

# Sunday Reading.

## NOW ABIDETH FAITH.

The Story of Help that Came and Did not Come by Chance.

"Gone away! Of course not. Edmund gone away? Why, where would he go? Leave home without telling me that he was going? Why, he never so much as goes down town of an evening without telling me. He is one of the best boys in the world." If only he was ready to give his heart to Christ, I should have nothing more to live for. But in God's time that will come too, Tillie. Yes, I am sure he will hear my prayer for my dear boy! Why do you keep saying that he has gone away? He has no need to skulk off. I never refused him any reasonable request. Run away. You talk foolishly.

"What is that you say? O Tillie, you don't mean it! But you are mistaken. Of course you are mistaken. But I wonder where he is? It's a joke he is playing on you. You know he always was a tease. Yes, it's some joke. He wouldn't leave his fond, silly, old mother without saying good-bye.

"He did say good-bye? When? Yes, I do remember that. He came back and kissed me two or three times last night—but he often does that. He knows I like it. But how did you know that he kissed me four times when he said good-night?

"You saw tears in his eyes, when he came into the hall?—What of that? Go and see if he hasn't taken his gun or his jointed rod out of the cupboard. Don't handle his flies or touch anything; you know he doesn't like his things disturbed—no matter how dusty they are.

"There can't be anything wrong. Tillie makes me nervous and fretful sometimes. It's enough to make anybody fretful to have her go on this way. She always was a scary body, and it grows on her. It's enough to frighten you into locking the door against your own shadow, she fancies such gawsony things sometimes. It's too bad that so good a Christian woman as she shouldn't have more faith in God about little things. But I wish I knew where Ed-die was. I don't like his staying out this way. Still he's sure to come back before dinner. What if he should be gone! But, no, it can't be!

"Well, Tillie, what's the matter? You ought to have more faith about these things. Why do you look at me so queerly? What! O Lord, hold thou me up! Read the letter—quick! 'Gone away. Don't try to find me.'

"And that's all? Let me see it! Hand me my spectacles. Yes it is his writing. O Tillie what does it mean? See, there are tear-marks on it! Oh, what shall we do? Oh, it can't be true! Dear God, it can't be true! Why should he go away? O my boy! my boy!"

For a short time the two women wept without speaking; the mistress lying white and still on the invalid's couch, where she spent most of her time, and the maid bending over her and holding the hands which she had stretched out. Then Mrs. Phillips said very gently: "Tillie I want to be alone," and as Tillie wiped her eyes and wrestled in prayer in the hall, she knew that her mistress watered her couch with tears and agonized prayer for her boy.

"For several days rumors of the disappearance of Edmund Phillips have been circulated, but it was definitely stated for the first time today that he had run away. Young Phillips had been playing the races rather heavily of late and had lost considerable money. His fowling-piece had been found in a pawn-broker's shop, thus showing that he had not made away with himself, as was at first reported. His mother, an aged invalid, is prostrated with grief."

The young man who was reading from the press dispatches trembled rather violently as he caught sight of the heading. "Young Phillips Not a Suicide After All." He glanced quickly about to make sure that no one had seen him start and then retired to his room to re-read the item.

Suicide! The thought that they might suspect him of that never occurred to him. Had his mother thought this? How tantalizing the scrap of news was! It told so little that he wanted to know. And yet he felt a sense of disgrace that his name should appear in the paper at all. To be classed in the same column with defaulters and bigamists—it was almost as though he were a criminal himself.

But was he not a criminal? The thought came like a stinging blow. In the sight of God, where was the difference? If there was a difference between him and the criminals, whose deeds were recorded in this column, was not his sins greater than theirs, because he had known better things.

Rut this sense of sin and shame was lost in the remembrance that his mother was "prostrated with grief." What did that mean? She could bear so little, this delicate mother of his. Would his going away kill her? And if she should die, would he not be as much a murderer as any whose crime was recorded alongside his own? Had his flight made matters any worse than they would have been when his mother found out that he had disgraced himself by getting into debts by gambling at the new pool room, opened in the town.

He must have word from his mother. He searched in vain all through the newspapers at the cheap western hotel, and then in the afternoon sent a letter signed with an assumed name, for copies of those city papers, published near his home, which would be most likely to contain an account of his departure and his mother's health. Then he waited for news.

