

# Sunday Reading.

## PLEASURE IN LABOR.

We Were All of Us Meant to Work and to Take an Interest in Our Tasks.

At a time when the labor question is so continually before the public, the thought cannot but suggest itself, how strange it is that so many of us grumble at having to work!

We appear to look upon work as a hardship; some of us even as a degradation. Do we possibly entertain this erroneous view in recollection of work having been imposed upon man after the Fall? and are we utterly unmindful of the fact that God, in His mercy, has endowed us with capabilities both of mind and body, in order that he might use them in His service, and for our own happiness and advantage?

Remarkable it is that when we are children, the very same occupations which at a ripe age becomes distasteful to us interest and amuse us. If, for example, a mother asks her child to fetch a sweeping-brush, and help her to sweep the room or the doorstep, the little girl is quite delighted and proud to be able to help in keeping the house tidy; yet, later on, when she becomes a domestic servant, she thinks it hard indeed that she has to gain her livelihood by the like employment.

Take a little boy whose father may be a carpenter. He often begs hard to be allowed to use the plane and the chisel, yet when grown up, although well paid for his work, he finds but little pleasure in it—often, indeed, it becomes irksome to him. He hurries over it, frequently not doing it as well as he might, and taking precious good care to leave off as soon as the clock strikes the hour for his release.

We were all meant to work, and to take an interest in so doing. The Creator gave us brains to think with and limbs to make use of, and the neglect of either soon enfeebles them, whilst their active employment strengthens us and prolongs our lives.

With regard to our limbs, in a cold climate like our own, for example, we find it necessary to keep our feet covered and cramped up in shoes, but in hot countries like India the natives either wear no shoes at all, or slip on sandals. Owing to his fact, their feet become strengthened and active, the toes being almost like another set of fingers. We notice them with surprise pick up a piece of wood with a foot instead of a hand, and hold it firmly between their toes, thus gaining a third hand in doing their work.

We often hear the complaint, "We are obliged to work." This is a strange manner of expression, if we but look at it in the right way. We should be thankful, deeply thankful, for being able to labour either mentally or manually, and should take a real interest in whatever duty we may be called upon to perform.

Why should not a shoemaker, for instance, take pleasure in turning out a thoroughly well-finished pair of shoes or boots? In shaping his leather, making the tops or "uppers," fitting it all well on to the last, sewing on the soles, or pegging them together with bright little brads driven in in regular rows? When this is done, is there no interest in putting on the heel, then giving it a final polish, and holding up the pair, being able to say to himself, "I have done all that! My own hands have made it, and my own head has helped me to think it out?" And may not every man or woman employed in trade look upon his or her labour in the same light?

Is it not a pleasant thing to earn money, to feel the capability of supporting a wife or children, a mother or a sister, and to be independent of the help or charity of others?

We have heard of a gentleman in good circumstances surprising a carpenter by telling him that he had made all the furniture in his room with his own hands, and the carpenter being so taken back by his way of putting it before him, that he never after thought of complaining, and enjoyed working from that day forth.

Let a strong man or a woman, however great their dislike for their daily occupation, be suddenly laid low by sickness, and they will tell you a regretful tale. They will look back with regret upon the days when the hand, now so feeble that it can scarcely lift the bedclothes, was strong and firm, and could wield an axe or carry a heavy basket; they will long, and often in their bitter distress earnestly pray, that the time may soon come when they may soon come when they may once more be enabled to enter upon their daily task.

We are all born to work in some way or other, and we all do work, some in a right way, some in a wrong. The indolent man, when time hangs heavily on his hands, is but brooding over the invention of some mistakenly so called pleasures, which, alas, so frequently turn to vice, and bring upon him and his surroundings both present and future misery. Such a man goes to his grave leaving no traces of good behind him. The industrious man has no time to think of idle pleasures, and, however unknown to the world, makes happy those about about him, and dwells in their loving memory when gone.

If we could but realize that work, as it is called, is but the cultivation of the faculties we possess, and that by cultivating them we are working for God, for our own material welfare, and also for the well-being of those around us, we should certainly do our best to bring this happy condition of things about.

We should train our little ones, from their earliest childhood, to learn to love employment, to help others in their own

little way, taking enjoyment in this unselfish toil.

If this were so, when they grew up to be men and women, no complaints of the hardness of about would vex our ears; we should live lives of sweet contentment and peace, and lift our thoughts in gratitude to Him who never forgets any of His creatures, on asking from them that they shall turn to Him in their need, whatever it may be, and willingly stretching out to them a loving father's hand.—Mrs. Crew.

