

# Sunday Reading.

## WORKING ON SUNDAY.

From a Purely Physical Standpoint it is an Unwise Thing to do.

King Charles I., as he stood by the block at which he was beheaded, said to Bishop Juxon, "Remember," and handed him the jewel of the Georges, which hung by a ribbon round his neck. When the Bishop was questioned by the king's executioners afterwards, he said "remember" was to remind him to tell the Prince of Wales, that if ever he became king, he was to forgive his father's enemies. If that was the meaning, it was a noble "remember," a last kind thought for others.

God says remember—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." And he has good reason for saying "remember," as we shall see.

A well-known doctor declared that "under the due observance of Sunday, life would, on the average, be prolonged more than one-seventh of its whole period, that is, more than seven years in fifty."

Dr. Farre, after speaking of the need that horses have of Sunday's rest, said: "Man, in the long run, breaks down more suddenly. A violation of the Sabbath law abridges the length of his life and the vigor of his old age."

Lord Macaulay, our great historian, said: "Of course, I do not mean that a man will not produce more in a week by working seven days than by working six, but I very much doubt whether at the end of a year he will have produced more by working seven days than by working six days a week."

Now, perhaps you say: "These are doctors' opinions, and learned men's opinions, but a man must make his own sun shine." Well, let us look at a few facts, and see from them if God's "remember" is worth remembering.

No men in the world do such hard manual labor as English navies; the strain on both strength and endurance is enormous. If you do not have your Sundays you must break down. How seldom one sees a vigorous old navy as it is, but if you work week in and week out there will soon be no young ones either. It is bad policy for the contractors as well as for the men.

During the construction of the Yeovil and Exeter line the men were at work every Sunday. The railway was completed and ready for opening, when, a few days before the day appointed, a thunderstorm destroyed several bridges and delayed the celebration for months. The engineer and men worked on Sundays to complete the contract in time, but although they were ready on the second opening day, they had an accident then to repair, which took exactly as many week-days as they had worked Sundays! Did God speak here or not?

The London and North-Western Railway Company had always been one of the best paying lines, and it has always been one of the best lines for keeping down Sunday traffic and caring for its men.

Has God said "Remember" in these instances?

"He is a fool" (Professor Miller says) "who works all night; he is a greater fool still who works on the Sabbath day."

Look around and see if "it pays." Observe the Sunday traders. Do they succeed? See the shops kept open on the Lord's day; are they the ones whose owners succeed? Go to Paris and see the jaded faces, the puny frames, and unfreshened aspect of a people who do not regard the Sabbath. It is remarkable that whilst we, as a nation, are relaxing our observance of the Lord's day, in France and other continental countries there is a steadily-increasing movement in the opposite direction.

Yet there are men mad enough to wish to open places of amusement on Sunday, in England, forgetting that doing so will entail Sunday labour on thousands of others, and also forgetting that masters will force men to work, if the alternative is only amusement.

Yes, in God's "Remember" there is the remembrance and care for men's bodies; but He also who created their souls also cares far more for the immortal spirit in us, and, for our souls' sake, He says "Remember."

Christ has lived and died for you. It is his day—the day he rose for you, and if you are ever to live with him you must rise, too, out of the present life of sin into the life of forgiveness and holiness. Let me tell you of two men, the one a manager, now gone, and the other still alive, both of whom honoured God by keeping His day holy. And, do not forget that what one man has done, and another is doing you may also do.

George Corderoy was the manager of large works for a government contractor, and had to pay some hundreds of men on a Saturday night. His employer told him that he must work one Sunday, and have his men in the yard.

"Sir," he replied, "I will work for you until twelve o'clock on Saturday night, but I dare not work on the Sabbath; I have a higher Master to serve."

"George replied, 'There is a day coming when each must give an account of himself,' and he respectfully but firmly declined to

work on the Lord's day. Sunday morning came; the men assembled and went to work under another foreman. George Corderoy assembled his family, the Scriptures were read, prayer was offered, and breakfast over, the father, mother, and six children, left the yard (for they lived on the premises) in the sight of the workmen and walked to the House of God.

The situation was not lost; the God-fearing workman was all the more honored and trusted, because of his consistency.

