

Sunday Reading.

TOTHER AND WHICH.

Tother and Which were two little kittens, but which was Tother and which was Which no one knew but Mollie Johnson.

Tother and Which and Mollie were a good deal alike besides being black. They were all three round and fat and jolly, and full of play.

Everybody used to laugh at the virtues Molly discovered in Tother above those belonging to Which.

One day Molly woke up from one of her cosy naps to hear voices from the window near her, and as she stroked Tother she heard above the lazy, contented purr of the kitten the voice of Dr. Ryder.

Then Molly heard a great deal about helping them by self-denial. What was self-denial, Molly wondered? She knew she did not have any, but she wished she had.

Molly's woolly head did more thinking in the next half hour than it had ever done before, and the precious pennies were looked at over and over again.

Molly had understood that the next day, at church, Dr. Ryder would preach, and a collection would be taken up for his missionary work in Africa.

There was a smile passing over the big church when after the sermon had commenced, a funny little figure wearing a red hood and wrapped up in Mammy's big shawl.

Every one smiled—who could help it? The kitten stretched up its head, gave one little mew, and then curled down in the basket.

Now a most unheard of thing happened. He stepped to the edge of the platform and said, 'Which kitten is it, Molly?' and when Molly answered, 'Tother,' such a speech he made about what self-denial might mean, and what it had meant to one little girl! Molly did not understand what he

was talking about, but she saw the baskets taken up and carried around again. After church more than one hand was laid on her head, and Master Tom said she had preached the best missionary sermon he had ever heard.

But Molly did not know what he meant. 'Sunday School Times.'

NEITHER WAS THE SON.

A Father was not interested in Good Work and he was Punished.

Some years ago I approached a man of means, asking him to help the Young Men's Christian Association in the town where I lived. It was a modest effort—to be one of a hundred men to give ten dollars a year.

IT IS WHAT WE DO.

Not What We Say That will help to Shape the Lives of Others.

It is not what we say as much as what we do, that will bring others to Christ. 'We must preach as we walk.' Many of the best sermons are sermons without words.

Believe Also in Me.

There is no journey of life but has its cloudy days; and there are some days in which our eyes are so blinded with tears that we find it hard to see our way, or even read God's promises.

The Art of Silence.

We must check the angry word before it rises to our lips. St. Alphonsus Liguori says that the infallible rule for preventing angry speech is to keep absolutely silent until our anger has quite subsided.

time and thought to the correction of the tongue. Here is another old maxim:

If wisdom's ways you'd truly seek, Five things observe with care. Of whom you speak, to whom you speak, And how, and when, and where.

But there are many who will tell us how and when and where to speak; what we learn for ourselves is the art of silence—the most inoffensive of all arts.

The Life of the Soul.

No man can measure the life of the soul in the coming eternity, nor set a limit to its growth and expansion. No man can prophesy of the celestial glories which will dawn upon it from age to age along the track of that great future.

Duty in Faith.

The natural poetry of which every man is possessed, and which finds its clearest expression in his religious faith, can be suppressed for a time—but never destroyed.

Walking With God.

'Walking with God' means to be in accord with His purposes, to be directed by His holy will. In a certain sense these words are to be taken literally, for they convey and are impressed of God's imminence that can be expressed in no other way.

Never Lost.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost, that the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done, that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Repentance.

The act of repentance is the undoing of a man's regret. Repentance comes after seeing the truth. You cannot feel rightly unless you see rightly. It is astonishing how much power is in the assertion of the gospel, the sinner's conversion comes from what the mind sees.

Destroying Hope.

Hope is an element of man's spiritual life. It is a function of health. It has to do with the health of the body. But, as man grows on the side of his manhood, hope has its deeper roots in the moral life.

Follow Him.

Follow after Him, though it may be at an immeasurable distance. Follow Him in His long endurance and His great humility. Follow Him with a bold and cheerful spirit in the happy and glorious victory which He had won over sin and death; and in the end thou shalt find in Him the true communion and fellowship which He only can give.—D. an Stanley.

THE STRUGGLING YOUNG AUTHOR.

His First Accepted Article a Disappointment to Him in Print.

'I told you a few days ago, you may remember,' said the struggling young author, 'about how I had sold an article, my first, and I was waiting for the pleasure of seeing it in print. I had been waiting then about six weeks, buying the paper every week, and I didn't know but what the publisher was saving it for the Christmas number, or something of that sort. But he wasn't; it's been printed. I've seen it in print; but it was a disappointment after all.'

'It was a good little article, if I do say it. It contained an idea, and I had wrought it with care; and I had constructed for it a head that was in keeping with it. And I had signed a name to this article. To that name I had devoted a great deal of thought, and I hoped to make it famous.'