In the meantime his money was rapidly dwindling away. He must find some work by which he could earn something. He was running the delivery wagon of a grocery store when the news papers for which he had sent was received. The first contained no news of his leaving. Others had only scant notices. But the Sunday issue of one of the papers contained a highly sensational account, illustrated by a poor blurred cut, taken from a boyish photograph.

While her son was eating out his heart in sorrow over the injury he had done his mother, Mrs. Phillips was really bearing wonderfully her crushing sorrow. Physically she was much the same as she had been for a long time. Frail and white ever since her husband's death, it was no wonder that those who did not know her intimately should believe that she was prostrated, as the newspapers had said, by the blow. But even at the first shock her faith had stood firm.

Next to her faith in God, stood her faith in her boy. She positively refused to listen to the exaggerated stories which were all about concerning her son's speculations at the new pool room. It was not until Tillie suggested that perhaps the man who sold pools on the horses might be able to tell her something about her boy, that she consented to take the matter into consideration at all. When this idea came to her, she refused to let any one go for her, but rose from her couch to go herself.

The man with the high hat and striped trousers who kept the policy shop, looked rather uncomfortable for a moment when Mrs. Phillips announced her errand. No, he knew nothing of the young man's whereabouts and only did wish he did know where he could get at him. This unexpected sympathy quite touched her heart and opened her lips. As the gentle voice of Mrs. Phillips went on quietly, with no sign of abuse, with no threats, and even without reproaches, the man's face grew puzzled. "Yes," he said, interrupting her self-controlled recital of her son's uniform kindness to her. "Yes, yes; I have no doubt, it is him. As you say, he was a good-hearted lad enough. But he was a bit of a plunger and no very good judge of losses either. But honest losses is honest debts, I say. Live and let live, that my motto, says I."

"Oh, no; he never had anything to do with horses. You couldn't expect him to know much about them. So he did help you in your business here sometimes?" she asked, looking curiously at the blackboard and the flaming prints of trotting horses which disfigured rather than adorned the walls.

The man didn't know as 'e'd helped in much. "But he did what he could, I suppose," she went on. "The dear boy, he was trying to build up a business, I suppose, and was keeping it to himself to surprise me. But the papers say he lost some money on horses. How was that? I hope he hasn't injured your horses, or caused you to lose any money?"

"Oh, no; 'e didn't injure the 'orses in nowise," admitted Mr. Huddersfield. "I am so glad of that. Then whatever money he lost was his own. I didn't know he had saved money enough out of his wages to enable him to buy horses on speculation. He doesn't have very regular work and his salary is small. But he didn't borrow it, I am sure; for he would have come to me first, if he had wanted money. It's bad business, this speculation, and I am glad he lost instead of winning. But he wouldn't have gone away. I would have given up everything rather than that. He doesn't owe you anything, I hope?"

"I'd like to see 'er," Mr. Huddersfield explained afterwards to his partner. "No living man could 'elp it. It wa'rent no use to try to explain the business to 'er. It'd a' killed 'er. I think, it she'd 'a' knowned the truth. Why, man she was just 'a' an angel tellin' 'ow this boy was 'er one comfort an' 'ow God 'ud bring 'im back to 'er again. Yes, was sure to bring 'im back she said. Let the loss go to my share, if you ain't satisfied, Ben. I'd rather lose twit that much as 'ave 'er know."

After a month's search, Mr. Walker, Mrs. Phillips' lawyer and business man, advised that the detectives be recalled and the advertisements in the newspapers be taken out. It seemed useless to make further effort, and Mrs. Phillips' slender means would soon be exhausted if the present rate of expenditure were kept up. So all efforts were abandoned, except that Mrs. Phillips herself prepared a series of advertisements, one of which was as follows:

"Come thou, for there is peace in thee, and no hurt; as the Lord liveth."  
"Come for all things are now ready."  
"Come unto me and I will give you rest."  
"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."  
"The Lord appeared from afar \* \* \* saying, Yes, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee."

Elizabeth R. Phillips.  
"It was in a paper which a travelling salesman left in the store one day. By chance I picked it up."  
"No, Edmund, not by chance," said Mrs. Phillips simply as she lay on her couch with Edmund in his old place by her side.