Now, here is another instance. John J—drove the engine for the air fan, when the Mersey Tunnel was in course of construction. He was a Christian, but every other Sunday he had to work his engine all day. It was a work of necessity, and he tried to quiet his conscience by telling himself so. The thought kept coming, "Yes, it must be done, but am I obliged to do it?"

He felt he was hurting his own soul. Seeing other working men wasting the Lord's day, his mouth was shut; for did they not see him coming home from his work? Then the thought of his family came. He had four children and a delicate wife, who needed every penny he earned. He felt he must be on his engine on Sunday; he must give her up and take a fireman's place. The struggle was hard, but he came across the words, "Them that honor Me I will honor, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed," and he could stand it no longer. He gave up his situation, and got on as fireman at a drop of eight shillings a week. Nearly a year passed, and one day I went to see him. He came up out of the fire-hole wiping his hands on some waste, and his face one bright smile.

"Well, John," I said, "how are you?" "Well—well—body and soul."

"How is the wife?" "No better, I am sorry to say."

"It was a great sacrifice."

"Ay, but the Lord has made it up to me a hundred-fold already in peace and happiness."

By and by an advertisement appeared for an inspector of engineers on a Government appointment abroad. There was an examination to be passed. John went in for it and gained it, and then he wrote me this letter:—

"Dear friend, I hope you will forgive me for being so long in writing."

"God has fulfilled His promise, even to me. I am going to Africa, under Government terms, £25 per month, 2nd class passage out and back. God has been with me in my examinations. According to my faith He has answered my prayers, yes, even more than I have asked."

"I will write to you when I get settled and give you all particulars. Thank God, my trust in Him is stronger than ever. I can say, 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'"

"Ever your humble friend and brother in Christ Jesus, "John J—."

He has risen since then, and his family are now with him. When out in the "Veldt" he has ridden thirty miles into Verulam on a Saturday to spend Sunday with God's people.

Dear friends, do lay to heart God's "Remember"—British Messenger

## WAS ONLY A VISION.

It Taught the Lesson That We Do Not Fail When We Strive Aright.

I stood in a beautiful place. Where it was I know not, but a sense of calm and rest stole over my wearied brain and soothed my weakened nerves, and my earthly troubles dropped from me as a cloud. And there came, as through from afar off, the sweetest music falling on my ears and entering into my toil-worn brain, and I thought to myself, "Surely this is heaven, and I entered in," and I breathed a deep sigh of happiness; but a voice, melodious and deep, spoke in my ear.

"Nay, not yet have you reached heaven." And I turned and saw standing beside me an angel, and a light of perfect happiness shone from his face.

"Where, then, am I?" I asked, "and what is this beautiful place?"

"This is but the Border Land," he answered. "Yonder"—and he pointed onwards—is Heaven. But not yet may you enter; your work lies there," and he pointed back to my life.

"But I am tired," I cried; "all my life is a failure. I have tried and worked hard—only to fail."

The angel raised his hand, and a look of solemnity came over his features. "It is decreed that you must go back," he said, "and say not that you have failed wait till the All-seeing God says you have failed."

Then he touched me on the shoulder, "Look," he said, "and I will show you," and he pointed onward towards heaven.

"What do you see?" he asked.

And I said, "I see nought but fairness beyond description, and a great light."

And he said, "Look well, and tell me what you see."

And I looked long, then I said, "I see a great multitude of souls, and in the midst a burning and shining light, but I cannot look," and I covered my eyes with my hands. Then the angel touched my eyes.

"Look," he said, and I looked and saw as it were a veil, before the shining light.

And there came borne to us on the fragrant air of heaven a triumphant burst of song, and I heard loud "Hosannas" singing, and I saw the multitude like a great sea divide, and leave a broad pathway up to the shining light.

At the end of the pathway, nearest the Border Land, I saw a woman standing. She was pale and thin, and her face was haggard as she stood at the beginning of the pathway. And methought I saw the

tears well up in her eyes as the chorus rose and swelled.

Come, ye blessed, come, come!

And I saw one step swiftly down the pathway, and gently wiping her tears, as the angels bowed before them, he led her up, up to the shining light into the presence of God.

