

Sunday Reading.

HARVEY OGDEN'S LESSON.

Finding His Worst Enemy He Found also a New Purpose in this Life.

To lose fortune, when all the world seems to be going prosperously—this is hard. To lose home, when home is dear—this is hard. To lose friends, when the heart is warm and friendly—this is hard. To lose reputation—“I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial”—this is passing hard. But to lose faith, to find the soul suddenly stripped of its trust, its hopes, to find the present orphaned of God's fatherhood, the future desolated of the eternal life—this is a loss hardest of all.

“We sit unclothed on our burial sod, And know whence we come, nor whose we be, Comfortless mourners for the Mount of God, The rocks of Calvary.”

There was a man, Harvey Ogden by name, who had experienced all these losses, even to that culminating loss of all. That last came suddenly upon him one lowering November day, when a dull mist driven by raw winds was rolling in from the sea over the sodden land; the sun had forgotten the world, and heaven had forgotten him.

He stood in a dreary landscape where wet poplars filed along the muddy roads, where the harvests had all been gathered, and the small houses, scattered here and there, proclaimed the poverty of the soil.

Could this landscape ever have been sun-kissed and beautiful? He straightened himself from tightening his saddle girth and looked abroad. Had he ever found this lovely, the year around? Yes, but then he was young, and heart and life had been full of benediction. Now, here, where he was born, his heart had died within him; his heart, his soul had perished. Heart? Soul? Had he, in any high sense, ever possessed either? Had not his heart been simply a contracting and expanding muscle? His soul, was it not mere animal breath; his own status, was it not merely a little higher, but less stolidly enduring than that of this dripping ox patiently chewing its cud in a corner of a rail fence?

All his losses had come upon him as the work of one man, who out of jealous envy had falsely accused him of evil, had driven him from a good position, from home, from happiness. How he had hated his adversary! How he had impotently longed to wreak vengeance upon him! But, at last, in the land of the stranger, years had brought him friends, honor, wealth, and, finally, he had heard the wooing of the voice of the Nazarene, “Arise and follow me,” and he had answered—“My Lord, and my God!”

He had made it the test of his new life, of his faith and hope, that he could forgive his enemy. He found that his heart had grown calm and forbearing at thought of him; he no longer craved to tear him in pieces, to wreak upon him tenfold the measure which he had received.

When he realized this change in himself, he believed the new life well begun and he rejoiced in the Lord greatly. The old Adam was dead! Christ reigned! He walked in fellowship with the Supreme. How happy he was for a while! Then he began to have doubts of himself. Was the change really so great as he had believed? Was he not self-deceived? He would put himself to a crucial test. He would go back to the place where he had suffered. He would face the enemy who had triumphed. He would feel the blessed calm of self-conquest, and know that he was forgiven of God by this sign, that he himself had forgiven his enemy. In the golden Indian summer he began the pilgrimage which was to prove to him his acceptance with God.

As he moved toward the scenes of his early days, a cold change came upon him. The paths, once traced in pain and burning rage, brought back, as retraced, burning rage and pain. The summer died from out the landscape, the winter of the world and the winter of doubt had come; his life had the nakedness of Arctic snowfields.

Finally he left the railroad and on horseback traveled slowly toward the old home. Then the tempest of passion broke upon him, surged over him, wrecked his soul, and cast him, beaten, baffled, and beret upon the cold shores of doubt—and from doubt, he reached despair.

Hate and revenge were rampant still! Then, evidently, he had deceived himself and was himself unforgiven. All that peace, that holy rapture, then? Myth, sentiment, lost imaginations, lingering superstitions of childhood. Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. Had he repaid? No. Then the promise and the Promiser were alike figments of some fair fancy. Perfect love, forgiveness of enemies, doing good to persecutors, praying for those who hate: no, no, it was all impossible, all a dream; there was no such new life of the Crucified within him.

He drove his spurs into his lagging horse; he now desired but one thing, to reach the bank, whence, to hide his own sin, Andrew Mitchell had driven him, and there to smite the lie and the life out of Andrew Mitchell the smug cashier.

Had he a knife? Surely he had. On,

he would use it with all his strength. What a craven he had been to let vengeance sleep so long! Now all was lost to him but that one last wild joy. God and the future life were lost, and the present life had in it no good to be counted beside revenge. On, then, on!

