

Sunday Reading.

FESTUS A PROTOTYPE.

Words about Men who Are Indifferent to the Influence of Religion.

Rev. Charles S. Robinson, of the New York Presbyterian church, speaks as follows from the text, "I doubted of such manner of questions."—Acts XXV, 20.

The pertinency of the mere expression chosen is for our present text apparent. Festus, the speaker, is the type of a large class of decorous, educated, polite persons who look upon religious questions as belonging solely to religious people. They "doubt of such manner of questions." They really believe that they dispose of them and of all matters concerning a devoted Christian life, in a fitting, courteous, and altogether satisfactory sort of way when they treat them with a polite forbearance. They will sometimes indulge in a patronizing little discussion; they will listen to a debate; but when invited personally to the test of a religious experience, they admit they do not understand them, are not interested in them, and respectfully remand all consideration of them fully to such people as will give them intelligent appreciation, and to whose peculiar "superstition" they belong.

Now, we do not need even to seem to imply reproach upon the disposition or character of this class of person. There is chance here to put in an honest word even for Festus. History makes a very credible record of his administration, as well as of his reputation generally for fairness, candor, courage, and gentlemanly demeanor to all. The very details we have been reciting show him in an amiable light. And we are far enough from saying that those of whom he is so affecting an example are all bad men. Their characteristics seem to be mere intellectual indolence, or indifference to religious life.

It cannot escape the notice of any one, in a study of this man Festus, that there does not seem to have even for once passed across his mind the thought of his examining Christianity, or of listening to Paul, or comparing views of life and duty with Agrippa, or of anything else for the sake of securing his own soul's salvation or recognizing his relation to the God that made him. For all his conduct betrays, you might as well think of him as one arisen above the awkward necessity of being saved, like those poor people who were continually vexing their rulers with "questions of their own superstition." And this is the exact lack to be observed always in many men of the world. They contemplate religion as simply one phase of human nature, with which they have nothing in common, and which they mean to treat kindly and with polite forbearance.

Notable Church Windows.

The stained-glass window having the greatest number of life-sized figures on it is in St. Paul's Church at Milwaukee. It is a nave window, the lower half being composed of three immense panels, and the upper half of a splendid rose and tracery in a semi-circle of brilliancy. In its extreme measurement it is 30 feet 1 inch in width, and exactly 24 feet in height. It is beautifully executed, the subject being an exact copy of Dore's masterpiece, "Christ Leaving the Parthian." There are over 200 life-sized figures represented. The Cathedral of Bourges, France, possesses 183 stained-glass windows, consisting of 5,592 compartments, and forming the most magnificent collection in the world. The figures in the windows vary from 15 feet to 20 feet in height. The eastern window in York Cathedral is 75 feet in height and 32 feet in breadth. There are over 115 subjects represented. The east window at Hereford Cathedral is 40 feet high and 20 feet wide. It represents "The Lord's Supper"; the figures are 15 feet in height. The east window at Carlisle Cathedral is embellished with nearly 200 subjects from sacred history.

Beauties of the Bible.

Where shall one go if not to the bible, to find the noblest literature of the soul? Where shall one find so well expressed as in the Psalms the longing for God and a deep satisfaction in his presence? Where is burning indignation against wrong-doing more strongly portrayed than in the prophets? Where such a picture as the gospel gives of love that consumes itself in sacrifice? The highest hopes and moods of the soul reached such attainment among the Jews two thousand years ago that the intervening ages have not yet shown one step in advance. Viewed as a handbook of ethics the bible has a power second only to its exalted position as a classic of the soul. The "ten words," though negatively expressed, are, in their second half, an admirable statement of the fundamental relations of man to man. Paul's eulogy of it is an unmatched masterpiece of the foundation principle of right living. The adoption of the golden rule by all men would banish crime and convert earth into a paradise.—Professor D. G. Lyon.

Training the Soul.

