

# Sunday Reading.

## FROM A LION TO A BEAR.

Sound Advice on the Problem of Facing the Difficulties in Our Lives.

Rev. E. W. Worthington, of Cleveland, Ohio, thus treats of a subject that is personal to us all.

"As if a man did flee from a lion and a bear met him." Amos vi., 12.

In the unfolding of our lives we come face to face with difficulty. It is the will of God that we shall contend with that difficulty in a spirit of manly courage. Instead of contending, we flee. But do we escape? Very often quite the contrary. From one set of difficulties we turn to face another set of difficulties equally formidable, "as if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him."

What lessons are there in this striking text?

1. There is a reminder of the universality of trial, opposition, and difficulty in this life which is at best our probation. In one pathway the lion; in another the bear; something to face whithersoever we go; and no way out but to contend.

Let us fix it in our mind that difficulty inheres in every one's lot and station. It is not true, as some suppose, that a few people have all the trials, and that most people have none. Life has troubled features for every one. It is not the lion it is the bear; to escape from both is impossible.

The workingman with his dinner pail in hand may look with envious eye upon the place of the millionaire, supposing, as many do, that the poor have everything to bear and the rich nothing. As a panacea blind exchange of lots might prove more a failure for the poor man than for the rich man. Says Jeremy Taylor: "As is a man's condition, great or little, so is the state of his misery. All have their share, but kings and princes, generals, and consuls, rich men and mighty, as they have the biggest business and the biggest charge and are answerable to God for the greatest accounts, so have they the biggest trouble."

Dissatisfaction with one's lot, the preferring of another's lot to one's own, is often based upon what men suppose than what they know; and it is this treating of conjecture as though it were reality which moves half the people in the world to charge God with partiality and injustice. A man might well desire to improve his condition through honest exertion, but he would be aware of desiring to improve it by blind exchange with some one else. Trial, opposition, and difficulty are universal; it is not one thing it is another: "Out of the frying pan into the fire;" "As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him."

2. We are reminded—and do we not need the lesson?—that when a particular difficulty inheres in our lot and station, this is the difficulty with which it is the will of God that we shall contend. We must not dodge the lion because we prefer to take our chances with the bear. Every man must bear his own, in troubles as well as blessings. Let us stand in the battle where God has placed us. We may shift our position to secure a less formidable foe. But by so doing we remove ourselves beyond the range of God's approval and assistance, nothing gained can compensate for the attendant loss.

Though we come to it slowly and with difficulty, it is nevertheless our highest wisdom to cultivate an ability to meet hard things not with a cold and determined stoicism, but, with a religious faith and a righteous courage. One of the clearest features in the life of Christ was his magnificent patience, the willingness to accept that which was hard, not as being inevitable, but in the spirit which alone can say, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." More in its enduring patience than in its grand achievement is the life of Christ for our example. And this is the promise: "If we suffer we shall also reign with him." The visitation office in the prayer book interprets this difficult lesson in words of incomparable pathos: "There should be no greater comfort to Christian persons than to be made like unto Christ by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sicknesses. For he himself went not up to joy, but first he suffered pain; he entered not into his glory before he was crucified. So truly our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ, and our door to enter into eternal life is gladly to die with Christ, that we may rise again from death, and dwell with him in everlasting life."

3. Let it not be forgotten that when a man, coward-like, has fled from his appointed adversary, the lion, he is in a poor state of courage to meet the bear. Weak and unsoldierly compromise with one set of difficulties utterly disqualifies us from grappling with other set of difficulties which will meet us at the next turn of the road. It matters not whether it be lion, bear, or a much less formidable foe, the case is alike hopeless for him who has accustomed himself to flee. The bad outlook for the man suggested by our text was not so much the fierceness of his enemy as the fatal fact that he met one foe while on the run to escape from another foe. It is not true, as the old proverb assures us, that "he who fights and runs away will live to fight another day." He will live to run away another day. There

can be but one trustworthy preparation for tomorrow's conflict, and that is the manly and courageous waging of today's warfare. The youthful David prevailed in defending his flock against the bear because he had previously slain the lion. We cannot conceive of him as fleeing from the lion and still retaining courage enough to face the bear. It is absolutely true to life: "The servant slew both the lion and the bear."

