

# Sunday Reading.

## A CHILD'S KISS.

A Touching Incident Related of the Death of "Bounty Jumper".

He was a bounty-jumper and had been shot down, while trying to escape from the guardhouse. He was a burly, big man, fierce of look and rough in speech, and when they brought him into the hospital he cursed and raved in a way to make you chill. He had received a mortal wound, but death had no terrors for him. When the surgeon told him that he must die within forty-eight hours he replied:

"Baw! What of it! The only favor I have to ask is that you keep sniveling away. I want no prayin' and singin' about me!" He had been a wicked man. He boasted of it. He ridiculed the idea of a hereafter and cursed the Bible and religion. Men and women came to speak with him, so that he might not die as a dog, but he mocked and cursed them. We who were watching for the end saw the shadow of death when it fell. He realized that life was ebbing, but still he cursed and reviled. An hour before he died the wife of a wounded sergeant came in to visit her husband. She brought with her a little fair-haired girl 4 or 5 years old, and as she talked the child slipped away and wandered up and down the aisles to inspect the cots and their occupants. A score of us tried to coax her nearer, but she was coy and bashful. When she reached the cot whereon lay the bounty-jumper, the pallor of death on his face, but fighting the specter away, she paused and stared at him. When he saw her a smile flitted over his face and the fierce light died out of his eyes for the first time. He beckoned her to approach, and to our great surprise she hesitatingly advanced until she stood beside his cot. The mother rose up in alarm, but the nurse whispered to her not to call the child.

"Is you sick?" queried the little one as the man reached out his hand and touched her golden curls.

"Aye! child, I'm dying!" he whispered.

"And ain't you got nobody to speak to you?"

"I didn't want them."

"But you wanted me, didn't you?"

"Yes—God bless you!"

"Is you shot just like papa?"

"Yes, dear."

"Ise so sorry! I guess I'll kiss you!"

As her lips touched his cheek the death-rattle in his throat frightened her, and she ran away to her mother. The kiss was still warm when his eyes closed, his head fell back, and he shivered and died.

"See the wonderful change in his face!" whispered a nurse.

Aye! it was wonderful. The hard lines had melted out and there was a smile hovering about the mouth. That savage expression which had intensified as the hours passed, and the end came nearer, had been kissed away by the little child. But for her he would have died cursing his God. Mayhap, in the seconds between the kiss and the dissolution, he had asked for mercy.

## Parental Authority.

Let no one imagine that a child's faults are only those of immaturity, writes Charlotte Whitton Calkins. Without the cardinal virtues of truthfulness and obedience, it is impossible to build up anything like character. The commands may be few—the fewer the better—but once given they must never be disregarded. Punishment of some sort (and the writer is a believer in gentle measures) must as inevitably follow disobedience as the setting follows the rising of the sun, and this without regard to the consequences, whether trivial or important, of the disobedience.

Opposed to such firm and decisive exercise of authority, are two kinds of interference with a child's development. One is the interference which comes from an earnest desire that the child shall grow up free from all possible defects in mind and in body. The most anxious watchfulness is maintained. Nothing escapes the vigilant eye of the parental censor. The child is trained till all mental and moral spontaneity are lost, and he becomes at best a mere automaton, moving only as the strings are pulled.

The other form of interference is a kind of haphazard way of thwarting a child's plans and wishes, with the vague idea that, if we are not so doing, we are failing in our duty. "A child must be governed" is our theory. His tastes may be reasonable, his plans involve no harm, but we may have an uneasy sense that we are not doing as we should, unless he is made to feel all the time that he is under our control.

Besides the two classes of over-authoritative-parents, there are, of course, always those who fail to recognize that any control is needed, who throw off all sense of responsibility under the impression that somehow or other their children will grow up and "come out right."

The whole difference between over-government, and no government, may be summed up in the remark of a friend in commenting upon two young people, just emerging from childhood:

"This daughter would have made a fine girl if she had not had too much mother; and, he other is almost as badly off, though there is more hope for her, because she has had too little mother!"

Thus it will be seen that even the gentlest rule the world knows—the rule of a loving parent—may be abused, to the child's hurt.