## CRIPPLED GENIUS.

Henry Fawcett's Early Misfortune and His Splendid Triumph Over It.

When blindness comes in youth, before the work of life is scarcely begun, it must require unusual courage to make life a success.

Such a misfortune early befell England's renowned Postmaster General, Henry Fawcett. The son of a draper, with a love of study rather than of play, he used to declare, when a boy, that he meant to be a member of Parliament. This his companions used to laugh at, as his father had limited means and he had no distinguished friends to help him.

He longed to go to college, so the one which gave the largest fellowships, Peterhouse, at Cambridge University, was chosen. The college boys thought the new student was probably a young farmer, from his country ways and dress. He soon drew around him a little circle of those who loved mathematics and reading, and became a bright member of his class. Finding that there were many competitors for fellowships, he entered another college at Cambridge, Trinity Hall.

Some scholarships helped him to pay his way in college. Poverty had not been a great obstacle to young Fawcett, because he had energy and will power; but now his eyes began to trouble him, from over-use. He gave up law for a time, took a pupil in mathematics and in French, and, after a while, recovered his usual sight. He was still thinking of the House of Commons, for he wrote to a friend:

The realization of these hopes has become something even more than the gratification of ambition. I feel that I ought to make any sacrifice, to endure any amount of labor, to obtain this position, because every day I become more deeply impressed with the powerful conviction that this is the position in which I could be of the greatest use to my fellow men.

When Fawcett was 25, and seemingly on the right road to win his desired position, one September day he went with his father to shoot partridges. The birds flew towards the son, and the father, for a moment forgetting where his son stood, fired and two shots entered the young man's eyes, one passing through each glass of his spectacles remained permanently behind the eyes. The student was blind for life. The father was heartbroken at what he had done, but the son kept his cheerfulness, and said years later that ten minutes after the accident, he had determined to carry out his plans of trying for Parliament.

He attempted to go on with law, but that seemed impossible. He tried to write with his own hand, but soon gave it up. Sometimes he became depressed, but resolution finally overcame this, and he was cheerful as long as he lived. He thought that it was a duty, both for his own sake and for those about him, to bear all things with courage.

Fawcett went back to Cambridge University, and hired a young man to read to him and write for him. He was particularly interested in political economy, and soon dictated essays on immigration, strikes, etc.

A friend of Fawcett's a rising publisher at Cambridge, Mr. McMillan, made a happy suggestion, that the blind young student of 27 should write a popular manual of political economy. Fawcett worked two years on the book—hard years, as they must needs be for one who must get all his knowledge through the eyes of another.

When the book was published it met with a cordial reception, and was soon used in schools and colleges. The same year in which the book was published, the professorship of political economy at the university became vacant. Fawcett and three others were candidates. Fawcett was opposed because it was said that he could not keep order in his classes, and was, in all respects at a great disadvantage through his blindness. To the delight of his parents and himself he won the honor, with a salary of £300. This and his fellowship gave him a good support.

The death of Sir Charles Napier left a vacancy in the representation of South-vach. Fawcett visited the political committee, was allowed to hold meetings to which crowds came to hear a blind man, but he was finally obliged to withdraw his name in favor of a well-known candidate. Again he tried for a vacancy at Cambridge. The contest cost £600 and he was defeated. He would at least try the third time. He became a candidate for Brighton. He was opposed because he was comparatively poor, and would not, as well as could not, spend money on the election, had rotten eggs and stones thrown at him, and for the third time was defeated. But

such heroic men as Fawcett never give up. He tried a fourth time, and at 32 years of age was elected a member of Parliament for Brighton. The boyish hope was realized at last.

For some time Fawcett showed his good sense by remaining comparatively quiet in the House of Commons. Then he spoke earnestly in behalf of the working people, that a large number might be allowed to vote; then he urged that Dissenters, those who did not belong to the Church of England, might be permitted to take degrees. It seems astonishing to read that a person might not graduate from a college unless he belonged to a particular church! A Scotch Presbyterian was debarred from a fellowship at Trinity, so late as 1860, although the applicant was a senior wrangler, thus showing his superior scholarship. Fawcett worked till these narrow restrictions were abolished.

From this time until his death Fawcett made for himself a great name in England. He worked for the education of all the people.

Fawcett was often called the "member for India," because he pleaded the cause of two hundred millions, worthy poor people, often sadly misgoverned. When the Duke of Edinburgh visited India and distributed \$50,000 worth of gifts, and the money to pay for it was taken from the Indian revenues, Fawcett called it "melancholy means."

Whenever he went to his father's home he visited the laborers. One of them, Rumbold, used to send him word about his pig, telling Fawcett's mother, "If there's one thing Master cares about, 'tis pigs." Thus these Master cares about, 'tis pigs. Thus these about him.