What Christ wants is the soul of his brother and that must be trained into personal power, individual capacity, self-help. Thus, true Christian charity is the one with the last principle of scientific charity. It is the transforming of a helpless dependent into a self-respecting worker. It is as when Peter and John stood at the beautiful gate of the temple and the lame man lay there, as the passage says, "hoping that he might receive an alms," but Peter fastened his eyes on him and said: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee. In the name of Jesus of Nazareth rise up and walk."—F. G. Peabody.

Where to Begin the Restraint.

We should less need to put restraint on our doing, if we were put restraint on our thinking. Many a man complacently himself on his resistance of certain evil desires. It would be a greater compliment to say that he had so refused to indulge their first beginnings in voluntary thought

that he desires themselves never got headway. No one knows, until he makes a test of it, how much of his mischievous thinking is the result of voluntary, deliberate choosing as an excusable form of self-indulgence.—"Sunday-School Times."

THE DOLE OF BREAD.

An Old Charity that Is Still in Operation in New York City.

One of the most interesting charities in operation in this city, and one which is probably less known of than any other, is that which is designated in the register of the Fraternity church as "The Leake Dole of Bread."

Since 1792 this practical benefaction has been in constant operation, and it would be exceedingly difficult to compute the great amount of good it has done and the number of hungry persons it has fed. The "Dole" is a bequest by John Leake, a long-forgotten millionaire and philanthropist, who, with John Watts, founded the well known Leake and Watts Orphan House, which is still in existence in this city. The portion of his will in which the bequest is made reads as follows:

"I hereby give and bequeath unto the rector and inhabitants of the Protestant Episcopal church of the State of New York £1,000, put out at interest to be laid out in the annual income in sixpenny wheaten loaves of bread and distributed on every Sabbath morning, after divine service, to such poor as shall appear most deserving."

This wish has been faithfully carried out with one exception. The regular communicants of the church will no doubt wonder, for not more, perhaps, than a hundred of them have ever noticed the dispensation of "sixpenny wheaten loaves of bread" after the morning service. Nearly forty years ago, when the distributing station was transferred from Trinity Church to the shadow of old St. John's, at 46 Varick street, it was deemed wise to change the weekly day of distribution from Sunday to Saturday, and thus obviate publicity and lessen the pain to the pride of the recipients, for some of them were, and even now are, not only communicants of the church, but people who at one time had been among the most wealthy of the congregation. Every Saturday morning, between 7 and 8 o'clock, there are delivered into a recess of the gaunt ecclesiastical structure sixty-seven loaves of wholesome, fresh bread, of the kind known as "home-made," each loaf being worth about ten cents. While not exactly "sixpenny loaves," they are as near that price as is possible to obtain, and no one has as yet ventured an attempt to break the will owing to this slight divergence or the fact of the change of date of distribution.

The loaves are piled upon a long settee in the vestibule, where those lucky enough to be considered as "appearing to be most deserving" either call or sent for them. There are at present just eighteen of these pensioners, and others are constantly waiting to take the places of those whose death has claimed. The loaves are distributed in varying numbers, some persons being entitled to four, while others receive only two, this being regulated by the size of the family. The loaves are distributed without ostentation, and although one of the official representatives of the church is present, he is lax in the amount of vigilance displayed, allowing the pensioners to enter the vestry and help themselves to their allotted share; and it is a matter of record that not once has any one made the mistake of taking an extra loaf.

Shortly before 8 o'clock every Saturday the eighteen chosen as deserving beneficiaries, or their messengers begin to appear. The first one to call yesterday morning was an impoverished-looking woman towed with age, who, the sexton said has been making the same weekly trip for nearly thirty years. While thin and emaciated, she still bore the impress of refinement, and her dress, although threadbare, was remarkably clean and neat. With a slight inclination of the head she wished the sexton "good morning," and quietly dropped two loaves of bread in the basket she carried, after first carefully wrapping them in a piece of newspaper. As she slowly walked down the stone-paved yard toward the gate she staggered under her load, and her evident refinement, led The Sun reporter to ask who she was.

