

Sunday Reading.

THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE.

It Still Remains and the Camel Labors in Vain to Go Through It.

When our Saviour in the flesh walked upon the earth He had a little conversation with a rich man who desired to follow Him, and yet did not wish to surrender his possessions, and after this conversation He remarked to His disciples: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

There is a great deal of truth in this, and the cause of the rebuke is as prevalent to-day as it was then, more especially among the very rich. A great many people, in their accumulation of gold, use as an important factor in the operation the gold that is naturally in every human heart, and this latter soon becomes exhausted, never more to be replenished.

There are instances where the acquisition of wealth seems either to rob the possessor of the divinity that was born with him, or to so stifle and clog it, that it becomes incapable of self-assertion.

Acts of quiet and unobtrusive charity, of effective and brotherly sympathy and of tender, humane recognition are thought to be so exceedingly rare among the very rich as to be deemed worthy of extravagant newspaper comment when they do occur. It is very true that some of our very rich people give lavishly at times, but it is often in such a direction and with such ostentatious environments that it contains no benefit whatever to the poor.

In thus giving the rich seem to desire that not only their left hand shall know what their right hand doeth, but that the whole world as well shall know it. And it is extremely doubtful if they would give at all were it not for this magnificent and soul-satisfying publicity.

If giving according to one's means is the true test of Christlike charity, then, indeed, are the very poor the most charitable of all the people. With them the divine spirit is aflame all the time, unknowingly it may be, for they regard as a matter of course what is very sweet and precious in the sight of the Lord.

They sympathize with sorrow, because they, too, are wearing its heavy crown. They are eager to relieve want, because they, too, know what it is to be hungry and without food. They are prompt to wipe away the tears of grief, because their own eyes have been full and heavy so many times. They are glad to give shelter when they can, because they themselves have been homeless more than once.

Charity among the very poor is the commonest trait of all, and some instances of it are almost sublime in their generosity and self-denial.

The poor are always kindly to the poor. Hearts that have suffered are closely knit to those that are suffering now, and eyes that have grown dim with tears never fail of sympathy with those that are overflowing now.

It is perhaps for this that we so often, and more particularly, consider Christ in His relations to the poor. For He, too, had suffered in sorrow, and was acquainted with grief. He, too, had suffered and wept and had not known where to lay His head; and He, too, all of His earthly life, had worn the crown of pain and sorrow and distress that seems to be the portion of the very poor.

But the very rich were as charitable as the very poor, and in the same way, what a happy world this would be! A starving man or woman would be an anomaly, and sorrow and grief and want and pain would be reduced to the minimum. Then, indeed, would we be a world of brothers; our religion would be the religion of humanity, which is certainly the religion of Jesus Christ, and a foretaste of heaven would be had upon the earth.

But the eye of the needle still remains, the camel labors in vain to go through it and the gates of heaven do not swing wide open at the approach of the rich man.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Be Well Prepared.

That is an instructive old story about the horseman pursued by his foes, who found his trusted charger beginning to fail in the race, for one of the shoes upon his feet had been detached, and he was slipping upon the rocky path. Suddenly the horseman dismounts at the blacksmith shop, where the two ways meet, and although he could see his pursuers over yonder hill, bearing down upon him, yet he waited long enough to shoe his horse. He called to the blacksmith, "Be quick," as he threw him a coin of ten-fold value: and the sweating workman filed and hammered and clinched the nails, and did his work fast and well. And when the last nail was turned, and the fugitive leaped into his saddle, the hoofs of his pursuers were thundering just behind him, and he heard their shouts of triumph, as they felt they had secured their prey. But no! he leaped into his saddle, plunged his spurs into his horse's haunches, and dashed away like the lightning, because he was now prepared. Beloved "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." "Wait for the promise of the Father, which ye have heard of him." "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."—Rev. A. B. Simson.

The Appearance of Jesus.

