

Sunday Reading.

Bear Thy Cross Cheerfully. Bear thy cross cheerfully. What'er it be, Dream not so tearfully, Waiting to see How dark the waves of life, Their mission bring, Conquest comes but through strife, Conquer and sing.

around Him with their little ones; the dejected sufferers would not have looked trustfully to Him for help; the outcast sinner would not have turned to Him for pardon. We seem to fancy that God made our eyes for tears, and that from some other power came their glad twinkle of merriment or their expression of innocent joy in the midst of social converse.

ASH-BARREL JIMMY.

That was the Nickname of a Once Very Distorted S. A. Officer. I remember hearing General Booth say, in Boston a few years ago, in a public address, that on getting off a train in New York a few days before, an officer in an unusually neat uniform touched his hat to him, and he turned to the American Commissioner and asked who the officer was. He said, 'It is Ash-barrel Jimmy.'

How unworthy.

How unworthy of my immortality do I bear myself and how like a serf of time, when my impatience cannot wait a year for a result, a month for a reward or a week for a promised blessing! Thou dost not blame my ardent desires, dear Father. But with Thee there is no fretfulness. Thou dost live in the successful eternity. Draw me there with Thee, O Thou Prince of Peace and patience!

Is the Acceptance of Christ a Sacrifice?

Many of the expounders of the truth lay a particular stress on the sacrifices which they deem necessary before a seeker can be accepted of God. There was but one sacrifice necessary, and it was offered by God, for the world, when He gave His only begotten Son as a living sacrifice, that those believing in Him might be saved.

A Vision of Duty.

The vision is given to everyone. A distinct call comes. God reveals His purpose to us in various ways. Paul had the heavenly vision and 'was not disobedient.' Ours may not be so brilliant, not so emphatic, as that which startled Abraham. A burning bush for Moses, a fleece for Gideon, the temple call for Samuel, the chariot of fire for Elisha—in these ways God spoke. The call to us may not be so definite, yet as real, it comes. It may not be by overwhelming clouds, by thunder language, by voice from Sinai, not by dew and fleece, nor by blast from some bugler's horn.

Interested in Heaven.

A minister who lost his child asked another minister to come and preach for him. He came, and told him how he lived on one side of a river, and felt very little interest in the people on the other, until his daughter was married and went over there to live, and then every morning he went to the window and looked over that river, and felt very much concerned about that town and all the people there.

Shall we not just let our hearts and affections be act on the other side of the river? It is but a step; it is but a veil; we shall soon be in the other world.—Moody.

Five Reasons For Being Prompt at a Religious Service.

- Workmen are required to begin their employer's work at the proper time. It is our duty to do the same for our Master. For the sake of the example we set before others, especially the unconverted. Out of respect for our pastor, or the person in charge. That we may not give occasion to others to speak evil of our conduct, nor of the cause we represent. That we may not attract the attention of others by our tardy entrance. That we may please God by being diligent in his service.

A Cheerful Face.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking it—the bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not felt its electrifying influence? One glance at this face lifts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope.

Call a Spade a Spade.

There is nothing like calling things by their right names, or perhaps we may say, some new things by old names. The late bishop of Derry once said, when addressing a congregation of undergraduates at Oxford: "You young men are very proud to call yourselves agnostics. It's a Greek word. I don't think you're equally fond of its Latin equivalent, 'ignoramus.'"

Brothers and Sisters.

Brothers and sisters are all the better for sharing one another's studies and games up to a certain point. The girl who can handle a tennis racket and a croquet mallet vindicates her right in consideration. The boys will never speak to her as "only a girl," and she will be all the franker and none the less sweet for a healthy mixture of work and play.

God's Adoptives.

It is only the gazer who, seeing how things turn out for good, thinks, it is no matter what he does or whether he does or whether he does anything. God adopts men's doings, but he does not adopt the men; and the man whom this vision misleads into idleness gives God cause to do against him instead of through him. Only he enters into the glory of God's works who works with God.