"She is one of our oldest pensioners," replied the sexton, "and has for over thirty years never missed a Saturday, rain or shine. She was once one of the wealthiest of New York's women residents, but an ungrateful son, after gambling her fortune, left her destitute, and has never been heard of since. It is one of the pathetic stories most of these people could tell."

In direct opposition to this case was that of a gray-haired negro, who, although more than 80 years old, still quite spry, and entered the vestibule with a "Mornin', massa," in a manner which indicated that she very probably is a manumitted slave. After a slight interchange of conversation she shuffled away, apparently happy.

One noticeable peculiarity was the fact that there was no men; the bread was claimed either by very old and decrepit women or by young children who invariably staggered under the load. Of the children who called, not one wore a hat, and when the sexton was asked for an explanation of this, he replied that, although he had noticed it, he was unable to give any reason "unless," he added, "they haven't any."—N. Y. Sun.

To Everyone His Work.

Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say nothing succeeds like success. Effort, honest, manful, humble effort, succeeds by its reflected action, especially in youth, better than success, which, indeed, too easily and too early gained, not seldom serves, like winning the first throw of the dice, to blind

and stupidity. Get knowledge, all you can. Be thorough in all you do, and remember that, though ignorance often be innocent, pretension is always despicable. But you, like men, be strong and exercise your strength. Work onward and work upward, and may the blessing of the Most High soothe your cares, clear your vision, and crown your labors with reward.—W. E. Gladstone.

SOME POPULAR HYMNS.

How They Were Written and Incidents in Connection With Them.

It is really regrettable that so few hymnals give any clue to the history or their more important compositions, in too many cases even the name of the author being omitted. Mr. Arthur Francis Jones, writing for the Strand, London, remarks that happily many compilers of hymnals have now begun to print the name of the author below every hymn, and also the year in which it was written. Mr. Jones has given special attention to hymns, and has taken pains to secure the portraits of many celebrated hymnists, together with facsimile of their compositions. We quote a few paragraphs of his interesting article:

"Onward, Christian Soldiers" . . . was written for children. It was written in a great hurry for the author's missions at Hisbury Bridge, about the year 1865. Here the children had to march many a long mile to take part in a school feast. Owing to the distance from the children to the scene of the festivities, an early start was necessary, and marching in procession, with banners waving, colors flying, and a cross preceding them, the little ones sang lustily all the way. It was sung to Gauntlett's tune, for Sullivan had not then composed that stirring march which would have made his name a household word had he never penned another note."

Mr. Jones observes that a melancholy interest attaches to the hymn "Abide with Me," by the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. It was the last hymn the author ever wrote. It is stated that this famous composition owes its origin to the fact that a short while before its writing, in 1847, many Sunday-school teachers and other helpers in Mr. Lyte's parish suddenly left the church and went over to the Plymouth Brethren. Mr. Jones says:

"To these deserters the author is said to allude in the first verse, where he writes, 'When other helpers fail.' Whether this were so or not, it is certain that the hymn was written at a time of great mental suffering. Owing to the state of his broken health in his devotion to his flock, the good vicar was obliged to seek the restoring influence of a warmer clime. During the evening previous to his for Nice he suffered, as was his custom, down by the seashore alone; on his return, he retired to his study and an hour later presented his family with 'Abide with Me,' accompanied by music, which he had also composed. The next day he left Brixham to return no more, dying a few months later at Nice, where he now lies buried. The original music to the hymn is now seldom sung, having been supplanted by Dr. Monk's beautiful composition, 'Eventide.'"

The following facts, familiar to many, who will bear reproduction, referring as they do to that most popular of all mission hymns, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," by Bishop Heber.

"It was written as far back as 1819, at Wrexham, where Heber's father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, was vicar. On Whit-Sunday of the above year Dr. Shipley was to preach in Wrexham church a sermon in aid of the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and Reginald Heber, then vicar of Hodnet, happened to be staying at the vicarage at the time. On the Saturday before Whit-Sunday the Dean, Heber, and a few friends were collected together in the library, when the doctor asked his son-in-law to write something for them to sing in the morning. Heber, readily consenting, retired to the farther end of the room for the purpose. A short while later, Dr. Shipley asked what he had written, and Heber replied by reading the first three verses which he had then composed. His listeners were delighted, and would have had the hymn remain without any addition, but Heber said, 'No, no, the sense is not complete,' and insisted on adding a fourth verse. He afterwards gave the hymn to the Dean, who turned a deaf ear to his subsequent requests to add other verses. The next morning it was, for the first time, sung in Wrexham church."

