

Sunday Reading.

THE BOOK OF OUR MOTHERS.

Rev. Joseph Parker's Defence of the Bible Against the Higher Critics.

In substance I retain the Bible exactly as my mother gave it, for she, too, was an expert. She thought the Lord made the heavens and the earth in six days, and that he rested on the seventh day and hallowed it. She told me the story of Joseph just as it had been told to Isaac and the angel seizing the uplifted knife as if it were a fact. She went over all the Bible lovingly, and never said a word to me about tentative suggestions, clay tablets and future exactions. And many a time after reading the Bible to me, we fell on our knees and the dear old soul talked to God as if he were a real living being and quite close to her. Yet she knew nothing about God but what she had read in the Bible. Of course all this cuts a mean figure in the eyes of formal logic and in the view of the new learning. Yet I am going to cling to it. My reason for referring to it now is to remind the critics that there is a Bible dear to the common people—they were made by it, converted by it, comforted by it, and they live upon it, and I do not want the critics to take it away until they have something better to give than a serious tentative suggestion and the hope of finding some help in future excavations. We must not ignore the work that the Bible has done among the people. Experts should limit the circulations of their books amongst themselves. They should prey and feed and starve upon each other's partial learning, and flatter each other's critical instinct by inventing still longer polysyllables and playing the middleman to German wordmongers.

I would only take away an idolater's idol because I think I have something better to put in its place. Neither would I take away the mother's Adam and Moses and Abraham and Isaac and Isaiah and Daniel, and fill the ghostly vacancy with nothing more than a serious of tentative suggestions. But what would the infidel say? I never consult the infidel upon anything. I would go to the infidel for infidelity; I never go to him for faith. What then is to be done? Go on with the old until the new is ready. Do not let the soul shiver in nakedness whilst the new tailors are wrangling over the texture and pattern of the new cloths. This gives me the right point of approach to the Bible and all its contents. All the detail I can now survey from a true elevation. So long as I mistook the telegraph-messenger for the telegram itself, I was in great confusion. Who was he? Who were his parents? What was his age? How did he come to be connected with a great electrical system? I made a puzzle of him. Was he old enough to have written a telegram? Had he and another boy concocted the telegram? After all was the missive a telegram? If it was a telegram, why was it not sent immediately to me without the intervention of a messenger? I asked the boy if he has written the telegram, and he says No. I demand to see the clerk who has penciled the message, and he turns out to be little more than a boy himself, but he has sufficient sense to suggest that I had better open the envelope and read the message. When I read it the boy and the clerk become of small consequence to me. The message was full of love. It was the message for which I had been waiting many a weary day. I could have loved even the boy who brought it to me. I at length looked at the whole action from the right point of view, and now the shadows are dispersed by the full shining of the light. The right point of view is exactly what we want in everything. . . . It seems to me that the higher critics have not always placed themselves at the right point of view in attempting to survey the almost boundless field of inspiration. They are in some conspicuous instances mere word-grubbers, who cannot find through lexicons and grammars what can only be found by incessant and sympathetic communion with God. Expertness may be the fruit of prayer. If I start my survey of the Bible from any other point than God I am lost in details. The author, not the book in its mechanical form, is the point to begin at.

THE DURATION OF LIFE.

Nahor Lived Seventy Years Longer than Methuselah.

For ages, and until within a few years, human life grew shorter. The race started out with a general endowment of years. The time was when, according to Bible accounts, people five hundred years old were not a curiosity. I suppose that parents mourned over the untimely departure of their children, dying three hundred years old. Methuselah, celebrated in all nurseries and Sunday schools and in common parlance as the oldest man who had ever lived, was not the oldest. Nahor, as mentioned in Genesis, was seventy years older. Methuselah was only 969 years, but Nahor was 1,039 years old. Yet life, chiefly through the sins of the ages, got smaller and smaller, until in the time of Pliny there were only forty persons 135 years old. Shorter and shorter became the average of human life until the cradle and the grave were so near together that hardly had the race got out of the one than it fell into the other. But the tide has turned, and, thanks to God and thanks to medical science, the average of human life is enlarged. The human race has so much more to do than the brute creation, and yet many styles of brute outlive the man. An elephant has lived 300 years and a whale 400. A tortoise in the archbishop's palace at Lambeth lived 120 years. Why such creatures should outlive the human race I cannot understand. But diseases are being driven back and the laws of health are being more thoroughly understood, and I think many men and women who see the dawn of the twentieth century will see the dawn of the twenty-first century. The time is going to come when it will be no rarity to see nonagenarian poets, philanthropists and historians. When I see such men working clear on, almost across the century, I conclude that the aged ought to change their theory about the best time to quit. Considering the increased prolongation of human life and the additional means for protecting it, men and women ought not to put off their armor as soon as did our im-