Open Toward Heaven.

Keep your heart's window always open toward heaven. Let the blessed light of Jesus' countenance shine in. It will turn to a rainbow. The last receipt is best. It is all very well to say, "Do right and you'll be happy," but there is something more than that needed. We must let the spring of our lives be in Christ, letting His Spirit guide us in all we do.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

A Perfect God.

Men think that God should avert the effect of their foolish and wicked blunders, yet expect to go right on repeating their follies. If God should conform His will to their notions, they would monopolize all His time and service. Because it is written and proven that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Many hard things are spoken against him. But a perfect God makes possible a perfect faith.

One of the Best Ways.

One of the best ways to be loved in a community is to seek its welfare by refusing to hear and retail gossip, by fair, kind, generous and helpful action, by showing respect for others' opinions, by expressing one's own in a polite but firm way, and by discharging duty with courtesy, consideration and fidelity.

On Lower Levels.

We all live on far lower levels of vitality and of joy than we need to do. We linger in the misty and oppressive valleys when we might be climbing the sunlit hills. God puts into our hands the book of life, bright on every page with open secrets, and we suffer it to drop out of our hands unread.—Canon Farrer.

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and Summer Complaint, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for nearly 50 years.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1780. Pure, High Grade Cocoa and Chocolates. 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.

HOW IT WAS DISCOVERED.

The Discovery of Maple Sugar Was Accidental, if the Story is True. It does not appear that any record was made of aboriginal methods of tapping the maple and converting its sap into sugar, nor is the oldest maple old enough to tell us, though it had the gift of speech or significant intelligibility to us.

The true story of the discovery of maple sugar making is in the legend of Woksis, the mighty hunter. Going forth one morning to the chase, he bade Moqua, the squaw of his bosom, to have a choice cut of moose meat boiled for him when he should return, and that she might be reminded of the time he stuck a stake in the snow, and made a straight mark out from it in the place where its shadow would then fall.

This was a labor of love, for the moose skins of the finest deer skin, were for her lord. She became so absorbed in the work that the kook was forgotten till the bark cord that suspended it was burnd off, and it spilled its contents on the fire with a startling, quenching, scattering explosion, that filled the wigwam with steam and smoke.

Happy, she bethought her of the great maple behind the wigwam, tapped merely for the provision of a pleasant drink, but the sweet water might serve a better purpose now. So she filled the kook with sap and hung it over the mended fire. In spite of impatient watching, it presently began to boil, whereupon she popped the ample ration of moose meat into it, and set a cake of pounded corn to bake on the tilted slab before the fire.

The work grew more and more interesting. The central figure, her husband's totem to the bear, was becoming so life-like that that it could easily be distinguished from the wolves, eagles and turtles of the other tribal clans. In imagination she already beheld the moosekins on the feet of her noble Woksis, now stealing in awful silence along the warpath, now on the neck of the fallen foe, now returning jubilant with triumph or fleeing homeward from defeat, to ease the shame of failure by kicking her, in which case she felt herself bearing, as ever, her useful part. So she dreamed and worked, stitch by stitch, while the hours passed unheeded, the shadow crept past the mark, the kook boiled low, and the cake gave forth the smell of burning. Alas! the cake was a blackened crisp, and lo! the once juicy piece of meat was a shrivelled morsel in the midst of a gummy dark brown substance.

She snatched kook and cake from the fire, and then, hearing her husband coming she ran and hid herself in the nearest thicket of evergreens, for she knew that when he found not wherewith to appease the rage of hunger he would be seized with a more terrible one against her. Listening a while with a quaking heart, and catching no alarming sound, but aware instead of an unaccountable silence, she ventured forth and peeped into the wigwam. Woksis sat by the fire eating with his fingers from the kook, while his face shone with an expression of supreme content and enjoyment. With wonder she watched him devour the last morsel, but her wonder was greater when she saw him deliberately break the earthen pot and lick the last vestige of the spoiled cookery from the shards. She could not restrain a surprised cry, and, discovering her, he addressed her: "O, woman of women! Didst thou conceive this marel of cookery, or has Klosskur-Beh been thy instructor?"