Let us apply these principles at wide range. In our private lives, in our lives as citizens and Christians, there is contest ordained for us out of which it is the will of God that we shall win the laurel wreath of a glorious victory. But to what are we accustoming ourselves, to fight or to flee? There is naught in store for him who flees, save to be driven about from pillar to post first running from the lion and then running from the bear, each day becoming more cowardly and unmanly, until at last the contest, if it can be called a contest, ends in utter and inglorious defeat.

It is a startling fact that holy scripture pictures the religious life in military terms. The Christian is the soldier. Are we true to this conception of that to which we are called of God? Let me, if possible, impress upon your minds the utter hopelessness of ever trying to accomplish anything or to be anything without a spirit of manly courage. We must defend our lives against the sin which would ruin us. We must conquer every evil tendency of our rebellious nature. We must submit ourselves to the guiding control of duty, responsibility, and obligation. We must be true to the cause of God and of good in the world. It is a glorious cause, but, if we are to share it, it must be as soldiers, and not as weaklings, fleeing thither and thither first to get out of the way of the lion and then to escape the bear.

Rest comes at last, but rest has no significance in connection with him who has never fought a battle and never won a victory. Once and for all, let us forsake cowardice.

It is not a noble thing to be ever fleeing from one's enemies, ever evading one's duties, and ever slipping out of the way of one's difficulties—first running from the lion, then fleeing from the bear.

"Unless we are brave," writes Dr. Henry Van Dyke, "we can hardly be truthful, or generous, or just, or pure, or kind, or loyal. Few persons have the courage to appear as good as they really are. You must be brave in order to fulfill your own possibilities of virtue. Courage is essential to guard the best qualities of the soul, to clear the way for their action, and to make them move with freedom and vigor. Courage, the highest gift, that scorns to bend."

To mean devices for a sordid end; Courage an independent spark from heaven's throne. By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone;

The string of all true acts is seated here, As falsehoods draw their sordid berth from fear.

If we desire to be good, we must first of all desire to be brave, that against all opposition, scorn, and danger we may move straight onward to do right.

## SICK AND YE VISITED ME.

Florence Nightingale the Woman who Has Helped Thousands of Sufferers.

A little maiden of ten summers, kneeling in a shepherd's hut, beside an injured shepherd, and binding hot compresses, one after another, upon his bruised and swollen leg, until the forlorn creature is able, at last, to stand upon his feet, and lick the hand that ministers to him—this is our first glimpse of Florence Nightingale and her earliest patient. From such a hopeful, loving childhood came naturally the sweet and tender womanhood of "the lady with the lamp," whose shadow "the wounded soldiers kissed as it fell upon the hospital walls."

Florence Nightingale was the younger daughter of Mr. William Shore Nightingale, a rich English land-owner. She was born in Florence (from whence she derived her name) in 1820. Her parents were cultivated people, fond of travel and of society. The two daughters were highly educated, and grew up accomplished women, fine linguists, good musicians and altogether fitted to adorn the position in society to which their birth and wealth entitled them. Florence early showed a marked vocation for nursing, and made practical use of her gift when several of the family were attacked by long and dangerous illness. When travelling with her parents in Egypt, she attended several sick Arabs, who recovered under her nursing. As she grew older she spent much time in visiting the hospitals in her county of Derbyshire, and from thence went to London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, examining into the minutest details of hospital life. She then travelled in France, Germany and Italy, pursuing her investigations, and finally, in 1849, took a course of instruction as nurse in the Kaiserwerth Home for Deaconesses, under its wonderful director, Pastor Fliedner. He said, when she graduated, that no one had ever passed so distinguished and examination, or shown herself so thoroughly mistress of all that she had learned.

She went back, after this, to her beautiful home at Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, and soon afterward undertook the direction of a hospital for sick governesses, in London, which was about to fail for lack of means and poor management. Her success was remarkable; she left the institution prosperous, and its future assured. But her health, never strong, broke down under the strain, and she returned home, having been ordered entire rest. Here she remained until 1854, when she was appealed to by Mr. Herbert, the Secretary of War, as the only woman who could bring order

and comfort to the Crimean hospitals, then shamefully mis-managed. Little thought had been taken, in the first months of the Crimean War, to proper food or clothing for the men. The climate was rigorous, the means of transportation inadequate. Men and animals alike suffered from hunger. Soon cholera broke out; matters grew worse and worse; the commonest accessories of a hospital were wanting; yet, out of 45,000 men, over 18,000 were reported in the hospitals. "The sick were tended by the sick, and the dying by the dying."

