# Sunday Reading.

## OUT OF THE MISTS.

I.

Sunday evening prayers were finished, and the children, four of them—wee mites, 'peer heads, Mrs. Nicholson often called them—had kissid mother and said 'good night.'

'Bill,' she gently said to the eldest of the four children, as he rose, 'don't go just yet.' Then, turning to the barometer, she tapped it once, twice, thrice, and with a suggestive shake of her head, sat down and unfolded a letter speaking to her son at the same time.

'I don't like the glass tonight, my son, the mercury is too changeable; nor do I like them—the'pack merchants,' as father calls the little clouds, such as we saw above the church spire this afternoon. We are going to have bad weather tonight, and the 'Mary Ann' ought to have been calked before takirg another heavy cargo.'

Then, taking up the letter, Mrs. Nicholson proceeded:

'I will read you, Bill, a bit of father's letter, and then we will pray again.'

Will, who was a sensible and affectionate lad for his age, pricked up his ears while his mother—brave sailor's wife—read as follows:

'My Dear Jess,—We sail on Tuesday. If all goes fair we will reach port in two or three days We may expect squalls or fogs at this time of the year; so if we are not sighted off Scragg's Head by Sunday don't worry. With her heavy cargo the 'Mary Ann' took in more water this voyage than usual, but father and I know the coast well. and if it looks like blowing we shall run into some port.

'I got the tracts, my dear. I have read 'Our Only Plea.' It is all very well to preach that sort of thing to landsmen, but chaps like us, Jess, can't always be singing psalms and saying prayers. I am trying to do my level best; God expects no more from sailors anyhow, and as I have kept the pledge for six years, what more can I do? I am as good as young Lorimer, who says he is saved. I saw him cast a marine-spike in Cardiff docks the other week at a Spaniard who was skulking. I don't call that religion. The governor keeps nagging me, but I don't mind that so much, although I don't want you, Jess, to leave off going to the meetings. Your letters nowadays are not the same as they used to be. You will turn a parson, Jess, if you go on at this rate, and then—'

Mrs. Nicholson did not intend to read so much of this letter to her eldest son, but she was passing through such a severe spiritual Gethsemane in a struggle to attain a passive trust in God for the fulfilment of her heart's desire, and on the other hand battling with the temptation to doubt and fear, that she confided in her child in the hope that it might solace her mind.

'What does father mean, mother?' the lad asked, his curiosity stimulated by the reading of the letter.

'It means, Will, that father is not saved.'

This was not an uncommon word in Mrs. Nicholson's daily vocabulary, but its connection with the letter was not quite clear to the lad's mind, and he rather dryly remarked:

'Mother, father's not drowned.'

A low sigh escaped Mrs. Nicholson's lips at her son's want of spiritual perception. Was this the fruit of all her praying and teaching? Ah, perhaps it was her want of faith that occasioned this spiritual dulness. Yes, that was it. She was not above the enemy—doubt—herself, but now she saw the promises of God in a new light, and as she gazed into the face of her eldest boy there came into her heart a sensation which she believed to be divine and thrilled her soul; the burden of fear fell from her spirit, and without heeding the question addressed to her, the dear soul rising to her cried:

'Oh, Will, I see it, I see it, the Gospel of Jesus Christ—the promises of Jesus Christ—are the power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth. I have been carrying my own burdens instead of leaving them with the lord; I have been fearing instead of trusting. 'Will,' she said, with an emphasis which still further perplexed the lad's mind, 'your father shall be saved; God will honor our faith. Let us both cry to him.'

'Lord, Thou art no respecter of places or persons. Thou who didst say to the waves of Galilee, 'Peace be still,' canst see my Frank tonight while I pray. Whatever he is engaged at now, Lord, speak to his heart; the enemy desires to have him, but for my sake, Lord, for my children's sake, for the world's sake, but above all, for Christ's sake, save his soul; speak peace to his heart. I leave him with Thee, believing that Thou wilt show Thy saving power.

My faith the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, it shall be done.

II.

'I can't make it out; I give it up,' said the captain of the 'Mary Ann' to his son Frank, after they had both been studying the chart well-nigh an hour.

'So do I,' replied Frank. 'Shall we wait till that soup-fog lifts? We are getting nearer the coast. Thompson's last report was 15—17—15 fathoms.'

'Don't be so sartin, mate,' said the old skipper. 'You can be in deep water along this coast and yet be near the razers (rocks) I heard, if I'm not mistaken, the murmur of breakers an hour ago; and perhaps the best thing to do will be to let go the anchor, keep the lights well trimmed, and the foghorn at work. We can trust God for the rest.'

