

Sunday Reading.

OOWIKAPUN THE INDIAN.

How the Hunter Was Rewarded, When He Did Not Shorten His Prayers.

Oowikapun was a famous Indian hunter in the northern Nelson River country. His tribe roams through the vast forest that extends from Hudson Bay up toward Lake Athabasca on the west, and northward to the land of the Eskimos. From the great lakes and rivers of that country, and from their hunting-grounds, these hardy Indians obtain their food.

After the people for many generations had lived in the darkness of a most degrading paganism, the gospel reached them, and many became zealous Christians.

Among those was Oowikapun, the hero of our story. His conversion was a very wonderful one, and after it he was very anxious to have the rest of his tribe come into the same blessed light.

One method that he adopted at times with success was to take with him on his hunting trips some unconverted young Indian hunters as his companions; and, as Oowikapun had a splendid record for being one of the most successful in the whole land, others were anxious to go with him not only because he divided the game obtained equally with them, but that they might learn some of his methods which made him so successful.

Early one autumn, he set out with a young pagan Indian on a deer-hunting expedition. They pushed on rapidly through the woods to a region where the species of deer that they were seeking were said to abound, and there they camped for the night.

Here they retired, our friend Oowikapun had a long talk with his comrade about the great salvation, and urged him to become a Christian. Attentively did the young hunter listen to him, for the Indians are a very polite and respectful race; but his heart was not much in what was being said. He was thinking more about the deer that he hoped they would kill on the morrow.

In the morning, Oowikapun said, "Now, before we begin hunting we must pray, to the Good Spirit, who has watched over us and given us so many blessings." The young Indian was full of excitement, and eager to be off; but he complied with the request of the good man, and knelt down on the rocks beside him. Oowikapun of course prayed out loud, that the young man might understand. Becoming absorbed in his devotions, his voice rang out loud and clear. His comrade, not being able to get the thoughts of the deer out of his mind, was scanning the forest as far as his eagle eyes would allow him.

Suddenly, with his elbow he nudged the side of the man that with closed eyes was earnestly praying, and said: "Hurry up! make it short! I see two deer coming this way. Hurry! hurry! hurry!"

But Oowikapun heeded him not, unless it was to close his eyes more tightly, and in a louder voice continue his prayers.

When he did finish, and they arose from their knees, the deer had disappeared. They had heard the trumpet tones of the Indian's voice, and had dashed away into the dense forest. Quickly were the hunters on their trail, but it was all in vain. They had become too thoroughly alarmed to be overtaken, and so the disappointed Indians had to camp that evening without having shot anything larger than a partridge or a rabbit.

Of course they were disappointed. Oowikapun's mind was in much perplexity about his having continued to pray, and the young hunter was so angry at him that he arose during the night, and returned to his distant home. When Oowikapun woke in the morning, and found himself alone, he thought the whole matter over; and, as there was sweet peace in his heart, he decided that he had done right, and that, although they had lost those two deer, yet the Good Spirit would not forsake him or cause him to suffer loss. So he cooked his breakfast, prayed, and started off again to see what he could find.

He had not gone very far before he saw what made his heart jump, old, experienced hunter as he was.

Not far ahead of him were three large, fierce bears. He had in his hands his double-barrelled gun, but in only one barrel was there a bullet. In the other he had put a charge of shot for small game. His trusty knife was in its sheath at his side, and thus armed he had to meet the attack of these three bears, which came rushing at him.

Not much time had he to decide upon his method of defence. But he was an old hero, firm of nerve and quick of thought; and so, ere they could reach him, he had decided on his course of action.

This was what he did. Dashing back to a ravine, he lay down, and the bears would be likely to follow in single file, he there coolly awaited their attack. When the first one which was also the fiercest, was within a few feet of him, he fired with such accuracy that the bullet went crashing into his brain, killing him instantly. The next bear was not far behind. Calculating the distance it would take for the shot to scatter sufficiently, Oowikapun awaited his approach; and then, aiming between the eyes, he sent the charge with such accuracy that, as he had anticipated, it entered both eyes, completely blinding the savage beast. Maddened by the pain, the infuriated bear rushed to the spot where stood the fearless hunter when the beast had his last sight of him; but the clever hunter, anticipated this, had quickly sprung aside, and so the blinded bear rushed on, unable to do any harm.

