trees; painted water but it looked little enough like it, yet he became more and more fascinated with his own efforts, and seeing how difficult it was to imitate, he realized more clearly the excellence of his copy. He was filled with wonder and delight at the artistic skill which could not only imitate, but originate anything so beautiful, and in time it came to be his most cherished possession. Do you get the meaning of my story?"

"Yes, in a sort of way; but go on, please and explain it. I like your applications as well as your stories."

"Well, God's word is a beautiful picture, a picture of Christ. It is natural that an unregenerated heart should not love the bible, but when we have accepted Christ as our Saviour and entered into our inheritance, the next thing is to study Him as He is revealed in His word. Sit down before it every day. Study it from the standpoint of prophecy; from the standpoint of the Gospels; from the standpoint of the Epistles. Follow John even into the heavens, in his vision of the 'Lamb as it had been slain.' Let the 'Light' shine upon it. Accept the teaching of His Spirit. Soon will come the desire to imitate Him and to do the works which He did. Though conscious always of failure, you will find a purer happiness than any you have ever known, and the world through which you are sanctified will become more and more precious to you."

"Thank you so much, Aunt Belle; I do believe that will help me. When I take my bible after this I will think of it as a picture and try to see Christ in it."

"And I am sure that when he rewards your patient searching with a vision of Himself you will feel more than repaid, and will be eager to go on, and it will be 'from glory to glory.'—The Advance."

Needless Fears.

In his "Pilgrim's Progress," Bunyan tells what suffering Christian underwent at the sight of two lions close to the path along which he must pass. But when he had come near to them, he found that they were chained. In the same way many people today suffer exceedingly, anticipating the performance of some duty which could lose all its terrors if approached boldly. How many of us will recognize in the following incident an experience similar to our own.

John wanted to ask Edward to go to Endeavor meeting with him. He had thought about the matter and had prayed about it. He himself could not understand why it was not a simple and natural thing to do. Yet the words stuck in his throat whenever he attempted to frame an invitation.

Once, indeed, he had got as far as, 'Ed, I wish—' and then he had faltered and made a request unlike that which was uppermost in his mind. He determined to lead up to the subject gradually. It was easy enough to start a topic of conversation which should point toward the Endeavor meeting as a final goal, but though the point John had intended.

At supper-time he was so nervous that he could hardly eat a mouthful. He kept casting anxious glances at the clock. He decided that it would not do to give the invitation in the presence of the family, yet he must do it before Edward had made up his mind to pass the evening elsewhere. In the midst of these perplexing thoughts he was electrified by hearing Edward say, 'Oh, by the way, are you going to the Endeavor meeting to night?'

The question seemed an easy one to answer, but John caught his breath before he could reply, 'Yes, I am.'

"I think I'll go along with you, if you don't mind," remarked Edward in a matter-of-fact way. And as the friends left the house he said, with a straightforward manliness that John was in a condition to appreciate:

"I've been doing some serious thinking lately. My life hasn't been satisfactory so far, and I guess it won't be till I begin to carry out God's plans for me. I have made up my mind to be a Christian."

And all John's happiness could not blot out his share and humiliation as he remembered the fears he had felt in the presence of a duty which might have been a joy and a blessing.

No Empty Sound.

For the establishment of public libraries in different cities, Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given nearly five million dollars. There is one echo of emptiness, therefore, in his recent statement that the rich man 'dies disgraced' who bequeaths millions to his children instead of upon public endowments.

QUICKCURE

A change of Expression



Children's teeth are often sacrificed by neglect—too often extracted before their successors appear. Every mother should have in her house

"Quickcure"

Dr. S. J. Andres, Montreal, says: "'Quickcure' overcomes the pain quickly; gives relief for a long time; is especially valuable for children's teeth which should not be extracted until their successors appear. It is perfectly safe to use at all ages, and does not injure the teeth as many other remedies used for toothache do." Ask your druggist for it.

QUICKCURE

It Is Sympathy.

That it is sympathy, not reproach, which wins the hearts of men, Mr. Moody's success is a continual demonstration. Mrs. Ballington Booth's work for convicts was begun in the same spirit and is having a like result. When the men in Sing Sing invited her to come and talk to them, 'I went gladly, so gladly,' says Mrs. Booth, 'but I talked very little. My heart was too full, and I burst into tears.'

"One after another of those men began to weep, some silently, some with a strong man's sob. Even the warden's tears flowed freely. There was a good deal more crying than talking at that meeting, I assure you, but perhaps it did quite as much good."

"From that time every man seemed to feel that I was his friend, and I knew that at last my prison work had begun. Of the eighty-six who that day expressed their determination to lead new lives, not one has faltered."