mediate ancestors. In the time of our fathers and grandfathers, doctors wandered around with a lancet and it a man had a fever, bled him, and if he had a cold, bled him, and if he had fits, bled him, and if the case had not developed into anything special, bled him—when the fact all along has been that most men want more blood instead of less blood. And I am glad to know that except for here and there when used for a child's swollen gum or a boil, the lancet is a banished instrument. But now the medical science is full armed against all ailments and even cancers and consumptions and hydrophobias are having their last cruel round with the human race. My advice to all is lay out your plans for a prolonged lifetime, while you are particular to be prepared to go any time the Lord may call. Some of the best work the world has ever seen was done after the time when most people think they must quit. Isaac Walton wrote some of his best biographies after he was 85. Christopher Wren kept on with architecture until he was 86. Cato learned the Greek language when he was 80. Hobbes, at 87 years of age, translated the "Iliad." Fontenelle wrote vigorously at 99 years. Monaldesco penned the history of his times at 115 years of age. But I am glad for the human race that life is being prolonged. Take off of it the years we are getting ready to die and the years we are getting ready to die and instead of life being, as in the time of the Psalmist, a handbreadth, it got down to a finger breadth. Beside the additional opportunity that is allowed for work by this prolonged longevity there is an increased opportunity for enjoyment. It is far more interesting to live now than in former ages. What the old patriarchs would only take or five hundred years on their hands I know not. There was so little to see, life must have become awful monotonous. There were no railroads to take them to any other place. They had no better light than a dull candle. Their next neighbors had lived there as long as from the time of the discovery of America until now. But in our day there is so much to see and hear as well as so much to do, that life is filled with novelties and entertainments, and while I would not ask for an earthly residence as long as that of Nahor or the shorter lived Methuselah, I would risk, if I had the opportunity, a couple of centuries. But the healthiest mood and the most christian mood is to be ready to stay or go, as the Lord decrees it, and there is nothing that I know of that can put one and keep one in such a state of composure and placidity as the christian religion. We want to wait for sailing orders to move to some work in this world, cheerfully to go at it, and it to move to another world, to embark with glowing expectation of a safe arrival in a port where we shall be greeted by those who have gone before and where we shall wait for those who come later.

THE REASON FOR IT.

The Disappointment of the Early Days of Christian Experience.

Many, on entering the life of full consecration and devotion, are eager to change the circumstances of their lives for those in which they suppose that they will more readily attain a fully-developed character. Hence, much of the restlessness and fever, the disappointment and wilfulness of the early days of christian experience. Such have yet to learn that out of myriads of circumstances God has chosen the lot of each as being specially adapted to develop the hidden qualities and idiosyncrasies of each soul whom He loves. Do not, therefore, seek to change, by some rash and wilful act, the setting and environment of your life. Stay where you are till God as evidently calls you elsewhere as He has put you where you are. Abide for the present in the calling wherein you were called. Throw upon Him the responsibility of indicating to you the change when it is necessary for your further development. In the meanwhile, look deep into the very heart of every circumstance, for its special message, lesson or discipline. Upon the way in which you accept or reject these will depend the achievements or marrying of the Divine purpose. You complain of the monotony of your life. Day in, day out, the same round. Year after year the same path trodden to and fro; no horizon; no space or width; only the same lane of sky between the high houses on either side. What scope is there here for the evolution of noble character! There is no opportunity to meditate and achieve great deeds. Yet remember that the passive virtues are even dearer to God than the active ones. They take the longest learning and are the last learnt. They consist in patience, submission, endurance, long-suffering, persistence in well-doing. They need more courage and evince greater heroism than those qualities which the world admires most. But they can only be acquired in just that monotonous and narrow round of which many complain as offering so scant a chance of acquiring saintliness.

Flowers for the Sick.

In choosing flowers for the sick, it is not necessary to pick out the most choice or the most costly, says a writer on floral topics. Every flower is beautiful, and often the common old-fashioned ones are preferred; they suggest pleasant thoughts of former days. As a rule, pretty flowers are preferred. "Oh, give me something cheerful," is often the request at the hospital, and big marigolds, calendulas and zinnias are the first chosen. It is a good plan to have as large a variety in the collection as possible when one is getting ready for a trip to the hospital. If invalids find their favorites among the flowers their enjoyment is much greater; besides, the opportunity to choose is in itself a pleasure. "It is a great privilege to choose." I heard an old lady at one of the asylums say as she bent over a box of flowers trying to decide which box to take. Very fragrant flowers are not always acceptable in a sick room. "I love them, but I cannot breathe so well when they are near me." I heard an invalid once say while trying to decide which bouquet to choose. There are times, however, when the fragrant flowers have a special mission. There is often a blind patient among the invalids. He, too, enjoys choosing his flowers, and can only be guided in his choice by their perfume.