I have become almost heartless at times with the questions: "Can I do this and be a Christian?" "Must I leave that to be a Christian?" Why not be a Christian, and then determine for yourself? "The Life is the light of men." The Christian's inner life is his light. But much depends upon the kind of a Christian you choose to be. I suppose through the abounding mercy of God that it is possible for you to keep enough light to show you the way to the

pearly gate, where you are to enter, an invited guest, into the marriage supper of the Lamb. But has the wedding garment which you are to put on here been kept clean? Are you "unspeckled from the world?" A very, very few have crossed Niagara on a rope. Thousands upon thousands have been over on the great bridge. For me these are danger-signs—I dare not go past them: "Love not the world," "Keep thyself pure," "Abstain from appearance of evil." They are placed conspicuously before the paths in which many are walking. Will you take the risk?—R. v. Fred. N. Upham.

OUR COMMON NATURE.

Evidence of It Are Found in Our Everyday Intercourse With the World.

It may fairly be questioned if any of us really feels the pulse and throb of personal life in other men as strongly as we do this in ourselves. Such perception, however, of what our neighbor is, is surely a price condition to our loving our neighbor as ourselves. To see what is possible to us in this respect, and the manner of its possibility, we must turn from ourselves to him who lived the perfect life. It was in the line of Christ's work for men to make us alive unto God, and thus alive to our fellow-men. He could do this through his being alive to his Father himself. He realized, the mind, the presence, of the Father, as no one ever had done before. The Father filled the sky of his life from horizon to horizon. It was meat and drink for him to do just what his Father wanted him to do. And for this very reason he realized the personality of his brethren as no one else ever had done. Just as the common light of day discloses men to us in their ordinary and common aspects, so the eternal light disclosed the deeper things of our humanity to him. He knew what was in men. He spoke to the condition of each of them as no other man ever spoke. His words thus acquired, from their very fitness, an authority which the vague generalities of the scribes never had.

This level of right feeling in this respect, to which Christ calls us to come up we have some vision or foretaste of in the time of our first love for Christ, when we came into sympathy with him that had no reserve. What an interest we at once came to feel even in strangers, whom perhaps we never spoke to, but to whose inner life we at once came alive! There have been those who could not sit beside a stranger in a street-car in those days without praying for him. They got this warmth of interest from their communion with the Master, being touched with his own interest. In those moments of clear vision they saw what he is in the tenderness and the liveliness of his interest in men, and what he calls us to be in our growth into his likeness. It is un-Christlike, and therefore unchristian, to allow any human being to come into our lives without being thus drawn out to them in a true sympathy. It is most un-Christlike to regard any of them as merely instruments to serve us, means to the ends we have in view. It is the greatest of personality that it is always an end in itself, never a means to an end. So God and Christ deal with it, and so do we when we are in harmony with them. The shop-girl who sells to us across the counter, or the conductor who takes up our tickets, should be given reason to feel that we own a common nature with them, and confess our human kinship.—Sunday School Times.

Enduring to the End.

"If I come to Christ must I not deny and take up a cross?" Yes, you must deny sinfulness. There is hardly a noble deed to be wrought in this world but it requires self-denial of some sort. Jesus Christ does not make Christians simply to make them perfect; he provides no palace cars for transportation of self-coddling disciples. It is what you and I give up for Christ and our fellow-men that makes us rich. Rejoice that he who bore our sins on the cross seeks to have us bear one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of love. Do not, I entreat you, bargain for a cheap and easy religion. Following Christ brings some uphill climbs, but victory and holy joy await at the top; crosses then will turn into shining crowns. Coming to Christ must not end with the coming; it is those who follow his leading and endure to the end who will be saved. "Abide in Me, and ye shall bear much fruit, and that is one sure way to be delivered from the curse and infamy of a barren life."—Dr. Cuyler.

For Momentary Gain.

I call that man a fool who throws away jewels that he may gather pebbles, who casts away gold and silver that he may gather up mire and dirt. And what do they do who fling away heaven and eternal life for the sake of a transient joy, a momentary gain? Are there not some men living in this world only to get what will one day turn into smoke? They know that this great world and all the works of men that are therein must be dissolved with fervent heat, and yet they labour to build a mansion for their immortal souls in this place, which is to be utterly burned up.—Spurgeon.

Our Daily Trials.