"You are right, mother, it was not chance made you choose that form of advertisement nor that threw the paper to my way."  
"You never 'eard of a woman like 'er. You just 'as to be a right-livin' man, if you 'as anything to do with 'er. There was that son o' 'ers Hedmund, started to go to the devil on't by light'nin' 'expreess. An' look at 'im now! No more steady young chap in the town,—no no ain't been these

five years: reg'l'r at the church, prays in the prayer-meetin', an' is as str'ight as a string. An' 'ere's me. I've seen me livin' like a swell on the proceeds o' the races instead o' transferrin' trunks an' movin' furniture an' pianos—but I don't complain. An' when I get into the Kingdom, it'll be by the grace o' God an' 'cause o' Mrs. Phillips' faith—me an' Hedmund."

## GRACE GIVEN TO US.

By It We are Made Partakers of the Divine Nature, Says the Apostle.

"But unto every one of us is given grace,"—Eph., iv., 7.

The term "grace" has come to be used in a religious sense almost exclusively. Sometimes the word is applied to certain modes or manners. There is such a thing as a gracious bearing; there are graceful manners, the cultivation of which can never be too highly commended. But "grace" is largely a Biblical word, and is especially a favored word with the Apostle Paul. When he would describe the happier condition of those who are no longer bound by the forms and ceremonies of the law, but are the rejoicing subjects of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, he says they are no longer under the law, but under grace. This grace is sufficient for all the needs of those who have become followers of the Lamb. "We are saved by grace through faith" By grace we are made partakers of the divine nature, and when this large-hearted, loving apostle would call down heaven's greatest benediction on his friends, he prays in every letter that the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ" may be the abiding inheritance of the saints. In this letter to the Ephesians he speaks of the universal bestowment of grace. To every one of us is given grace, and along with the universal bestowment of this heavenly benediction he marks the variety of its characteristics. To some prophesy, to another the aptitude of teaching, to another power to edify, and so we learn that as in the natural world so in the spiritual world the benedictions of God are as varied as they are bountiful. All this grace is capable of cultivation. We are urged by this same apostle to "grow in grace." Just as we are charged to cultivate our gifts, so are we charged to cultivate this spiritual endowment we call grace, and that not without sufficient reason. For this grace has been bestowed that we might come to the unity of faith and of the knowledge of the Son of Man. That we might grow to perfect manhood, to the stature of the fullness of Christ. Grace is the secret of all spiritual growth, and should be guarded with jealous care. By grace we become faithful and true, Christlike, pure and strong. Grace is the secret of power, as it is the secret of growth. John Bunyan summed up the whole matter when he described his whole life as an example of "grace abounding to the chief of sinners."

## WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.

John Stuart Blackie's Sound Advice to the Boys of the Present Day.

The nobility of life is work. We live in a working world. The idle and lazy man does not count in the plan of campaign. "My father worketh hitherto and I work." Let that text be enough. Let your daily wisdom of life be in making a good use of the opportunities given you.

We live in a real and a solid and truthful world. In such a world only truth, in the long run, can hope to prosper. Therefore avoid lies, mere show and sham and hollow superficiality of all kinds, which is at best a painted lie. Let whatever you are, and whatever you do, grow out of a firm root of truth and a strong soil of reality.

Never forget Paul's sentence: "Love is the fulfilling of the law." That is the steam of the social machine.

Do one thing well; be a whole man, as Chancellor Taurou said, "do one thing at a time." Make clean work and leave no tags. Allow no delays when you are at a thing. Do it and be done with it.

Avoid miscellaneous reading. Read nothing that you do not care to remember, and remember nothing you do not mean to use.

Never desire to appear clever and make a parade of your talents before men. Be honest, loving, kindly and sympathetic in all you say and do. Cleverness will flow from you naturally if you have it; and applause will come to you unsought from those who know what to applaud, but the applause of fools is to be shunned.