To meet the third bear. Oowikapun had thrown down his gun, and drawing his hunting knife, had backed up against a tree, and there coolly awaited the attack. This is the favorite way of fighting the black bear when the gun is unloaded. But our hero had no more fighting to do that day.

Whether the two reports of the gun, or the death of one bear and the mad howlings of the second one, were the cause or not, the remaining bear seemed to think there had been enough of fighting; and so he turned and ran, and made such good use of his legs that ere Oowikapun could get his gun loaded he was out of sight in the dense woods. However, the hunter went after the blinded one, and a well-aimed bullet soon put an end to him. Q.E.D.

Oowikapun was, of course, very much pleased at his success. He speedily set to work, and after taking off the splendid skins he cut up the meat; and, bending down some green trees, he tied some bundles of meat into their tops, and then let them spring up again. This method of putting meat in the tops of small trees is called "caching" by the Indians. It is about the only way in which supplies can be kept from animals.

When this work was accomplished, Oowikapun loaded himself with the valuable robes, and as much of the meat as he could carry, and started off for his home well rewarded.

So Oowikapun, in telling the missionary the story, said he was more than ever confirmed in the good way, and would continue to say his prayers to the end—Golden Rule.

DEBT OF THE CHRISTIAN.

It Is Due to the Lord and Also to the World in Which We Live.

In a sermon recently preached by Rev. C. S. Robinson, pastor of the New York Presbyterian church, the text was "I am debtor both to the Greeks, and to the Barbarians; both to the wise and to the unwise."—Romans 1. 14.

Let me ask you to notice that my short text is simply tremendous as a proclamation of purpose on human lips, said the preacher. The burden of suggestion swells the words. Take a great thought like that Paul had when he said, "I am a debtor," a thought full of self-denial, full of toil, full of faith and effort and prayer, full of suffering and of strife, full of patience life-long, death-eriding. Hold it up till you see its inimitable majesty. Study it earnestly till your heart is swayed with fitting admiration. Now try to condense and compact it into one poor little vocable, like that familiar and despised word, debt, and then mark how the living sentence will dilate with ponderous meaning. He who thus pledges himself to good; he who chooses that utterance for the motto of his life, will stand up crowned among his fellows, every inch revealed a king of men!

The purpose of what has thus far been said is this: There is a lesson of deepest importance to all young Christians. Religious life is certain to be molded by the ideal one has of it and the principle which he makes to underlie it at the start. "It is to be lamented," said a wise old scholar to a former generation as he lay on his death-bed, "that men never seem to know to what end they were born into the world until they are just ready to go out of it." The ordinary conception is that duties will be disclosed as maturity advances; that obligations will multiply with the mere flow of years. Whereas the fact is, that each Christian enters the new life immediately and overwhelmingly in debt. The stroke of a life which stamps a coin in the mint, fits it for circulation and renders it instantaneously money. And just so the force of sovereign grace, which seals a soul with the image of Christ, consecrates it instantly for all time and eternity to his work. "Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever." The central thought, therefore, sends its circulation through all.

We know, even in our worldly observation, that a child of opulent parents, who goes forth into life saying, "The world owes me honor and ease and flattery and place," will make a very different man from the child of many prayers, who enters the conflict saying, "I owe the world a work and a duty." The plain account of debt and credit settles the future. So I say again, the Gospel sets the Christian on the search, not how much he may claim in the wrestle of existence, but how much he may give; not how much the world owes him, but how infinitely much he owes the world, for which Christ died. Doing good to everybody we can reach, with all our body, soul and spirit, with the help of God, and the glory of God, is what we are here on earth for. Every moment we put off beginning to do it is just as much lost time to be redeemed. The Gospel falls from heaven like a winged benediction upon our souls. It renews our power; it exalts our capabilities; it permeates our dispositions; it refines our emotions; it enables our aims. And then it just binds us over, once and forever, to entire service of God.

