

# Sunday Reading.

## A LITTLE SWISS HEROINE

Who Died Willingly for Her Infidel Father's Sake.

I heard of a little girl who lived near a deep ravine at the foot of one of the mountains in Switzerland. A huge rock had fallen down the mountain-side and lodged in the ravine, and thus made a natural bridge, so that those who wished to pass from one side of the mountain to the other could do so comfortably. The mother of this child was an earnest Christian, and often told her daughter about the Saviour. At first the little girl did not care very much about what her mother said, but at last the mother's prayers were answered, and her little one accepted Jesus as her Saviour. Her father was not a Christian, and never gathered his loved ones around the family altar.

One day, when about to cross the deep ravine upon the rock bridge, the mother saw that it was just ready to fall. The frost had loosened it. She told her little child that if she ever crossed it again it would fall, and she would be dashed in pieces. The next day the father told his child that he was going over to the other side across the bridge. She said to him it was not safe, but he only laughed at her. He said he had been across it before she was born, and that he was not afraid. When the child saw that he was determined to go she asked him if she could with him.

While they walked along together, she looked up in her father's face, and said, 'Father, if I should die, will you promise to love Jesus, and meet me in heaven by-and-by?'

'I shall,' said he, 'what put such a wild thought into your head? You are not going to die, I hope. You are only a wee thing, and will live many years.' 'Yes, but if I should die, will you promise to love Jesus just as I do, and meet me in heaven?'

'But you are not going to die. Don't speak of it,' he said rather brusquely.

'But if I should die, do promise, father, you will be a good Christian and come up and live with Jesus and me in heaven.'

'Yes,' he said at last.

When they came near the crossing-place, she said, 'Father, please stand here a minute.' She loved him dearly, and was willing to run the risk of dying for him. Strange as it may seem, she walked quickly and jumped upon the loose rock, and down it went with the little girl. She was crushed to death. The trembling parent crept to the edge, and with eyes dim with tears, gazed wildly upon the wreck. Then he thought of all his little child had told him about how Jesus had died to save us. He thought he had never loved his child so much. But he began to see that he had far more reason to love Jesus, who had suffered much more to save him from the 'bottomless pit.' And then he thought of the promise he had so carelessly made to his daughter. What could he do but kneel down and cry to God to have mercy upon him? If they meet in heaven, do you think that daughter will be sorry that she sacrificed her life for her father's sake? No, but she will rejoice that her action was used to lead him to God.—'Christian Herald.'

## God Still Holds His Peace.

At the present day you can approach a truly religious man and face him with any amount of discouraging statistics. You can tell him that fewer people are attending church. You can point to the mighty power of the press and say that the power is increasingly used for the purpose of evil, and still after you have said your worst, you cannot compel your religious man to believe the worst or to believe that mighty agency is to have any other power than to fulfill the purposes of God in the world. You can point to the institutions of religion. You may say: 'Here is a flaw, or here is a perfect,' you may say that religion is a failure and that life is not worth living; and still the man who has been introduced to God will only smile at your words. He knows because he knows God, that this universe of ours is, in spite of its defects, but fulfilling the great, the divine will of Him who was and is and is to be. And the spirit of a great hopefulness will take possession of the soul of a religious man just in proportion as he finds himself in the presence of these things which are dark and discouraging. He will confess that, so far as the universalities of life are concerned, nothing is plainer than this, that God, the God of love, still holds His universe, in every department, in the holiness of His hand; that His will is to be done in earth as in heaven, and that His kingdom is to come here that it may come there.—Dr. Nehemiah Boynton.

## Prayer and Peace.

If you want power in your home, in your Bible-class, in your social circle, in your nation, or in the Church of Christ, then come into contact with Jesus in this rest of faith that accepts His life fully, that trusts Him fully for yourself; and you will be able by faith to influence your family, by faith to overcome the world, by faith to bless others, by faith to live a life to the

glory of God. Go thy way; thy soul liveth, for it is Jesus Christ who liveth within you. Go thy way; be not fearful; but rest in the Word and the power of the Son of God. Christ has entered with new life into your heart: go away quietly, restfully, full of praise and joy and trust.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

## REALITY IS THE GREAT EDUCATOR

Life is the Oldest and Best Endowed University in the World.

Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., writes on 'Substitutes for a College Training' in June Ladies' Home Journal, which makes a most acceptable contribution to his series of papers to young men, an especially practical one in supplementing his articles on the value of college training in the May issue of that magazine. Dr. Parkhurst asserts that 'there is a certain keenness and vigor of discipline that can come to a man only as he lives out in the midst of things and becomes himself a part of the world and of the events with which the world is so solidly packed. Those to whom my words are particularly addressed are young men who are anxious to make themselves felt in the world, and to such it needs to be said that we best learn how to do by doing. A sense of opportunity, a feeling of being a part, even a minute part, of the machinery by which the threads of current events are being woven in, works upon us with the power of a fine discipline and a strong inspiration. The stolidity of the burden that is carried helps to solidify the man who carries it. Problems tumble easily apart in the field that refuse to give up their secret in the study or even in the closet. Reality is what educates us, and reality never comes so close to us with all its powers of discipline as when we encounter it in action. In books we find truth in black and white, but in the onrush of events we see truth is busy, and when we are ourselves personally mixed up in its activities, that we learn to know of how much we are capable, or win the power by which those capabilities can be made over into effect. Let no young man, then, of spirit and purpose be dismayed by his inability to attend either college or university. Life is itself the oldest and best endowed university in the world, and will guarantee to its pupils all in the way of vigor, keenness and grasp that they have in them the grace and persistency to acquire.'

## Some Prophecies.

Some eighteen centuries ago a Galilean fisherman is reported to have uttered a prophecy, the strangeness of which is dulled to Christian ears by their familiarity with it and their conviction of its truth. He foretold that the gospel, which he had been divinely—as he believed—commissioned to proclaim, and which he asserted was inextricably blended with and based upon the teaching of the Old Testament writers, would abide forever. After the lapse of more than sixteen hundred years the clearest man in Europe hazarded another prophecy, absolutely antagonistic to that of Peter of Bethsaida. He said that it had needed twelve men to start Christianity on its career, but it would only require one man to destroy it; and he predicted that within a further century the bible would be utterly forgotten. The hundred years which Voltaire allowed for the quiet euthanasia of Holy Writ is fully expired. The growth of solvent forces, or what are occasionally considered to be such, at the present day is a thousandfold more powerful than Voltaire could have conceived it. The distance of time which separates us from the sage of Ferney is no measure of the enormous strides which science and learning have taken in the interval, and from every branch of this added store of intellectual equipment the fiercest light has been focused and concentrated upon the bible. Archaeology and philology, history sacred and profane, all the natural sciences all the ingenuity of scholarship and criticism, have been directed against its authority and integrity, with the result that the bible never before had such a hold on the mind and heart of mankind as it enjoys at the present moment.—'British Quarterly Review.'

## Holy Ghost's Teaching.

The Holy Ghost has come to train us in the school of love. Day by day He leads us into some new lesson as we are able to bear it. And when things seem hard and trying it is just another class in the school of discipline, another opportunity of putting on Christ Jesus and learning either the patience, or the long-suffering, or the gentleness of love. An injured bishop was once complaining to Francis De Sales how a brother had wronged him, lied about him, and tried in every way to defame him; and the good saint listened and assented, saying: 'Yes, my brother, it's very wrong, it's very unkind, it's very unjust, it's very cruel'; and then he added, 'but there is another side to it.' 'But,' said the Bishop, 'do you mean to say that there is any excuse or reason to justify this?'

'Not on his part, my brother, but there is on the other side of the question, a still higher reason for, it

is this; that God had let all this happen to you, and all this to be said about you, to teach you the lesson that is worth more to you than even your good name, and that is to hold your tongue when people talk about you, which it is very evident you have not yet learned.' The good Bishop saw the lesson, and silently received it. Would to God that we might see in everything our Master's hand, our Teacher's lesson, our Father's love. Life should become to us a school of love, and so sweetly perfected in this highest grace that nothing could hurt us, but, above the hand of every enemy we should see the hand of love more richly blessing us, and making even the wrath of man to praise God, and minister to our perfection.—Rev. A. B. Simpson.

## SOCIAL EFFECT OF BICYCLING.

Increases the Round of Pleasures—Knocks Out Rooted Customs.

The skilled cyclist who has developed the proper muscle, and has got rid of the sense of fatigue which haunts the beginner, just as it haunts and daunts the man who is learning to swim, can keep on his bicycle all day, and if his frame is not shaken by a fall, or his temper tried by the pricking of those infernal tires, he will return in the evening with his nerves in perfect order and his limbs as little tired as if he had been strolling for the same time up and down a terrace or a lawn. This means that he can choose friends or do business within half a county, instead of within two villages; and that his powers of locomotion at will are multiplied at least fivefold, or in the case of the really and healthily, eight or ten fold. That is a new freedom, a great multiplication of power for men, and especially for women, who, we notice, enjoy it much more than men do, and contrive somehow to avoid the look of care which is the special mark of the bicyclist; and we shall be curious to note when time has been given for the change to operate fully, what its precise effects are. They will not all be good.

