

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

Bear thy cross cheerfully, Turn to the light, Trustingly, prayfully, Praying a right; This shall thy heart prepare Light shines afar, Guiding thee ever, where Bright waters are.

Bear thy cross cheerfully. Thought it be long; Hope not so fearfu ly, Hope, and be strong. It in thy heart has crept Shadows to be, Faith has a treasure kept Somewhere, for thee.

-Belle G. McAuley

ASH-BARREL JIMMY.

That was the Nickname of a Once Very Dissipated S. A. Officer.

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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 Com. missioner and asked who the officer was. He said, 'It is [Ash-barrel Jimmy.' And this was his story :- 'Ash-barrel was a bright New York boy, but became besotted by rum. He was [brought again and again before the police court, and sent to jail time after time, but all to no avail. He slept in old boxes and ash barrels. One cold night, drunk as usual, he was wandering about seeking aimlessly for some shelter, when he found a barrel partly full of ashes and started to crawl down into it, when he toppled over head first, and actually went off into a drunken stupor with his ragged, half-frozen legs sticking out over the top. The next morning a policeman found him there and heartlessly dragged him by the legs over the sidewalk to the court room where he arrived bruised and bleeding. The Judge looked at Ash barrel Jimmy, and said :- "Well, Jimmy, so you are here again, are you? I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will go down to the Salvation Army Barracks and stay there two weeks, I'll let you off." Jimmy gladly promised, happy to get [off so easy. Out of the court room, down the street, with head and body covered with ashes, rags and blood, he went, till he came in front of the 'Barracks.' A policeman who was standing there shoved him back, asking, 'What do you want here?' But Jimmy said the Court had sentenced him there for two weeks and he must go in. Before the two weeks were up, Asb-barrel Jimmy was converted, and from that day on never drank a drop, but lived a manly, Christian life. General Booth laughingly said on concluding the story, that he thought the time would come when police judges instead of sending drunken men to jail to be hardened in crime, would say to the prisoner, 'You are condemned to spend six months with the Salvation Army, at the expense of the government.' | the temple call for Samuel, the chariot of Now, I contend that what has given the Salvation Army its marvelous power to save men whom the churches have not been saving, has not been really a new process in spiritual gold mining, but a revival of the process illustrated by Jesus Christ himself. In the speaking of General Booth and all the leaders of the Salvation Army, there is constantly present a buoyant enthusiasm, a sangunine confidence, that Jesus Christ is able to save the wickedest men and women. These people succeed where cultivated and rich churches fail, because when they are face to face with the devil, they still believe in God. They adapt themselves to the situation. With absolute confidence in the salvability of every human being, they sally forth with the same kind of heavenly audicity that nerved David to go out to meet Goliath. I would to God that every church in America was animated with the spirit of the Salvation Army. If so, what a golden stream of treasure would pour into the storehouses of heaven, from what have been regarded as the waste-heaps of human life !- Dr. L. A. Banks. The Sunshine of Religion. Our Lord when on earth was not a friend only for dark days. He could stand by the grave of Lazarus and weep with the sorrowful sisters, but He could also be present at the wedding at Cana of Galilee, an honored and welcomed guest. In our deep realization of the solemn mission of our Lord to this sinful world, we are too apt to forget that He came as an image and ex-

around Him with their little ones; the despised 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. Who wreathed the mouth with] smiles that answer to smiles? who made the dimples in the baby's face? who lit the glad, loving light in its eyes as it begins to be aware of the tender care of its mother ? Why will we not re-

member that joy is as much the gift of God as sorrow, and to be as freely accepted in His presence?

How Unworthy,

How unworthy of my immortality do I bear myselt 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 frettulness. Thou dost live in the successful eternity. Draw me there with Thee, O Thou Prince of Peace and patience! By daily proofs of thy loving kindness, by the unfolding of thy wise designs, by matchless surprises of Joy, shame me from my distrust. Remind me that tomorrow holds Thee, even as today, and holds, therefore, all of today's beauty and strength and joy. Teach me that Thy postponement of happiness always enlarges it, if I will be enlarged by the delay. Convince Thine impatient child that a thousand years of waiting for a blessing do not impair the blessing, be_ cause Thou are not impaired. Grant me the faith that exults to be tested and the peace that is not in bondage to any event.

- Amos R. Wells.

Woodington.