It was by a strange coincidence that on the very day when Mr. Herbert wrote to her—"There is, as far as I know, only one person in England capable of organizing and directing such a plan (to reorganize the hospitals). That it will be difficult no one knows better than yourself. I have this simple question to put to you. Could you go out yourself, and take charge of everything? Your personal qualities, your knowledge, and your authority in administrative affairs, all fit you for the position."

Florence Nightingale had herself written to him, offering her services to the government. The letters crossed each other in the post, and a few days later the newspapers contained a letter from the War office, announcing that "Miss Nightingale, accompanied by thirty-four nurses, will leave this evening."

The little band of nurses recruited from many sources. Ten were Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy, fourteen from Protestant sisterhoods, the rest selected from among volunteer applicants. They left London quietly, under cover of night. At Boulogne, however, they were recognized, and the fishermen struggled for the honor of carrying the baggage to the station. "Vive les sœurs!" was the cheer raised as the train moved off. But alas! at the hospitals of Scutari, they were not so warmly welcomed. The medical and military officials resented the "interference" of a woman, and all of Florence Nightingale's wonderful tact and good sense was necessary to overcome their prejudices.

"Her plan of action might almost have been said to be passive; she supplied what was most earnestly needed, interfering with no previous arrangements, but adding to and filling up blanks in the administration." Her first work was to establish a sick kitchen; then a laundry. When no engaged in nursing, the sisters were employed in arranging mattresses, making stumps, pillows for amputation cases, etc. Wine, brandy, and clothes, were procurable from her quarters at a moment's notice, whereas, before this, the government stores could only be obtained with the greatest difficulty. She successfully combated red tape and once or twice "obtained by force of will, for her sick soldiers, the supplies of which they stood so greatly in need."

The results of her systematic, unobtrusive work were marvelous. When she came, there were four thousand men in the two hospitals. The corridors were filled with two rows of mattresses, so close that one could hardly walk between them. When the wounded were brought from the battle of Alma, "after five days confinement on shipboard, during which their wounds had not been dressed," they "found no preparation, on their arrival, for the commonest surgical operations; and the men must die, having forgotten that old rage was necessary for the dressing of wounds." "The sufferers, to add to their other miseries, were tormented by vermin, and the rats attacked the limbs of those who were too weak to defend themselves." What wonder that the death-rate was 60 per cent., which exceeded the rate of mortality in London during the cholera!

Into these scenes of suffering and horror, Florence Nightingale's gentle presence came like that of a ministering angel. Before a year was over "the sickness was far below the accommodation provided in the hospitals," and during the last six months of the war, the mortality was "less than in England in ordinary circumstances." The death-rate being reduced to a trifling over one per cent. "The Angel of the Crimea" had won her title well. One of the soldiers wrote home: "She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more, but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on our pillows again, content." "When all the medical officers have retired for the night," said the Times correspondent, "and silence and darkness have settled down upon these miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed, alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds." Dr. Pincoffs said, "I believe there was never a sadder case of any kind that escaped her notice; and sometimes it was wonderful to see her at the bedside of a patient who had been admitted, perhaps, but an hour before, and of whose arrival one would have hardly supposed it possible she could already be cognizant."

When the war came to an end, and London was preparing to give the Crimean heroine a royal welcome, she took passage in a French steamer, with her aunt, under an assumed name, and reached her home unknown to the public. She shrank from any public recognition of her work; but the Queen presented her with an exquisite jewel—a cross, with V. R. and a crown in diamonds in the center, and three diamond stars surrounding it; the Sultan sent her a valuable bracelet; and the nation, by public subscription, raised a fund of \$250,000 to endow the "Nightingale Home," a school for nurses.

Since the war Miss Nightingale has lived in retirement at Lea Hurst, on account of weak health. She has written several valuable books. Her "Hospital Notes" have furnished plans for scores of new hospitals, and her "Notes on Nursing" are also well known. She is, as always, active in deeds of kindness, and her life is an inspiration to all admirers of noble character and deed.—Priscilla Leonard in Interior.