And I turned to my companion, and he had bowed himself to the earth; and I asked him who the woman was, and he answered me, "She gave up all that a woman holds dear in life to work for and nurse her sick mother, and people called her a failure; but God sees not as men see; to him her life was a grand success."

And I began to muse on these things, when the angel said unto me, "Look yet again."

And I looked, and still the pathway was there. And at the entrance a man stood with bowed head, and the tears fell from his eyes, and he clasped his hands nervously; and I saw that his face was thin and his cheeks sunken, as though the battle of life had gone hard against him.

At the burst of music from the heavenly choir he looked up tremblingly, then he fell on his knees. And the Saviour, Christ came to him and gently raised him up and spoke sweet words of comfort in his ear; and the man's face grew bright with a new hope, and the tears were dried from off his cheeks as his Redeemer led him into the presence of God.

And I turned to the kneeling angel.

"Surely," I said, "those bursts of applause could be but for one of earth's great ones?"

And he said: "The world accounted him a failure. He was a business man; and a man already rich, with no need of more took a business in the same street as he, and did his best to take the bread out of this man's mouth; but this man lived honestly, and owed no man anything, and the All-seeing—and the angel bowed himself—"knoweth and seeth all things on the earth, and he saw this man's struggles and endeavors to do right; therefore he is a successful man in the eyes of our God."

After a while I looked again toward heaven, and I noticed that the faces of the multitude were solemn and grave, and the harpers had ceased their playing, and the grand chorus had stopped; and at the entrance to the pathway stood a man, and the light from the presence, convicted him as a money-loving man.

And I turned to the angel.

"What does it mean?" I asked.

"This is the man of whom I spoke but just now," he answered me. "He attended church, and left money at his death to charitable institutions; but all are as nothing in the eyes of God. He looks at the life of a man."

"Why, then, is the man here?" I asked.

"At the last he repented him," the angel made reply, "and is forgiven; but how can the multitude welcome him so joyously? Truly he was one of the earth's successes, but he was a failure in the eyes of our Lord."

And I looked again, and I saw that the pitying, forgiving Christ had gently led the man into his Father's presence.

And as I gazed I saw the faces of the multitude grow radiant once more, and the harper's sweetest music, and the anthems and the hallelujahs swelled and vibrated on mine ears. And I looked, and there stood at the entrance to the pathway a woman. Her soft, dark hair, just touched with gray, was loosely braided above her sweet, pure face, and her brown eyes were filled with the light of a patient love. And the great multitude swayed as it saw her, and their eyes grew soft as they looked at her, and where I stood I could hear the voices singing in a melodious, joyous triumphant tones. And the Lord Christ stepped swiftly down the pathway to the woman, with both arms stretched out to receive her—and a wondrous sweet and glad look was on his marred face, and right up, right up he led her, and it seemed to me that the light round about the presence shone brighter as they neared it. Then I turned me to my prostrate companion. "Tell me," I said, "was she not a queen upon the earth?"

And the angel raised himself, and a glad smile came over his features. "She was not what you mortals call a great woman," he answered me, "but she was a good mother. She taught her children to love and serve God, and her prayers rise even now as incense about the throne of the Most High. With her rested in a measure the future of generations unborn, and her influence has been for God, therefore is the welcome accorded to her so jubilant and triumphant, for it was a hard thing to be a good mother. The world called her 'common-place,' but she is one of our God's heroines, and a successful woman."

Then the angel turned to me. "Say no one has failed who has really tried," he said, "the Lord God Almighty, the All-Seeing looketh at men's hearts."

And I awoke, and behold it was a vision, and I had returned from the Border Land—returned to earth's struggles, its strifes, and cares, and failures, but it so be, by the grace of God, I try, then shall I not have failed when I cross the Border Land.—London Sunday-School Times.

## THE PRODIGAL FATHER.

He is Often Responsible for the Misery of the Prodigal son.

The parable of the prodigal son is a beautiful story and has been told to almost every people and in almost every clime.

It has been the theme of unnumbered sermons and essays, and its little role has been played by a great army of young men in remote as well as in present times.

