Sunday Reading.

TOTHER AND WHICH.

Tother and Which were two little kit teus, but which was Tother and which was Which no one knew but Mollie Johnson Tother and Which and Mollie were all three as black as could be. Tother and Which were blacker than Mollie, but that was not her fault, for she was just as black ss she could be. But then little girls cannot be as black as kittens can be.

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. They would run races by the hour, and they would all cuddle down in some warm spot and all three go to sleep a funny little black jumble. As I said, Mollie alone knew Tother from Which: but if you met her with one kitten tucked under her arm, and the other tagging along at her feet, and asked her which kitten she was carrying, her eyes would grow round with surprise at a question which showed such lack of appreciation, and she always answered gravely, with a closer squeeze at the kitten under her arm, 'Tother, course.

Everybody used to laugh at the virtues Molly discovered in Tother above those belonging to Which. Tother's eyes were prettier, she lapped her saucer of milk more neatly, and she had a gentler purr not that Which was not a nice kitten, 'Cept Tother, she's the nicest kitten there is!' was Molly's opinion.

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, a returned missionary who was staying at the home of her mistress, and even little Molly's heart was stirred as he told of the sorrows of the children in the land he came from. When Molly understood that the children he was talking about were like her, little children with black skin, two tears were blinked out of her eyes, and wiped away with Tother for a handkerchief.

Then Molly heard a great deal about helping them by self-denial. What was selfdenial, Molly wondered? She knew she did not have any, but she wished she had, for the loving little heart wanted to help. How could she ever get some? She had only two pennies, which young master Tom had given her the day before to buy candy. Molly knew just what kind she meant to buy, just as soon as she would be allowed to go to the store-one stick of mint and one of winter green. How Molly's shining teeth did love to bite into a stick of candy! But she would do without the candy, she really would, even the mint stick, to buy some self-denial to send to the poor little children-if two pennies would buy it!

Just then Miss Lucy came around the house, and to her Molly put the puzzling question; 'What's self-denial?'

'Oh!' was all Molly said when told, that self-denial meant giving up for the sake of some one else what you wanted yourself.

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. At the end of the long thinking spell Molly squeezed Tother so hard she mewed as the little girl whispered, 'I'll do it, Tother! Think of the poor little childrens.'

Molly had undertsood that the next day, at church, Dr. Ryder would preach, and a collection would be taken up for his missary work in Afr ca. She had often been at the colored church with 'Mammy,' so she knew all about collections.

There was a smile passing over the big church when, after the sermon had commenced, a funny little figure wearing a red and wrapped up in Mambig shawl, one end of which trailed behind, walked the entire length of the church, and sat down alone in a pew at the very front. But Molly's solemn eyes saw nothing funny in it. A great deal that was said she did not understand; but when the preacher spoke of self-denial Molly nodded brightly. She knew, and she had some; she was going to put it into the collection basket. But when the basket was passed at the close of the sermon it was not carried to Molly's pew. For a moment she sat still as she saw it set down in front of the pulpit. Sliding down from her seat the little girl, in her trailing shawl, trudged up to the basket, and reaching up, dropped into it, one at a time, two pennies. Then unwrapping a corner of her shawl, reached up again and put into it a little black kit- its sweet strains amid the pauses of a ten, and gravely walking back, climbed storm: 'Let not your hearts be troubled:

The kitten stretched up its head, gave one little mew, and then curled down in the basket. In the midst of the smiles, Do Ryder rose, and, though he smiled too. there were tears in his eyes.

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 than the speech of hasty temper, and we he made about what self-denial might must especially guard ourselves from this mean, and what it had meant to one little | ugly foolish habit of thoughtless chatter.

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

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. With a haughty curl of his lip, seemingly disgusted with such work, he said: 'No, I have nothing to give; I do not see that I am interested in such work.' I didn,t see that he was either, so I hastened from his office. About a year after, I was invited to speak to the boys in the State Reform School. Some four hundred filed into the room-four hundred incorrigibles, some of them decidedly bad, vicious, a brute heredity-bound to spend their lives in prison, perhaps some to reach the gallows. I was singularly attracted to one boy, about sixteen, whose appearance indicated something better and stronger-out of all proportion to the multitude of boys about him. He was taller than the rest, and looked as though he was out of place. The superintendent, seeing my interest, said quietly. 'You appear to be drawn towards that boy yonder; you would be surprised to know whose lad he is.' After some hesitation he said, 'He is the son of one of your rich men inhis father is not able to do anything with him. He has been here several times, and is now likely to stay here for a long season.' And his father wasn't interested in such work as the Young Men's Christian Association was doing !- Rev. W. H. Geist-

