

Sunday Reading.

OLD FOUNDRY CHAPEL.

How They Succeeded in Making It Some-
thing More Than It Had Been.

Just a fortnight after the Rev. Ward Paxton had entered on his duties as the new pastor of Foundry Chapel—a dingy old church in a foreign city—the Northside House opened on the next square. The House was to be operated by a little band of college men, the most active of whom, John Calvert, has been a classmate of Paxton at the university. It was an old, two-story frame, dwarfed by tall rows of neighboring tenements, that had been offered to Calvert, rent free, by one of his clients who was interested in his schemes of social reform. Before the opening, offices, club-rooms and reading-rooms had been fitted up and made as attractive as fresh paint, cheap wall paper and tasteful, inexpensive furniture could make them.

"You see it is simply a bit of secular effort to embody the command, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,'" Calvert explained to Paxton, a few nights after the opening, by his study fire.

"But in singing out the second command, my dear fellow," Paxton replied, "won't you make the temporal welfare of this neighborhood your chief concern and let the other things go?"

"I know you would rather see me doling out bouquets with Scripture texts tied to them instead of bread," Calvert said, with a good-natured laugh; "but your churches have alienated the poor by forgetting that men have bodies as well as souls."

"Yet in mending matters isn't there danger," Paxton asked, taking the poker and stirring up a flickering blaze, "of forgetting 'the life is more than meat and the body more than raiment'?" "I haven't much faith in your external remedies that don't reach the sin that lies back of so much of the misery and want in the lives of the poor. And in case of sickness and death, what are you going to offer these people?"

"I'm afraid you will find a hundred causes of suffering worse than death among the poor," Calvert said, grimly, raising to go. "If we can show them that life after all is worth living," he added, in a different tone, "that will be something, won't it?"

"God bless you, old fellow!" Paxton said, extending his hand. "And if I can ever personally serve you, let me know."

"Thank you," said Calvert, with a hearty handshake, "I may call on you. Good-night."

A few moments later Calvert was going up the street at a rapid, swinging gait, confident in the success of his new venture, and revolving ways in which the little world lying about the Northside house could be made more sanitary and habitable, how the conditions of the lives of the people could be made easier, how, in fact, a bit of Eden could be made to blossom in the dreary waste of tenements.

Paxton sat thinking, and it was late when he blew out the lamp in the study. The Northside House had been in operation for three months, and in that time it had proved it had a mission to the Northside neighborhood that the old Foundry Chapel had never filled. Young women had taught the housewives of the neighboring tenements how the most cheerful quarters could be made very clean and attractive. Co-operative clubs had furnished their members with coal and other commodities at wholesale prices. Manual classes for boys and taught them how to knot hammocks and weave willow baskets for which purchasers were found. A young physician had given a course of lectures, with lantern-slides, on "Microbes" and the laws of health and sanitation. Social inequalities and industrial questions had been discussed in a men's club that met every week. Sacred concerts had been given on Sunday afternoons by amateur talent; and when there was no other attraction the reading room had drawn a fair share of patronage.

But no one derived quite the direct benefits from the House that were enjoyed by the Schallers. Calvert had found them just as they were about to be evicted from a neighboring tenement, and had found work for Schaller after they were installed in the two rooms over the reading-rooms, for which they were to pay in janitor services. From the first they had taken a proprietary interest in the House that had led him to look on them as his special proteges. But when at the end of three months the novelty of his enterprise had begun to wear off, Calvert did not suspect that it was the Schallers who were to show him where his work, when weighed in the balance, would be found wanting.

It was late one Saturday afternoon when Calvert knocked at Mrs. Schaller's door to ask her help in arranging a big bunch of ragged chrysanthemums he had bought at the flower market for the sacred concert the next afternoon.

"I can go right down with you now," she said, trying on a fresh apron. "I tucked my bird in its nest early tonight," she added, stopping at the little iron bed where four-year-old Martha lay fast asleep. "She has taken a little cold that has made her feverish," she explained, closing the door quietly.

"I've been wishing for the chance, Mr. Calvert, to tell you," she added, slowly, a few minutes later, arranging the long stems of a bunch of yellow chrysanthemums in a glass bowl, "that I'm afraid August is getting back into the old ways he fell into when he was out of work."