## New Earnestness Needed.

J Hudson Taylor, in 1865, asked the privilege of making a brief appeal for three hundred million of unsaved Chinese, at the annual Perth conference. Those who had the conduct of the conference replied that those meetings were "for edification," and missionary topics could not be introduced! And when at last twenty minutes were secured by him to urge obedience to our Lord's commands, he told of the drowning of poor "Peter" outside the walls of Sungkiang, how, when he fell overboard, and Mr. Taylor sprang overboard to rescue him, but was baffled in his efforts, he besought help of some fishermen in a neighboring boat, who met his agonizing suspense with stolid, stupid apathy; and, with a drag net in their hands just fitted for the rescue of the drowning man, would not stir to help except as he appealed to their cupidity, and even then too late to save the life that was in peril. And when the conference was on the alert with surprise and indignation at such unnatural and inhuman conduct, Mr. Taylor thundered out, "Thou art the man!" and applied the incident to the apathy that, at that very conference, hesitatingly permitted any appeal for the millions who were sinking in the sea of

sin! We talk of the need of consecration, of Holy Spirit power, of more liberality giving. All this is a real need. But there is another need behind and beneath all the rest. We need a new earnestness, born of deep conviction, that millions are hopelessly perishing without the Gospel; and that we have in trust that Gospel with which to rescue and redeem them!—Dr. Pierson.

## JOB DID NOT SWEAR.

The Moral Effect of His Good Example on a Much Tried Chinese Laundryman.

Len Yen worked in my family nine years, and though he was always a good servant, there was a marked change in him after he came converted under the Rev. B. Fay Mills. He had naturally a quick temper, but was just as quick to acknowledge his fault.

As I passed through the kitchen into the laundry one Tuesday forenoon, I could not but notice the happy, contented expression on Len Yen's face, though I saw at a glance that the large clothes basket was full of tightly-rolled garments to be ironed, and that meant a long, steady day's work.

"How are you getting along, Yen?" was my salutation, and the answer came quick and ready, "All right, Job help me very much yesterday."

"Job help you? how was that?" forgetting for a moment that our Sunday-school lessons at that time were in the book of Job.

"Yes, Job help me!" and he paused a moment to give emphasis to his words.

"Yesterday I have big wash, very heavy quilt too, and I work hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix 'em big quilt on the line, put stick under the line, hold him up, then wash more clothes, go out, find stick blow down, big quilt all dirt, go this way back again—then I think of Job, how he lose his money, his children, all his land, get sick, have sores all over, he never swear, he praise God—then I praise God, bring quilt in house, wash him clean, and praise God all the time."—American Missionary.

## We Can Always Cling.

God gives to his people the propensity to cling. Look at the sweet pea which grows in your garden. Perhaps it has fallen down upon the gravel walk. Lift it up against the laurel or the trellis, or put a stick near it and it catches hold directly, because there are little hooks ready prepared with which it grasps anything which comes in its way; it was meant to grow upward and so it is provided with tendrils. Each child of God has his tendrils about him—thoughts and desires, and hopes that he may hook on to Christ and the promise. Though this is a very simple sort of faith it is a very complete and effectual form of it, and, in fact, is the heart of all faith, and that to which we are often driven when we are in deep trouble, or when our mind is somewhat bemuddled by our being sickly or depressed in spirit. We can cling when we can do nothing else, and that is the very soul of faith. O poor heart, if thou dost not yet know as much about the gospel as we could wish thee to know, cling to what thou dost know. It is as yet you are only a lamb that wades a little into the river of life and not leviathan who swims the mighty deep to the bottom, yet drink; for it is drinking and not diving that will save thee. Cling then! Cling to Jesus; for that is faith.—C. H. Spurgeon.

## Outward and Inward.

Outward conduct is of little value except as an indication of an inward spirit and purpose. Yet outward conduct must be looked to as the real expression of feeling; and, moreover, it has its important part in promoting the feeling it aims to express. We ought not to wait until we feel right, before attempting to do right. We ought to say kind words and kindly acts deliberately, even when we should not say and do them instinctively and impulsively. Good manners are an exhibit of good morals; and both morals and manners—if they are looked at separately, as formerly they were not—ought to be the result of a determined and persistent effort, when the temptation is all in the opposite direction. It is right to force ourselves to say and do that which seems unselfish, and which will tend to the welfare and comfort of those about us. A right spirit ought to be desired, and assiduously cultivated; but right conduct ought to be arrived at, whether the spirit is right or not.—Sunday School Times.

## The Function of Wealth.

The ability of men productively and beneficently to use wealth is by no means equal; often those who have most power in getting it show little wisdom in using it. One man could handle with benefit to himself and fellows \$100,000 a year; another could not handle \$1,000 a year without doing both himself and his fellows great injury. If the function of wealth under the divine order is the development of mankind, then it is plain that an equal distribution of it would be altogether inadmissible; for under such a distribution some would obtain far less than they could use with benefit, and others far more.—Dr. Washington Gladden.