## Every Day Religion.

There is as much necessity today to seek and save the rich as the poor. A very rich man in a certain city heard me preach, and sat in front of my pulpit, and some inspiration gave me courage enough to take my wife, and calling a cab, to drive out of town a little way and go after him. His wife and himself seemed to enjoy our visit very much; we had a talk of half an hour, and it came around to the point where it seemed a desirable thing to pray with that man, and I suggested it might be pleasant if we had a moment's prayer before we went away. When he got up from his knees tears were rolling down his cheeks, and he said, "I want to thank you for doing that, for you know my wife and I have lived together for thirty years, and had our own home, and no man ever came to pray with us before." It is necessary to go after folks to save them. Under the present condition of

things there is no necessity for any church to have empty seats if Christians but follow out the spirit of the New Testament, and go after people and seek for them, and save them.

We must convince people that we are not only seeking after souls, but that as men and women we are interested in everything that interests them. The expression, "saving souls," gets to be a cant expression. Many people drift away from the church because they believe it is a canting expression. I have heard a man speak with unctious about saving souls, who had drawn 30 per cent dividends from a tenement house that meant destruction to the men and women living there. The Master was always anxious about the bodies as well as the souls of men; he was as careful to heal them of fever, and make the lame man well again, as to save souls. You cannot read the life of Jesus without feeling that he was interested in men and women as well as souls. And I have found that all the souls I have been able to reach and save have lived in human bodies, and it made a great deal of difference whether they had three square meals a day or not; it made a difference what kind of wages they had; whether they were treated justly or not. We are dealing not with souls simply, not with something vague and ethereal, but with men and women in the flesh; and if we can convince them that the people in the church are interested in them as men and women you can fill your church. They will come.

## The Drink Curse in Africa.

Mr. C. H. Harvey, who has spent twelve years on the Congo in Missionary work, writes in a recent number of "Regions Beyond" from Banza Manteka, of the awful havoc which strong drink is making among the natives of Africa. He says:

"My heart is much pained and my soul stirred by the present ravages of drink among the natives—of course I do not refer to the Christians. The sad thing about it all is that the drinking habits here are only the beginning of evil, and are bound to become, if not grappled with soon, a very abomination of desolation to these perpetually wronged people. I know that one weak voice cannot make itself heard sufficiently to effect any restraint upon this 'all-powerful interest.' Oh, that the Lord would make it speak! Still, if the Christians in England and America get to know the facts of the case and speak out about them, I do not fear the ultimate issue. European nations are more guilty to-day than they were half a century ago, for it has now been demonstrated that to introduce liquor among aboriginal tribes means nothing less than their perdition and extinction."

"I was especially struck during my recent trip down country, and during my stay at Matadi, with the awful strides that the drink traffic is making in this country. Wherever you go you see the natives engaged in the one pursuit of buying, selling, or drinking the 'malalu momputu,' or trade gin. On my way down country my carriers could talk of nothing else but where to buy it, the price, etc., etc., and it was evident that their chief aim in getting cloth for carrying was that they might spend it in liquor. At the Luvu Bridge, where we stayed the first night, they succeeded in buying some gin, and not only they, but the six or seven other caravans camping there were almost to a man the worse for drink before they fell off to sleep; whilst good numbers were carousing far into the night."

## Rich for a Moment.

The ship Britannia, which struck on the rocks off the coast of Brazil, had on board a large lot of Spanish dollars. In the hope of saving some of them a number of barrels were brought on deck, but the vessel was sinking so fast that the only hope for life was in taking at once to the boats. The last boat was about to push off when a midshipman rushed back to see if anyone was still on board. To his surprise, there sat a man on deck with a hatchet in his hand, with which he had broken open several of the casks, the contents of which he was now heaping up about him.

"What are you doing?" shouted he. "Escape for your life! Don't you know the ship is fast going to pieces?"

"The ship may," said the man: "I have lived a poor wretch all my life, and I am determined to die rich."

His remonstrances were answered only by another flourish of the hatchet, and he was left to his fate. In a few minutes the ship was engulfed in the waves.

We count such a man a madman, but he has too many imitators. Many men seem determined to die rich at all hazards. Least of all risks do they count the chance of losing the soul in the struggle. And yet the only riches we can clasp to our bosom with joy in our dying hour are the riches of grace through faith in our only saviour, Jesus Christ. Let us make these riches ours before the dark hour comes. They will continue and will afford joy and comfort when earthly riches are useless.