'Trust God on the 'Mary Ann,' father! Why, she is making an inch of water every two hours in a calm—that's what I call dragging religion out of its place.'

'Ah, my lad, you don't know what religion is. Jess was not far wrong when she told you in her last letter that it was a proud spirit that's keeping you outside the kingdom. This is my last voyage on the 'Mary Ann.' You know after that it is your property, every plank on it, every stitch of canvas and rope's end. When you were a plain A. B, and knew less of the deceitfulness of riches—although you've only got a few pounds even now—then, Frank, your heart was simpler and wiser; but since you bought your cottage, took out a few shares on this hulk—and you'll soon be Captain Nicholson—your simplicity seems to have gone across the Atlantic. My lad, my lad,' concluded the skipper, with his hand on his son's shoulder, and one foot on the trap that led to the companion head, 'it's hard to kick against the pricks. The Spirit of God is striving with you, and the sooner you let Him have His own way in your heart, the sooner will joy come to your wife's heart, lad, your father's heart, and the angels up aloft. We've lost our reckoning, Frank. The sun is hid. The stars haven't peeped for three nights; but all the same those bright lights of God are there. Just so with you, Frank. You're in a dense fog. It's your proud heart that hides the Saviour from your soul. Confess, confess your need to God, and you'll land in Pardon Port as sure as we are in this 'ere cabin.'

Frank looked condemned.

The captain dragged himself on deck. 'Let go the anchor, Thompson. Trim the lights clean, boy. This fog is blinding.'

III.

'Eight bells, below there!'

'Aye, aye, sir,' came the reply. It was the voice of the skipper to his son.

'You don't seem to have done much sleeping tonight, Frank,' said the former, when getting below. 'I saw a light in your bunk, didn't I? What have you been up to?'

'Reading,' said the son, somewhat solemnly.

'God bless you, Frank,' said the old man, with a tremor in his voice. 'You are not far from the Cross.'

The two parted. It was the midnight watch. The fog still hung in thick mantles, and the 'Mary Ann' lay in the dead calm enveloped in their dark and misty foldings. On reaching the wheel a cold shiver went through the mate's frame—why, he could not say. Frank Nicholson was no coward. He had never known sickness, and though he had been three times wrecked, and once snatched from the mouth of an angry wave, death had never presented itself as a terror. But tonight, somehow, his strength seemed to fail. There was no steering to be done. Had there been he felt as though his hands would have refused to respond to his will. What did it all mean?

A bit of a breeze from the northwest gave the 'Mary Ann' a lurch leeward, and with it an uncanny feeling stole over Frank Nicholson.

'Eternity!'

'What's that?' he said.

'Eter-ni-ty! Eter-ni-ty!'

Pale as death he stood transfixed to the deck. Who spoke?

'Eter-ni-ty!' again was the reply.

'Bah! it's waves, and that tract, 'Where Will you Spend Eternity?' is making as weak as Jess. I'll shake it off,' and he bent over the compass.

But there was no shaking it off. A wife's prayers were being answered—'Whatever he is engaged at, Lord, speak to him now.'

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come.

'What makes this verse come into my head?'

'Eternity!'

'There goes them waves again!'

Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
God is love, I know, I feel
Jesus lives and loves me still.

'What!' almost shouted Frank Nicholson, 'God is love! I never knew it—at least, I never felt it before,' and ere he realized what he was about, he fell by the companion-head and sobbed aloud, 'Lord, have mercy upon poor me! Take all my sins away. Give me, Lord, what Jesus has got.'

As gentle as the mist that enveloped the 'Mary Ann,' but as clear as the sun and stars that had been hidden for days, came the assurance into his heart as he slowly, deliberately, and believingly repeated the words:

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

That night—now thirty years ago—Frank Nicholson, while his wife wrestled with God in the cottage, passed out of the fog—passed from death into life.

Next morning the mist rolled away, and the 'Mary Ann,' carrying father and son, united happily in the love of God, gently glided into port.

A great deal in the history of the Nicholsons has happened since then, and the old skipper shortly afterwards 'crossed the bar,' and anchored his soul into the Eternal Harbor. Bill, the eldest boy shall never forget the night his father's strange letter was read, nor his mother's midnight prayer. They made a mark upon him, the evidence of which was destined to shine on the page of time. His spiritual dulness gave place, while yet a youth, to a brightness and glory that distinguished him above his fellows as a chosen vessel for the Lord. He lives today among the honored servants and soul-winners of Jehovah. It is the old story in another form. Piety at home means peace abroad. Mothers of faith make sons of war.—'British Workman.'