When he was 46 he was made Postmaster General of England. He wrote "Aids to Thrift," of which a million and a quarter copies were given away. He was in favor of cheap telegrams for the people—only one cent per word. He opened many avenues for women to find employment. He was one of the best beloved men of England. He received great honors from the University of Oxford, from Cambridge, from Glasgow, from Germany, and from scientific and learned societies of France.

At his death his monument was placed in Westminster Abbey by national subscription, memorials in several churches, a drinking fountain on the Thames embankment, a statue at Salisbury, where he used to play when a boy, and scholarships to his memory in several colleges. And this and blind!

## THE BROKEN HEARTED.

What the Phrase Means When It is Used in the Psalms of David.

A reader in Nebraska writes: "Will you please give us an explanation of Psalm xxxvi. 18: 'The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart?' Who are the broken-hearted? Are they those who are just awakened to a sense of their lost condition, and have not reached that stage which the Bible calls 'peace is believing'?" David says in the thirty-third Psalm: 'Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous.' But can the broken in heart be expected to rejoice?"

Commenting on the verse referred to, Dr. Butler says: "The fact that even good men fell into sin, and that the best of them have the sins of their impotent life to repent of, make a broken heart and a contrite spirit constituent elements of a pious man's character, and standing conditions of God's favor. 'To this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word' (Isa. lvi. 2). No state of mind other than this can be right in one who has ever sinned."

Sir Richard Baker wrote, more than two centuries ago: "Though other things may be the worse for breaking, yet a heart is never at the best till it be broken; for till it be broken it can not send forth its sweetest odor. And, therefore, though God loves a whole heart in affection, yet he loves a broken heart in sacrifice. And no marvel, since it is he himself that breaks it. Therefore, accept, O God, my broken heart, which I offer thee with a whole heart, seeing thou canst neither except against that for being whole which thou hast broken, nor except against that for being broken which is whole in affection."

Yes, the broken heart is not that of the newly awakened merely. It is the abiding condition of the true believer. God says in Isa. lvi. 15: "I dwell with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit." The broken-hearted are the truly righteous and the truly happy. Our Savior said: "Blessed are the poor in spirit." And David in his wonderful penitential Psalm, cries: "Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice." Those bones could not rejoice until they were broken. God could not restore unto him the joy of his salvation until he had gone down into the depths, and cried: "Have mercy upon me." And so must we go down, and so must we cry, not once for all but all the time.

Gunter says: "The greatest calamity of our times is that there are so few broken hearts and contrite spirits." We have not that sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin which we find so much in the Epistles of Paul, and in the writings of the eminent saints of all ages. The great apostle to the Gentiles exhorts us to "rejoice in the Lord always," and yet he calls himself the chief of sinners, and cries in the seventh chapter of Romans: "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from this body of death?" In Christian experience, penitence and blessedness must go together. He who has not a deep and abiding penitence to sin can not enjoy the riches of God's grace. This may sound like a paradox. But there are illustrations in the natural world. Many of the best things, as the cocoon, are incased in shells that must be broken before we can enjoy them. Selfishness, worldliness and unbelief form a hard incrustation around our hearts. Penitence is the crushing of this incrustation in order that God's love may enter and animate the innermost core

of our being. This crushing is painful to our carnal natures, but even in it there is an aroma of grace like the fragrance of the flower when it is trampled upon. And as there are influences around us that are ever trying to renew this incrustation of insensibility to spiritual things, the breaking must be renewed. We must seek daily God's grace in the awakening of contrition that we may be able to receive it in the enkindling of his love and joy. I repeat, and want to emphasize the truth, that penitence and blessedness are inseparable. As long as we live in this world of temptation and sin, we must be broken-hearted if we would be true to God and to the interests of the soul.—C. E. B. in Herald and Presbyter.

## POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

The Revised Version Shows It More Clearly than the King James Version.

Victor Hugo, in his wonderful suggestive notes on "William Shakespeare," says: "Just as the whole sea is salt, the whole Bible is poetry," and then—as though some overcritical mind would challenge so broad a statement—he very pertinently asks: "If poetry is not in the Bible, where is it?"

No thoughtful person possessing any spark of poetry would hesitate a moment in answering the question; and yet only a few realize how much poetry in the Bible has been covered up, smothered, so to speak, by the form of printing adopted in the so-called authorized version.