Stevenson's Prayer.

"Deliver us from mean hopes and from cheap pleasures." The words are a part of a prayer written by Robert Louis Stevenson to be read at family worship in his household at Samoa. They suggest a lesson that life teaches to men of any creed. Between the mean hope and the cheap pleasure comes the beginning and the end of every form of sin.

UNTOLD AGONY.

Distracted by Excruciating Rheumatic Pains—Seven Years' Untold Misery—No Remedy to Help—No Physician to Turn to—The American Rheumatic Cure Chases Away the Pains in 12 Hours and the Suffering Ensnatched.

J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years, being confined to my bed for months at a time, and unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many of the best physicians without benefit. I had no faith in cures I saw advertised, but while induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure. At that time I was suffering agonizing pains, but inside of 12 hours after I had taken the first dose the pains left me. Three bottles completely cured me, and I rejoice in having the opportunity of telling what a great cure it has wrought in me."

SKELETONS AS BURGLAR ALARMS.
Strange Means a Russian Miller Doctor took to Protect His Property.

A writer in a Russian periodical supplies some interesting detail regarding the mode of life of an eccentric member of the medical profession, whose appearance was well known in the streets of St. Petersburg some half a century since. Having in the course of a somewhat lengthened career succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune, the physician in question, whose name is not given, decided on retiring from practice in order to pass the remainder of his days with dignity in the enjoyment of leisure. It happened, however, that his brain so long accustomed to active exercise, proved unable to withstand the enervating effects of idleness. While the stimulus afforded by his daily ministrations to his sick and suffering townspersons continued in operation his faculties remained unclouded, but no sooner was this withdrawn than at once symptoms of mental deterioration began to show themselves. Being destitute of family ties, he lived entirely alone, save for an antiquated crone, who was nominally his cook, although ap-

parently she had but little whereupon to exercise her culinary talents. In addition to avarice, the chief form of derangement with which the old gentleman was afflicted was dread of robbery. Formerly conspicuous for his gaiety, he now became morose and suspicious to the last degree, fearing to leave his treasure for a moment, and unable either to sleep or to eat. According to the ancient dame he would assuredly have put an end to his misery by hanging if he could only have prevailed on himself to go to the expense of a rope. The means this aged monomania adopted to protect his beloved gold from thieves was truly remarkable. Having been medical attendant to the principal jail he contrived to procure the skeletons of a number of malefactors who had been executed, and these he disposed around his premises in a way that unquestionably was calculated to strike terror into the heart of the boldest of burglars. In the first place, with his own hand he blackened the walls of the various rooms and passages, and having thus prepared the background he next arranged the lugubrious relics in a variety of attitudes all more or less startling. In the vestibule, for instance, he placed, by way of a cloak rack, the skeleton of a woman who had cut the throats of her children. In the middle of the adjoining room stood the gigantic and minatory osseous remains of a Grenadier who had suffered the extreme penalty for murder. In lieu of a sideboard the dining room contained a grim looking erection fashioned out of human bones, plates and dishes resting on the pelvis, and knives, forks, and spoons between the ribs, while the dome of a skull served as a sugar basin, and a child's ossicles as sugar tongs. The appliances thus forbiddingly stored were, however, more for show than use, since their owner never by any chance entertained a guest, and towards the end abstained almost altogether from eating. His death is ascribed to fear and hunger combined. A few moments before he expired he is said to have raised himself up in bed with great difficulty in order to blow out a candle; but whether he was actuated by a desire for economy or dreaded to afford illumination for the long expected robber it is impossible to determine.—Lancet.

HEART RELIEF.

Eight Years' Hanging Between Life and Death With Acute Heart Disease—And in 30 Minutes After Taking First Dose of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Relief Comes—What It Did for Alfred Cuddey, West Sheffield, Que., It Can Do For Any Sufferer From the Same Cause.

"I had been suffering from acute heart trouble for over four years. When doctors had tried, and failed to give me relief, I procured Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. In thirty minutes after the first dose I had relief, and although mine was a case of long standing, eight bottles effected a permanent cure, and I firmly believe, after knowing what it has done for me, that there is no hopeless case while this great cure is to be had. I cheerfully sanction the use of my testimony in whatever way it may do the most good."

A NOVEL RACE.

A Race that the Old Citizens Tell of With a Deal of Pride.

A race which the older citizens of a town in West Jersey love to tell about occurred a good many years ago, the contestants being a bull and a horse. Seely Simpkins an enterprising youth, who made a pet of everything on his father's farm, trained a young bull to the saddle and rode him to the mill. Horses were comparatively rare in those days, and the swift steeds of the present race-tracks unknown.