IT IS WHAT WE DO. Not What we Say That will help to Shape

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. Francis Assisi one day stepped down into the cloisters of his monastery. and said to a young monk, 'Brother, let us go down into the town to-day and preach. So they went forth, the venerable father and the young man, conversing as they went. Along the principal streets, around the lowly alleys, to the outskirts of the town, and to the village beyond, they wound their way, returning at last to the monastery gate. Then spoke the young Monk, 'Father, when shall we began to preach?' 'My child,' said Francis, looking down kindly upon the young man, 'we have been preaching ; we were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen, looked at; our behaviour has been remarked, and so we have delivered a morning sermon. Ah, my son,' continued the saintly man, 'it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach, unless we preach as we walk.' In this way we may all be preachers; in this way we must all walk if we would win souls. Paul said, 'For me to live is Christ.' Wherever he went men saw Christ mirored in his character, his disposition, his conduct, his temper. We must be Christ to those whom we would win for

Christ.-Mrs. G. A. Paull. 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. Those days that have a bright sunrise followed by sudden thunder-claps and bursts of unlookedsorrows are the ones that test certain of our gracee the most severely. Yet the law of spiritual eyesight very closely resembles the law of physical optics. When we come suddenly out of the sunlight into a room even moderately darkened, we can discern nothing; but the pupils of our eyes gradually enlarges until unseen objects become visible. Even so the pupil of the eye of faith has the blessed faculty of enlarging in dark hours of hereavement, so that we discover that our loving Father's hand is holding the cup of trial, and by and by the cup becomes luminous with glory. The fourteenth chapter of John never falls with such music on our ears as when we catch ye believe in God, believe also in me. I Every one smiled-who could help it? will not leave you comfortless.'-T. L.

The Art of Silence.

We must check the angry word before it rises to our lips. St. Alphonsur Liguori says that the infallible rule for preventing angry speech is to keep absolutely silent until our anger has quite subsided. Babbling, tattling talk does even more mischief girl! Molly did not understand what he All the wiseheads seem to have given some time and thought to the correction of the tongue. Here is another old maxim:

If wisdom's ways you'd truely 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 ho and ween and where to speak; what we learn for ourselves is the art of silencethe most inoffensive of all arts. Silence induces thought, speech scatters it. Gay preserved a wise motto in easily remembered rhyme:

> My tongue within my lips I rein, For who talks much must talk in vain.

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. But the spirit comes to all this only by the pathway that leads through the dark valley, and 'over the river.' Death alone strikes off its fetters and opens the doors of its prison house and brings it the freedom of new birth and larger growth. 'It cannot be quickened except it die--but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' The old body perishes in order to give place to the new birththere is a natural body and there is a spiritual body; how be it that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual.'

Duty in Faith.

The natural poetry of which every man s possessed, and which finds its clearest expression in his religious faith, can be suppressed for a time-bnt never destroyed. The endeavors of an Ingersoll may bring forth consternation and apprehension in the minds of such who undertand not | ing of it. the innate emotional life of man. The labors and teachings of an Adier may arouse all the agents of doubt and skepticism, but for how long? So surely as seek its level, so surely will the repressed and suppressed, voices of human heartultimately come out anew, ringing into every ear the tidings of comfort and salvation, the messages of hope and trust, the sublime lessons of "Duty in Faith."

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. It is of the religion that thus represented the relations between God and man, of which it is sometimes said that it lacks those emotional traits that the human heart needs in its gropping towards the divine. Yet, despite this intimacy in one direction, Israel's faith maintained with absolute clearness the impassable boundary between divinity and humanity.

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, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. It was such an influence that led a young Greek 2,000 years ago, when he heard the news of Marathon, to exclaim: "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep."-James A.

Repentance.

The act of repentance is the undoing of 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. If knowledge be wrong, emotion is useless. The difference between cultivation and knowledge is we know not when it comes .- Bishop Hurst.

Destroying Hope.

Hope is an element of man's spiritual 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. It feeds on the infinite. Cut the infinite out of mas life, shut away then' sky, mark a border to the possibilities of the universe, and you would kill hope.