A Message From God.

"This is the Covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them; and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Now where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin. Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us through the Veil, that is to say, his flesh, let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith and let us consider one another to provoke one to love and to good works. If we sin willfully after that we have received knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgement, etc." Heb. 10: 16-29

Uses of Proverbs.

A proverb may express a partial truth, which is often more deceptive than an actual falsehood; or may be true only in a limited and restricted sense, and that not always the one in which it is most usually employed; and its use in any other sense, or as a general proposition, may be in the highest degree deceptive and misleading.—Golding.

Meanings Of Precious Stones.

In giving rings to their friends people nowadays bestow a little thought on them and are not satisfied merely with what the jeweller offers. Only a wife, however, can give a husband a sapphire ring without the motive being questioned, because it is supposed to cure a man of drunkenness. The emerald will bring good health, and it should be worn by every doctor, for it

will tend to make his medicines more powerful, and his patients will get well sooner. Of the ruby, it is believed that a human soul is concealed at its very heart. This idea comes from India, the land of romance. Personally, I do not think it is altogether pleasing to imagine that somebody's soul is on your finger, so I prefer to regard the ruby as the beautiful stone that is symbolic of innocent love, and which is warranted when worn by a woman to keep her pure. The pearl is said to make a woman modest, and this is probably the reason why it is the only gem permitted to young girls. However, it is also symbolic of tears, but it does not seem right that pearls should be brought to anyone who looks at life as if it were all sunshine.

THEY HAD THEIR DOUBTS.

It was a Whiff of the Gentleman from the North was Reliable.

Recently a bishop of the methodist episcopal church returned from a tour of the South, and made his headquarters at one of the big hotels up town. To those who called upon him at the hotel he told a funny story about his experience among the negroes of the South. He went down with a party to one of the fashionable winter resorts along the coast. One Sunday he was told of a service that was to be held at a colored methodist church several miles inland. It was suggested that the party attend these services, and accordingly, carriages were ordered and the drive was made. The rest of the story is best told in his own language. He said:

"When we arrived at the church we found that it was to be a sort of special service to raise money to pay off a church debt. They had recently erected a new church and it was only partly paid for. The local bishop had been summoned, and a great effort was being made to get the money. When we had taken our seats a colored brother came around and asked us if we would not go to the front, but we declined."

"In the course of his remarks the bishop dwelt upon the good work that had been done in the name of the Redeemer, and called upon everyone present to contribute something toward paying off the great debt that the church had assumed in building a new house of worship. He said that the debt was \$142.35, and that it must be met. His eloquent plea reached our hearts, and we made up a little purse among ourselves and raised \$100. The money was handed to me, and I when the plate was passed around, laid a crisp hundred-dollar bill on the plate."

"While the money was being counted a song service was held. It was plainly evident to us that something unusual was going on, and there was a subdued air of excitement among those counting the money. Finally the bishop stepped to the front and raised his hand. The music ceased at once. He began to speak very gravely, and imagine our astonishment when he said:

"Brethren: We have met with remarkable success in our efforts today. We have received enough money to pay off the debt, and a surplus of \$14.12—that is, providin' the bill which the gentleman from the north gave us is genuine."—New York Tribune.

WHY NOT LIVE A CENTURY.

"In the coming time," said a famous English poet, "a man or woman eighty or one hundred years old will be more beautiful than the youth or maiden of twenty, as the ripe fruit is more beautiful and fragrant than the green. These ripe men and women will have no wrinkles on the brow, no grey hairs, no bent and feeble bodies. On the contrary they will have perfect hearing, clear eyesight, sound teeth, elastic step, and mental vigor."