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. We may give our time, our money, or even our life, and yet the giving of any of these things cannot be called a sacrifice on our part, inasmuch as by thus giving God what rightfully is His own, He, according to His promise, gives us in return everlasting life. Weigh in the scale of justice a life, a mortal, whose destiny is death, whose end is eternal punishment, and, sgain, a life, immortal, whose end is everlasting happiness, and tell me if it is a sacrifice to give a handful of dust, molded into the shape of man, for a life of immortality, at the right hand our Father in heaven .- By R. A.

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1896.

Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. There is no mistaking itthe bright eye, the unclouded brow, the sunny smile, all tell of that which dwells within. Who has not fel; its electritying influence? One glance at this face lilts us out of the mists and shadows into the beautiful realms of hope. One cheerful face in the household will keep everything warm and light within. It may be a very plain face, but there is something in it we feel, but cannot express; and its cherry smile sends the blood dancing through the veins for every joy. There is a world of blessed magic in the plain, cheerful face, and we would not exchange it for all the soulless beauty that ever graced the fairest form on earth.

A Cheerful Face.

Calla Spade a Spade.

There is nothing like calling things by their right names, or perhaps we may say ome new things by old names. The late bishop of Derry once sail, when addressto call yourselves agnostics. It's a Greek word. I don't think you're equally fond of its Latin equivalent, 'ignoramus.' Language, we know, ts frequently misused to conceal thought, sometimes it hides the ing to the chase, he bade Moqua, the squaw want of thought. When a man does not know a thing he calls himself, or it, by a meat boiled for him when he should return, long name which sounds wise, but means and that she might be reminded of the time nothing practically."

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. hung it over the fire. Then the sat down The boys will never speak to her as "only on a bear skin, and began embroidering a a girl," and she will be all the franker and pair of moccasins with variously dyed pornone the less sweet for a healthy mixture | cupine quills. of work and play. Good comradeship between brothers and sisters is a thing much to be desired it saves the girls from lord. She became so absorbed in the work prudery and the boys from boorishness, that the kokh was forgotten till the bark sweetens the nature of both, and acts by cord that suspended it was burndd off, and restraining everyone from doing or saying it spilled its contents on the fire with a what would be shameful in the eye of the startling, quenching, scattering explosion, "other side."

God's Adoptions.

It is only the gazer who, seeing how things turn out for good, thinks, it is no HOW IT WAS DISCOVERED.

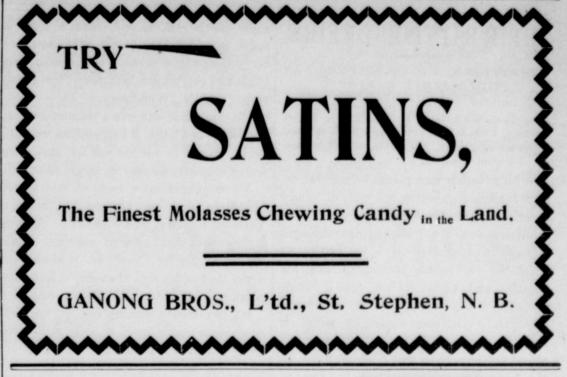
The Discovery of Maple Sugar Was Accidental, if the Story is True. It does not appear that any record was made of aboriginal methods of tapping the maple and converting its sap into sugar, nor is the oldest maple old enough to tell us, though it had the gift of speech or signmaking intelligible to us. We can only guess that the primitive Algonquin laboriously inflicted a barbarous wound with his stone hatchet, and with a stone gouged out a place for a spout, so far set ing the fashion, which was long followed by white man, with only the difference that better tools made possible. Or we may guess that the Indian, taking a hint from his little red brother, Niquasese, the squirrel, who taps the smooth-barked branches,

broke these off and caught the sap in suspended vessels of birch bark, than which no cleaner and sweeter receptacle could be imagined. Doubtless the boiling was done in the earthen kokths, or pots, some of ing a congregation of undergratuates at which had a capacity of several gallons. Oxford : "You young men are very proud According to Indian myths, it was taught by a heaven-sent instructor.