## The Hidden Motto On The Ring.

Years ago, a lad returning home from school, picked up a gold ring. The owner could never be found, and the lad said to his mother, as he committed the ring to her care, that if ever he were married he should like to have it for his wife's wedding ring. Years passed by, and in a little village church his youthful wish was fulfilled. But the ring had a special mission to accomplish. Looking carefully at the ring soon after finding it, the lad discovered that it had engraven on the inside the motto: "God's providence, mine inheritance." The lad pondered over the words and thought to himself, how great was the blessing they described. "Yes," he said to himself, that shall be the motto of my life: God's providence, mine inheritance; that means God's love, God's care, will be my estate, my riches. I shall be rich and happy indeed, if all my life through I have God to love me and provide for me." In this way he received the message of the ring; and the motto taken for life was marvelously fulfilled. On his tombstone is cut a representation of the ring, with the motto upon it. Beneath his name was inscribed the last text which he was ever able to read: "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." (Psa. 73:24.)

## The Missionary's Enemy.

A pathetic lament comes from Mr. Whiteside who is laboring at Bailundu, Africa. In writing to the American boards he says: "The other day hearing that the king had called his council together, I wanted to see what was going on, and I saw there about 200 men waiting anxiously for the arrival of a trader. He soon came and with him a keg of whiskey. After filling a few bottles, which the king put aside, the rest was distributed to the crowd. It is said to see how anxious the men are for the whiskey, and not only the men but the boys as well."

"About a year ago when at the ombala (the king's village) as they were drinking whiskey, I noticed how one little fellow, not more than eight or nine years old, a bright little lad, managed to get as many as a half-dozen little drinks. I learned that he was the king's son, and by his head wife, and this is the reason that they were so ready to give him some of their whiskey. The effect on this little fellow is clearly seen. He has lost much of the brightness of his looks, and Mrs. Woodside says he is rather dull in school. Another of the king's sons, who has been coming to the ombala school and is remarkably bright, seemed rather stupid one day, and Mrs. Woodside asked him what was the matter with him, whether he was drunk, and he said he had been drinking whiskey, but that he would not do so again."

"A few times lately I have found Muenekalia, the man next to the king, at whose place we have our meetings, very much the worse for liquor. I have told him plainly of it afterward, when I found him sober. He admits it, says it is bad, and that he will not drink any more, which promise he faithfully keeps until he can get more, when he drinks as before. I think that whiskey-drinking will be a very great hindrance to our work at the ombala, and more and more so throughout the country, especially among the old men."

## Honor the Dear old Mother.

Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek—but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheek are the sweetest lips in all the world.

The eye is dim, yet it glows with the rapt radiance of a holy love which can never fade.

Oh, yes, she is a dear old mother. Her hands of time are nearly run out, but feeble as she is they will go further and reach down lower for you than any other on earth.

You cannot walk into midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars shall keep her out; you can never mount the scaffold too high for her to reach that she may kiss and bless you.

In evidence of her deathless love, when the world shall despise and forsake you—when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms, carry you home and tell you of all her virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices.

Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.—The Bugle Call.

## A Boy Philanthropist.

A society in Paris makes an annual gift of a gold medal to persons who have distinguished themselves by acts of kindness. To the general surprise, one of the recent recipients was a boy of sixteen years of age, named Louis Bourzat. When the record of the acts which had convinced the society of his fitness for the honor was read, the following list astonished the audience: Both his father and mother were in delicate health, and he had two brothers. Seeing his family suffering from hunger, he set himself to work. He began by helping his mother to manage her dairy. Then a lame girl with a wooden leg, was cared for, and finally cured of a dangerous illness. But this generosity ran away with the profits of the dairy. Louis was not cast down. "I will take a basket he said, and I will sell fruit about Paris." And so he did. Then he learned the trade of a carpenter, working by day and going to a night school in the evenings. He taught a consumptive workman to read, and made him share his room. He took care of him in his dying moments with the devotion of a son. The neighbors of Louis Bourzat told of all these kind acts, and the boy was quite astonished when he found himself looked upon as a hero.

## A Boy Again.

The director of one of our large corporations was in the habit of prowling around the office. One morning he happened to come across the dinner-pail of the office-boy. His curiosity led him to take off the cover. A slice of home-made bread, two doughnuts and a piece of apple-pie tempted the millionaire's appetite. He became a boy again, and the dinner-pail seemed to be the one he carried sixty years ago. Just then the office-boy came in and surprised the old man eating the pie—he had finished the bread and doughnuts.