### BE HAPPY AND KNOW IT.

**A Word of Advice That Will be Helpful to Young and Old.**

I have a word of advice to give young people to help them: Be happy, and know it.

Did you ever stop and think, 'How happy I am'?

If you have never done so before, do it now, this very minute, and then send a prayer heavenward thanking the Author of all good for the happiness and joy he has put into your life. We miss so much by not realizing how blessed we are! You know that old proverb, 'You never miss the water till the well runs dry.' It is true of almost everything in our lives which we enjoy continuously: food, light, companionship, love, friendships, all seem a part of ourselves, and we do not realize their worth until one of our blessings departs, when with tears we see how much we have had to enjoy.

Too frequently the very joys we should prize most highly we fling from us with contempt, and long for some future happiness, which would not satisfy us did we have it. Meanwhile, that which we should have enjoyed dies of neglect, and too late we see our error.

Particularly is this true of young people. Life is often so filled with sunshine that they accept the bright beams and scorn the shadows, and with shaded eyes peer forth into the future, screening from their gaze that which would prove most blessed to them.

The boys sigh for more freedom, the girls for the time when they can wear long dresses and sit up late nights. Alas! how often a man has in times of 'freedom' longed for the mother's guiding hand and wise counsel; and the girl, grown to a woman, turned with tearful eyes toward that happy past when cares and sickness and sorrow formed no part of her life.

Realize your happiness each and every day. Begin now while young, and the habit once formed will not leave you, and will be a constant joy to your friends, for your happy face will make you a welcome visitor.

Realizing all that good which comes to you from hour to hour, you cannot fail to be happy, and one really happy, person can change a cloudy day into a sunshiny one—for happiness is a most infectious quality.

Cherish your father and mother, all the home friends, and know now how dear they are to you, and act upon the knowledge. Begin today, then, and be knowingly happy every minute, and thank God for your happiness.

### A Generous Thought.

A generous nature finds way of helping of which those less kindly would never think. On one of the most sultry and oppressive days of last summer a boy in New York City was passing one of the large hotels when ice was being delivered there.

In handling the ice a large block broke and several pieces were left on the sidewalk. The boy stood still and watched the icemen until he decided they were not going to pick those pieces up, when he went to one of the men and asked if he might have the ice. He was told that he could. He gathered the pieces up and carried them to a trench where some workmen were at work in the sun, and gave the pieces to them. The men were astonished at the offer, and then eagerly grasped the ice. The boy walked on whistling.

To follow the highest law of our being and strive for the love of God and man means to make love and truth and right supreme, and to permeate home and counting-house and shop and factory and school and assembly with their leaven.—Heman Packard DeForest.


## For Publication.

### A PERMANENT CURE

**A Letter That Proves the Value of Paine's Celery Compound.**

**A Medicine That Makes People Well and That Keeps Them Well.**

Fergus, Ont., Sept. 22, 1896.

Gentlemen:

The following testimonial, relative to your Paine's Celery Compound, will no doubt interest all who remember my testimonial given more than two years ago.

This long interval has afforded me ample opportunity for judging of the effects of the medicine.

I have always valued the duration of a cure more than the temporary relief. It is difficult if indeed it is possible, to get a medicine that will produce a permanent good effect, so much being dependent on right use and dietary regulations. We must help Paine's Celery Compound; we must consider the *quantity* as well as the *quality* of the food we eat. I am convinced by experience that, if this medicine be properly used and afforded fair play, it will do good work.

I am past seventy; yet, since I took the Paine's Celery Compound, I feel as well as an old man can feel. For this condition of health I can think of no other cause than the use of the Compound. I am gentlemen,

Yours thankfully,
JOHN IRELAND.

Wells & Richardson Co.,
Montreal, P. Q.


### THE IRON LIFEBOAT.

**An Iron Boat Once Thought to be the Dream of a Lunatic**

But such work as this, successful as it was, was only what we might call amusement—there was far more serious work to perform. From 1830 to 1840 the young man was spending all his spare time and money at work upon a boat which should not only save lives, but which could not be crushed on the rocks when the waves were hurling themselves shoreward. His cork-lined boats were successful, and were giving him a world-wide fame as an inventor and philanthropist; but he felt that, unless he could invent a boat of some other material than wood, his object was but half attained.