"You mean he has been drinking?" Calvert asked. "I was afraid of it when I missed him from the reading-rooms."

"It isn't that the rooms are not bright and pleasant enough—"

"I know," interrupted Calvert, looking at the yellow gold of the flowers glowing in the firelight, "though I'm afraid we've been counting too much on some magic or enchantment in these things to save the men from themselves. Of course, I can remonstrate with August, but I can't free him from his bondage, if he makes himself a slave to drink."

Mrs. Schaller looked troubled, but went on arranging the flowers.

The next day Calvert learned that Schaller had been brought home that night drunk, and left a sudden distrust of a creed that did not have any theory of personal conversion and provided for no appeal to supernatural help.

To this new sense of helplessness was soon added a grave concern for little Martha. The doctor had been called in, and pronounced what Mrs. Schaller thought only a cold a case of malignant diphtheria. The front shutters were closed, for the health officers' white placard hung on the house, and everything had been suspended.

Days and nights of dread suspense were spent by the little white iron bed where the child lay, as the pitiless disease ran its course—days and nights when Calvert felt the futility of his work and saw how little it meant to the Schallers in such a crisis that the outward aspect of their lives had improved. The evening of the third day after the doctor's first visit Calvert was sitting by the fire in the reading-room, resolving for the hundredth time that if little Martha died he would abandon philanthropy forever for law, when he started up at the sound of the doctor's foot on the stair.

"It's all over," the doctor said, hoarsely, in reply to his anxious look of inquiry when he entered the room. "Perhaps you can something to the woman," he said, looking quizzically at Calvert. "She thinks I might have saved the little one." God knows I tried.

"I might have sent for you sooner," Calvert said opening the door mechanically and letting the doctor out into the night. When he closed it, he paced up and down the reading room, thinking of the man and wife upstairs alone with their grief. Was there no balm in Gilead, no physician? Suddenly, inspired by a thought, he took his coat and hat down from the rack and started rapidly in the direction of the parsonage. Paxton was in his study, completing his preparation for Sunday, when Calvert entered, and crossing the room to the fireplace, said abruptly:

"My experiment, Ward, has failed."

What experiment? Paxton asked, pushing his manuscript back and rising to give Calvert a chair.

"My plan for the salvation of the poor. Then he related briefly how Schaller had been drinking and little Martha had died."

"You see my plan made no provision for sin or sorrow," he said. "Can't you offer them some comfort now, when they don't know where to turn?"

"I promised to help you in case you ever needed me," Paxton said simply. "Shall I go back with you now?"

A few minutes later Paxton was walking in the direction of the House alone, for Calvert had left him to order a little white satin-lined casket, a profusion of trailing white buds, and a tall form that he saw in a florist's window, fashioned of white flowers, with "Our Baby" lettered in violets.

When he reached the reading-room again he could hear Paxton's voice pleading "in His name." No one had name of Christ on their lips since the House had opened, but Calvert felt that the little room above had suddenly become the presence chamber of the Most High.

At the simple burial service the next day Paxton talked from the text: "He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

The Northside House did not reopen after the funeral; but at the department of Mercy and Help in the Epworth League of Foundry Chapel, John Calvert found a new inspiration for work that grew out of a new sympathy for Christ's great longing for men, and a longing to be a co-worker with Him. But Ward Paxton learned his lesson too. And the spirit of the House did not die, for the old Foundry Chapel became an Institutional Church.—Zions Herald.

TRIED AS IN A CRUCIBLE.

Why People are Subjected to Long Continued and Severe Trials.

In these days of wonderful scientific experiments, Henry Moissan, the celebrated French chemist, has actually succeeded in producing small diamonds!

He subjects iron and carbon to the prodigious heat of 5,400 degrees Fahrenheit, and when he takes the crucible out of this hotter than Babylonian furnace he finds that certain small crystals are produced which are veritable diamonds as any found in the minds of South Africa! This is a marvel of scientific experiment; but just what Moissan is doing with iron and charcoal our Heavenly Father has always been doing in the realm of grace. He subjects his people to the seven times heated furnace, and lo! the jewels of rarest lustre come forth. His diadem will bear innumerable precious stones of this sort from the days of Daniel and of Paul, on to the last saint who will come out sparkling and splendid from His Crucible.