They will probably increase the general happiness, for let the cynic say what they like, I think it is a sweeter life, and pleasant conversation one of the few really enjoyable occupations, but they will impart neighborliness, which rests in a degree, none of us like to formulate upon this sense that we must not quarrel with, or avoid, or even sharply criticize, those among whom it is our lot to live.

The constant habit of the bicycle dissipates the mind just as a constant immersion in society does, and for the same reason—it renders reflection less frequent and less enjoyable. Why think when you can reach a pleasant circle five miles off in half an hour, and with no perceptible fatigue? Let those who doubt that this effect will be produced in the country note the curious increase of the cycle is causing in the habit of meeting at lunch, and indeed in the substitution of lunch for dinner. You can not bicycle back on a dark night with your wife or sister in full dress; but you can lunch at 2 o'clock and cycle back in the cool of the evening with great enjoyment and no danger.

Cycling, in fact, will increase the scattering mobility of country society, to the increase of its pleasures and the loss of much of its steadfastness and quiet. The ancient 'rootedness' of the countryside will be greatly diminished, and we are old-fashioned enough to believe that in that quality was much not only of charm but of utility.—Spectator.

## The Slums in South Africa.

But South Africa as the scene of the worst practical amenity of the British Minister in Mr. Chamberlain's place would have no more show as the result of four months of an active African policy than Mr. Chamberlain can produce to-day. One thing we may, however, be certain of; and that is, no Minister, no matter how imbecile, could have less to show than the trophies which have fallen to the share of Mr. Chamberlain. President Kruger has had the best of Mr. Jameson; he has 'beaten' the Uitlanders; he has 'beaten' Mr. Cecil Rhodes; and now he has 'beaten' Mr. Chamberlain. The net result of four months' attempt to shake the position of the shrewd old gentleman who is said to tyrannize over the Transvaal has been to establish British impotence, to convince Mr. Chamberlain himself that he can do nothing, and to reduce a somewhat high-flying Colonial Secretary to a condition of collapse.—'From "The Progress of the World," in June Review of Reviews.

Hay Fever and Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—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 passage. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness.

'This is so sudden,' said Eve. 'I do not want you to think me mercenary, but what are your financial prospects?' Adam drew himself up a little and said with the quietness of true greatness: 'I own the earth.' The rest is history.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

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The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

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on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

## WEDDINGS IN WALES.

Curious Customs Relating to the Ceremony Which Still Prevail in Some Places.

Many and curious were the old customs in Wales relating to marriage. The following is an account of the bidding ceremony, and old custom which is said to be celebrated even to this day in rural parts of Wales: The bidder goes from house to house with a long pole and ribbons flying at the end of it, and standing in the middle floor in each house he repeats a long lesson with great formality. He mentions the day of the wedding, the place, the preparations made, etc.

The following is a specimen: 'The intention of the bidder is this: With kindness and amity, with decency and liberality for—and—, he invites you to come with your good will on the plate. Bring current money—a shilling or two or three or four or five—with cheese and butter.

'We invite the husband and wife, children and men servants, from the greatest to the least. Come there early; you shall have victuals freshly and drink cheap, stools to sit on, and fish if we can catch them, but if not hold us excusable, and they will attend on you when you call upon them in return. They set out from such a place and such a place.'

## TWO SORTS OF BELLOWES.

The blacksmith stands blowing his fire. What long sweeps he takes with his lever! Now up above his head, now down to his knees. And the fire—how it snaps and roars! The great bellows open wide to suck in the air and then the weights press it out through the nozzle. But suppose some morning the bellows had but three or four inches 'play.' Somebody had tampered with them. Their movement is restricted by a cord or a stick. The bellows have what, in a pair of human lungs, we call an attack of asthma; that is difficult breathing.

For the lungs are a pair of bellows. Their business is to inhale and exhale air. When they work well the blood is supplied with oxygen, which unites with the carbon to make a slow fire, and so keep us warm. There isn't much feeling in the lungs; in that respect they are like the smith's bellows. But when they stop we die; and even when they work badly the owner has trouble right off.