'Apart from the fact that the article was mine, its acceptance was a source of gratification to me for quite another reason. I had sent to the same publisher a dozen articles before, which had been uniformly returned. The acceptance of this article, which was easily the best thing I had sent, showed not only that the manuscripts submitted were read, but also that here they were read with care and discrimination by men who knew a good thing when they saw it, a qualification I am constrained by circumstances to believe not held by mankind in general. It was gratifying to see business conducted in that manner; so that from whatever point of view I looked at it, the acceptance of this article was a source of pleasure to me. But now mark the disappointments involved in the printing of it.'

'The article itself was as I wrote it, and of course I was pleased with that; but my heading was gone and another was put in its place. The new head was brief and vigorous. I concede that willingly, but I don't think it was so good a head as mine; and the name, my pet signature, to which I had given so much thought, was gone entirely. I didn't know first but what it might be on the back or around somewhere and I looked over on the next page for it, but it wasn't there, it wasn't anywhere; it was just clean gone.'

'Well, do you know it hadn't even occurred to me that the article might not be printed just as I wrote it; and when I first saw it, just for the moment it kind of dazed me. Here was this article which I had so hoped would be the first gem in my literary crown. Simply used as a single on another man's horse. But I know my shingle, it the public don't; and there's some satisfaction in that.'

A CRIPPLE FROM RHEUMATISM.

Cured by a few Doses of South American Rheumatic Cure—Miraculous but Fact.

Mrs. N. Ferris, wife of a well-known manufacturer of Higgle, Ont., says: 'For many years 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 use South American Rheumatic Cure. To my delight, the first dose gave me more relief than I had had in years, and two bottles have completely cured me.'

LONGS TO BE A SLAVE.

A Southern Negro Who Wants to go into Bondage Again.

Some of the letters that Mayor Thacher gets are curiosities in their way. People from out of town who wish to find out anything in the city of Albany invariably write letters to the mayor. It doesn't make any difference what the information desired relates to, the mayor, they think, ought to know.

A letter was received from a negro away down South, who, Mr. Monahan says, has been dead for 30 years—not literally a corpse, but diseased as far as his grip on hustling, progressive 19th century was concerned. This man believes that slavery is still an institution in this great land, and is ignorant of the glorious fact that the master's whip hasn't cracked for 30 years.

He never heard of the President's proclamation, never knew that the North had whipped the South, and that a million lives had been sacrificed to free the slave. In his letter to the mayor this colored man asked to be brought South and sold back into slavery. There is no question that he and longed again for the irresponsibility from self-support of slavery days, which he thought still flourished in the South.—Albany Argus.

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured For 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures tetter, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barbers itch, ulcers, blotches, and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like a magic in the cure of all baby humors; 35 cents.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1780. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocos and Chocolates. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup.

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

AURORA ON THE YUKON.

The Unwarming Light Flashes on Frozen Rivers and Great Snow Banks.

During the winter months the aurora on the Yukon is very brilliant, and intensely beautiful. It commences early in the fall, and lasts, with more or less brilliancy, throughout the long Arctic winter. It generally commences upon the setting of the sun, although in mid-winter it has sometimes been so bright that it was visible at noon while the sun was shining brightly.

The whole phenomena of waving wreaths, flickering flames, rays, curtains, fringes, bands, and flashing colors, the strange confusion of light and motion, now high in the heavens, then dropping like curtains of gold and silver lace, sparkling with wealth and rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds, penetrating dark gulches and darting through sombre green forests, lighting the whole landscape as with a thousand electric lamps, form a picture of which words can convey but a very poor idea.

This unwarming light, as it flashes along the frozen rivers, the great banks of snow, and reveals the huge mountains of glistening ice and black lines of fir, indeed is of the purest Arctic cast, and causes one to button his coat closer over his chest, and with a shiver he is glad to seek a light of less brilliancy, but one of life giving warmth.

At the breaking up of winter the hours of sunshine are rapidly increasing, and continue so until midsummer, when the sun beams forth twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, while on the high mountain peaks it is for a period of several days in June not entirely out of sight during the twenty-four hours. During the months of July and August the weather becomes very warm, and even hot, and miners are glad to seek a shady retreat in which to do their labor.

TAKEN WITH SPASMS.

A Collingwood Resident Tells How South American Nerve Cure Cured His Daughter of Distressing Nervous Disease.

The father of Jessie Merchant of Collingwood tells this story of his eleven-year-old daughter: 'I doctored with the most skilled physicians in Collingwood without any relief coming to my daughter, spending nearly five hundred dollars in this way. A friend influenced me to try South American Nerve Cure, though I took it with little hope of it being any good. When she began its use she was hardly able to move about, and suffered terribly from nervous spasms, but after taking a few bottles she can now run around as other children.' For stomach troubles and nervousness there is nothing so good as South American Nerve Cure.

A Keenly Problem.