## Unconditional Submission.

A vital point is unconditional submission to God. General Grant's memorable answer to the commander of a conquered fort was "unconditional surrender; and that is what your heart must make. Don't attempt to bargain with God. Saul of Tarsus yielded everything when he cried

out from the ground, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' An intelligent woman who had been in sore distress for many weeks said to her pastor, 'I am done quarrelling with God. I have resolved to submit to Him and serve Him, and to do all the good I can while I live, and then go to hell as I deserve.' Her pastor smiled, and quietly replied, 'You will find it hard work to get to hell in that way.' The honest-hearted woman soon found that her willing submission of her heart to God and her patient readiness to obey Him and do her duty was bringing her a calm, abiding peace. To know Christ's will and to do it in Christ's strength is the very core of true religion. Do not try to bargain for the ready pay of 'joy' and 'happiness.' When the luster of the ball is extracted, the wounded soldier finds comfort, but not before. When the sin gets out of your heart and Christ gets in you will obtain real comfort. Paul was not continually bugging to be 'happy, happy, happy,' like some thin, watery Christians nowadays. He bore sharp sufferings cheerfully, and to do Christ's will and to save souls was his joy and crown.—Dr. Cuyler.

## CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

It Caused A Railway to be Destroyed to Appease the Wrath of the Dead.

The religious demonology of the Taoists in China is accountable for many superstitious ceremonies connected with the burial of the dead. Paper clothes, paper palaces, paper pipes, and paper money are burnt when a man dies, to provide the soul of the dead with means of bribing its way through the devil's kingdom to its rest, and the clothes burned are often patterned after high officials' gowns, in order to impress more favorably the spirits encountered on the mysterious journey.

Taoist priests are called to consult the soul of the departed to ascertain its wishes. They discover the locality for the burial, and indicate all details of this last service of the dead.

The Shanghai Railway met its doom from this source. The priests informed the people that the rumbling noise of the cars and steam engine were distasteful to the dead who filled the numerous mounds along its course. To appease the wrath of the dead, Chinese capitalists bought the railway and tore up the tracks, and stored the entire plant under sheds at Shanghai. Thus it is seen that superstitious heathenism stands in the way of all innovations in that old country, and the first thing necessary in order to introduce railways into China is to destroy the priests and infuse Christian teaching and a little common sense into the people.

During the prevalence of the great famine in North Western China, in 1874-8, there was an annual flood in the valley of the Yangtze-Kiang. The priests endeavored to solve the mystery of this uneven distribution of rain. The curse fell upon the royal household at Peking. It is the duty of the Emperor to enter the Temple of Heaven twice a year to invoke the blessings of heaven upon the people. He always asks for rain among other things and the impression obtained that the Emperor had hurriedly asked for rain, but had not taken the pains to state where he wanted it. The results was that floods came in some places, while famine from drought came in other parts of the empire. This was producing a general feeling of revolt, when in 1878 the rains came to the rescue in the drought-stricken provinces. The people observe that Europeans give no heed to imaginary devils, and nevertheless prosper without the invention of priests; and thus the realization will eventually dawn upon them of how grievously their forefathers have been hoodwinked, cheated, and robbed by the reign of demonology, created and perpetuated for their own gain by the army of Taoist priests.—Christian Herald.

## Fishers of Men.

In certain sections of all our larger cities the street swarms with children who are practically outside of all direct Christian influence and training. Our saloons and other resorts swarm with young men, and old, who have grown up from childhood outside of our churches. Our prisons and reformatories are constantly being recruited from this class. There is no lack of fish. The waters are full of them. Not only so, but the disciples are starving for food. Our churches are lean and lank, not only in membership but in spirituality. What we need is an infusion of new life, fresh blood, more fish. Christ's words to us to-day are: 'Follow me and I will make you fishers of men. Cast the net on the right side of the ship and ye shall find.' Could anything be plainer? Could anything be more simple or explicit? If the masses will not come to the church then the church must go to the masses. If we have been fishing on the mountain side, it is time we went down to the lake. Fish won't climb the hill to be caught, neither will sinners come up from their haunts of vice and crime into fashionable life and fashionable churches to be saved. If they ever are saved we must go to them.—J. S. Glidden.

## Prayers in a Machine Shop.

There is in progress in this city a great religious revival, conducted by Rev. Sid Williams, of San Antonio, Texas. A week ago the city was cold and indifferent, and now it is ablaze with religious enthusiasm. This morning Mr. Williams preached a great sermon in the shops of the W. T. Adams Machine Company, where were gathered not only the proprietors and employees of the company, but hundreds of the best people of the city. These shops are opened up by every morning, W. T. Adams, the president of the company, often conducting the services himself, and his officers being never to run the shops a day without they are opened with prayer. This morning he led in prayer and made a talk.—Corinth (Miss.) Correspondence.