The daily life of everyone of us teams with occasions which will try the temper of our courage as searching, though not as terribly, as battlefield, or fire, or wreck; for we are born in a state of war, with falsehood, and disease, and wrong, and misery in a thousand forms lying all around us and to take our stand as men in the eternal battle against these. And in this life-long fight, to be waged by everyone of us, single-handed, against a host of foes, the last requisite for a good fight, the last proof and test of our courage and manfulness, must be loyalty to truth.—Thomas Hughes.

ROUGH ON THE LAWYER.

The Real Agent Wanted Him to Try Another Kind of Occupation.

After the road agent got the seven of us out of the stage and in line across the road he quit cussing and threatening and seemed to fully enjoy the situation. Among our number was a young man who was going to Custer City to open a law office. The agent asked each man his occupation, and each answered as he pleased. This young man felt the dignity of his profession, and when asked what he did for a living he replied:

"I am a lawyer, sir, and I want you that soon or later you will be brought to the bar of justice and convicted of your crimes!"

"Lawyer, eh?" queried the robber. "Well, now, we'll have some fun! We'll suppose I'm a prisoner, and these six men will act as a jury. You are the lawyer who is prosecuting the case, and now let's hear what you would have to say!"

"Under the circumstances I shall beg to refuse," said the young man.

"Then, under the circumstances, I will shoot you full of holes! Get up to the jury or you won't never do no law business in this country!"

"It's bad enough to be robbed," protested the young man, "but to be insulted and degraded is more—!"

"Get up there!" yelled the robber. The young man got up. He removed his hat, cleared his throat and began a speech to the jury. His soul wasn't in it, as a matter of course, but he wasn't an orator anyhow. He stammered and stuttered and made a very lame argument, and at the end of ten minutes closed his case.

"And now the jury will return their verdict!" said the robber. "You haven't heard the other side, but we'll suppose it's about the same."

"We returned a verdict of 'not guilty' without leaving our seats, and the agent said to us as a body:

"Gentlemen, business is business. I'll allow each of you \$5 jury fees, but you must hand over the balance."

We were a poor crowd, and he only got about \$20 over and above "fees." When through with the "jury" he said to the lawyer:

"I want every blamed cent you have, with your hat and shoes to boot! You see such a poor, one horse lawyer that my object is to discourage you from going any farther in that line! Snell out!"

The young man snelled. He shed tears of rage as he did so, and the robber took his coat. He indignantly protested, and the result was that he continued the journey with a horse blanket wrapped around him. He had panned out \$150 and a good suit of clothes, and as we rode off the robber called after him:

"Any time you make up your mind to go ranching, prospecting, robbing or something at which you can make a success I'll return you everything I've taken, but I'll be hanged if I'm going to encourage any such empty-headed fool as you are to go down to Custer City and talk about writs of replevin and assault and battery and pass yourself off as a lawyer!"

THE NUGGET OF GOLD ORE.

"THAT," said my friend, in reply to a question of mine, "is a very large and rich nugget of gold ore. It was taken many years ago from a mine in Australia."

"How much is it worth?" I asked.

He looked at me with a shrewd smile and replied: "It is worth nothing at all."

I thought that a queer thing for him to say, but asked him no more questions.

Two years later I again visited his house in London, and this time I missed the big nugget from the shelf where I had first seen it. But I asked no questions. Perhaps, recalling the incident of two years before, my friend said: "I have something to show you." And, opening a closet, he produced a magnificent gold vase, remarking: "That nugget of gold ore has taken this form. Examine of the labour involved in the transformation, the gold alone is now worth £100."

What curious similitudes there are between things essentially unlike! Here is one which it may be instructive to follow up. It suggested by the following sentence from a woman's letter:—"In spite of all the nourishing food I took nothing seemed to give me strength."

Now why was that? Perhaps the history of the previous three years of her life may help to account for it. In January, 1890, she had an attack of influenza which, she says, left her low, weak, and languid. So far as we are able to ascertain, influenza is caused by a certain poison in the blood developed during peculiar conditions of the atmosphere. Its early symptoms are those of a fever; they are always sudden at first, often alarming. Yet, as in nearly all cases it ends in recovery in a week or two, it does not explain the mystery of Mrs. Westall's continued weakness and prostration.