There may be some readers of this article who are wondering why a just and loving God is subjecting them to such severe and long-continued trials. The only discoverable answer is that the Divine Purifier is at His wise and holy work upon them. It is a familiar fact that the metallurgist who is purifying silver always keeps the crucible over the flame until he can see his own face reflected in the molten metal as in a mirror. Dear brother or sister, when Jesus Christ, who "sitteth as a refiner" over your heart, can see His own image reflected in you, the chastisement and the discipline will have wrought their blessed purpose.

Then He may pour thy spiritual gifts and thy influence into such a mould as may please him best. Learn to let God have

His own way: for fiery trials often turn out gold-n Christians. Crosses and crucibles will be done with when we get to heaven.—Rev. Dr. Cuyler

CHIHUAHUA CATHEDRAL.

The Story of the Artist who Executed the Wonderful Flagstone Work.

Perhaps the most extraordinary cathedral in the world," says the Sunday Companion, is that which stands in the principal square of Chihuahua, one of the leading cities of Mexico. Its slender, graceful towers rise high above the trees and glisten, cool and white against a background of bleak mountains and bluest sky. "Graceful, massive, beautiful, magnificent!" exclaims every visitor; but if the grand cathedral itself is extraordinarily attractive, its history is no less so, for it is as strange as if made during the days of the Pyramids. As the walls of the cathedral slowly rose, thousands of slaves and soldiers built a huge inclined plane of earth all around the building. This mountain of earth rose in the same proportion as the building, and up the inclined plane every stone was rolled by human hands. As the towers rose to a height of over 150 feet, the inclines from each were over half a mile long, and the earth fell over and covered the church. By the time the towers reached their full height of over 200 feet, the church had disappeared in a vast mound of earth. For seven more long years the patient workers toiled to remove the mountain they had themselves built up sack by sack, and thus dug out the marvel they had themselves constructed.

The front of the Cathedral is a perfect dream of filigree stone-work. It is the work of an artist who was sentenced to death for some crime, but was promised that the sentence should not be carried out until he had completed ornamented the front of the cathedral. For twenty-one years the artist stood upon the platforms and cut into stone his beautiful dreams; and for twenty-one years armed sentinels paced the walks down below, and conveyed him to and from his prison. At last, old, broken down, and sick he notified the authorities that his work was done, and he was ready to die. Then came pardon, banquets, and honors with mocking rapidity; but it was too late, and his eyes closed before he reached the ship, that was to carry him to sunny France; and today even his name has been erased from the manuscripts and from the cathedral that is his monument.

During one of the numerous Mexican revolutions, the biggest bell in the cathedral tower was cracked by a cannon ball. An examination proved the interesting fact that the bells had all been cast in the towers when the church was built, and now that there was no way to get them out without tearing the towers down.

Friendship of Christ.

Any man, any soul, may have the friendship, or His words are without meaning. His heart aches with pity for our loneliness, and for the poverty that we misname riches. He will listen to what we have to tell Him. He will take what we have to offer Him, however simple the story, however humble the fare. And he will give to us the heavenly food wherewith his life was sustained—the meat men know not of. They who have set wide the door of their being to Him have caught from the presence of this divine guest their first hint at the possible rapture of living, they have had in the face of Christ their first true glimpse of God.—Lucy Larcom

Hands Made Strong.

But if you will only go to your daily fight with yourself and the world, with your hand grasping God's hand, you will be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. The enemies may compass you about like bees, but in the name of the Lord you can destroy them. Their arrows may fly thick enough to darken the sun, but as the proud old boast has it, "then we can fight in the shade;" and when their harmless points have buried themselves in the ground, you will stand unharmed, your unshivered bow ready for the next assault, and your hands made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob. Alexander MacLaren.

To Inspire The Young Men.

I have not so far left the path of youth to travel inland but that I can very well remember the state of young manhood, from an experience in it for some years, and there is nothing to me in this world so inspiring as the possibilities that lie locked up in the head and breast of a young man. The hopes that lie before him, the inspirations above him, all these things, with the untrodden pathway of life opening up its difficulties and dangers, inspire him to courage, and force and work.—James Garfield.

By Rail to Gehenna.

