

# Sunday Reading.

## MRS. ALEXANDER'S HYMNS.

They Have Been Translated into Many of the Tongues of the Earth.  
 "Ours is Royal David's City.  
 Stood a lonely cattle shed,  
 Where a mother laid her baby,  
 In a manger for his bed;  
 Mary was that mother mild,  
 Jesus Christ her little child."

Some thirty years ago Mrs. Alexander, wife of the present Bishop of Derry, and Raphael, wrote these beautiful verses. Her Christian hymns were a great boon to mothers, as the hymns of that period were of the style of "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," and how does the little busy bee improve each shining hour? A friend in London had great difficulty in getting her little boy—he was only four years old—to learn. He stoutly declared "he did not like dogs to bark and bite," and "the little busy bee found as little favor in his infantile mind. Mrs. Alexander, mother of the bishop, one of the dearest old ladies who ever lived being a friend of the family, and hearing of the dilemma, sent her daughter-in-law's hymns to the young mother, and she had no trouble in getting her little son to learn the hymn quoted above, or "There is a green hill far away."

Mrs. Alexander, Ireland's greatest hymn writer, has now passed to her rest, but her hymns are known and her name revered over all the English-speaking world; and they will live with affection for years to come. She died rather suddenly, at the Palace, Londonderry, on October 12th, it was hoped that notwithstanding her seventy-seven years, her strength would be able to stand against the internal ailment which developed a few weeks before. So unexpected was the sad occurrence that her husband was from home at the time of her illness, attending a diocesan engagement; He hastened back, and was in time to be beside her, and, with his sons, and daughter, saw her pass peacefully away. Mrs. Alexander was a daughter of Major Humphrey, J. P., who was agent to the first Duke of Abercorn. She was married in 1850, and for nearly half a century was a devoted helpmeet, and by her literary ability was in complete sympathy with her talented husband. She will be greatly missed in Londonderry, where she was actively engaged in every good work. As a hymn-writer she will always be remembered.

"The Burial of Moses," which Gounod set to music, was the poem which first brought her into notice, and was considered her best literary conception. Two very well known hymns are "The roseate hue of early dawn," and "Jesus calls us o'er the tumult," but she was at her best when she was writing for the little ones, whom she loved so well, and was so well able to adapt herself to their intelligence. No more beautiful hymns can be found for children.

"There is a green hill far away," Gounod also set to music, and it has been translated into almost every language. The funeral service was held in the cathedral, Londonderry, when two of Mrs. Alexander's hymns were sung. The preacher was the Rev. F. A. Wallis, of the University's Mission in Central Africa. He mentioned that he had heard Mrs. Alexander's hymns sung in a language she never heard by half-educated natives, to whom they were carrying the message of salvation. The greatest sympathy is felt for the Bishop and his family in their bereavement. He is a great preacher and scholar. About four years ago he went with one of his daughters to Africa, where she was going to be married. There he was very popular, as he is everywhere he is known. He is considered a very eloquent preacher, and St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey is always crowded when it is announced that the Bishop of Derry will preach. A niece of his, a daughter of Rear Admiral Alexander, has made Canada her home; and was married in Toronto last August, and left from there to reside in British Columbia. *Georgina G. Williams.*

## APOSTLES DISGRACED.

Lessons to be Learned From the Quarrels between Paul and Barnabas.

And Barnabas determined to take with them John, whose surname was Mark. But Paul thought not good to take him with them, who departed from them from Pamphylia, and went not with them to the work. And the contention was so sharp between them that they departed asunder, one from another.—Acts XV, 37 to 39.

There is a promise made in the old Testament to the effect that there shall be a day when God's people shall see "eye to eye," and in that day the prophet says: "The Lord shall bring again Zion." In this day of blessed harmony of thought and feeling, "Judah shall no more vex Ephraim, nor Ephraim vex Judah." The thought of such a blessed time might almost inspire the prayer, "Haste happy day."