He almost stumbled over a woman running crying up the road, from a little wagon-camp standing beside a smouldering fire at a turn of the roadway.

“Stop, sir! I hope you be a doctor, for here's a man as he is dyin'!”

“No; I am not a doctor, what has happened?”

“Something has burst in his breast, and he bleeds awful. Stop, sir, will you? Whether you know doctorin' or not, sir, stop, for I'm alone except for the bit children, an' my man a poor cripple. This stranger will die on our hands, an' we're that hopeless poor!”

Harvey Ogden dismounted and bent low to enter the miserable little tent. On a pile of ragged bedding lay a man, emaciated, a grey of hair and beard, in a swoon, possibly. Near to death he looked, while the red stream was yet dripping over his lips.

“Dying of hemorrhage of the lungs,” Harvey Ogden gave the verdict with the assurance of a medical practitioner.

“Oh, sir,” pleaded the woman, “can't he be got away from here? You is all the bed we have, an' this is all the shelter for five, an' he is nothing to us. We were just giving him an' his child”—she pointed to a little creature asleep near the sick man—“a litt for fifty cents to the town below, an' here we had to stop, along of the way he was took.”

Unbeliever in everything, and full of universal hate as Harvey Ogden had recently become, he could not let this fellow-creature lie in so terrible a strait. He ran down the road to a small house. A tidy woman in widow's dress opened the door. Ogden hastily explained the situation.

“If you will let me have a room and a bed, I will pay for it, and will send for a doctor, and will stay by the poor creature until, in a day or two, we can move him. Here—there's earnest. Will you get a place ready?”

The woman hesitatingly took the five dollars. “Tisn't Christian to let a man die yonder in the rain,” she said, looking down the road.

Ogden hastened back, folded a quilt into a stretcher, laid the man on it, covered him, and seeing that the tramp woman was strong, bade her carry the pallet to the feet, while he bore the head. The crippled man followed, bringing the child.

“Where did you pick him up? Do you know his name?”

“Not a thing about him,” protested the woman; “he had no luggage but a little packet of food for the child. We took him up ten miles east of this.”

For a while Ogden, the widow, and her son were busy checking the flow of blood, and making the patient easy in a clean bed and clean clothes. Then the son went for a doctor, and the widow washed and curled the child, dressed him in some improvised garments, fed him, and rocked him to sleep, singing to him a hymn.

“There's no hope,” said the doctor, “he won't last six hours.”

The apparently unconscious man had heard. He opened his eyes slowly, and said: “Take my boy to my aunt, Jane Thurlow.”

Then Harvey Ogden knew him, knew him by his eyes. His enemy, Andrew Mitchell! And with the light of recognition rushing into his face, Andrew Mitchell knew him also.

“You?” he gasped.

“Yes, I am here. Andrew, listen! You are dying, say the truth before these two witnesses. It was not I that took the bank's funds. Speak!”

Then, with one great effort, Andrew Mitchell raised himself on his elbow, stretched out a long bony finger, and spoke.

“Curse you, Harvey Ogden! I never had an hour of luck since I saw the last of you! Everybody dogged me about you. Clear you now! No, I won't clear you! Curse you!”

As he fell back the red flood swelled once more past his lips—and ceased—and he was dead.

“I'll make out a burial certificate,” said the doctor, who was new to these parts and to whom this scene told but little.

“Who was he?” asked the widow, looking askance at the corpse. “What did he say about the child?”

“He said to take him to Miss Jane Thurlow. The man's name was Andrew Mitchell.” The name burnt Harvey Ogden's lips like fire. He realized that he hated his relentless enemy dead more than he had hated him while he was yet alive.

“Andrew Mitchell, was he?” said the widow curiously. “Used to be a bank cashier hereabouts, long ago—ten years ago—defaulted and ran off. Going to his aunt Jane Thurlow, was he? He wouldn't have found her. Died two years ago, and left all her money to a church home. You'll help me out of this won't you? You brought him here. We can bury him to-morrow in the old farm burying ground, back of our orchard, but we're too poor to take expense.”

Certainly it was not right to burden the widow. Caught in the toils of fate, Harvey Ogden set forth in the storm to buy his enemy's coffin, and when it was brought through the cold rain, the cover splashed with the mud of the roads, he aided the widow's son in making this that had been his destroyer ready for burial.

Did he forgive him then? No. A curse and a reiterated injury, these had been Andrew Mitchell's last bequest.