There is no fertility of genius like the pressure of a great debt. Necessity is the mother of invention. And then note, also, the industry and thrift it promotes. That man pays most of his dues whose untiring hammer rings earliest in the morning and latest at night. He lessens debt the most whose shuttle weaves the most yards in faithful toil. Diligence in business keeps the bailiff a stranger. Put this familiar commonplace of philosophy along side of devout Christian life, and so learn the lesson. A child of God who really feels that he is a debtor to the whole world will surely find a shrewd way of his own to discharge the duty. That man who is always searching painfully and asking at random for a chance to do something, and yet never satisfies himself he has discovered the field for which he has a talent, has no true feeling of pressure. He is only working on a dastardly and shameful principle of spiritual repudiation, under the plausible plea that he cannot find his creditors!

Oh, my brethren, I think of our own sweet, bright trust we have taken in charge! Is our church debt paid? Not money, but love, zeal, effort. "How much oweest thou my Lord?" Souls around us are looking

for us to help them. I put it to you all calmly and plainly—the true test of piety is a sense of debt orship to souls. You will find a Christian ever on one only errand. You will say with the sainted Brainerd. Anything, anything for thee, O God! Let me and mine be nothing, only that thy kingdom may come!"

ALL ARE WORTH SAVING.

The Story of a Woman's Pleading With One Whom She Had Feared.

An incident comes to us from one of our well-known noble Christian workers. A great effort had been made in one of the towns to rescue the intemperate and to enlist the sympathy of Christians in their behalf. Meetings were held and earnest personal effort made to reach those who were in the lowest strata of humanity. To this class their efforts were specially directed. One of the most devoted workers, walking past a prominent business house, said to herself, "Here is one who everybody knows is rapidly going the downward way through strong drink. Why should I not seek to save him? I will go in and personally plead the case." Her courage failed. She passed and repassed the great establishment, and finally went home to think over the best way of approaching this influential and prominent merchant. She feared that he would be angry by being personally approached on the subject of his intemperance. The next day she went again, and again walked back and forth, her heart failing her. At last, with an uplifted prayer for help, she quietly opened the door, half wishing that she would not find him in. Walking into his private office, she found him at his desk. She was greeted with a pleasant good morning, which made it harder for her to speak to him upon the subject. Forgetting the little speech that she had prepared, with which to approach him, she burst out with, "Oh, Mr. —, I was so troubled about you, so anxious in your behalf." All fear and trepidation fled on the instant, and with all the earnestness of her soul she pleaded with him to turn from the dangerous channel which he had entered. Then apologizing for what might seem to him an unwarranted intrusion, she started for the door. To her surprise he rose, and in a kind and gentlemanly manner thanked her for her interest in him, and said, "I have been surprised, and wondered, through all these meetings, that no one has come to me before this, as my habits are well known to the community. You have gone down to the gutter to plead with the lowest, the most ignorant and depressed, and have made desperate efforts to save them; I have often said to myself, of what use to the world will they ever be, even if reclaimed, and why do they not come to me and many others like me, who, if once saved for this great aim, might be an honor to God and a benefit to humanity? Are we not worth saving? With a choking voice he thanked her for her interest and her prayers, and added, "By the grace of God I will try and overcome this terrible habit, which I know is leading me to the loss of body and soul."—The Christian.

Poor In Spite of Riches.

If a man should be given a farm, or \$10,000, or a well-stocked store, he would not therefore necessarily be rich. If a man should be presented with the finest of libraries, composed of the choicest of books, he would not therefore necessarily be wise. The farm must be tilled, the money must be wisely invested, the store must be well kept, or, spite of all, the owner will grow poor. The books must be studied, or the student will never grow wise. Wealth misused is the open way to poverty, and all the gifts of heaven will not enrich a man if he does not put those gifts to their best uses. There is more unused talent a thousandfold than talent well and wisely used. In the spiritual realm this also is true, or there would have been no need for such an exhortation as this which Paul addressed to his Corinthian friends. When we fail to make the best use of the gifts of God we are in the exact attitude to heed wisely this entreaty. For it is an entreaty urged with the passion of intense earnestness.