For, truth to tell, Ephraim does vex Judah very much and Judah still "vexes Ephraim." Even the apostles of our Lord, men who were thought to possess special grace, had their quarrels, which proved them to be just what Paul said they were, men of common weaknesses and ordinary passions. There had been a rather fierce quarrel between Paul and Mark. There is no need to enter into any very detailed inquiry as to this quarrel. Doubtless Mark and Paul would each have a great deal to say regarding the respective point at issue. And they would each have

established the right of his cause and the weakness of his brother's position. We must expect differences and quarrels as long as the world lasts. When we see "eye to eye" things will no doubt be better. But the Pauls and Marks of the church, to the very end of time, will have their "sharp contentions," partly by reason of their strong personal characteristics. Those men were men who had "minds of their own," to use a modern form of speech. Paul would not be ruled by Mark and Mark would not be ruled by Paul. Why should they either be ruled by the other? Were they not both apostles? Had they not both a divine work to do? and to their common master, and not to each other, their account. Mark could doubtless explain to his own satisfaction of any other man, better than Paul why he departed from Pamphylia. Paul never forgot it and never forgave it, and the sore rankled for many a long day. Religious quarrels are hard to heal. Sometimes there is really nothing for it but for Mark and Paul to part. This is very sad. But Paul and Mark met again and were friends at last. So may it be with us! And may the day draw nigh when we shall see "eye to eye" and the vexings shall end!

## WORE OLD DRESSES.

The Thoughtful Consideration Shown by Twelve Little Girls.

"It's going to be a beautiful party mother. There are to be twelve girls, and each one is to have a fairy lamp at her plate. Oh, no—not twelve, either; there will be only eleven of us. Belle Marks won't go." "Why won't Belle go?" asked Mildred Smith's mother.

"Because she has nothing to wear but an old muslin that has been washed and darned. All the rest of us have new dresses, and now Belle would feel badly. We are so sorry! Everybody loves Belle, and she knows so many nice games to play."

"Couldn't you persuade her to go?" asked Mrs. Smith. "It seems to me she could have just as nice a time in an old dress."

"Oh, no, mother; she would feel queer. I offered to lend her a dress (I knew you would have let me), but she wouldn't take it."

"I like her all the better for that!" said the mother. "But, Mildred, did you offer to wear your old dress, too? Maybe that would make her willing to go."

"Wear my old dress? Oh, mother I don't want to do that!"

"Very well," said Mrs. Smith, kindly. "I won't say any more about it. When you get to have as old eyes as mine, little daughter, you will see that a fine dress is one of the smallest things in the world—a great, great deal smaller than giving to anybody a single hour's pleasure. But perhaps, I am asking too much to expect you to see that yet."

Mildred went off to school feeling very much stirred up in her little mind. The thought of a new dress, with its little frills of lace, was very tempting. "That plain old white muslin is horrid!" she said to herself; "but then it would be no nice if Belle could have part of the fun too."

Was it a white angel that sat at the little girl's side and made it seem better to please Belle than to wear her pretty dress? Nobody saw the wings, but I believe an angel was there.

At the noon recess Mildred and Belle ran up to Mary Cinton with bright faces. "Oh, Mary," cried Belle gayly, "please ask me over again to come to your party; I want to say 'yes' this time. Did you ever know anything so sweet? Mildred is going to wear her plain old muslin to keep me from feeling badly."

"You won't mind having us in old dresses, will you, Mary?" asked Milly, in a joyous tone. "We're going to carry big bunches of flowers out of my garden, and that will make us look fine you know."

"Mind, indeed?" cried Mary. "I just believe—" She stopped short off, and, kissing the two little girls, hurried away without finishing her sentence.

But when the twelve fairy lamps were lighted, Mildred and Belle found out what a bright idea had struck Mary, for all twelve little girls wore old dresses and carried bunches of flowers.

"Now, I never going to mind about my old dresses again," said Belle as she kissed the other girl good bye. "You may all wear the newest sort of dresses after this, and when I put on my old white I will feel happy to think how sweet you all were to me about it. I just love old things!" —Christian Quiver.

## CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

What a Secular Paper says on the Subject of the Messiah's Presence on Earth.

During the past week the clergymen of the Baptist conference for bible study in Brooklyn have been engaged in a series of discussions on the second coming of Christ. This subject, it is needless to say, is one that has excited intense interest in the Christian church through all the ages. In every period of the growth of Christianity—in its infancy, when all the might of the Roman Empire was exerted to crush it—in its later struggles with Northern barbarians, fierce Saracens and rebellious kings—in the maturity of its strength and power—the church has never lost sight of the promised coming of its Head and the consequent ushering in of the millennium.