Fond Wife—'What are you worrying about this evening?' Husband (a young lawyer)—'An important case I have on hand. My client is charged with murder, and I can't make up my mind whether to try to prove that the deceased was killed by some other man, or is still alive.'

WHY THEY DO NOT PASS.

Kidney Disease Prevents Hundreds of Apparently Healthy Men From Passing a Medical Examination for Life Insurance.

If you have inquired into the matter you will be surprised at the number of your friends who find themselves rejected as applicants for life insurance, because of kidney trouble. They think themselves healthy until they undergo the medical test, and they fail in this one point. South American Kidney Cure will remove not alone the early symptoms, but all forms of kidney disease, by dissolving the uric acid and hardening substances that find place in the system. J. D. Locke of Sherbrooke, Que., suffered for three years from a complicated case of kidney disease and spent over \$100 for treatment. He got no relief until he used South American Kidney Cure, and he says over his own signature that four bottles cured him.

NOT KNOWING WHAT ELSE TO DO.

To save ourselves trouble and suffering by learning from the experience of others—that is the wisdom of history. Otherwise every generation and every man and woman therein, would have to begin back where their ancestors did. Every soul of us has to learn the alphabet for himself; but after that he can read and benefit by what others have written. Is that idea plain as peas in a split pod? Yes. Well, then, let us see whether it has anything to say to the facts set forth in the following letter:—

'After my confinement,' writes a woman, 'in August of last year (1893), I could not get up my strength. My food did not seem to be of any use to me. In some way I was ill, but I could not give a name to the ailment. My tongue was swollen and thickly coated, and I was constantly spitting out the thick phlegm which gathered in my throat and mouth. No matter how little food I took—even a morsel—it gave me great pain at the chest and sides; and sometimes it would dart through to my back between the shoulders.'

'Often I would be sick, and have and strain until I got so weak I couldn't put my foot to the ground. People said I was in a consumption, and I had little hope of getting better. I was so nervous that the least noise would startle and upset me. Those who called said it was pitiable to see the condition I was in.'

'I saw two doctors who gave me medicines, but I only got worse. At the end of October (1893) I came by a small book telling about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and, not knowing what else to do, I sent to Mr. Baxter, the druggist, Brockhouse, and got a bottle. After I had taken it but a few days I was better. I could eat something, and it stayed on my stomach, and the pain was less severe. As I took dose after dose of the Syrup the improvement went on, all the bad feelings abated, and I gained strength. It wasn't long before the cough was quite gone, and I was well and strong as ever.'

'After my recovery, a neighbour said to me "Mrs. Redhead, you have made my heart sad many times when I saw you so bad." "Thank you," I replied, "and I was sad enough myself, but Mother Seigel's Syrup has made me glad again, for it has given me back my good health." 'And in thankfulness for it I am very willing you should publish what I have told you (Signed) Mrs. Mary Jane Redhead, 73, Peter Street, Blackburn, April 4th, 1894.'

We congratulate Mrs. Redhead, and tender our regards to the kind-hearted neighbour who was so sorry for her. But what a pity that Mrs. R. didn't know in August what she learned in October—namely, that her disease was indigestion and dyspepsia, and that Mother Seigel's Syrup is a cure for it; some folks say the only cure. Well, we suppose she had to wait her turn to find that out. There's a deal of mystery about these things. Anyway, she knows now, and the printing of her story will enable lots of other sufferers to begin where she left off. They won't take the Syrup as she did, not knowing what else to do, but they will take it the very day they fall ill, knowing that to be exactly the right thing to do.

Royalty Out Hunting.

The Prince of Wales is a great hunter of partridges, the hand raised birds that have to be clubbed up and stoned to make them fly from men. The way the Prince bangs over the soft birds is a caution. He has several guns and a couple of men in a blind with him to load the weapons. Shooting in this fashion the Prince kills several hundred birds before noon. Recently he and a party of friends succeeded in bagging in a single morning 2,000 of the partridges, and in the afternoon they got a thousand more.

Like the Prince, the German Emperor does nothing in a half way. William 11. has better opportunities than the Prince of Wales. Instead of shooting a thousand or so of little birds the Emperor goes on a grand hunt after big game, and shoots birds between the rushes of the deer and like beasts. The Emperor has the game laid out in lines between which he may walk and inspect the carcasses, and the lines are numerous. Three hundred or so of roe deer, dozens of wild boars and stags, and hundreds of birds make a respectable bag.

Horse Dealer—'I warrant this horse sound and kind.' Possible Buyer—'How about speed?' 'Speed? Well, I'll tell you. Old man Grimes died the other day—died rich, you know—and it was understood that his will was to be read at the house after the funeral was over. Well, sir I was out on the road with this horse that day, and hang me if I didn't beat the Grimes family back from the cemetery.' N. Y. Weekly.