Noon. The rain had ceased falling, and a yellow light struggled through the vapors. The grave had been filled in, and roughly smoothed over.

Harvey Ogden asked for his horse. It was time to move on—objectless. The sleuth-hounds of revenge could not pursue a trail that ended in a grave. Revenge had lost its quarry, but hate lived on. He had buried his enemy—but he hated him

still. As for God, God was farther from him than ever, so far off now that he had lost Him in cold distance, and no longer accounted that He was!

“How about the child?” asked the widow. “I can't keep him; you brought him, you should take him.”

“Where? Poor little creature,” faltered Ogden.

“To the county-house, I reckon. Poor creature surely! He is a sweet child, but I can't do or him. We are deep in debt. You'll pass the poorhouse on your road to town; five miles from here it is. You'll see it.”

“See it? Of course he would. He had known it from his childhood, and as a child, riding by, had looked with childish pity and curiosity at the miserable inmates—unloved infancy, unknown age.

The widow lifted up the child to the arms of Harvey Ogden seated on his horse. There was nothing to do but receive him into his bosom and ride away slowly, because of the mud.

The child nestled against Ogden, clutched his beard fast for security, and then slept, and grew rosy, and dimpled, and and cherubic in sleep. Then a voice spoke in Harvey Ogden's ear; “Who so receiveth one such little child in my name, receiveth me.”

Now you can not doubt the identity of him who in a known voice speaks to you clearly. Harvey Ogden knew this voice; it was his Lord's. Then the man thought of another child—an infant sweet and guileless, in whose eyes mingled human childhood and eternal mysteries; a child sitting upon a woman's lap in a town called Bethlehem; a child who had consecrated childhood. And now how heavy grew this sleeping child in Harvey Ogden's arms. He weighed like lead, he bore him down! Oh, mighty load! For he who bore this world on his heart had put himself in the little one's place, and the man bent and was crushed under the immense burden.

This child, put into a poorhouse to live unwelcomed, and unloved, and untended all its baby days? Not so; that would be the Christ so outcast in him. This child, to live, one by one, those thirty-three years lived once by the Son of Man, and in them to be delivered over to loneliness, ignorance and? Then, in him thus the Christ betrayed. In sleep the child held Harvey fast, and still smiled on. But Harvey now saw only a thorn-crowned head, a man with eyes majestic after death. . . . There was a monotone deep down in his heart, repeating: “For me—for me.” . . . His heart was broken, and, breaking, strangely its life was renewed. His arms clasping the babe were paralyzed—a Nineteenth Century St. Christopher, he was carrying the Christ.

“It thine enemy hunger—feed him; if he thirst give him drink”—said the voice of the Nazarene. This he had done.

“Sick and ye visited me, naked and ye clothed me: a stranger and ye took me in. Ye did it unto me. Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom.”

What? There was no question now! Was this sun and summer shine breaking over the world? Harvey Ogden had again found his God, never more to lose Him, for now he had entered into some subtle, masterful, absorbing relationship to his soul. Doubts? They had vanished like the last folds of the mist, for God was over him, directing all and in him accepting all, and in his arms, in the person of his enemy's child, he carried—Christ.

He clearly saw it now; his trusting to self, resting on his own forgiving for forgiveness; his trying to be unto himself his own Savior. All his fabric of self-confidence had crumbled into dust, and left him shelterless and prone. Then One Divine had lifted him up, and had shown him how the new life had been still working in him and now offered to receive as to Himself all that was done for the little child.—Julia McNair Wright, in N. Y., Voice

Our Great Debt of Love.

“If a man love Me, he will keep my commandments, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him.” Does not your heart long for that? Can anything short of it satisfy you? I have gazed on Jesus at Bethlehem, at Calvary, and on the throne, and my heart has rejoiced in Him exceedingly, but all the time I want something better, deeper, nearer, and that is to have the living Jesus in me. Will you not give yourself up to be with the blessed Jesus, that He may take possession of you and dwell within you? Think of it; the very mighty Jesus who died on the cross and sits on the throne condescends to become our life. The glorious risen Jesus, full of love and power, reveals Himself by the Holy Spirit in Divine nearness and power that He may have the mastery within; according to the wonderful prayer of Eph. iii., 16.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

Why Rice Isn't Mentioned in the Bible.