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 can give .- Dean Stanley.

THE STRUGGLING YOUNG AUTHOR. His First Accepted Article a Disappoint. ment 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 articles, which was easily the best things 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 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 print-

of coures 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 but it wasn't there, it wasn't anywhere: it was just clean gone.

'Well, do you know it hadn't even cccurred to me that the article might not be saw it, just for the moment it kind o' dazed me. Here was this article which I had so hoped would be rhe first gem in my literary crown. Simply used as a shingle some satisfaction in that.'

A CRIPPLE FROM RHEUMATISM.

Rheumatic Cure-Miraculous but Fact. Mrs. N. Ferris, wite of a well-known manufacturer of Highgate, 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 found it impossible to live in the North, and longed again for the irresponsibility trom self-support of slavery days, which he thought still flourished in the South .-Albany Argus.

Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured For

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 communion and fellowship which He only | magic in the cure of all baby humors; 35

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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 rays of the light first shot forth with a quick, quivering motion, are then gathered by circumstances to believe not held by and form a great arch of fire spanning the beavens. It glows for an instant like a girdle of burnished gold, then, unfolding, great curtains of light drop forth. These royal mantles of bright orange, green, pink rose, yellow, and crimson are suspended and waved between heaven and earth as with an invisible hand. The rapid gyra-'The article itself was as I wrote it, and | tions and scintillations of light and blending colors are intensely bewildering and superbly beautiful.

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 and I looked over on the next page for it, gold and silver lace, sparkling with wealth and rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds, penetrating dark gulches and darting through sombre green forests, lighting printed just as I wrote it; and when I first | the whole landscape as with a thousand electric lamps, form a picture of which This unwarming light, as it flashes along on another man's house. But I know my | the frozen rivers, the great banks of snow, shingle, if the public don't; and there's 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 brillniacy, but one of life giving

> 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 twentyfour, 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. After this period the hours of sunshine gradually decrease until during the shortest days, the sun ahines but four hours out of the twenty-four. But at this period the aurora driving darkness from that dreary land. The thermometer goes down to 70° below zero in winter, but the atmosphere is very dry, and consequently the cold is not so perceptible as one would imagine .- Alaska of mystery about these things.

> > TAKEN WITH SPASMS.

Collagwood Resident Tells How South American Nervine Cured His Daugh-

ter of Distressing Nervous Disease. The father of Jessie Merchant of Colling wood 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 Nervine, 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 Nervine.

A Knotty 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

WHY THEY DO NOT PASS.

man, or is still alive."

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

If you have inquired into the matter you friends who find themselves rejected as ap- and hundreds of birds make a respectable plicants for life insurance, because of kid- bag. ney trouble. They think themselves healthy until they undergo the medical test, and they fail in this one point. South A- sound and kind.' Possible Buyer-'How merican kidney Care will remove not alone the early symptoms, but all forms of kidney dizease, by dissolving the uric acid and hardening substances that find place in the | died rich, you know-and it was undersystem. J. D. Locke of Sherbrooke, Que. stood that his will was to be read at the suffered for three years from a complicated case of kidney disease and spent over \$100 for treatment. He got no relief until he I was out on the road with this horse that used South American kidney Cure, and day, and hang me if I didnn't beat the he says over his own signature that four Grimes family back from the cemetery.'-

NOT KNOWING WHAT ELSE TO DO

To save ourselves trouble and suffering by learning from the experience of othersthat 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 heave and strain until I was quite sore. Then, again, a pain would take me in the stomach and cut through me like a knife. I had a dry, hacking cough which never left me, and sweat terribly at night. The cough was so bad that I often had to hold my sides when I had spells of it.

Nearly every bit of flesh went off my bones, and 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 east 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 ing about Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, Mr. Baxter, the druggist, Brookhouse, 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

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-nameis very intense, and helps very materially in | ly, that her disease was indigestion and dyspepsia, and that Mother Seigel's Syrup is a cure for it; some tolks say the only cure. Well, we suppose she had to wait her turn to find that out. There's a deal

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 dar 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

Like the Prince, the German Emperor does nothing in a half way. William 11. has better opportunties 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 will be surprised at the number of your of roe deer, dozens of wild boars and stags,

> Horse Dealer-'I warrant this horse about speed? 'Speed? Well, I'll tell you. Old man Grimes died the other dayhouse after the tuneral was over. Well, sir N. Y. Weekly.