This is happening to people all the time, and among them lately was Mr. W. Stephen, of Bogside Cottage, Rayne, near Inverness, Aberdeenshire. 'My breathing became so bad,' he says, 'I thought I should suffocate.' That was a feeling to scare a man. He consulted a doctor, and the doctor gave him medicines and applied blisters. Inhalations were also tried, but no particular good came from any of these things. Time ran along, as it always does, and Mr. Stephen found himself very, very weak and growing weaker. In fact, as he says himself, he could scarcely move about.

The doctor said his patient had chronic bronchitis. Now bronchitis is an inflammation of the big tubes that lead in among the cells of the lungs. They are like the branches of a bush after you leave the main trunk that stands on the ground. Bronchitis is caused by some long tolerated impurity of the blood suddenly developed by a cold. This may easily set up a derangement of the nerves of the lungs—the nerves of motion—and the lungs partially collapse and we have asthma. So you see the two complaints belong to the same family, and are likely to act together in making mischief. Now let us hear again from Mr. Stephen.

He says his illness began back in June, 1890. At first he merely felt out of sorts, just as the weather seems to feel when it is getting ready to give us a big storm. Outside and inside Nature is quite as good to us as we deserve—she gives notice of the coming evil, but we don't see or we don't care. All the worse for us.

Our friend had no lung trouble at first. His stomach appeared to be at fault. When he ate he almost immediately suffered from pain and tightness of the chest and palpitation of the heart. After this came the bronchitis and asthma. Well, we now quote from a letter dated from his home, August 23rd, 1793: 'After suffering for nine months—all that time not able to work—and no treatment doing me any good, I made up my mind to try a medicine that had benefited my wife—namely, Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I did so, and in a few days I felt better; my breathing was easier, my appetite returned, and I digested my food. Indeed, I was soon as strong as ever, and went back to work. Then my daughter, who had been ill for years, took the Syrup, and a few bottles made her strong and robust. You may print this statement if you wish. (Signed) W. Stephen.'

Now, to sum up: There was nothing the matter with Mr. Stephen's lungs—that is, nothing organic. Both the bronchitis and the asthma were symptoms of his real complaint, indigestion and dyspepsia, which was the source of the impurities mentioned. When the remedy had removed this, and also put his stomach and liver in order, the lungs worked with their natural sweep and power.

So-called lung diseases—even alleged consumption—are nine times in ten merely symptoms of bad digestion and foul blood. Bear that fact in mind.

Mr. York—Don't you have trouble in keeping track of your city limits? Miss Chicago—Yes, but there is a strong movement on foot to abolish them altogether.—Truth.

## TRY

# SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

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

## CAMPBELL'S WINE OF BEECH TREE CREOSOTE CURES OBSTINATE COUGHS.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT HIGHLY. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

## WHISKY FROM POTATOES.

Overproduction Likely to Give Corn an Energetic Rival.

The enormous overproduction of potatoes last summer will probably result in the establishment of potato distilleries in Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, where the tuber can be bought for five cents a bushel or less. Potato whisky is made and consumed on a large scale in Germany and Austria, and every traveller in Ireland is offered a sample of 'potteen.' Few, except the natives, ever have the courage to do more than look at it. However, small quantities of 'potteen' are imported into the United States, and stuff bearing that name, and probably equally as effective as the genuine, can be had in every city.

The American distillers have not experimented much with potatoes. They say the potato flavor is not relished by men used to the Kentucky, Maryland, Pennsylvania, or Tennessee article. A \$20,000 plant is being erected at Manawa, Wis., according to press dispatches, to use up part of the surplus crop of 1895. The venture is being watched by other distillers, and if it proves successful corn will have a formidable rival. It is estimated 297,000,000 bushels of potatoes were sold or housed last year, compared with 170,000,000 bushels in 1894. Many states not specially adapted to potato raising went into the market, and as a result potatoes are now selling here to peddlers at 12 or 14 cents a bushel, and choice stock is going in small lots at 55 cents. It is believed, the planting in 1896 will be less than in 1895, but not in the great potato states—New York, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan, Illinois, and Colorado. If distillers can use potatoes they can always find stock at low prices, as the starch manufacturers do.

## EYESIGHT OF SOMNAMBULISTS.

The Eccentricities of Those who Walk in their Sleep.

The Archbishop of Bordeaux attests the case of a young ecclesiastic who was in the habit of getting up during the night in a state of somnambulism, taking pen, ink and paper and composing and writing sermons. When he had finished a page he would read aloud what he had written; and correct it. In order to ascertain whether the somnambulist made any use of his eyes the Archbishop told a piece of cardboard under his chin to prevent his seeing the paper upon which he was writing. He continued to write without being in the slightest degree incommoded. In this state he also copied out pieces of music, and when it happened that the words were written in too large characters and did not correspond to the corresponding notes he perceived in error, blotted them out and wrote them over again with great exactness.