She tells us that her appetite was poor, and that eating was immediately followed by great pain in the chest back, and sides. Hoping to overcome this state of things she took much nourishing food. That an increase of strength should result from the eating of plenty of good food would seem reasonable. How else can one ever gain strength? Yet, strange to say, no such result followed. On the contrary, the pains became worse, so that to use her own words—she was "completely racked with pain" all over her, and so weak she could scarcely put one foot before the other. Besides this, the condition of the stomach was far from encouraging. That organ is the source of all power in the human body, and should feel warm, comfortable and quiet. In this lady's case it was full of uneasiness and pain. She speaks of a craving, gnawing, sinking sensation in it, which was not relieved either by food or by any medical treatment. Certainly, something quite different from a former attack of influenza went to the making of that; we must look deeper to find the real trouble.

Chemists often determine the character of a poison by observing the color it creates when applied to litmus paper; and—in addition to the general symptoms—it is sometimes possible to tell the nature of a

disease by taking notice of what cures it. Now there is one universally known remedy which never fails to cure one subtle, comprehensive, and yet deceptive disease. Happily it was finally employed in Mrs. Westall's case.

In concluding her letter, dated December 1st, 12, Rockledge Avenue, Willesden, London, N. W., 1892—she says: "At the time when my condition was very critical and my family very anxious, my son-in-law Mr. Deacon, of Shepherd's Bush Road, told me how, in an illness of his own, he had been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup and advised me to begin using it at once. I did so, and soon my appetite returned and my food digested; and by the time I had consumed two bottles I was strong as ever, and have kept in the best of health ever since."—(Signed) Yours truly, Mary Westall.

This remedy, as the public is well aware is advertised to cure indigestion and dyspepsia and its consequences—and nothing else. Yet these consequences include nearly every ailment with which we are familiar. Even influenza seldom attacks any save those whose blood is first poisoned by indigestion and dyspepsia.

And as to that nugget of gold ore? Ah, yes—Gold is worthless until it is manufactured. Food is useless unless it is digested. Between the ore and the vase is the workman. Between food and strength also a workman—the stomach.

Flowers for All.

Flowers are in the greatest demand and were never seen in such profusion and close imitation of the natural blossoms. Roses are not only the perennial favorite but the flower most used in the new designs. From the tiny pink buds to the full blown American Beauties, they are marvels of perfection. Roses of all colors are massed at the backs of the larger hats and form a pretty lining for the wide brim of a poke. Hats made entirely of flowers are not uncommon, and one Paris importation had a straight flat crown with the brim bent down over the forehead and the entire frame a mass of the purplest violets, to which the imagination readily imparted fragrance. Two or three pink roses, gracefully placed at the back, were the only ornament upon this old but really pretty hat.

Out of His Hands.

Her Father—You ask my daughter's hand in marriage. Have you fixed the date of the marriage? Sutor—I will leave that to your daughter, sir. Her father—Do you wish a church or private wedding? Sutor—Her mother can determine on that, sir. Her father—And what is your income? Sutor—I will leave that entirely to you, sir.

A YOUNG LAD'S RESCUE.

CONFINED TO HIS ROOM FOR MORE THAN A YEAR.

An Intense Sufferer Through Pains in the Muscles of His Legs and Arms—Reduced Almost to a Living Skeleton.

From the Wolfville, N. S., Acadia.