A book before us says: “Rice is not mentioned in the Bible, as it did not grow in the countries in which Bible happenings occurred.” We think the author is mistaken. The fact that the word “rice” does not appear is no evidence of the non-existence of a product that in the Bible era was feeding the majority of the world's people. From the earliest ages the blanket expression, “corn,” has been used to cover all manner of grains and seeds used for food. In England the word now applies to barley, rye, oats, and more specifically wheat; in Scotland it usually means oats, while here it only refers to maize. The word “corn” frequently occurs in the Bible, and when we consider the enormous commerce of Palestine, particularly in the days of Solomon, it is natural to suppose that rice was among the imports, and that, like wheat and other grains, it finds shelter under the market term, “corn.”—Aberdeen Examiner.

Never Stand Still.

“Yes, take short steps when in the dark, but be sure and do not stand still. For at such times there are many little things, in thought and word and deed, which can be done and need to be done, cheerfully and well, both for your own good and the good of others; and it is these little things which, with God's blessing and guidance are the means of finally bringing us out into a larger and purer light.”

MODERN PROVERBS.

Some of Them in the Literary Remains of the Late C. H. Spurgeon.

As ‘John Ploughman's Almanac’ for 1896 still contains proverbs for the days which were laid up in readiness for use by Mr. Spurgeon during his life time, readers will continue to turn to it with peculiar interest. We must in time come to the end of the Spurgeon literary remains, but for the present they appear to be practically inexhaustible the stock of unpublished sermons alone being sufficient to keep up the weekly issue for another eight years. On coming to the daily proverbs we find something of the old-time flavor in them.

Who weds a sot to get his cot may lose the cot but keep the sot.

Beer and the Bible should only be joined in conflict.

There's a public house that all can close; It is between the chin and the nose.

A husband's wrath spoils the very best broth.

'Tis easier to pass by the trap than to get out of it.

Better go to heaven in rags than to hell in ribbon.

If all lassies were good there would be no bad wives.

All liddies were good there'd be no bad husbands.

Keep on, and keep on keeping on. Reckless youth means rueful age.

A boy's boots can't be made on his father's lasts.

Generous giving never empties the purse. Bend your knees to God, but put your shoulder to the wheel.

To climb high begin low. Better be last among lions than first among foxes.

Learn how to die by learning how to live.

Look before you leap even in Leap Year. When at Rome do as at home.

Don't borrow trouble, the interest is too heavy.

To get fragrance grow flowers. Better be hunted by wolves than to hunt with them.

Don't carry water to the Thames nor fire to the flames.

Put money in Trust; put not trust in money.

He is easily pleased who is satisfied with himself.

Even New Year's day has but one dawn.—Christian World.

Nearer My God to Thee.

For fifty years this glorious hymn has been entrancing the Christian world, and is, perhaps, the most popular hymn ever written. Yet of its writer and its writing very little has been known by the thousands who have been thrilled by its wonderful power, whether welling from the throat of Perea Rosa or lisped by the piping voice of a child. The most that could be learned was that it was written by Sarah Flower Adams, who was born in Cambridge, Eng., in February, 1805, and who died in 1848; that “she was noted for the taste she manifested in literature and for great zeal and earnestness in her religious life.” As to the hymn that has made her memory precious, the biographers were silent, except to say in passing that “the circumstances under which she wrote it, or at what time, are not known.” It will be a surprising revelation to the world that this hymn, breathing in every line an excess of deep religious feeling, was written by one who had entirely lost faith in the inspiration of the pain caused by the passing of the old faith that had nourished and given life to the resplendent flower of the writer's soul.

Good Sense Needed.

Speaking of regeneration, it may be added that it does not give a man brains it he had none before; it does not make an ignorant man educated; it does not necessarily imply that it makes a visionary or impractical man a Solomon—at least, not immediately. There are many good people in the church who are filled with zeal, but zeal without sense usually leads to mischief. It is a wholesome prayer for the average man to make: ‘O Lord, give me good sense.’ It might not be well to pray that way in public; for some of us to pray in that fashion there might be such a storm of amens from all sections of the house as to make it somewhat embarrassing—for the one who is praying. Rev. W. H. Geistweit.

A Message From God.

“The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.” Psalm 103: 17, 18.

The Earth's Revolution.