Through all these centuries there have been devote Christians who held that this glorious event was close at hand. There is plenty of evidence that many of the saintly men and women who died the death of martyrs in the amphitheater of Rome rather than to renounce their faith, believed that the second event is not far distant. This

same sentiment has manifested itself frequently since, especially in times of popular distress and among unlearned people. Yet the successive cycles of human existence have thrown no light upon the problem. Nor, indeed, is it of essential importance in affecting Christian life.

In the most vital sense the Christ may be said to have been appearing constantly in the world since the day of His crucifixion. His life, majestic in its purity, sublime in its integrity, divine in its love, has been at once a model and an inspiration for innumerable multitudes through eighteenth century centuries. His precepts, founded on the eternal principle of righteousness, and breathing universal charity and brotherly love through all their varied forms, have been the guiding stars of myriads of human lives.

No doubt the apprehension of the truths which the Messiah uttered has been imperfect; the imitation of His matchless example feeble and faltering; the attempts to become Christlike full of blindness and shortcoming. It is not given to man to rise to the stature of the Master here below. The simplest of mankind who has gained strength by unceasing struggle, wisdom by long experience and broad charity through the steadfast cultivation of the spirit of altruism, is still infinitely beneath the sublime pattern he has tried to follow.

Yet where the inspiration and purpose of righteousness are, there Christ is. Every cup of water given in His name is a manifestation of Him. In each word of loving kindness to the suffering and sorrowing He speaks. Whenever the spirit of self-sacrifice, of purity, of devotion to humanity, is shown, there the Master is present on earth.

It is this fact, so filled with comfort and consolation, and so repeatedly proclaimed in the New Testament, that makes theories regarding the millennium of small account. Those who would be in all verity the disciples of the Divine Teacher are not required to trouble themselves about this matter. It is enough for them to know that His presence is continually with all who faithfully seek to do His commandments. It is enough that he has said, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."—N. Y. Advertiser.

## GRIT THAT CONQUERED.

How a Poor Irish Lad Made His Way in Life by Industry and Good Habits.

It was quite an undertaking for a boy only sixteen years old to leave Ireland and sail away alone to New York, where there was only one person he knew—an uncle. But evil days had come to the family, and it was thought best that John should seek his fortune in the new world. The care was not so bad, however, that it could not be worse. On arriving in New York he found that his uncle had gone to Texas.

In speaking afterwards of this trying time, he said, "When I found that I was absolutely alone in that great city, and with so little money that in a few days it would be all gone, I was so crushed that I wept."

But these tears did not mean despair. He made his way into New Jersey, and from his willingness to work at any honest occupation, he secured employment first as wheel-barrow hand in a brickyard, and then as hod carrier in the Morgan Iron Works. He was economical of his earnings and contrived to save sixty-three dollars. Then, as he was energetic and bore a good character, he secured admittance to the foundry to learn to make hollow iron ware.

He took to the business, and at the end of two years had some two thousand dollars. He left this with the owner of the foundry for safe keeping, and went west to make investments in land. But the iron man failed, and young Roach returned to New York, being obliged to work his way on railways and canals. He obtained a chance to make machinery castings and was so successful that he joined with two other mechanics and bought a small iron foundry. The first job that came to them was for megrave bars, and they worked all night on it. The next day Mr. Roach carried them to the owner over in Brooklyn on his back and collected payment.

Presently his partners became discouraged and left him, but Roach was clear grit and stuck to it. At last he obtained a contract which bought him eight thousand dollars in ninety days, and after that it was plain sailing for the man who founded the famous shipyard at Chester, Pennsylvania. John Roach died a few years ago, one of America's wealthy men.—Argosy.

## "Day Unto Day Uttereth Speech."

Upon some quiet evening, as the curtain of night falls silently around us, we mark the stars becoming visible in increasing numbers until the sky is gemmed with points of light. And as the wondrous thoughts come to us that these points of light are worlds, many of them larger than the earth on which we live, an awe steals over us—an awe, but not a dread. No! for as we look on the fresh evidence of God's majesty in creation, words familiar words, rise to our lips: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." And once again our voices are hushed and our thoughts are busy as we gaze upon those silent worlds in the far distance of the voiceless sky.