Mr. T. W. Beckwith is the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Wolfville, the most important hotel in the town, and is a man well known and esteemed throughout that section. He has a bright handsome looking son, 13 years of age, named Freddie, who is a lad of more than average intelligence. It is pretty well known in Wolfville that Freddie underwent a very severe illness, though perhaps the means to which he owes his recovery is not so generally known and a statement of the case may be the means of helping some other sufferer. On the 26th of December, 1893, Freddie was taken ill and was confined to his room and his bed until March, 1894. Two different physicians were called in during his long illness. One said he had a gripe and the other that his trouble



was rheumatic fever. He was troubled with severe pains through the muscles of his legs and arms, and after three or four days was obliged to take to bed, where he lay nearly all winter, suffering terribly from the pains. He became reduced almost to a skeleton and was unable to relish food of any kind. During his illness he suffered reduced owing to trying to get up sooner than he should. Boy-like he was anxious to get out and enjoy the beautiful spring sunshine and for several days was carried out and taken for a drive. This brought on the relapse. The doctor was again called in and as he continued to grow worse he was ordered once more to bed. Things then looked very dark as despite the medical care he did not get any better. At last his father decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Soon after beginning their use Freddie began to feel better. His appetite began to return and the pains were less severe. As he continued the use of the Pink Pills he regained health and strength rapidly, and in about a month was apparently as well as ever, the only remaining symptom of his trying illness being a slight pain in the leg, which did not disappear for several months. It is over one and a half years ago since Freddie took his last pill, and in that time he has not had a recurrence of the attack. There is no doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured him, and both the boy and his parents speak highly in their praise.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the medical marvel of the age. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed. They are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

TRY

SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

Where Water is Water.

A. B. Ellis, while on a visit to Ascension Island, met an old friend, who shook hands reached down a coat from a peg and put it on saying:

"Excuse my not putting on a shirt, will you?"

"Of course, of course," replied Mr. Ellis. "Take off more of your clothes if you'll feel more comfortable."

"No; no; it's not that, but the fact is I haven't a shirt clean enough to put on."

Mr. Ellis could only murmur his surprise at this strange circumstance and endeavored to look sympathetic. The friend continued:

"I dare say you think it odd that I don't have them washed?"

Mr. Ellis, hardly knowing what to say, inquired: "Why don't you?"

The friend unfolded a horrible tale to the effect that the water supply of the island consisted principally of what was distilled by a condenser, a small quantity being obtained from Dampier's drips and Brandeth wells; that water was always so scarce that it was served out like a ration of rum, only more sparingly, the allowance in prosperous times being two gallons a day per man.

When clothes were sent to the wash, the water for washing them had to be sent with them. But the condenser, at that time, had been out of order for some nine or ten days, and everybody on the island had been put on short allowance so that they had not enough for drinking, much less for washing either themselves or their clothes.

How to Walk Up-stairs.

"There are but very few persons who know how to walk up-stairs properly," says a well known physician, as reported in The Scientific American. "Usually a person will tread on the ball of his foot in taking each step, springing himself up to the next step. This is very tiresome and wearying on the muscles, as it throws the entire suspended weight of the body on the muscles of the legs and feet. You should, in walking or climbing stairs, seek for the most equal distribution of the body's weight possible. In walking up-stairs your feet should be placed squarely down on the step, heel and all, and then the work should be performed slowly and deliberately. In this way there is no strain upon any particular muscle, but each one is doing its duty in a natural manner. The man who goes up-stairs with a springing step may be sure is no philosopher, or, at least, his reasoning has not been directed to that subject."

The Shrewd Shopper.

"I study advertisements, and I know where and when and how to purchase the household supplies. My husband used to laugh at me for reading advertisements so carefully, but he has long since leandered that I save many dollars every month. I know of no better way to practice economy, and do you know that it is a wonder how soon you learn to detect the real from the false, intuitively almost? I do not think I have ever been 'taken in' by an advertisement; there is always something about the false ones that repels me. You hear a great deal nowadays about the 'practical pages' of magazines and newspapers, but for me the practical pages are those containing the business announcements of reputable business houses. The housekeeper who takes advantage of the practical hints in those pages shows a great deal more common sense than does the one who tries to furnish a seven-room cottage with a lot of soap boxes covered with denim worked in fancy 'sticks, and to feed her growing family with never ending reminiscences of the meal that went before. To the economical housekeeper the advertisements are the most important part of any publication."—Womankind.

Flowers on all Floors.