He resolved to try iron. Those of his friends who knew of this step looked upon him as many an inventor is looked upon in our own day—as little less than a lunatic. Iron for a boat? Why, it would take such a vast amount of wood to float the iron that it would be impossible to propel the boat, to say nothing of having it breast the waves of a furious gale and go out through the storm to a wrecked ship! The idea, they said, was simply preposterous. The young man acknowledged the apparent force of the argument, but he believed there was a way out of the difficulty. He started in the path alone. He found many cruel and disheartening difficulties in the way, but he bravely met all trouble, and he nobly maintained his high purpose and won at last a magnificent victory, not only for himself but for all mankind.

In his later years Mr. Francis loved to tell of the trials of this critical time. Amid his later honors he never forgot the days when at one moment he seemed so near to success and at another so near to the saddest of failures.

It was now the year 1841. He had taken his family—for he was married—to a country place where they could live more cheaply than in the city. He had the use of a room in a house on Anthony street, in the City of New York, in which to carry on the work of his inventions, by the favor of Myndert Van Shoick, a gentleman who was much interested in the outcome of the matter. Here, shut in from all the world, in sore poverty, he worked for twelve months, a long, discouraging, weary year. The end to be gained was to make iron float on water, something which his best friends thought the dream of a lunatic. Day by day and night by night he worked ceaselessly. He denied himself all luxuries, all comforts. He met with failure after failure.

He found himself one day at the close of the year reduced to actual want—and his object not attained. He had but a pittance in his pocket. He was hungry, but he needed one more piece of iron to make one last supreme effort. He went out to a junk shop with his last 25 cents. He bought his piece of iron for 13 cents. With the rest of the money he bought bread and molasses. All that night he worked. In the morning he found that the rats had stolen the piece of bread which he had saved for his breakfast, but the labor of the night had brought victory. He had solved the problem! He had conquered in the fiercest battle of his life. He had achieved the success he sought, and this victory meant the saving of the lives of many thousands of his fellowmen.

The corrugation of iron, forming ridges in lines along the sides of the boats, had been invented. By this aid he was enabled to make the iron float for he could bend it and shape it to the curved form form of a boat, and the bendings or ridges in the sides took the place of all stays, supports, ribs, timbers, furnishing in themselves the support and strength, while nothing was added to the weight. The metal was put under great pressure to do this, but it stayed in place, and the victory was won.

### DRUNKARDS IN AUSTRIA.

**Plenty of Laws With Which to Reach Them.**

A recent report gives some interesting facts about the alcoholic liquor traffic in Austria. There has been special legislation on drunkness in Galicia, Lodomeria, Cracow and Bukovina, whereby persons creating a nuisance by being drunk in restaurants, public houses and public places are liable to a maximum imprisonment of one month; no legal proceedings can be taken for the recovery of debt for the recovery of debt for the supply of spirituous liquors on credit, and persons convicted of drunkness three times within one year may be prohibited from visiting liquor shops in their neighborhood for one year, under penalty of fine or imprisonment, says the British Medical Journal.

In other parts of Austria drunkards come under the law of curatel as spendthrifs, or, when mentally affected from alcoholic excess, confined in lunatic asylums. As to curatel a person may be judicially declared a spendthrift if he is proved to be running through his property senselessly, and thus exposing his family to future destitution by contracting loans under reckless or ruinous conditions. As to madmen and idiots only those who are judicially declared to be such after minute examination and consultation with medical officers appointed by the court are compulsorily dealth with. In both cases the judicial declaration must be published.

The system of placing drunkards in lunatic asylums has been condemned by experts. Dr. Adalbert Tilkowsky, director of the State Asylum at Ybbs, lays down: (1) That the cure of alcoholic mental cases though rapid, is not permanent, owing to the tendency to relapse and inability to resist temptations to drinking. (2) The relapses are largely brought about by a desire to obtain comfortable board and lodging at the public expense. (3) The 'free' treatment of lunatics is unsuited to drunkards, giving them opportunities of procuring liquor. (4) In the first stages drunkards are only morally defective, not mad. (5) Mixing drunkards, who are often sane, with lunatics, is bad for the latter, alcoholics being generally degenerate, but otherwise sane, and therefore having a bad influence on the insane.