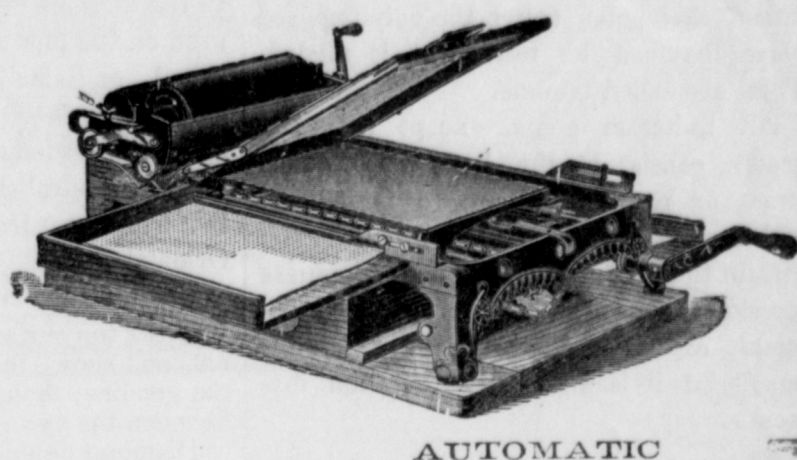
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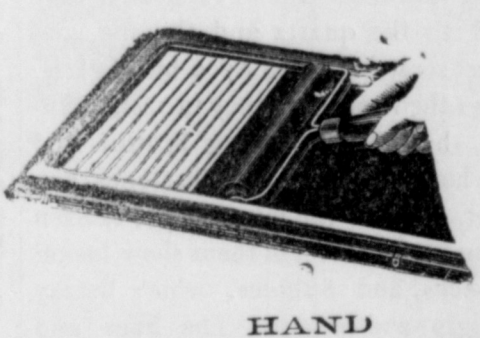
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## He Knew the Koran.

In Moslem lands it is always a decided advantage for a missionary to be acquainted with the koran. Dr. Harris, Mr. Nelson, and a native helper started on a tour north of their station. Outside a Mohammedan village they halted under shade of some spreading trees. The native helper opened his bible and read aloud, and soon a crowd gathered. The missionaries answered the questions of some of the audience, and the reading went on, the people listening intently. By-and-by the religious sheikh came out and joined the throng. "What book is that you are reading?" he asked. "God's Word," was the reply. "Stop, stop," he cried; "it is the christian bible; that is not God's word."

The missionary looked at him in surprise. He said, "The koran declares the bible is God's word. Do you not believe the koran?" The sheikh denied that the koran said anything of the kind, and departed to fetch his copy, in proof, stipulating that not a word more should be read until he returned. Presently he came back with the book. The missionary cited chapter and verse of the Koran and bade him read. The victory was won; the reading went on, and when the missionaries resumed their journey, several copies of the bible were left behind with eager purchasers.

## An Old-Time Connecticut Church.

At the two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the Greenwich (Conn.) Congregational Church, the other day, some interesting facts relating to the early

history of the society and town were brought out. In 1660 there were twenty male inhabitants who were taxed for preaching, and had to go to meeting or pay 5 shillings fine. In the old time service began at 8 o'clock a. m. and lasted all day. Worshipers brought their luncheon with them and hot bricks. In 1791 a lottery was held for the society's benefit. There were 1,200 tickets, and they were sold by the managers and at the Danbury printing office. The society at the annual meeting voted to spend \$125 on liquor to quench the members' thirst. Committee-men received an annual salary of from 50 cents to \$1.50; the treasurer got \$1, and the man who swept out the church received 25 cents. The salary of the first settled pastor (1678-89) was £50 with firewood or £60 without.

## WORK OF A SINGLE DAY.

Some Startling Facts Concerning the Action of the Heart.

Do people recognize the immense work transacted by the heart in a single day? It equals that of lifting one hundred and fifty pounds to a height of thirty-three hundred feet. And yet, knowingly, or through ignorance, nine out of ten people abuse this hardest worked organ of the body. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that heart failure and apoplexy are among the most prevalent diseases of the day. Happily a remedy is found in Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, which gives relief instantly. This medicine should be kept in every house, so that on the slightest indication of heart trouble it may be taken. It has saved, by its prompt and efficient work, the lives of thousands of Canadians.