The true story of the discovery of maple sugar making is in the legend of Woksis, the mighty hunter. Going forth one mornof his bosom, to have a choice cut of moose

he stuck a stake in the snow, and made a straight mark out from it in the place where its shadow would then fail. She promised strict compliance, and, as he departed, she hewed off the desired tidbit with her sharpest stone knife and, filling her best kokh with clean snow for melting,

.This was a labor of love, for the moccasins of the finest deer skin, were for her that filled the wigwam with steam and smoke. She lifted the overturned vessel from the embers and ashes by a stick thrust into its four-cornered mouth, and when it was cool enough to handle she repaired it



Being a woman, she had the wit to withhold the exact truth, but permitted him to believe whatever he wou'd.

'Let me embrace thee,' he cried, and upon Lis lips she tasted the first maple sugar.

The discovery was made public, and kokhs of sap were presently boiling in every wigwam. All were so anxious to g tevery atom of the precious sweet that they broke the kokhs 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 est 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 inc.dent 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 became both a sin and a crime. It

For this reason Mr. Edwards did what

would never get better at all."

Now we call the reader's special a'ten-

ion to what Mr. Edwards says next." The

Exactly. And lots of us who have been

"In March, 1891,' continues the letter,

"Better is a stranger near by than a

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 especiallof every old craft, 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 to counterfeit silver dollars. The hands had been hacked off roughly.

A year or two ago the breaking up an old schooner near Sheerness brought to light beneath the inner "skin" of the hull quite an elaborate armament of a very oldfashioned kind, and a triend 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 bacs, dur-

FOUND IN OLD SHIPS.

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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, 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 overhanging clouds, by thunder language, by voice from Sinai, not by dew and fleece, nor by blast from some bugler's horn. But it comes-comes in the quiet song, the spoken prayer, the falling tear, the sudden danger the pulpit message. It comes through the earnest look upon a struggling life, a beseeching throng. It comes through a long faithful, prayerful look upon the forces of society about us.

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. 'Now.' said he. "I think that as this child has crossed the river, heaven will be much dearer than ever it has been before.'

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 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 parson in charge. That we may not give occasion to others to speak evil of our conduct, nor of the That we may not attract the attention of others by our tardy entrance.

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 oper toward heaven. Let the blessed light of Jesus' countenance shine in. It will turn to a rainbows. 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 e fect 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 | ing her, in which case she felt herself bearare spoken against him. But a perfect | ing, as ever, her useful part. So she dream-God makes possible a perfect faith.

One of the best ways to be loved in 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, considerateness and fidelity.

On Lower Levels,

We all live on tar 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 Farrar.

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentry 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.

with a new bail of bark, and the kokh was gave him pains and aches in the chest, sides, and back, away round betwixt the ready for service again. But the shadow shoulders too, where you wouldn't fancy a of the stake had swung so far toward the trifle of victuals could have any influence. mark that she knew there was not time to melt snow to boil the dinner. any of us would have done; he ate just as little as possible. But this course soon Happily, she bethought her of the great

proved unsatisfactory; for, without ademaple behind the wigwam, tapped merely uate nourishment, he was sure to lose for the provision of a pleasant drink, but strength. This happened. the sweet water might serve a better pur-In a letter written from his home in Queen Street, Bottesford, Notts, and dated Ocpose now. So she filled the kokh with sap tober 5th, 1893, he says, "I got weaker and hung it over the mended fire. In spite and weaker: I was hardly able to ge of impatient watching, it presently began about my work. The doctor gave me medto boil, whereupon she popped the ample icines, but they didn't help me. Then I applied mustard plasters, in hope they ration of moose meat into it, and set a cake would ease the pain, but they only redof pounded corn to bake on the tilted slab dened the skin; they failed to get down to before the fire. Then she resumed her the deep places where the disease seemed embroidery, in which the sharp point of each to be. This is the way it was with me. month after month. Finally, I got so low thread supplied its own needle. that my wife and friends concluded that I

The work grew more and more interesting. The central figure, her husband's

totem to the bear, was becoming so lifelike that that it could easily be distinguishdoctor," he says, "recommended a change of air." Possibly this may have been in ed from the wolves, eagles and turtles of itself not a bad suggestion. On the same the other tribal clams. In imagination she principle Marie Antoinette's suggestion. already beheld the moccasins on the feet of her noble Woksis, now stealing in awful silthat the peasantry should eat cake when they had no bread, was also a good one ence along the warpath, now on the neck of But, you see, the peasantry were as desthe fallen foe, now returning jubil nt with triumph or fleeing homeward from detitute of cake as they were of bread, which rendered her advice impracticable. feat, to ease the shame of failure by kicked and worked, stitch by stitch, while the hours passed unheeded, the shadow crept a draper, and could not leave my business. past the mark, the kokh boiled low, and in the same situation know perfectly well the cake gave forth the smell of burning. what that means. It the good doctors Alas! the cake was a blackened crisp, could supply their patients with money and and lo ! the once juicy piece of meat was a leisure to travel, many a sufferer would shrivelled morsel in the midst of a gummy dark brown substance. try a change of air. Alas! however.