So unmistakable has been the failure of the treatment of inebriates in the lunatice asylums that the Minister of Justice has proposed a bill in the Reichsratq empowering the state, the province and the districts to establish public asylums for inebriates, all such institutions to be under State inspection, and to provide divisions for inebriates in penal establishments for compulsory labor. These asylums, which are not to be allowed to take non-alcoholic cases, are for persons judicially convicted three times of drunkeness in one year, and for persons who have not sufficient self-command to resist the temptation to drink, or who through drinking endanger the moral physical or financial security of themselves or their relatives' Voluntary and involuntary cases are to be received; voluntary patients are under the detention provisions of the involuntary, two years being the original maximum reclusion. A drunkard is to be heard before an order is issued for his detention and specialists must report on his condition.


TRY

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CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.



Ask your grocer for

Windsor Salt

For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best


### WHAT MAKES THEM CRY?

You have a very sore finger, let us say. It may be a hurt, a boil—or, worse still, that fearfully painful thing, a felon. Oh, my! oh, my! What a time you have been trying to protect that poor finger. It is all the time getting hit or knocking against something. Simply to keep it out of harm's way worries you more than doing a day's work; and you don't succeed—and wouldn't, even with a dozen policemen to help you. You are scared of a fly threatening to light on it.

This is the principal on which Mrs Elizabeth Allen couldn't bear the least noise. She had no sore finger, but she had what was still more sensitive—a body full of sore nerves; weak, starved, unstrung nerves. So the prattle of children, the closing of a door, the momentary roar of a wagon in the street, the clatter of dishes in the kitchen, the thousand and one sounds and noises that are in the air constantly—who, the smallest of them struck her like a blow from a club. Noises which are not regarded by a well person are like volleys of musketry to one in this condition. Millions of women know all about it, and plenty of men, too—crowds of them. You recognise them on sight—those who are subject to this affliction. Their lined foreheads, their bright, suspicious eyes, their self-protecting gestures and manner—you've seen them Perhaps you are one of them yourself. If so, you'd give all your money and mortgage your future to have a stronger set of nerves, wouldn't you? Let's talk about it two minutes, first quoting the lady's letter, which is dated May 11th, 1893, and written from her home 263 Syston street, Leicester.

'For many years' she says, 'I suffered from indigestion and weakness. After meals I had a great pain at my chest. Every few days I had an attack of sick headache, and had to be constantly lying down on the couch; I strained and heaved a good deal, and spat up a sour nauseous fluid. As time went on I got very weak and nervous, and couldn't bear the least noise.

'I took all sorts of medicines and consulted doctors, but nothing did me much good. Later on I came to hear of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and after taking it a short time the disease left me, and I was able to relish and digest my food. Owing to the virtue of this remedy I now keep in good health. (Signed) Elizabeth Allen.'

And here is Mr. W. Nash who says: 'For fully ten years I suffered from periodic attacks of billiousness. At times a severe headache, preceded by excessive drowsiness; at other times sleeplessness, pain in the chest, side, and stomach, coated tongue and bad breath—that was the way it acted with me. I grew very melancholy, and was not able to follow my business. I consulted doctors and used tonics, &c., but they only made me worse.

"I had constantly heard of your wonderful remedy, Mother Seigel's Syrup, but didn't believe in it. Then I read in *Wit and Wisdom* of a case like mine that the Syrup had cured; so I tried it, and the first bottle acted like magic. The pains left me the first week, I repeated my food no more, *and in a month all my ills were gone. Bless Mother Seigel for ever*, I say. —Yours gratefully, (Signed) W. Nash, 331, Goswell Road, E. C., London, October 2nd, 1893."

Now, where is there room enough on paper to sufficiently praise a medicine that will do what this one did for these two good friends of ours? All pain, remember, is nervous pain, and in the above case it was the foul and inflamed stomach which, by stopping digestion, starved the nerves and made them cry out. What won't cry out when it is starved? Babies will, men will, women will, nerves will.

Mother Seigel's medicine set the stomach in order and gave the nerves some food. Then what? Why, quiet, comfort, strength, rest, enjoyment. "Bless Mother Seigel," indeed.

### Tailor-Made Garments.

One point is certain, after the desertion to a great extent of the tailor-made garment during the intensely hot summer we have experienced, our return to it will be a very cordial one, and the first question to be considered is the modifications which the coat and skirt have undergone during their period of disuse. Collars and basque are naturally the points of attack. A coat's a coat for a' that, and in the main structure, very slight differences can be made. One very prominent feature among the changes, and one that offers great opportunity to the home worker to distinguish herself, is that many of the very smartest coats prepared for autumn wear are innocent both of revers and of step collar.


### Nothing Hunts out Corns

Like tight boots. A sure, certain and painless remedy is found in Putman's Corn Extractor, which removes the worst corns in twenty-four hours.