There are no doubt thousands of young men roaming the world over in "poverty, hunger and dirt" who would gladly return to the parental roof if they only dared, but they are deterred by a fear that the well-earned money would be widely different from the one received by the prodigal son of Scripture.

Now, while the prodigal son is held up as a warning to "point a moral and adorn

a tale," too little attention has been paid to the prodigal father, although it can be proven that he is directly responsible for the prodigal course by the son.

While the prodigal father does not take to the woods, he yet truly does wander from the plane of conduct that would insure a happy home, and he too often wastes the legitimate heritage of his children in riotous living.

It is not enough for the father to supply his son with food, shelter, clothing and education. He should remember his own boyhood, and as far as possible be a companion, counselor, guide and friend to his children as well as their father.

In too many cases he thinks that he is complying with all the requirements of the law of God and of man when he supplies their material needs. Hence so many unhappy homes, so many ruined lives and so many prodigal sons wandering over the earth and eating the bitter husks of sorrow and defeat.

The true father will pour out his love and sympathy upon his children with unstinted measure. He will enter into all their aims and ambitions, and make their surroundings at once so pleasant and so profitable that home will be to them a heaven and they will have no desire to stray into strange and untried fields.

A father should inspire love in his children, and never fear. He should so conduct himself as to be a worthy example for them to follow, and he should win and maintain their respect as well as their affection.

He should fully realize that these children are given to him in trust; that a most potent responsibility rests upon him, and at the last day their souls may be demanded at his hands.

And when these boys are growing up he should study their inclinations, the bent of their minds, into what direction of trade or profession it may appear to go, and when he is satisfied that the inclination is real and not a fancy, he should gratify it so far as the ability to do so is in his power.

Many a bright young boy has been transformed into a wretched prodigal because forced into a trade or business for which he had not the slightest taste or aptitude.

The prodigal father is not a curiosity; he is too plentiful for that, and he is responsible too often for the miserable story of the prodigal son that so frequently arouses the pity and regret of humanity.—N. Y. Advertiser.

## PORTRAITS OF CHRIST.

They Vary Much According to the Ideal of the Schools of Artists.

It is a singular fact that throughout the entire New Testament there is nothing regarding the personal appearance of Christ, and the early fathers of the Church, who doubtless knew something of how He looked while on earth, are equally silent about it. A portrait of Him has been claimed by some to have come down from Apostolic times and that copies of it were taken and are still extant. That this statement has no foundation in fact would appear to be evident from the circumstance that the old masters, in their representations of the Saviour, follow no recognized model and are as various in such portrayures as were their conceptions of what the real Christ should be.

This diversion must be apparent to all who have examined such paintings in the Louvre and other large collections. In Fra E. Lippi's "Madonna and Child," for instance an exquisite creation, the face of the infant Saviour, though perfect in contour, has a look of precocious intelligence which seems unnatural in one so young. Carlo Dolce, Murillo and others, though displaying different types of child life, are perhaps equally successful in conveying a nearly satisfying ideal in their representations of the child Christ. They all, however, pay no regard to ethnic considerations in their work, and as a result the face is Italian, French, Spanish or Flemish, as the case may be, rather than Jewish, as it should have been.

In paintings of the man Christ in F. R. Francis's painting, "The Virgin and Two Angels Weeping Over the Dead Body of Christ," is probably the divinest conception of it ever traced on canvas. Though the face is evidently that of the dead, all the emotions of the soul seem to be mirrored upon it. In Borgognone's "Christ Bearing the Cross," "Correggio's "Ecce Homo," all marvelous creations, as well as in others perhaps equally meritorious, however different they may be, they at least convey an ideal Christ, which does not shock Christian sensibilities as does Munkacsy's representation of the Saviour in his famous painting, "Christ Before Pilate."—Neil Macdonald.