Many goods are trimmed lavishly with flowers for outdoor wraps, muffs, even for evening wear are not over desirable. An contraire—to diverge from the subject a little—for outdoor wraps, colors, muffs, even for spring bonnets and hats. Parisiennes are pinning in bunches of real flowers, violets, crocuses, roses, etc., the heads only being used. The artificial flowers, perfect as they are, are left for occasions where real ones would wither too quickly, and—think of it! to trim lingerie. Bunches are sewed to the round garters and nestled in the chiffon ruches on the broadest evening petticoats.

Nice Sort of a Place.

During the past twelve years more than a hundred persons have been killed on the main street of the town of Jackson, county seat of Breathitt county, Ky., according to the estimate of a resident. All these people were "shot off on the square; nary a case of bushwackin'." The front of the Court House and some of the stores on the street are chipped and scarred very noticeably where promiscuously flying bullets have struck. Only one man has ever been hanged in Breathitt county, and he was borrowed from another country to be used as an object lesson.

Madam Knew Him.

Mr. Newman—I'll be home early to-night. Mrs. Newman—You'd better take the latchkey then.

FIRST GREAT REQUISITE!

Pure Blood and Strong Nerves.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND GIVES THESE BLESSINGS TO EVERY SUFFERER.

The Only Medicine that Thoroughly Banishes Disease.

An Ontario Lady's Experience.

The first great requisite for a condition of perfect health for every man, woman and child at this season, is pure blood and strong, healthy nerves. They give us the health, strength, vim and activity that we are so eager to possess, so that we may be fortified to meet the enervating weather of our hot summers.

Three-fourths of our people rush into the portals of summer with systems charged with deadly impurities and poisons. The blood is foul and stagnant; the liver and kidneys work imperfectly, and are very much diseased. With many, rheumatism, dyspepsia and indigestion are daily tormentors. Constipation, headache, dull head and heavy brains, weak and tired feelings and sleepiness, make life a misery for thousands.

Life is not safe when such symptoms and diseases are permitted to run unchecked. If you, reader, happen to be one of the many suffering from any of the forms of disease just referred to, do not fail to give Paine's Celery Compound a trial at once. It is your only safety—your only true and certain deliverer from perils that end in death.

Paine's Celery Compound is an absolute and certain specific for the troubles that threaten your life; it has cured thousands, and will do the same good work for you. One bottle will cost you less than a visit to a physician, and will convince you of its power to cure.

Mrs. C. Ferguson, of Radcliffe, Ont., says:

"For eight years I was sorely troubled with neuralgia, nervous debility and indigestion, for which I tried various advertised medicines, and was treated by five doctors. I did not receive any good results from any source until I was recommended to use Paine's Celery Compound. Before I had used one bottle of the Compound I found myself much better. After using four bottles, I am now almost as well as ever before in my life. I sleep well, appetite is good, and I feel renewed and strengthened."

How the Forests Go.

One of perhaps many little considered ways in which the forests of the country are being eaten up is in supplying timber for railway trestle work. There are two thousand miles of trestle structure in the United States, according to an estimate by the Forestry Division. This trestle work has to be replaced entirely every nine years on an average, and every year timber amounting to 260,000,000 feet, board measure, is used for this purpose. Nearly all the timber is cut from the largest and finest trees. The annual expenditure on this work is estimated at about \$7,000,000.

HOW THE MEMBERS VOTED.

Divided on Other Issues a Strong Plank Supports one Particular Measure.

From week to week fresh testimony comes from the members of the House of Commons, telling of the beneficial effects of Dr. Agnew's Catarrh powder, and how it will remove cold in the head, and in one of the best remedies for catarrh in any shape. This testimony comes from members representing all parts of the Dominion. Donald W. Davies, M. P., of Alberta, N. W. T., and Louis E. Dugas, M. P., of Montreal, Que., along with some fifty others, have already borne testimony from practical experience in this matter. Sample bottle and blower sent by S. G. Detchon, 44 Church street, Toronto, on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Hadn't Tested It.

Smart Wife—Don't worry, George. I wrote an article for the paper to-day showing how to get up a family dinner for \$1, and took it around, and the editor gave me \$1.

Husband—That's a rare piece of good luck. What are you going to do with the dollar?

"I'm going to try that receipt myself and see if it will work."