"That's my dinner you're eating!" said the boy.

"Yes, sonny, I suspect it may be; but it's a first rate one for all that. I've not eaten so good a one for sixty years."

"There," he added, as he finished the pie, "take that and go out and buy yourself a dinner; but you won't get so good a one," and he handed the boy a five dollar bill. For days after, the old man kept referring to the first-class dinner he had eaten from the boy's pail.

## Light From Facts.

"During the last twenty-five years," writes a missionary, "Persia has suffered from two scourges of cholera, two of famine, one of black plague and one of war. While these have had damaging effects upon business interests of all kinds as well as upon the distribution of the Scriptures, we have reason to believe that the people have learned some valuable lessons. One effect has been to break down deep-rooted Moslem prejudices against Christians in general, and missionaries in particular. Another is the gradual and manifest weakening of the Moslem belief in fatalism. During the first stage of cholera, a few of the 'faithful' died from the city; a few of the Moslems' epidemic every one who could, did so. Again, the exemption of Christian communities from fatal cases of cholera has been most marked. In the Oromiah field, with over two thousand church members, not one communicant died of the cholera—

only one in Tabreez, one in Teheran, none in Halmas. This leads the Moslems to question whether they may not be mistaken in their doctrines. They say to one another: 'If these unclean infidels are spared so remarkably, while we, the faithful, are swept away like flies, what are we to think? God is great. Possibly they are correct and we are mistaken.' Such things lead us to believe that a rich blessing is in store for this interesting land."

## A System Worthy of Imitating.

It is said that the people of New Zealand look down upon copper coins and will never use them if they can help it. An English clergyman who had one day taken the place of another preacher in Auckland says that in the collection of something over eight pounds there were two hundred and fifty-six threepenny pieces and only four coppers.

It is well understood that these smaller silver coins will be used in church collections that the threepenny pieces have received a name.

One day a young lady wanted some small change from a chinaman, who was the family grocer, and he drew out a handful of coppers.

"No, no, I don't want that!" she said. "Ah, I see what missey wants," said he. "Churchy money!"

And he handed over a quantity of threepenny pieces.

## A Livingstone Tablet.

The Royal Geographical Society of England some four years since, appropriated a sum of money for a present to the chief Chitambo, who was so kind to Dr. Livingstone while living and who permitted the removal of his body after his death. They also prepared a bronze plate to be affixed to the tree by the side of which Livingstone died. Mr. Frank S. Arnot undertook to convey the present, but transferred his charge to Lieutenant Franqui, who has at last accomplished the trust. The bronze plate has the inscription: "Livingstone died here, May 1, 1873."

## Longfellow and the Young Man.

It is said that when Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was a professor in college he gave as motto to his pupils, "Live up to the best that is in you." We cannot vouch for the anecdote and do not know what its authority, but the thought it suggests is a noble one. There are two natures in every man. One says, "Have a good time, never mind to-morrow;" the other says: "Love not pleasures, love God; this is the everlasting yea." One seeks to gratify desire, appetite, passion, ambition; the other seeks to know the right.

## Hymns by the Thosard.

Says London Tid-bits in its chats with readers:—"G. B., is a collector of hymns, and possesses considerably more than 20,000. Yet he modestly asserts this number is insignificant compared with the collections of some hymnologists. We should have thought that they were scarcely more than 20,000 printed hymns in the language. Perhaps any reaper with a larger collection will communicate."

Heaven smiles with love and admiration on those who seek to cheer the desponding heart, or lighten by act, or word, or look the burden borne by the weary soul.

## Messages of Help for the Week.

"I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people, in the courts of the Lord's house." Psalm 116, 18-19.

"They that feared the Lord spake often one to another and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." Malachi 3, 16.

"And another book was opened, which is the Book of Life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Revelation 20, 12.

"Save me, O God; for the waters are come unto my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me." Psalm 69, 1-2.

"In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust: let me never be put to confusion. Deliver me in thy righteousness, and cause me to escape: Be thou my strong habitation, where I may continually resort." Psalm 71, 1-3.

"And Jesus said: I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." John 6, 35-37.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matthew 11, 29.

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