Seely and "Jock" were the butt of a good many jokes, but Seely took them in good humor, and contentedly rode the bull to the mill. Then, while his grist was being ground, he would ride his singular steed about the settlement, whistling merrily and showing off the bull's best paces.

In fact, the boy was exceedingly jealous of Jock's reputation as a roadster, and one day at the mill, goaded by the taunting words of a neighbor, he declared that he wasn't afraid to race the bull against any horse that could be found thereabouts.

He was taken at his word, and within a week a race was arranged between the bull and Tom Irvine's horse. Judges were appointed, stakes put up, and a race track improvised for the occasion. At the hour appointed a crowd of interested spectators assembled.

As the horse and bull appeared, each fitted out in gay-coloredappings and ridden by its owner, vociferous and prolonged applause burst forth. The horse was frightened by the noise and balked. If the bull was frightened he did show it, but urged on by a twist of its tail and the voice of its owner, galloped along in fine style, and of course easily reached the winning post ahead.

Tom and his friends were disappointed and declared that the start was unfair. Seely, elated with success, was quite willing to try it over again. The horse behaved better at the second trial, and it was neck and neck race; but Jock was on his noddle. Both riders were wild with excitement and urged their steeds to the utmost, and in this they were aided by the shouts and yells of the bystanders; and again the bull came in ahead, though by scarcely more than a hand's breadth.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SPEAR.

Away back in the year 54 B. C.—1848 years ago—a little detachment of Roman soldiers was besieged by a host of Gauls at Chatteroi, in the north of what is now called France. Believing that no help could possibly reach them, the Romans expected to fight until they were all stricken down. One day a short spear came whizzing over the ramparts and stuck in one of the wooden towers. Nobody paid any attention to it at first. They just went on slaughtering Gauls and getting slaughtered themselves. At length an officer saw something flitting from that spear. It proved to be a note from Julius Caesar—written in Greek. He said he was on his way with an army to relieve the garrison. That note had been there, unheeded for several days. In due time Caesar came and made short work of the Gauls.

That people should suffer and struggle hopelessly when help is near at hand is sad to think of, but they must know of the coming help before they can draw courage from it. Take the torments and dangers of disease for example. We fight them with all the weapons we have. Sometimes we hit on the right thing, and more often we don't, even when it is as close as the spear in the tower was to the exhausted garrison.

At Mr. Robert Lavis, postmaster at High Ham, Langport, Somerset, could have found a remedy for indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaint he certainly would not have suffered from it, as he did, for twenty years. Why that is more than half an average lifetime. A single day of illness is always long enough, goodness knows. But fancy such an experience stretching itself into weeks, months, and years! Common enough? Yes, dreadfully common. So is poverty; but does that fact reconcile anybody to either? Mr. Lavis is not a man to sit tamely down and brood over a misfortune. Besides being postmaster he is a grocer, with work enough to keep him busy. Under what difficulties his work was done he tells us in a letter dated Nov. 8th, 1893.

"I had a bad taste in the month," he says, "particularly in the morning, and my mouth was dry, and I spat up thick, tenacious phlegm. At first eating even the simplest food I had great pain in the chest and around the heart. I suffered greatly from sick-headache and giddiness, and I exercised much. I got out of breath."

[This was asthma, caused by the stupefying action of foul blood upon the nerves that move the lungs; the impurities in the blood having come from the festering mass of undigested food in the stomach. The heart trouble, the sick-headache, and the giddiness, were symptoms of the same thing.]

"As time went on," continues Mr. Lavis, "I became very low, weak, and mentally discouraged and depressed."

[A doctor, writing about this case for a learned medical journal, would use many tough Latin words, but he would not make the facts as plain as Mr. Lavis himself has made them. Naturally a man who can eat but little—which little mostly rots in his stomach—will lose flesh and strength and come to be of small use to himself or to any one else. We can all see that even by candle light.]

"I tried many medicines," he says finally, "but they did me no real good. At last I heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and used it. I am happy to tell you that it soon relieved and cured me. Whenever I feel a sign of my old ailment I resort to the Syrup at once, and the disease gets no further hold upon me. Publish my statement if you like, and believe me yours &c., (Signed) Robert Lavis."

The Roman soldiers left Caesar's message unregarded for days. It was written on parchment and fluttered from a spear, as I have said. But see! We live in the age of print. Are you ill and in pain as Mr. Lavis was? Every newspaper, every magazine, almost all the publication your eye falls on, contains accounts of what Mother Seigel's Syrup has done, and daily does, for those who suffer. Read the messages. This is one; and, having read it, you know where to look for help.

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