Everybody knows that the earth makes one complete revolution on its axis once in each 24 hours. But few, however, have any idea of the high rate of speed at which such an immense ball must turn in order to accomplish the feat of making one revolution in a day and night. A graphic idea of the terrific pace which the old earth keeps up year after year may be had by comparing its speed to that of a cannon ball fired from a modern highpressure gun. The highest velocity ever attained by such a missile has been estimated at 1,626 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in three and two tenths (3.210) seconds. The earth in making one complete revolution in the short space of 24 hours, must turn with a velocity almost exactly equal to that of the cannon ball. In short, the rate of speed at the equator is exactly 1,607 feet per second. This is equal to a mile every three and six-tenths seconds, 17 miles a minute.—St. Louis Republic.

Children, until they are 12 or 15 years old, should have at least ten hours' sleep; eleven is better; until 18 or 19, nine hours is none too much.

SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

Have You seen the New Model No. 2 IMPROVED AMERICAN TYPEWRITER \$10? Contains New Ideas and Improved Construction... On Third Year and No Competitor. Send for catalogue and letter written with it Ira Cornwall, General Agent For the Maritime Provinces.

Illustration of a woman at a typewriter with text: Give me Progress please.

A CLEAN CUT INDIVIDUAL OPINION, BOLDLY EXPRESSED. It is for this reason that an assertion like the following sticks up above the dead level of our stupid talk, and becomes noticeable: “When I saw how pale I had grown I said to myself, it was because something had gone out of my blood.” There! that is a statement with the seeds of an idea in it. Suppose we follow it up by quoting the rest of the letter which contains it. In December, 1890, says the writer, “I fell into a poor state of health. I was tired languid, and weary without any apparent cause. My appetite left me, and all food, even the lightest and simplest kinds, caused me great pain in the chest and stomach. When I saw how pale I had grown I said to myself it was because something had gone out of my blood. “Then my sleep was broken, and night after night I scarcely closed my eyes. It wasn't long before I became so weak and debilitated that I took no interest in things around me. I was so nervous that common sounds annoyed and worried me; even the noises made by my own children in their talk and at their play. “There was a disgusting taste in my mouth; it made me sick, and often gave me a shivering sensation all over. When I saw others eating and enjoying their meals I felt as though it were a strange thing; in a way I wondered how they could do it. For myself I could eat hardly anything. Food went against me, and I turned away from it, as one turns from smells or sights that are offensive. And yet I knew, what everybody knows, that without sufficient food the body languishes and weakens. And such was the case with me as month after month went by. “During all this time, so full of pain and discouragement, I was attended by a doctor who did what he could to relieve me, but without success. I do not say he did not understand my complaint; for may he not have understood it without having the means of curing it?” The answer to the lady's question is: Yes, easily enough. All intelligent, studious doctors “understand” consumption, cholera, cancer, &c., without (as yet) having the means of curing them. There is usually a wide gap between the wide discovery of a want and the way to supply it. “I will now,” continues the letter, “tell you how I came to be cured. In April 1891, I read in a small book or pamphlet about Mother Seigel's Syrup. The book said the Syrup was a certain remedy for all diseases of the stomach, indigestion in every form, and dyspepsia; and it also said that most of the complaints we suffer from are caused by that. On looking over the symptoms described in the book, and comparing them with my own, I saw plainly that my ailment was dyspepsia. “I've sent immediately for a bottle of this medicine, and after taking it a few days I began to feel better. In a very short time, by keeping on with the Syrup according to the directions, I could eat without pain or distress, and digest my food. I also slept soundly and naturally. Then my strength came back and with it the color to my face. In short, after a few weeks use of Mother Seigel's Syrup, I was hearty and strong as ever. And I should be indeed ungrateful if I were not willing that others should have the benefit of my experience. You are therefore free to print my letter if you think it will be useful. (Signed) (Mrs.) M. Truran, Marton, Lincoln, April 24, 1895.” I simply desire to say to Mrs. Truran that her idea about the blood is a perfectly correct one. All our food (the digestible part of it) is turned into blood, and in that shape it feeds the entire body. When the blood gets thin and poor (lacking in nourishment) we lose flesh and grow feeble and pale. And the cause of the blood getting thin and poor is indigestion, or dyspepsia. How easy this is to understand when once you get hold of the right end of it. Mother Seigel's Syrup has the peculiar power to correct what is wrong about the digestion, and thus enables the digestive machinery to make good rich blood, which is life and health and beauty.