She snatched kokh and cake from the my daughter-who is in service at Barnsfire, and then, hearing her husband coming she ran and hid herselt in the nearest on Manor-told me how she had suffered, from severe indigestion and dyspepsia, and thicket of evergreens, for she knew that when he found not wherewith to appease was completely cured by Mother Seigel's the rage of hunger he would be seized with Syrup. So I tried it myself and soon telt the good result. My appetite came back. I relished my tood; it digested and built a more terrible one against her. Listening a while with a quaking heart, and catching me up. The pains and distress abated, no alarming sound, but aware instead of an and in a few weeks I was as well as ever. unaccountable silence, she ventured forth and peeped into the wigwam. Since then my health has been good. But

I keep the Syrup on hand for time of need. Woksis sat by the fire eating with his Your's truly, (Signed) William Edwards.' fingers from the kokh, while his face shone with an expression of supreme content and brother afar off," says the proverb. Yes. enjoyment. With wonder she watched him And better is a medicine that cures you at devour the last morsal. but her wonder was home than a recommendation which ingreater when she saw him deliberately break the earthen pot and lick the last volves your doing an impossible thing. And it is one of the great elements of value vestige of the spoiled cookery from the shards. She could not restrain a surprised cry, and, discovering her, he addressed

Italy or even to the seaside. By using it faithfully the poor dyspeptic (and that

'Aba!' murmured Farmer Furrow, smacking his lips with great gusto 'whiskey is a splendid medicine for the influenzy and such like!"

'But you havn't got the influenza,' said his good wife.

'P r'aps not, my dear ; but I've got whisk-

ing 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 magnifi cent pieces of amber. All these were found in the false bottom of a wooden bunk. Chambers's Journal.

A Pack of Wolves in Wisconsin

A 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 whiteman wouldn't believe it, as he had not heard anything. The Indiau 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 Similarly there was an obstacle in the of the camp fire, sneaked away silently, way of our triend's taking his doctor's adbaffled in their search for horse flesh by vice. He puts it thus : 'I am a tailor and 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 one '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 ou tht to catch these

men, give 'em a fair trial, and then hang

Unconventional Lord Charles has always been. Receiving an invitation to dinner at Marlborough House one evening, he reask them to help it out by taking a trip to plied by wire :

'Sorry can't come. Lie follows by post.'-Strand Magazine.

Korns. Korns.

There are more than one sort of korns. Killing Two Birds. 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 nntil Bill Jones steps on your foot, when it gets boiling mad and swears like everything; the other is hard headed and makes a row ey, and, by George, I'm goin' to get rid of it!' 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 pain-A Crying Evil. lessly in twenty four hours. Every Crying evil should be promptly re-moved. Sickheadache is s crying evil A Distinction. affecting thousands of Canadians, which can easily be removed by the use of Bur-dock Blood Bitters, the best known stomach, it my house again, sir. Irate Father-I don't want you to visliver and bowel regulator and cure for sick Young Man (affably)-It is not your headache from whatever cause arising. house I visit, sir, but your daughter.

covers everything) can preaently eat the kur-Beh been thy instructor ?' bread of health, and cake too, if he wants Established 1780. Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE. HIGH GRADE

in Seigel's Syrup that it cures people right on the spot where they became ill. It doesn't 'O, woman of women ! Didst thou conceive this marel of cookery, or has Klose-

One of the Best Ways.

love. The morose Christian is not likely to be bidden to feasts where his presence is only a gloomy shadow, and his countenance a threatening cloud. We may be sure that even in His holy purity this was cause we represent. not the impression made by Him whose "compassions are new every morning." There was sunshine about Him, or That we may please God by being dilithe mothers would not have thronged gent in his service.

pression and embodiment of the God of

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