Does this sound absurd or impossible? Why should it? People over one hundred years old are frequently met with in these days, as they have been as far as human records go back. A man is of no real value until he is past fifty and gained control of his passions and acquired some practical wisdom. After that he ought to have from fifty to seventy-five working years before him. Whoso dies short of one hundred (bar volens) dies of his own folly or that of his ancestors. One chief thing, however, we must learn. What is it? Take an illustration—such as we see multitudes of on every side.

Mr. Richard Leggate, of New Bolingbroke near Boston, Lincolnshire, is a man now somewhat over seventy. He is a farmer, well known and highly respected in his district. In the spring of 1891 he had an attack of influenza from which he never fully recuperated. The severe symptoms passed away, of course, but he remained weak. No doubt food would have built him up, provided he could have eaten and digested it. Yet here was the trouble. His appetite was poor, and what little he took, as a matter of necessity rather than of relish, seemed to act wrong with him. Instead of giving him strength it actually produced pain and distress in the sides, chest, and stomach.

Then again—which is a common experience—we would feel a craving for something to eat; yet on sitting down to a meal, in the hope to enjoy it, the stomach would suddenly rebel against the proceeding, and he would turn from the table without having swallowed a mouthful.

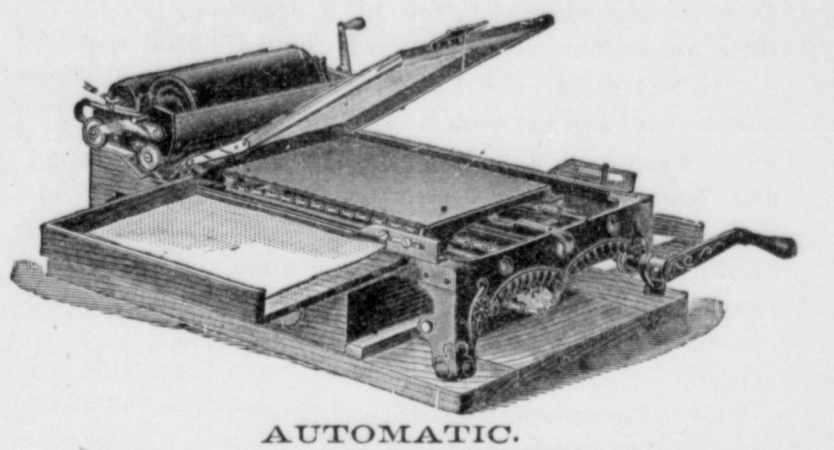
Nothing could come of this but increasing weakness, and it wasn't long before it was all he could do to summon strength to walk about. As for working on his farm, that, to be sure, was not to be thought of. He had a doctor attending him, as we should expect. If the services of a learned medical man are ever needed they must be in such a case—when nature seems to be all broken up, and the machinery runs slow, as our family clocks do when we have forgotten to wind them at the usual hour.

Well, Mr. Leggate took the prescribed medicines, but got no better. He asked the doctor why that was, and he appeared to be puzzled for an answer at first. Naturally enough a doctor doesn't like to admit that his medicines are doing no good, because he expects to be paid for them; and then there is his professional pride, besides. However, he finally said, "If my medicines fail to make you better it is owing to your age." That idea was plain as a pike-staff, and if the patient had never got any better afterwards, why who could dispute what the doctor said? Nobody, of course.

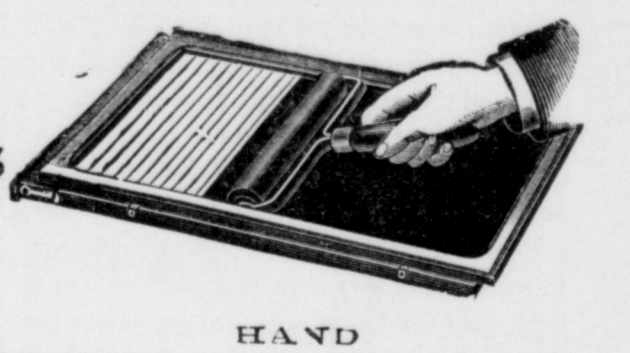
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It would look just as though Mr. Leggate were really going to pieces from old age. But something subsequently happened which spoils that easy theory of the case.