Flowers that last a long time are generally popular at the hospital. Invalids who are not seriously sick like to keep their flowers and to care for them from day to day. "Which will last longest?" is often a question with them. Marigolds are only gay but they answer this requirement also; pansies, petunias, mignonette, forget-me-nots and sweet alyssum have this same attractive quality. Buds that will open in water are pleasant to have in a sick room. It is interesting to an invalid to watch them develop. If a few slips are mixed with the flowers they may make the bouquet still more valuable. I saw a sick girl some time after she had received a bouquet from the flower mission and she told me with a happy smile that she had sent home the heliotrope which was in her bunch of flowers, and it was still alive.

AN INJUSTICE TO CHILDREN.

How They are Taught to Hate Instead of to Love.

It is not fair to a child, says a recent writer, to compare him unfavorably with some little playmate or friend, saying:—"Tommy Noddle would not behave so," or, "Charlie Johnson never acts in that manner." The effect is to make your little boy or girl resentful against Tommy or Charlie, and the reproach thus administered seldom tends to the improvement of the child censured. An elderly woman died some months ago after a long illness. A friend of the family, who made constant kind inquiries, was always denied admission to her room. Flowers and dainty dishes, books and pictures, which this friend sent, were never received with favor, and at last some one thought it well to ask the reason. "It is not like you," she said, "to be capricious. Why do you treat Mrs. — in this strange and naughty manner?" A shade came over the invalid's face. "I have hated her," she replied, "ever since we were both six years old, and she was held up to me as an example. It is too late for me to change my opinion now. She may be a saint or a ministering angel, but she need not come to see me, for I never will be able to endure the sight of her." This, of course, was an extreme case, but something like it, less marked in degree, but equally determinate of character, often happens where unwise parents stir up strife between children.

The better plan is to judge and to treat each little child simply as an individual. Comparisons are always odious, when they show one person as a foil to another. No beings are more sensitive to blame than children, and no passion is so cruel as jealousy when we tell one of our children that he or she is awkward, or clumsy, or rude, or brusque, as compared with this or that companion. Praise goes farther than blame in child-training.

HOW TO KEEP SERVANTS.

A Lady Who Treated Her Servant Girl "Like a Christian."

She made all other women madly envious by saying that she had a jewel of a girl: that she had had her for four years, and that she had expected to have her forever. The other woman asked her how she accomplished it, and she told them. "I pay her well," she announced in the beginning. "I also pay her regularly. If she wants to send her money home, she can do so at a given date. She is no more uncertain about her salary than my husband is. Her room is pleasant. It isn't elaborate, but it is comfortable, and homelike as I could make it. I tell her exactly what I want done and let her do it then in her own way. "The children are not allowed to give her orders, and they are obliged to treat her respectfully. I myself am as polite as I know how to be to her. I never reprimand her in public. I don't mind letting her see that I like her and even telling her so. I praise her when she deserves praise. She has company a couple of times a week, and she never abuses her privileges in that respect. I try to give her as much freedom as it she were employed in some other capacity. I think my success with her is an advertisement for my method."

The Rights of Others.

That friend is not worthy of the name who would not wish his friend to be happy in his one way, simply because it was a way in which he did not wish to walk. There are few mistakes more unintelligible and inexcusable than to imagine that because something is highly amusing and interesting to us, it must, therefore, be equally so to others, and upon that supposition to force it upon them or weary them with its minute details and our rhapsodies upon it. It is one of the prevailing forms of social tyranny, which urge a man to yearn for "a lodge in some vast wilderness," and which only a clearer insight into the rights of

others and a deeper sympathy with their needs can permanently remove. It is in fact a peculiar phase of egotism, the prevailing vice of the age. With those among whom it prevails you are "no good" if you do not fall into their views with the greatest enthusiasm. They have "no use for you" if you are not entirely in accord with them. They only consult their own feelings and altogether ignore those of others. And the world is full of them.

TRIBUTE TO DR. HOLMES

By the Little Blind, Deaf and Dumb Girl, Helen Keller.

One of the most genuine and heartfelt of all the tributes to the memory of Dr. Holmes is undoubtedly that paid by Helen Keller. As some one spoke to her of him her beautiful face, an instant mirror of every mood as it passes, from having been animated with gaiety, at once became sad and tender and she remarked in the straightforward, earnest unconscious manner in which she utters thoughts that startle the listener with their breadth and suggestiveness, as well as with the exquisite grace and perfection of their form of expression, "I think he was more to me than to most people because I saw through his eyes and heard through his ears. He revealed to me the beauty of springtime and taught me to love the song of birds." She has sent a bunch of flowers for the poet's funeral, with the following words in her own handwriting: "In loving memory of the dear friend whose kindness and tender sympathy have helped to make my life glad and sweet and beautiful. From his little friend who sees with the eyes of her soul, Helen Keller."