## The Ideal Man.

Christ is the example for humanity, the one and only perfect man. He is the perfect ideal of every pure soul. Every human being has some ideal, and the nature of the ideal will determine the character. The tendency of human nature is constantly downward, and the only hope for a lost world is a perfect moral ideal.—Rev. W. G. Partridge.

## Moral Paralysis.

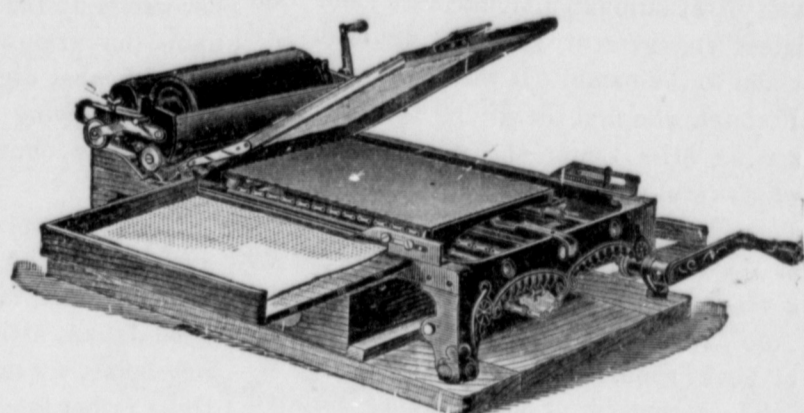
There is such a thing as moral paralysis. The spiritual self becomes practically dead. The doctrine of natural depravity holds it is not that men have not good in them but that they are inclined naturally to be wicked. We see in the world men and

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women who allow their selfish desires to control their whole nature. They are ill-tempered, unjust and envious. These are the natures that corrupt the world. These are the persons that suffer from moral paralysis.—Bishop E. G. Andrews.

## Foundation of Character.

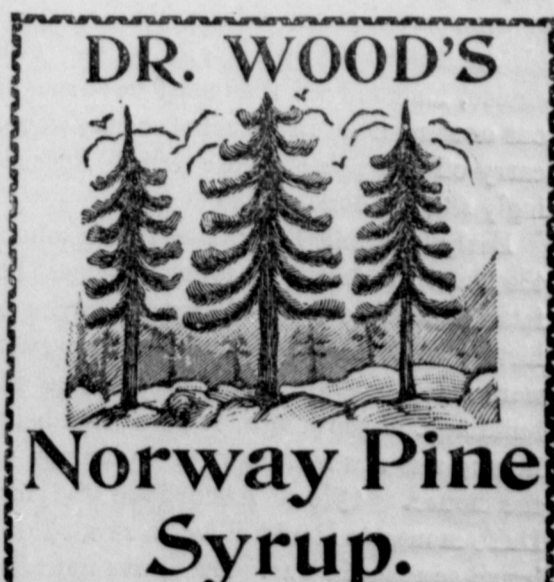
A man's character must be founded upon truth and he must have God's word engraved on his heart. No matter how devoted he may be in other respects, if he is wanting in truth, disaster awaits him. How is his character to be formed? By hating evil and all uncharitableness, and by lying in your weakness at the feet of Jesus and getting strength that only he can impart, and by attending every day to the work of personal salvation. If you are trying to do your part for the world's civilization and evangelization, you are doing God's work.—Rev. Felix R. Hill.

## Joy in Tribulation.

We have not to mourn as they that have no hope: nor to be cast down towards the earth as they that have not a heaven to look up to; nor to as they who have a servile yoke upon the neck; but rather as they that bear the cross after Christ, and are able to fix their eyes upon Him going before, and thus by the love of Him, constraining them, have even in tribulation a joy of which the world knoweth not.—Isaac Williams.

## The Pottery of Nature.

One of the most peculiar vegetable products of Brazil is the moqueila utilis, or pottery tree. This tree attains a height of 100 feet, and has a very slender trunk, which seldom exceeds a foot in diameter at the base. The wood is exceedingly hard, and contains a very large amount of silica, but not so much as does the bark, which is largely employed as a source of silica for the manufacture of pottery. In repairing the bark for the potter's use i



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