## Opportunities to Do Right.

Whatever God may deny us, he never denies us the opportunity to do the right thing. This thing may be our going forward or our going back, our acquiescence or our refusal. He leaves it to us to decide and this is our opportunity. Sometimes the opportunity is to become poor, sometimes it is to become rich. Sometimes it is to live, sometimes it is to die. But it rests with us to make the circumstances in which we are placed our opportunity to do the right thing, and to take it. God often shuts the door in our face in order that we may go through another one which he has opened. He knows that the closed door is the one that we want to go through, but the open one is the door that we need to go through. But sometimes he permits the opening of a door which he knows that we know we ought not to enter. He then puts us to the test by allowing us the opportunity of keeping out of it. And there are times when he closes all doors in order that we might have the opportunity of patiently waiting and persistently knocking until one is opened. No one can complain of the lack of opportunity, for he is pretty sure to be in one or another of these cases.

# TRY

# SATINS,

The Finest

Molasses Chewing Candy

in the Land.

## What you can do.

You cannot set the world right, or the times, but you can do something for the truth; and all you can do will certainly tell if the work you do is for the Master, who gives you your share, and so the burden of responsibility is lifted off. This assurance makes peace, satisfaction and repose possible even in the partial work done upon earth. Go to a man who is carving a stone for a building; ask him where the stone goes, to what part of the temple and how is he going to get it into place, and what does he do? He points you to the builder's plans. This is only one stone of many. So, when men shall ask when and how is your little achievement going into God's plan, point them to your Master, who keeps the plans, and then go on doing your little service as faithfully as if the whole temple were yours to build.—Phillips Brooks.

## Christian Giving.

Give as God prospers you. It is a duty required in the Scriptures. It is a privilege; it makes you a co-worker with God. Then God blesses those who obey this rule, so that they increase in their basket and their store. Thousands of years ago it was written: "Honor the Lord with substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase and shall the barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses burst forth with new wine." Dr. Talmage tells of two merchants. The one said when he got rich he would give to promote the Lord's work. The other said: "Give now as the Lord prospers me." The former lives in poverty; the latter is a rich man. Yes, "God gives power to get wealth."

## Using The Telephone.

A telephone has been placed on the preacher's desk in the congregational church at Norfolk, Conn., in order that members of the church who are unable to attend the services may hear the sermons as they sit at home.

## His Good Record.

Dawson Oldham, a 78-year-old resident of White Hall, Ky., never has missed a sermon at the Methodist church in that place in the forty years he has been a member. He never has used tobacco in any form, nor has he tasted whiskey.

## The Love of God.

The love of God does not destroy, but elevates and perfects all other love to kindred and to friends. But it subordinates every affection to Him. It makes us not indifferent, but independent.

## A SHORT TALK ON BEING TIRED.

Are you a working man, or a working woman? I don't mean one who is so by classification, or by having been born on the side of certain lines of social cleavage, but solely because you daily do some sort of real, honest, and useful work? Yes? I shake your hand. I hope you manage to live by it without overdoing, and that (being still hearty and healthy) you sometimes find yourself tired, dog-tired, and hungry as a wolf with plenty of good feed for supper. Then hey! for bed and a genuine sleep of eight hours; to jump from bed in the morning, both feet on the floor at once. That's the right kind of "tired" and the heaven-descended brand of rest. It is a blessing in itself, and bears others in its train.

But the variety of fatigue so many people are all the time writing us about is different. Listen to this one, for instance: "In September, 1893," he says, "I was overcome by a feeling of languor. I was easily tired and comparatively slight efforts served to exhaust me completely. Indeed I never seemed rested at all, and was as tired in the morning as when I went to bed. Both muscles and mind were inert and relaxed. At the same time my appetite seemed to be tired too. I had no relish for food, and after eating felt uneasiness and distress in the stomach and pain at the chest. My skin was sallow also, and there was a dull aching at my right side in the region of the liver."

"I was constantly belching up a sour fluid, and my food would sometimes 'repeal' or rise into my mouth. All I could do to rectify this miserable state of things I did, acting upon the suggestion of friends and others, but failed to come across a remedy for my complaint, which meantime obtained a stronger hold upon me."

"On account of my inability to eat and digest food my flesh fell off until I became so thin you might have fancied me as having gone into a decline. And I was so weak I could scarcely get about. I remained in this condition month after month, unfit, of course, for work and virtually a man out of the world's fight."