A railway station at Gehenna is one of the latest developments of the re-peopling of Palestine, which is now going on in fulfillment of the prophecy. The line from Jaffa to Jerusalem has its terminus in the Greek equivalent. This is the place where for ages fires were kept perpetually burning for the consumption of the offal of Jerusalem. The word "Gehenna" is several times translated "hell" in the New Testament, and its "ever-burning fires" were taken as an illustration of the burnings in hell.

Worshipping on the Soil.

The Japanese religion demands that a man must worship on the soil every day. Noblemen and rich men evade this by sprinkling a little dirt in one corner of the room, on a square of cement made for the purposes.

A Message From God.

"I am poor and needy: make haste unto me, O God; thou art by help and my deliverer: O Lord, make no tarrying." Psalm 70:5

The "Bug" Bible.

A Bible printed in London in 1551 was nicknamed the "Bug" Bible from the fifth verse of psalm 91 being translated. "So that thou shalt not need to be afraid for any bugbys by night." The authorized

version is "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night." This is the root idea of a word that has become hopelessly vulgarized by later associations. We retain the original meaning in the word "bug-bear."

Nervous Women

Their Life is Not a Happy One.

At Home and Abroad They are Miserable.

Paine's Celery Compound Gives Them a New Life.

MAKES THEM HAPPY AND STRONG! BRIGHT AND VIVACIOUS!

Every Woman Should Try It.

The life of a nervous woman is a most unhappy one. She is continually miserable, and is frequently a burden to herself and family.

Nervousness produced by a great variety of causes. Headaches, biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, vertigo or giddiness, insomnia, despondency, and a host of other ailments.

As a rule, the use of drugs and medicines containing strong narcotics, only cause afflicted ones to sink deeper in suffering and agony.

Nature's true and permanent cure for all diseases is Paine's Celery Compound, a medicine now freely and wisely prescribed by the best physicians. The proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound have more testimonials from the women of Canada than have ever been given in favor of any other medicine in the world. Thousands have been saved who were once declared to be hopeless and incurable by the doctors.

Mrs. Joseph Valliant, of Cache Bay, Nipissing District, Ont., who was recently cured of nervous prostration and neuralgia of the heart, writes as follows:—

"For a length of time I suffered very much from nervous prostration and neuralgia of the heart, and was unable to get regular sleep and rest. I used your great medicine, Paine's Celery Compound with most beneficial results. I am happy to say that my condition of health is wonderfully improved; my sleep is sweet and natural, and the pains and nervous fears that troubled me are banished. I cannot speak too highly of Paine's Celery Compound."

PHONOGRAPH PREDICTED.

A Clever Frenchman Hit the Idea About Five Hundred Years Ago.

In a communication to the popular Science Monthly, Dr. Frank L. James gives a curious illustration of how extraordinary geniuses in times past sometimes foreshadowed in their writings the marvels of a later era in the worlds affairs. Of all the latest wonders of man's ingenuity the phonograph, he says, would seem to be at least one that was not subject to the dictum of Solomon. "Nothing new under the sun;" and yet a few months ago, while amusing myself with Cyrano de Bergerac's Historic comique des Etats et Empires de la Lune et du Soleil (Paris 1660), I was amazed to come across the matter quoted below, which surely foreshadows the phonograph as closely as do Baron's words the steamship and railway.

The author (De Bergerac) is on a voyage over the moon. Left alone a little while by his guide the latter gives him, to help him while away the hour, some books to read. The books, however, are different from any seen on earth. They are, in fact, little boxes, which Cyrano thus describes:

"On opening one of these boxes I found I know not what kind of metal (apparently similar to our clockwork, composed of I know not how many little devices and imperceptible machinery. It was a book, certainly, but a most marvelous one, which has neither leaves nor characters; a book to understand which the eyes are useless—one needs only use his ears. When one wishes to read this book he connects it by a sort of a little nerve to his ears. Then he turns a needle to the chapter that he wishes to hear, and immediately there emerges from the instrument, as from the mouth of a man, or from a musical instrument, all the words and sounds which serve the Grande Lunaire for language."

Honoring His Benefactor.

Some few years ago the mayoral chair of Stockport, England, was occupied by a gentleman of great generosity. Amongst those who sought assistance from him during his year of office was a well-known local character of somewhat eccentric habits, known as "Talking Jim," who asked the loan of a few pounds in order to buy a donkey and cart, and set up in the rag, bone, and salt business.