Old, old questions present themselves to our musings. What is the purpose of these worlds of God? Do they contain fresh evidence of His creative energy, existence conscious and intelligent, though different in their nature from those with which we are familiar? And how does the incarnation of all such creations, if such indeed there be? Thoughts such as these will rise within our minds; but no answer comes to us through the night, and the dawn brings with it no reply. All silently the heavenly orbs bear on the mystery of their creation. And yet there is a word which they speak—an anthem of praise to their Maker, which they offer in the rhyth-

mical regularity of their ordered movement, for "day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language; their voices cannot be heard."—Rev. F. W. Newman.

## Family Prayers.

Some of us have positive convictions on the subject of family prayer, says the Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., in "The Christian Work." We have memories that confirm us. Whatever other people do now, or did once, we know what our fathers did. Twenty years of family prayer, morning and evening, was likely to leave an impression on the children. What if they did not like it because it was "tiresome" or because they had "no taste for it"? What if they occasionally wished that "father would forget it some mornings"? What if, when they visited other homes where prayers were omitted, they wished that at their house they could have the same freedom from the restraints of religion? What if they did resolve not to bind their own children by any such invariable custom when they should become heads of families? When at last their father died, they missed the usual service, and as they looked into the thin face and remembered how those lips now silent had faithfully called on God every morning and every evening, they were glad that this record had been made by the departed saint, and they quietly resolved to make the same record. Prayer may interfere with business plans now and then for five or ten minutes in the morning, but no one ever regrets it when the last morning has come, and the coffin is in the parlor.

## The Power of Faith.

The Israelites, marching up to the edge of the Red Sea till the waves parted before their feet, step by step, are often taken as an illustration of what our faith should do—advance to the brink of possibility, and then the seeming impossible may be found to open.

But there is another illustration in the New Testament, more sacred and striking—the women going to the sepulchre of our Lord. With true woman's nature, they did not begin to calculate the obstacles till on the way. On the road reason met them with the objection, "Who shall roll us away the stone?" And faith itself could not help them, but love did. A bond stronger than death drew them on, and "when they looked they saw that the stone was rolled away."

We may bless God that He can put into men's hearts impulses stronger than reason, and more powerful even than faith—such impulses that, if they are going to Himself, they shall find "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think." Reason, faith, love, but the greatest of these is love. We cannot help thinking of the instinct in the young blade its "grass stone"—and finds itself in the midst of sunlight and spring.—Rev. John Ker.

## Lutherans in America.

The growth of the Lutheran Church in this country during the last few years has been phenomenal, especially in the States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana. It has been said, indeed, that "every fourth person on the streets of Chicago and St. Paul is of birth or baptism a Lutheran." Recent statistics show that in the eight states named, out of a total communicant membership which includes all denominations, Protestant and Roman Catholic, numbering 1,419,895, the Protestant bodies have a total of 766,219, and of this number 352,196 are claimed by the Lutherans. The census of 1890 proved that more than one-half of the Lutheran strength in ministers and members lies west of Chicago. According to that census the aggregates for the entire country were as follows, but, of course, the figures are now much larger: Ministers 4,591, organizations, 8,595, church edifices 6,701, seating capacity 2,295,615, value of church property \$35,060,354, communicants 1,231,672.

## Revealed to the Simple.

How delightful it is that, when the wise of this world reject the revelation of God's love in Christ, it is revealed to babes! No men are more simple than soldiers. R-ckless and thoughtless of the future are, for the most part, the men who compose armies. God often reveals His love to them. How much have I seen of this during my service! The following may encourage tract-distributors. One of my brother-officers, who was apparently as hopeless a case for conversion as a man could be, was one day offered a tract in the streets of Portsmouth. He was a gentleman, and would not insult a man trying to do good, so he accepted it. He kept it in his desk for three years. When recovering from a fit of drunkenness in South Africa, he read it, and was quickly converted. His life from that time was most Christlike and self-denying. When he was going to the Saviour, a brother read him a hymn about heaven. "Don't read to me of harps and crowns of gold," he cried; "I want to see Him! Yes, it is Him we love, Him who died for us."—Major Milan.