TRY SATINS The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., Ltd., St. Stephen, N. B.

Being a woman, she had the wit to withhold the exact truth, but permitted him to believe whatever he would. "Let me embrace thee," he cried, and upon his lips she tasted the first maple sugar. The discovery was made public, and koks of sap were presently boiling in every wigwam. All were so anxious to get every atom of the precious sweet that they broke the koks and scraped the pieces, just as Woksis, the first sugar eater had done. And that is why there are so many fragments of broken pottery and so few whole vessels to be found.

BREAD AND CAKE.

During the reign of Louis XVI, somebody made bold to tell Marie Antoinette that the people of France were suffering from want of bread. "Why don't they eat cake, then?" said her gracious majesty. Her mistake was not unnatural. Her own trouble had ever been to choose between luxuries. Why should not the peasantry once in a while find cake a desirable change from a monotonous diet of bread? Why not, indeed? Poor, proud woman. She was enlightened on that point a little later; but you can read the story in the books.

We were reminded of it, however, by an incident which Mr. William Edwards relates of himself. It's odd what links make up the chain of associated ideas, isn't it? Just about three years ago, Mr. Edwards began to feel out of sorts, as we say. His meals were ready for him, as usual, but he wasn't ready for them. He wanted neither meats, bread, cake, nor any other manner of food. Yet he did eat a bit of something, of course. Still, he was presently sorry for it. For every mouthful punished him as though eating had suddenly become both a sin and a crime. It gave him pains and aches in the chest, and back, away round betwixt the shoulders too, where you wouldn't fancy a trifle of victuals could have any influence.

In a letter written from his home in Queen Street, Botesford, Notts, and dated October 5th, 1893, he says, "I got weaker and weaker; I was hardly able to get about my work. The doctor gave me medicines, but they didn't help me. Then I applied mustard plasters, in hope they would ease the pain, but they only reddened the skin; they failed to get down to the deep places where the disease seemed to be. This is the way it was with me, month after month. Finally, I got so low that my wife and friends concluded that I would never get better at all."

Now we call the reader's special attention to what Mr. Edwards says next: "The doctor," he says, "recommended a change of air." Possibly this may have been in itself not a bad suggestion. On the same principle Maria Antoinette's suggestion that the peasantry should eat cake when they had no bread, was also a good one. But, you see, the peasantry were as destitute of cake as they were of bread, which rendered her advice impracticable.

Exactly. And lots of us who have been in the same situation know perfectly well what that means. If the good doctors could supply their patients with money and leisure to travel, many a sufferer would try a change of air. Alas! however. "In March, 1891," continues the letter, my daughter—who is in service at Barnes Manor—told me how she had suffered, from severe indigestion and dyspepsia, and was completely cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. So I tried it myself and soon felt the good result. My appetite came back. I relished my food; it digested and built me up. The pains and distress abated, and in a few weeks I was as well as ever. Since then my health has been good. But I keep the Syrup on hand for time of need. You're truly, (Signed) William Edwards."

"Better is a stranger near by than a brother afar off," says the proverb. Yes, And better is a medicine that cures you at home than a recommendation which involves your doing an impossible thing. And it is one of the great elements of value in Seigel's Syrup that it cures people right on the spot where they become ill. It doesn't ask them to help it out by taking a trip to Italy or even to the seaside. By using it faithfully the poor dyspeptic (and that covers everything) can presently eat the bread of health, and cake too, if he wants it.

Killing Two Birds. "Aha!" murmured Farmer Furrow, smacking his lips with great gusto "whiskey is a splendid medicine for the influenza and such like!" "But you havn't got the influenza," said his good wife. "I raps not, my dear; but I've got whiskey, and, by George, I'm goin' to get rid of it!"