Negretti, an Italian sleep walker, sometimes carried a candle about with him, as if to furnish him light in his employment; but when a bottle was substituted he carried it, fancying that he had the candle. Another somnambulist, Castelli was found by Dr. Slean translating Italian and French, and looking out words in his dictionary. His candle was purposely extinguished, whereupon he immediately began groping about as if in the dark, and, although other lighted candles were in the room, he did not resume his occupation until he had relighted his candle at the fire. He was insensible to the light of every candle except the one upon which his attention was fixed. The state of the eyes during somnambulism varies considerably. They are sometimes closed, sometimes half closed and frequently quite open; the pupil is sometimes widely dilated sometimes contracted, sometimes natural, and for the most part insensible to light.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## The Deadliness of Fatigue Poison.

Maggiari and Mosso have recently made some experiments as to the nature of the poison engendered by fatigue, which are replete with interest. These investigations together with Wedensky and others, find that if the blood of a fatigued animal be injected into another animal that is fresh and unfatigued, all the phenomena of fatigue will be produced. A chemical analysis shows that this poison is similar to the vegetable poison carare into which some tribes of Indians still dip their arrows. This poison when injected into the blood causes the victim to die in terrible torture. The poison produced by fatigue has many points in common with it, and is as truly a deadly poison. In cases where it is created more rapidly than it can be carried off by the blood, the effect on the whole organism is demoralizing, and possibly to a dangerous extent.

10 cts. Cures Constipation and Liver Ills.—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the most perfect made, and cure like magic, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and all Liver Ills. 10 cents a vial—40 doses.

## ANOTHER GREAT TRIUMPH.

THE BOWMANVILLE NEWS INTER-VIEWS MR. JOHN HAWKENS.

And is Given Particulars of a Nine Years' Suffering From Asthma, From Which He Has Been Restored to Health When His Case Was Looked on as Hopeless.

From the News, Bowmanville.

During the past five years the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have developed into a household word, and from several cases that have come under our personal observation, there is not the least doubt in our minds but that they are a boon to mankind, and in scores of instances have saved life when everything else had failed. The cure of Mr. Sharp, whose case we published some time ago, was one of the most remarkable that we have heard of. Today he is as well as ever he was in his life, and is daily knocking about in all weathers attending to his farm duties. Recently another triumph for Pink Pills came under our observation, and, after interviewing the person cured, he gave permission to make the facts public, and we will give the story in his own words. Mr. John



Hawkins, who resides in the township of Darlington, some ten miles north of Bowmanville, and whose post office in Enniskillen, came to the county from Cornwall, England, some 45 years ago, and up to the time of his sickness had always been a hard-working man. One day, however, while attending his work, he got wet, took a chill and a severe cold followed, which finally developed to asthma. During the succeeding nine years he was a terrible sufferer from that distressing disease and gradually grew so bad that he could not work, frequently spent sleepless nights, and had little or no appetite. Finally he could scarcely walk across the room without panting for breath, and would sit all day with his elbows resting on his knees—the only position which seemed to give him ease, and at one time he never laid down for six weeks. As it was a hardship for him to talk, all he asked was to be let alone. During this time he had been doctoring and had tried nearly everything, and spent over \$100, but got no relief. Finally some one recommended him to take Pink Pills. He thought they could do him no harm at any rate, and procuring a supply he commenced taking them. After he had taken three boxes he found that he was improving, and after taking two more boxes, to the astonishment of all, he walked across the field to the woods and cut up a cord of wood. He continued the pills and took two more boxes, making seven in all, and today is as well as ever was, but always keeps a box of Pink Pills in the house. The neighbors all began to ask him what he had done, as the asthma had left him, and they never expected to hear of him being well again. To one and all he tells that it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that did it, and has recommended them to scores of people since his recovery.

With such wonderful cures as these occurring in all parts of the Dominion it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have achieved a greater reputation than any other known medicine. All that is asked for them is a fair trial and the results are rarely disappointing.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and readily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50¢ a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be 'just as good.'

## Nerve.

Van Pelt—Will you marry me?  
Miss Sears—Not on your life!  
Van Pelt—Would you mind putting it in writing?  
Miss Sears—Why should I do that?  
Van Pelt—Just to decide a bet!