However justifiable, from the standpoint of convenience (and ignorance also) may have been the method adopted by the early printers of King James' version and followed for the most part by all since their day, surely from a literary standpoint the method was wholly wrong and even absurd. To print prose and poetry exactly alike may do some good in exercising the ingenuity of students in examination to distinguish the one from the other, but it certainly tends to cover up beauty of construction and thus lessens interest and enjoyment. This may be due to the accident of familiarized form; still, the appeal to the eye confessedly adds to the pleasure and the understanding of reading poetry.

That the songs and other lyrics of the Bible, together with the dramatic portions, should have gained and retained their hold over the imagination and taste of the people in spite of the lack, absolute lack, of any literary presentation to the eye is a striking proof of their essential worth. One wonders how much of secular poetry, so-called, would have survived similar treatment.

Imagine Shakespeare, songs, sonnets, and all, printed in double columns as prose, with almost nothing to mark transitions, or change of persons; picture the poetry of Tennyson reduced to the same dead uniformity cut up into quite arbitrary chapters and verses with cross references and the like?

Matthew Arnold, in the introduction to his selections from Isaiah, speaks of the delight he experienced on first reading a paragraph Bible, wherein there was some attempt to represent to the eye the difference between the poetry and the prose of the different books. It marked for him a period to new interest.

What I now urge is that this plan be carried out so that to the eye there shall be represented poetical structure of a minuter nature.

The revised version is a vast improvement over the authorized version as ordinarily printed, although the former does not go so far as does the Paragraph Bible, even, but presents many portions as prose which should have been printed as poetry with attention to details which are entirely neglected, but which would add greatly to the understanding of the poems or fragments of poems that lie scattered through even the early narrative portions of holy writ.—C. M. Cady.

## Dead but Eloquent.

The days are not far distant when the nation at large was smitten with sudden sorrow at the loss of Eugene Field. So sweetly had he sung that, perhaps half in selfishness, we hoped he might long be spared to make many coming years musical with his sweet melodies. He has passed away and it is very sad to think how soon the place that has long known one may know one no more. Another voice has suddenly been silenced in the pathos of suffering. Mrs. Holden, known by many thousands who never saw her face as "Amber," has gone where there will be no more sorrow and no more pain. She had for years charmed a growing company of readers by her bright and breezy comments on the varied phases of life, and especially to young readers had she rendered a most delightful service. She never assumed the dictatorial, but was always the true, gentle, faithful friend. True to the deepest instincts of womanly tenderness, frank and faithful in all her utterances, how she hated shame! And how she loved the true, the faithful, and the sincere. How she loved the young, and longed to guide their feet in happy, honorable ways! "Amber" was our later "Fanny Fern," and the hearts of all who knew her may well be sad that she has passed. Dead, but eloquent, her works will live in power for many a long year to come. She died in suffering, as she had lived in toil. She knew she was going to die, but she feared not. As she was borne from consciousness by the merciful anaesthetic the old prayer of childhood broke from her lips: "Now I lay me down to sleep. Sleep on, beloved, till the day dawn and the shadows all depart."

## Uses of Adversities.

Now the adversities one meets are but the shifting and changing of the external symbol. Let him hold fast to the spiritual reality behind it, and his loss is, indeed, but for a moment, and worketh for him a more exceeding weight of glory. A man has, for instance, a certain place and salary. Suddenly he loses it. The fixed occupation and the resultant means to provide for his

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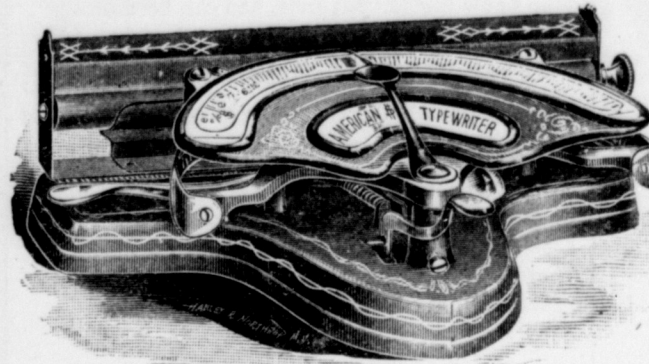
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wants are gone. What then? The reality that was symbolized by \$1,000 or \$10,000 is not gone unless, by denial, he separates himself from it spiritually. The reality exists and persists in the unseen, but just as near at hand; the earth is full of the riches of the Lord, and just in proportion as one is conjoined with the divine life, in proportion as in it he lives and moves and has his being, is the fullness of the infinite resources showered upon him. If misfortune come, make friends with it. Welcome it as a new phase of experience. The closing of one door means nothing but the opening of another, it one hold himself true to the divine quest. Why, trial and suffering are, truly viewed, but the removal of all barriers between the soul and God. They permit the absolute concentration of all hopes and interests and loves on the infinite source of infinite energy and power. Trial is an experience that admits one to the inner splendor. Adjust the soul in right relation to the divine. All else—all the external world—rearranges itself from that one center.—Lillian Whiting.