Messages of Help for the Week.

"We took sweet counsel together and walked into the house of God." Psalm 55: 14.
"This is the real wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing." Isaiah, 28: 12.
"Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise." Micah, 7: 8.
"Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression." Micah, 7: 18.
"These things I write unto you that ye sin not, and if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." Psalm 2: 1.
"Your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake." 1 John, 2: 12.
"What we ye? Shall I come unto you with a rod, or in love, and in the spirit of meekness." 1 Cor., 4: 21.

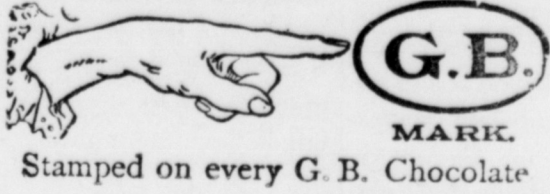
Act in the Present.

Are not most of us given too much to holding the grace of God as something for the next world? Don't we think too much of religion as a provision for the future, and of its blessings as things to be gotten in hand and enjoy only when we reach heaven? Don't we fail to appreciate as we ought what Christ brings us of himself and of grace now, and which he wants us to use and enjoy in the present life? Wouldn't we commend the gospel far more effectively to the people of the world by teaching them that it has to do with now and this life as well as eternity and heaven? If a man has absolutely boundless wealth in his possession is he wise to hoard it all for some future "rainy day," or doesn't he act more wisely to draw upon it for present necessities, and to enjoy and use it as he goes along?

BUY



See that



Stamped on every G. B. Chocolate



EVERY LADY WHO WANTS UNDERWEAR

and understands what pure wool is and appreciates exquisite finish buys the

"HEALTH BRAND,"

both for herself or children. These goods are made in Vests, Drawers, Tights and Combinations, and are kept by every first-class dry goods store.

THE MONTREAL SILK MILLS COMPANY, Ltd., MONTREAL.

WORK STARTS AT THE FOUNDATION.

Does Not Give Temporary Relief, But is an Assured System Builder.

Indigestion and All Nervous Disorders Lastingly Cured

Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., Cured by South American Nervine When Everything Else Had Failed.



MR. W. F. BOLGER, RENFREW, ONT.

Many of the remedies now administered are simply appetizers. They are a stimulant for the time being. They give temporary strength possibly, but are not system-builders. The constitution that has become run down through trouble, overwork, disease, or from whatever cause, cannot become itself again except where the system of building-up is begun at the foundation. Here it is that marvelous results come from the use of South American Nervine Tonic. Starting from the established scientific fact that the life and healthfulness of every part of the nerve centers, which are located in the base of the brain, this great discovery, South American Nervine, acts at once upon the nerve centers. It does not serve simply as a soothing draught, or a temporary stimulant to the injured and diseased organs. It gives the needed strength at the nerve centers, and this done, the whole system is toned and built up. Evidence on this point might be presented by the volume. The subjects of such a cure are found all over this fair Dominion. Mr. W. F. Bolger, of Renfrew, Ont., tells us in a letter over his own signature, and dated May 10, that he has been troubled with indigestion of a most aggravated character. Terrible weakness, as well as agonizing suffering followed. South American Nervine was brought under his notice, and he decided on giving it a trial. The result in his own words is this: "I found very great relief from the first couple of bottles; my appetite came back and I soon became strong. I can honestly say that I consider South American Nervine a remarkable medicine. It cured me of my suffering, which seemed incurable, and had baffled all former methods and efforts." Language cannot be too strong or positive when used in setting forth the merits of this remarkable, scientific remedy. It has cured many of the most desperate cases of indigestion and nervous diseases in the Dominion. For sale by Chas. McGregor, 37 Charlotte St.; Chas. P. Clarke, 100 King St.; R. E. Coupe, 578 Main St. E. J. Mahoney, 38 Main St. A. C. Smith & Co.; 41 Charlotte St.



M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends this testimony to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, I experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

DRINK "BLUE CROSS" CEYLON TEA

Blue Cross Tea

DRINK "BLUE CROSS" CEYLON TEA

Head Office, London, England.
Wholesale Agents, Geo. S. DeForest & Sons.

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY,

(Via C. P. R. Short Line)

Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all parts of the world.

Offices in all the Principal towns in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Operating Canadian Pacific R'y and branches, Intercolonial R'y to Halifax, Joggins R'y, New Brunswick and P. E. I. R'y, Digby and Annapolis, connecting with points on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, Elgin & Havelock R'y.

Handling of Perishable Goods a Specialty. Connect with all reliable Express Companies in the United States. Eight hours ahead of all competing Expresses from Montreal and points in Ontario and Quebec.

Lowest Rates, Quick Despatch and Civility.
E. N. ABBOTT, Agent,
96 Prince Wm. Street, S. John, N. B.