What it was he tells us in a letter dated February 3rd, 1893.

"After doctoring several months without receiving any benefit, I determined to try Mother Seigle's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. G. H. Hanson, Chemist, New Bolingbroke. After taking the Syrup for a week I was much better. I had a good appetite, and what I ate digested and strengthened me; and by the time I had taken two bottles I was well and strong as ever. You may publish this statement if you think proper. (Signed) Richard Leggate."

So it proved, after all, that Mr. Leggate was not suffering from old age (at seventy? Nonsense!), but from indigestion and dyspepsia. When Mother Seigle's great discovery routed that, he felt "well and strong as ever."

Now for the moral: It is not Father Time who mows people down thus early in life; it is the Demon of Dyspepsia. Keep him away, and—barring accidents—you may live a century.

Pacific Slope Style of Poker.

"The terror of a one-card draw is unknown to San Francisco devotees of the game immortalized by General Schenck," said Mr. William R. Brewster, of that city, at the Hotel Pape.

"The reason is that out on the slope we do not play sequences or 'straights' at all, and flushes only before the draw. A flush, therefore, is of no account except when held 'pat.'"

"This, to my mind, is a better system than the Eastern method, for it gives the man who holds the best pair the natural advantage that belongs to him. It is needless to say that those abominations known as 'big' and 'little dogs,' that go with the game in Kentucky are absolutely unknown in California."—Washington Post.

Are You Despondent?

Has ill health or overwork made you despondent? Has your nervous system been overwrought? If so you need a thorough course of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic. You will find it exactly what you need. It restores health and strength and hopefulness. And it does it in the most natural way in the world. It improves digestion, stimulates the appetite, affords new vitalizing power to the blood, and so leads to a rebuilding of the weak and wasted tissues of the body, the result of which is a complete renewal of health, and a vigorous mental activity. Its power is irresistible. The formerly despondent sufferer feels the thrill of a new vitality, and work is no longer a dreary task, or pleasure merely a thing to be endured. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cts. per bottle, or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co., (Ld.) St. John, N. B. and New York city.

Wages in Japan.

Wages in Japan are exceedingly low, and, together with the skill and the perseverance of the Japanese, constitute an important factor in the commercial affairs in Eastern Asia. The tailor who makes clothing after the European style receives the highest pay; his average is 25 cents per day. Next comes, the stonemason with

19 cents; carpenter, joiner, smith, with 17 cents; printer, 15 cents; field hands, male, 10 cents; female, 8 cents per day. Silk weavers are given board by the employers and \$2.70 monthly. They work from twelve to sixteen hours, and, as there is no Sunday in Japan, the number of work days is not less than 350 in the year. The exports exceed the imports of Japan about \$10,000,000 annually.

Had It In for him.

Dr. Nathan Oppenheim, in one of the magazines, scientifically explains "why children lie."

I have always thought that the little romancers should be gently dealt with, for very often their "whops" are a mixture of facts, dreams, imaginations, and the narrow horizon natural to their limited experience. A child who won't attempt at times to squirm out of a trying situation must be either heavenly good or very stupid.

But I do not know exactly what to think of a little victim of a girl whose naughty brother flew at her the other day and bit her on the arm.

"The mamma was from home, and after a few moments the slight impression of the bad brother's teeth began to fade away. The indignant and revengeful victim feared the enormity of the offense might not be realized by a belated parent, so every once in a while she bit herself anew in the same place, and by this means kept her dumb witness in a fine glow, so was able to produce quite a sensation when dinner time and mamma arrived."

Papa and bad brother had a spirited interview at bedtime, and it was some days before the truth was discovered.—Philadelphia Press.

Like Modern Sporting.

"How is the weather out?" asked Mrs. Wickwire.

"Very pugilistic," replied Mr. Wickwire.

"Very how?"

"Windy and threatening."

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CONSTIPATION,
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