## The Divine Arbitrator.

Thou seest then, sinner, how the case is God has evidently chosen the most fitting arbitrator. That arbitrator is willing to undertake the case, and thou mayest well repose all confidence in him; but and if thou shalt live and die without accepting him as thine arbitrator, then, the case going against thee, thou wilt have none to blame but thyself. When the everlasting damages shall be assessed against thee in thy soul and body forever thou shalt have to curse only thine own folly for having been the cause of thy ruin. May I ask you to speak candidly? Has the Holy Ghost so turned the natural bent and current of your will that you have chosen him because he has first chosen you? Do you feel that Christ this day is standing before God for you? Is he God's anointed; is he your elected? God's choice pitches upon him, does your choice agree therewith? Remember, where there is no will toward Christ, Christ as yet exercises no saving power. Christ saves no sinner who lives and dies unwilling before he speaks a word of comfort to him. It is the mark of our election as his people, that we are made willing in the day of God's power. Lay your hope where God has laid your help, namely, on Christ, mightily to save. You cannot have an arbitrator except both sides be agreed. Dost thou say, ay, with all my soul I choose him? Then let us proceed.—Charles H. Spurgeon.

## Resting on God.

—Now, O, man cease a little from thy work, withdraw thyself for a while from thy stormy thoughts, forget the weary and burdensome struggling, give thyself for a time to God and rest calmly in him. Leave all around here, where God is not and where thou wilt find no help from him. Go into the inner chamber of thy heart and shut the door behind thee. Say then with thy whole heart: "I see thy face, O Lord; teach thou me how and where I should seek thee and where and how I shall find thee."—St. Anselm.

## Married on the Highway.

Recently a couple at Rome, Ga., were married on the highway while seated in a buggy, the officiating clergyman also being in the buggy. The pair went to the minister's house, but found that he had gone out to dine and was not expected back until very late. Being indisposed to postpone the wedding until next day, they started out in a buggy for the house where the minister was dining, intending to have him perform the ceremony there. But they met him on the highway, returning. They halted him and explained their errand, the two buggies were driven alongside each other, and the ceremony was performed there.

## A LIGHT KEEPER'S STORY.

HIS WIFE WAS A FEARFUL SUFFERER FROM RHEUMATISM.

Her Joints Were Swollen and Distorted, Her Nights Almost Sleepless and Her Appetite Gone—Suffered For Several Years Before Relief Was Found.

From the Kingston News.

Mr. Hugh McLaren, lighthouse keeper on Wolfe Island, is one of the best known men in this section, and to his vigilance in the performance of his duties is due the safety of the many craft sailing in that part of the St. Lawrence. Mrs. McLaren, his wife, has been an invalid for a number of years, and in conversation with a reporter recently, Mr. McLaren stated that she was rapidly regaining her old-time health under the treatment of that most marvellous of modern medicines—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Asked if he had any objections to giving the particulars, Mr. McLaren replied that emphatically he had not, if such publication was likely to benefit any other sufferer. He said: "A number of years ago my wife contracted rheumatism, and for a considerable time



was a helpless invalid. Her joints were swollen and distorted; her nights were sleepless and her appetite poor and very fickle. During those years she experienced excruciating tortures, the pain never ceasing day or night. She had the benefit of skilled medical advice but the treatment afforded no relief, and we began to fear that her trouble had gone beyond human aid. On a number of occasions I had read in the papers of cases of rheumatism being cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this at last determined us to give them a trial. She had used some three boxes before any improvement was noticed; and then we began to note that she slept better and that her appetite was improved. Then the pains gradually began to subside, and after using about a dozen boxes she was able to get up and walk about. She continued the use of the pills for a while longer, and although occasionally she feels twinges of the trouble in changeable weather, she now enjoys better health than she has done for years, and can sleep as soundly as ever she did in her life, while her appetite never was better. I look upon Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a wonderful medicine, for I know they have done wonders in my wife's case, and I feel certain that if any who are afflicted as she was will give them a good trial, equally happy results will follow, and I therefore give this testimony freely, hoping that it will benefit some other sufferer.

Mr. McLaren's strong testimony proves the claim made that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail, and that they deserve to rank as the greatest discovery of modern medical science. The public should always be on their guard against imitations and substitutes, which some unscrupulous dealers for the sake of extra profit, urge upon purchasers. There is no other remedy "just the same as" or "just as good" as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the genuine always have the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box.