"We then, as workers together with God," beseech you that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." He who looks upon an unused Bible, receives a priceless gift, well worthy to be accounted "a grace" of God, in vain. He who fails to draw from Christian worship and Christian fellowship all the strength and inspiration they are so calculated to impart, has received these gifts in vain. We should husband well all resources. We should make the most of opportunity. We should do as wise merchants do, be ever watchful of every point of advantage. Careful fervent in spirit, serving the Lord with all diligence, that we at last hear the gracious commendation—"Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Tolerance and Liberty.

No man has a right to say "I am the eye and you are nothing but the nose;" the eye and the nose and the mouth are all necessary to the composition of the face. Why cannot common sense prevail among men that are divided into different cliques in religion, but are all seeking one immortality, are all seeking the one disposition by which they shall learn the thing that shall immortalize them? "Let every man be persuaded in his own mind." Let one man govern himself as he pleases, and another as he pleases. Simply say: "That is your right, I do not object to it, take your own way. I tolerate your liberty amiably, and you amiably look down upon my liberty." Do not let us quarrel and steal sheep out of each other's pasture, and then think it is a triumph and glorification over another denomination. How preposterous all these things are in the larger light of the divine nature, and when you have them shown to you along the lines of the genesis of creation and of Providence!—Henry Ward Beecher.

A Message from God.

Show me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths. . . . Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions. . . . For thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon

mine iniquity; for it is great. . . . Look upon mine affliction and my pain. . . . let me not be ashamed; for I put my trust in thee.—25th Psalm.

Every Day and Every Hour.

"Through the day we must often, even amid our busiest occupations, renew our offering of all we do or design to God's glory."—Bishop Wilberforce.

A FEW INCHES IN PLAIN ENGLISH.

NOWADAYS men are doing all sorts of wonders by means of electricity, both in mechanics and in chemistry. I see by the papers that they expect to be able to produce real diamonds by it. Perhaps they may; marvels never cease. But we will wait till they do before we crow over that job. Up to this time, anyway, everything that is both valuable and useful is the fruit of hard work. Even diamonds are mostly got out of rocky mines. And, within reasonable limits, it is good for us to have to work. Ten shillings honestly earned is better for a man than twenty in the shape of a legacy.

The best condition of things for any country would be when fair wages could be earned straight a long, without loss or deduction for any reason. But in the present aspect of human affairs this is impossible. Whose fault it is we cannot now discuss.

One source of loss, however, is plain enough, and some remedy for it ought to be found. In England and Wales every working man averages ten days of illness per year, making the total loss of wages from this cause about £16,000,000, a year. We are talking of the average, you see. But inasmuch as all working-men are not ill every year, this average does not fairly show the suffering and loss of those who are ill. In any given year many will lose no time at all, while others may lose individually from ten days to six months each. No charity, no savings, no income from clubs &c., can make up for this—even in money alone—to say nothing of the pain and misery.

Alluding to an experience of his in 1888 Mr. George Lagdon says, "I had to give up my work." How this came to pass he tells in a letter dated from his home in White House Road, Stebbing, near Dunmow, August 24, 1892. He had no inherited disease or weakness, so far as he knew, and was always strong and well up to April of that year—1888. Then his strength and energy began to leave him. He felt tired, not as from work, but as from power gone out of him through some bodily failure. He sat down to his meals, but not with his old eagerness and relish. There was a nasty copper-like taste in his mouth, his teeth and tongue were covered with slime, and his throat clogged with a kind of thick phlegm, difficult to "hawk up" and eject.

He also speaks of a nagging pain in the stomach, flatulency, and much palpitation of the heart as being among his symptoms. As the ailment—whatever it was—progressed he began to have hacking cough which, he says, seemed as if it must shake him to pieces. He could scarcely sleep on account of it. One of the most alarming features of his illness, however, were the night sweats, for the reason that they showed the existence of a source of weakness which must soon, unless arrested, end in his taking the one journey from which no traveller returns.

"It was now July—summer time, when life to the healthy is so pleasant and full of hope. At this time my sister-in-law got from Mr. Linsells (Stebbing) a medicine that I had not tried yet. After having used one bottle I felt better, and when I had used the second I was cured, and have not lost a hour's work since."