## Preparation for the Summons.

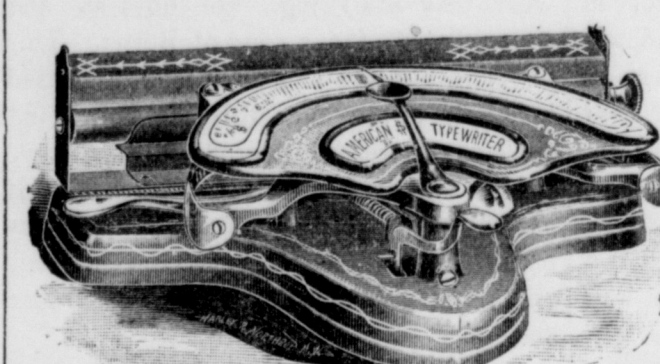
Saturday—One of these days it may be that you and I shall either be grown very old, or else disease will lay hold upon us, and we shall lay upon the sick bed watching and waiting for our Master's coming. Then there shall suddenly appear a messenger from him, who will bring us this word. "All things are ready, come unto the supper," and closing our eyes on earth we shall open them in heaven and see what he has done who so sweetly said, "I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go to prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." Oh, it will be a joyous moment when we shall hear the

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summons. "All things are ready, quit thy house of clay, thy farm thy merchandise, and even her who lies in thy bosom, for the marriage of the Lamb has come, and thou must be there; therefore rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. The winter is over and past, the time of the singing of birds is come: for thee, all things are ready, come!"—C. H. Spurgeon.

## Mental Geography.

Under this title the Chicago Times-Herald moralizes as follows:

The most populous country is oblivion. Many go there; few return.

The largest river is Time. The deepest ocean is Death.

The region where no living thing hath habitation is called Yesterday.

The most highly civilized country is Today.

The highest mountain is called Success. Few reach the top save those who watch sharply for the passing of the spirit of the mountain—Opportunity, who carries upward all those that seize hold upon him.

The region where no man hath ever set foot is called Tomorrow.

The greatest desert is called Life, and it hath many oases. These are called Hope, and Ambition, and Love, and Charity, and Home. And of them all the last is the most beautiful. Besides these are many others, smaller in extent, whence the traveler obtaineth refreshment during the weary journey through Life.

## Youths Happy Cases.

In every well-conditioned strappings, as I conjecture, there already blooms a certain prospective paradise, cheered by some flower and foliage of that garden, is a tree of knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Perhaps, too, the whole is but the lovelier, if cherubim and a flaming sword divided it from all footsteps of men, and grant him, the imaginative strapping, only the view, not the entrance. Happy season of virtuous youth, when shame is still an impossible celestial barrier, and the sacred air cities of hope have not shrunk into the mean city of humlets of reality, and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free!—Thomas Carlyle.

## The Wisdom and Power of God.

If our readers will take up some simple book on astronomy they will find that this entire world is probably no greater in comparison with God's universe than a single ant hill in comparison with this whole world—and the mightiest monarchs that have ever lived here of no greater importance to the universe than the small ants that live in one of these little ant hills are to us. It is well for all of us to occasionally reflect on these things and on the wisdom and power that governs and controls the universe.—Geo. T. Angell.

## A Message From God.

"Enter ye in at the straight gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in there at: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Matt 7: 13, 14.

## He Will Take no Risks.

Shrewdness of a Well-known City Merchant.

HE KNEW WHAT WAS GOOD FOR HIM.

In winter when Canadians spend a large portion of their time indoors and cannot have the same variety of fresh food as in summer and fall, indigestion and dyspepsia fill our morning. "If anybody will tell me that dyspepsia in its advanced stages is perfectly curable," said a Toronto merchant, "I will take his word. Personally I run no risks. As soon as I feel a sense of weight in the stomach, after a meal, I know that my blood is sluggish in circulation. In my business I cannot take much exercise, and I fight the first sign of stomach troubles with Scott's Emulsion. It has never failed me, but saved me many a doctor's bill."

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