"The doctor who prescribed for me probably understood my case, but he was not able, apparently, to cure me. And I notice holds his own he is bound to be falling behind, which made me anxious to obtain relief soon, lest I might pass beyond the reach of it. And in answer to the hope finally came to the help I needed."

"In July of last year (1894) I read about Mother Seigel's Syrup in a small

pamphlet which was left at our house. The book described my symptoms perfectly, and stated the disease to be indigestion, with dulness and inactivity of the liver, the latter condition a result of the former. The weakness and loss of weight it explained, naturally enough, to be the effect of want of proper nourishment. Cure the stomach trouble in such cases, said an article in the pamphlet, and the consequences will vanish of themselves.

"On this I procured a bottle of the Syrup from Messrs. Robinson and Co., chemists, Hunslet Carr, and after taking it for a few days, I found myself much better. My food now ceased to give me pain, and I gained some strength with every meal. No better proof of the power of this medicine could I ask. I continued the use of it; the bad symptoms abated and no longer troubled me, and in a few weeks I felt as vigorous and well as ever I did. I could work as before and experienced that kind of fatigue which promotes rest and is relieved by it. I have since enjoyed good health, and you are welcome to publish this short account of my case. (Signed) Percy Hardaker, 42, Woodhouse Hill Road, Hunslet Carr, Leeds, March 29th, 1895."

Mr. Hardaker is agent for the Pearl Assurance Society, and is well and widely known. His own intelligent comments on his complaint renders any words of ours quite needless. In private conversation he said he looked upon that unnatural "tired" feeling as a warning that none should neglect. It means, not the effect of work, but of exhaustion through that subtle disease indigestion. Mother Seigel's Syrup should be taken then, as he would have taken it then had he heard of it. We hope Mr. Hardaker's timely words, based as they are on an instructive experience, will be heeded by all to whom they apply.

England proposes to raise a regiment of gentlemen; there would be plenty of recruits from the young men who failed to pass the examination adopted to the military schools. Lord Wolseley favors the plan.

A British Columbia M. P. and a Fuffs's Clergyman.

Andrew Haslem, M. P. for Vancouver Island, B. C., and the Rev. A. D. Buckley, of Buffalo, a clergyman well known both in his country and Canada, bear simultaneous testimony to the blessing of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder in case of catarrh. Whether used on the Pacific Coast, or within easy distance of the roaring Niagara, the result is the same. Mr. Buckley's words are these: "I have been troubled with catarrh for years, but the first time I used this remedy I received most delightful relief, and now regard myself entirely cured after the use of the remedy for two months." Quoting Will Carleton, Mr. Haslem can say: "Dem is my sentiments, too."

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes, and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. Sample Bottle and Blower sent by S. G. Detchon, 44 Church street, Toronto, on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps. Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

Russia and Japan will have the total eclipse of the sun on August 9 entirely to themselves, as the line of totality passes through Nova Zembla, Siberia, and the Island of Jesso only.

Years of Suffering from Rheumatism Relieved by One Dose of Medicine.

"For many years," writes Mrs. N. Ferris, wife of the well-known birch manufacturer, of Highgate, Ont., "I was sorely afflicted with rheumatic pains in my ankles, and at times was almost disabled. I tried everything, as I thought, and doctored for years, without much benefit. Though I had lost confidence in medicines I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. To my delight, the first dose gave me more relief than I had in years, and two bottles have completely cured. You may publish this letter." Sold by H. Dick and S. McDiarmid.

A London magistrate, being unable to write, made his mark to a number of commitments to prison lately, and they were held good. He is not illiterate, but has gout.

## March a Trying Month.

The month of March is a trying one, and at no season of the year is the need of Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic more keenly felt, especially by those advanced in years or persons who from any cause are reduced in health. Hawker's tonic is a blood and flesh builder, and nerve and brain invigorator that brings renewed health and power to the over-wrought or weakened system. Throughout eastern Canada it is supported by the strongest testimonials from leading clergymen, as well as from men and women in all walks of life. Persons suffering from indigestion or dyspepsia, general debility or nervous prostration find it a health restorer in the fullest sense. Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50 cents per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50 and is manufactured by the Hawker Medicine Co. Ltd. St. John, N. B.