The reader will notice that between the date of his taking this medicine and the date of his letter there is an interval of four years. We may, therefore, infer that this cure was real and permanent. The medicine, by the way, was Mother Sigel's Curative Syrup. It is not likely he will forget its name nor what it did for him. His disease was indigestion and dyspepsia. The deadly enemy of every labouring man or woman under the sun, no matter what they work at or work with—hands, brains, or both.

Is it necessary to draw a "moral"—school-book style—from the facts? No, it is not. We have talked plain English, and that is enough.

Smallest in the World.

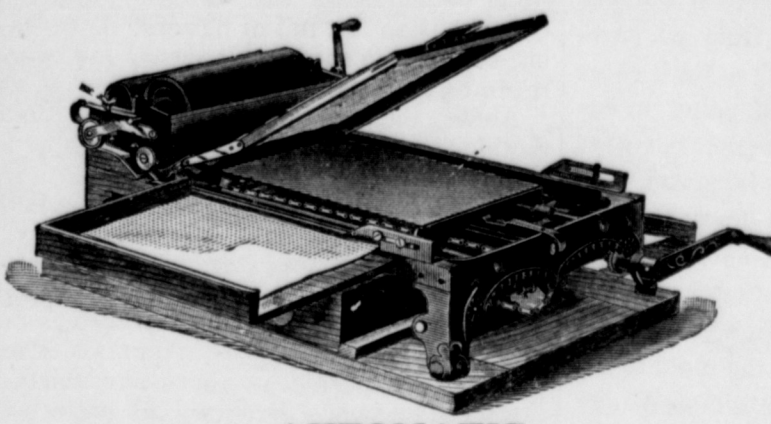
It is said that the smallest piece of painting in the world has recently been executed by a Flemish artist. It is painted on the smooth side of a grain of common white corn, and pictures a mill and a miller mounting a stairs with a sack of grain on his back. The mill is represented as standing on a terrace, and near it is a horse and cart, while a group of several peasants are shown in the road near by. The picture is beautifully distinct, every object being finished with microscopic fidelity, yet by careful measurement it is shown that the whole painting does not cover a surface of half an inch square.—New York Times.

Bullets no Good There.

A story as to the thickness of a negro's skull, which comes near touching the record, is told and vouched for by the Livingston, Ala. Sun. It says that a negro living near York, Ala., was shooting rats recently with a cap and ball pistol, and the cap snapped and the charge failed to explode. The negro turned the pistol upward and looked down the barrel to see what was the matter, when the weapon went off and the bullet struck him squarely between the eyes. The bullet fell to the floor, flattened out, and the negro was only hurt to the extent of an inconceivable flesh wound.

KNIVES FORKS & SPOONS
STAMPED
1847. ROGERS BBOS.
Genuine AND Guaranteed
by the
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
THE LARGEST
SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS
IN THE WORLD

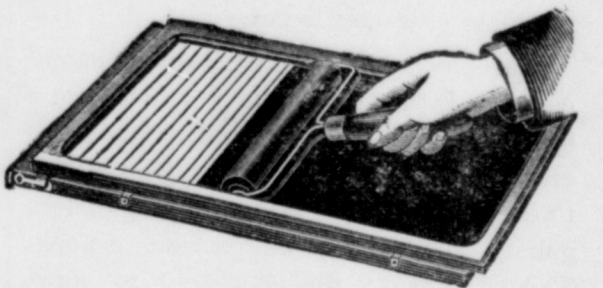
**If You Wish to be
.....HAPPY
...KEEP YOUR EYE...
On This Space.**



AUTOMATIC.

EDISON MIMEOGRAPH

It is one of Thomas A. Edison's inventions, and will reduplicate 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 150,000 users.



HAND

Ira Cornwall, Gen'l Agent,

Agent of Trade Buildings, Catherine St., St. John, N.B.

PROGRESS

Ads.....

.....Pay.

THEY
GIVE
BEST
RESULTS:

Sea Foam

It Floats.

5 CTS.
(TOILET SIZE)
A CAKE.

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