"Well, Tim," said the mayor, "If I find you this money, how will you be able to repay me?"

This was a poser. But instantly a bright thought struck Jim, and he blurted out:—"I'll tell you what, sir, I'll name the donkey after your worship!"—"Tib Bits."

Not That Kind of a Bar.

"Where's the bar?" asked a dirty-looking stranger of a waiter at an hotel the other day.

"What kind of a bar?" asked the latter.

"Why, a liquor bar, of course; what do you suppose I mean?"

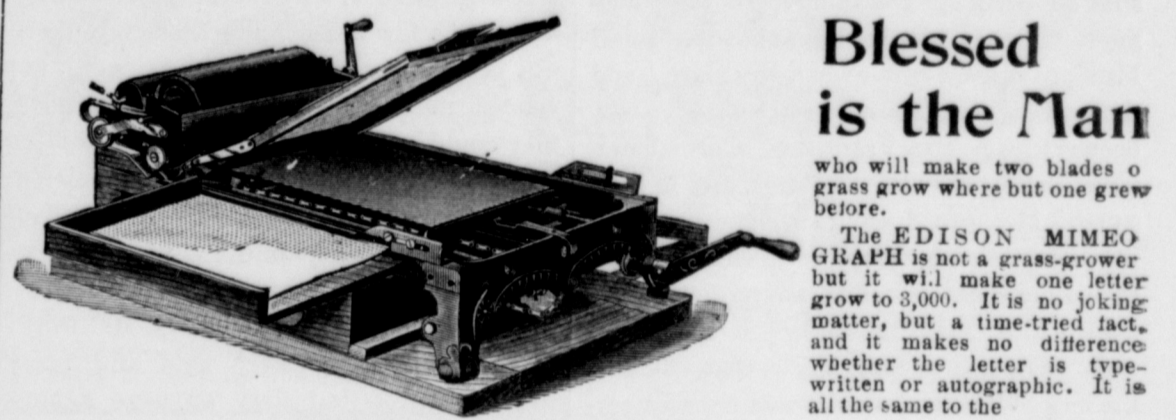
"Well," drawled the boy, "I didn't know but you might mean a bar of soap." B. E.

If You Wish to be

.....HAPPY

...KEEP YOUR EYE...

On This Space.



EDISON MIMEOGRAPH

It is one of Thomas A. Edison's inventions, and will reproduce letters, postal cards, music, drawings, designs, tabulated statements or anything that is run through a typewriter or made with a pencil. Don't you believe it? Ask the 100,000 users. Send for catalogue and samples of work.



Ira Cornwall, Gen'l Agent,

Board of Trade Building, Canterbury St., St. John, N.B.

Sea Foam

It Floats.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

A Pure White Soap.

Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap.

The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy.

NO TROUBLE TO MAKE. NO STRAINING REQUIRED. PREPARED WITH FLEISCHMANN'S COMPRESSED YEAST. FULL DIRECTIONS INSIDE.

10c. ADAMS' LIQUID 10c. ROOT BEER!

THIS BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS.

The Canadian Specialty Co., 33 Front St., East,

[Dominion Agents, Toronto, Ont.,

W. S. CLAWSON & CO., St. John, N. B., Agents for New Brunswick

Advertise in—

'PROGRESS,'

It Gives Results.

It Reaches the Homes.

Honoring His Benefactor.

Some few years ago the mayoral chair of Stockport, England, was occupied by a gentleman of great generosity. Amongst those who sought assistance from him during his year of office was a well-known local character of somewhat eccentric habits, known as "Talking Jim," who asked the loan of a few pounds in order to buy a donkey and cart, and set up in the rag, bone, and salt business.

"Well, Tim," said the mayor, "If I find you this money, how will you be able to repay me?"

This was a poser. But instantly a bright thought struck Jim, and he blurted out:—"I'll tell you what, sir, I'll name the donkey after your worship!"—"Tib Bits."

Not That Kind of a Bar.

"Where's the bar?" asked a dirty-looking stranger of a waiter at an hotel the other day.

"What kind of a bar?" asked the latter.

"Why, a liquor bar, of course; what do you suppose I mean?"

"Well," drawled the boy, "I didn't know but you might mean a bar of soap." B. E.