A Crying Evil. Every Crying evil should be promptly removed. Sick headache is a crying evil affecting thousands of Canadians, which can easily be removed by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters, the best known stomach, liver and bowel regulator and cure for sick headache from whatever cause arising.

FOUND IN OLD SHIPS.

Secret Treasures Hidden No One Knows By Whom or How Long Ago.

The utilization of apparent waste is well exemplified in the breaking up of ships of various kinds, for every nail and every chip are put aside for sale; but in the case of vessels of considerable tonnage, and especially every old cratt, finds both curious and valuable are by no means rare. To give a recent instance, an old wooden vessel that was broken up near Greenwich only a few months back revealed a very curious sight when some old planking in the forecastle had been torn down. Here, nailed up, were the two mummified hands of a negro, and in the palm of each hand, and transfixed by the same nails that held the hands, were two counterfeit silver dollars. The hands had been hacked off roughly.

A year or two ago the breaking up of an old schooner near Sheerness brought to light beneath the inner "skin" of the hull quite an elaborate armament of a very old-fashioned kind, and a friend of the writer's secured, from among the many weapons included, a splendidly made bell-mouthed flint-lock musket, the stock being marked with a representation of arm and leg fetters, and the name "Philip Stepne, Boston, Lincolnshire." The most curious part of this find was a set of books—a privateer's books, evidently—showing the capture of various French vessels. Tied up in a canvas bag 190 guineas in gold were found a year or two back, during the breaking up of an old vessel plying between Birkenhead and New-Brighton. With the money were found, too, a most curious and unique set of foreign playing cards, some loaded dice and three magnificent pieces of amber. All these were found in the false bottom of a wooden bunk. Chambers' Journal.

A Pack of Wolves in Wisconsin.

Forest and Stream correspondent writes from Ashland, Wis., about a pack of wolves that gathered around his camp at night, Magua or Ernest, the Indian guide, was sleeping, when all of a sudden he leaped to his feet and began to pile wood on the fire with a haste that surprised the white man. When the flames were crawling rapidly up through the wood the Indian explained that wolves were down in the swamp howling. The white man wouldn't believe it, as he had not heard anything. The Indian said "you see, pretty quick!" and tethered the horses between the wagon and fire.

Then the wolves came within hearing of the white man, sending chills up his back with their long, undulating howl. The horses shook the tree to which they had been tethered with their violent trembling. Then, suddenly, all was still. The wolves, some of which had come within fifteen paces of the camp fire, sneaked away silently, baffled in their search for horse-flesh by the flames.

Some Beresford Stories.

A laborer once wrote to Lord Charles Beresford saying that his wife had just had twins—a boy and a girl—and he wanted to call on 'Lord Charles Beresford Brown' and the other 'Princess of Wales Brown.' Lord Charles gave his permission, and obtained that of the Princess. Four months later the man wrote again: 'I am happy to inform you that 'Lord Charles Beresford Brown' is well and strong, but that 'Princess of Wales Brown' died this morning.'

Lord Charles is a man of few words, and those very much to the point. Speaking in the house of commons one day, in reference to the Arab slave dealers, he said, with great emphasis: "Mr. Speaker, we ought to catch these men, give 'em a fair trial, and then hang 'em." Unconventional Lord Charles has always been. Receiving an invitation to dinner at Marlborough House one evening, he replied by wire: "Sorry can't come. Lie follows by post."—Strand Magazine.

Korns, Korns.

There are more than one sort of korns. Some korn is planted in the ground and the other sort don't need planting; they grow quite naturally on men's toes and don't need hoeing. This kind of korn has two sorts—one gentle or tender like until Bill Jones steps on your foot, when it gets boiling mad and swears like everything; the other is hard headed and makes a row all the time, especially when your boots are on. I don't like korns, and use the extracting medicine, Putman's painless Corn Extractor, which removes them painlessly in twenty four hours.

A Distinction.

Irate Father—I don't want you to visit my house again, sir. Young Man (affably)—It is not your house I visit, sir, but your daughter.