

# Sunday Reading.

## VESTED CHOIRS OF WOMEN.

Episcopal Churches Returning to Female Voices After Having Tried Boys.

The introduction of women into the vested choirs of Episcopal churches of New York and other cities has awakened general interest among both clergy and laity. With the rapid increase in the number of boy choirs throughout the country came a corresponding decline in the demand for women's voices, until it almost seemed as if they would ultimately be driven out of the choir of every Episcopal church. Something of a reaction appears to have taken place, and women have to a considerable extent regained their old position in the services of the church, but under changed conditions.

From a musical point of view, strong arguments can be advanced for the retention of female voices. Where the musical services are of a high standard boys, some choir masters say, can never successfully be substituted. The great composers of sacred music have written little that is adapted for boys' voices. To Haydn, Handel, Beethoven, Gounod, Schubert, and a host of others, boy chorists were strangers. It is necessary to turn to the English school to find compositions suitable for boys' voices, and here the field is limited. Then, too, it is argued that allowing that a composition is within the compass of a boy's voice, there is still lacking that intelligent conception of the score which comes only with mature years. While once in a decade is heard a voice of exquisite beauty coupled with the musical intelligence of an adult, such as the famous Cooker, Blatchford Kavanagh, or Harry Brandon possessed, the average boy sings in a flippant, immature way, totally unsuited to the proper and devotional rendering of church music. Many organists will admit that boys have never met the requirement of an artistic musical service, and for this reason hail with delight the prospect of the return of the women, at least as soloists.

Some fifteen years ago the church of St. Mary the Virgin in New York began employing women as soloists, having the boys for chorus work only. The former were not vested, but wearing a blue veil upon their heads, were placed, not conspicuously, back of the chancel arch. This innovation was followed by other churches and proved a complete success. This may be termed the beginning of the movement in this country for the restoration of women to a place in the music service of the church although it is said that the earliest choirs of vested women were heard at Birmingham, England, and in Australia, at Melbourne.

At the present time in New York choirs of vested women are heard at St. Bartholomew's, one of the wealthiest churches of the city, St. George's, All Souls', and others. In some churches the women are robed in the traditional cassock and cotta, while in others the singers wear a black gown with white surplice and a small cap on the head. Occasionally an Oxford cap is worn. A few churches, principally in suburban districts, have installed choirs of women in the chancel, without vestments. Some choir masters hope that this custom will not become general. There is something incongruous to them in a varied array of bonnets and dresses, and singularly out of keeping with the surroundings. Propriety would seem to demand some appropriate habiliment, and possibly some garment more appropriate to femininity than the cassock and cotta, which will not trespass upon churchly traditions, may yet be devised. While the new movement has the approval of high ecclesiastical authority it is bitterly opposed by a strong section of the clergy, and even Bishops have raised their voices against what they consider a practice violently out of keeping with the traditions of the Church. Bishop Doane of Albany recently said:

"If women are to sing they ought not to be in the chancel, but outside of it, and they ought not, in the interest of all propriety, personal and ecclesiastical, to be in the dress of men and boys, the cassock and cotta being just as much articles of male attire as coats and trousers."

It is reported that Bishop Starkey of New Jersey prohibited the appearance of a choir of vested women in his diocese. Bishop Nicholson of Milwaukee is a bitter opponent of the vested women. He is recently quoted as saying:

"Aside from the grave impropriety of the matter, a growing evil, we fear in certain places, there arises the practical objection of the illegality of the practice in the eyes of the civil law."

In spite of these outspoken views the movement is gaining ground and enlisting ardent supporters among both clergy and laity. It is significant that at the service on ascension day at Trinity Church, when Beethoven's Mass in C was rendered by the full choir and orchestra, the solos were entrusted to women. Trinity was one of the first churches in this country to adopt a boy choir, and when this stronghold of the English cathedral service surrenders to

the women, the importance of the event cannot be disregarded.—N. Y. Sun.

## A Pentecostal Baptism.

The experience of Peter shows how utterly different a man is before he gets a Pentecostal baptism and after he gets it. The man who could not stand the questionings of a servant-maid before he got this power, dared to be crucified after he got it. I may just say that here is the great cause of the decline of so many who begin well. 'Ye did run well,' we might truly say of thousands in this land today. 'Ye did run well.' They begin in the Spirit, and then, as the Apostle says, 'They go on to be made perfect by the flesh.' How is this? Because, you see, the Spirit puts before every soul this walk of full consecration and whole-hearted devotedness to God, and instead of being obedient to the heavenly vision, the soul shrinks back and says, 'That is too much—that is too close—that is too great a sacrifice!'—and they decline, and instead of giving up a profession and going back into the world (there would be ten times more hope of them if they did this), they cling on to their profession and kindle a fire of their own, and walk in the sparks they have kindled. But He says He is against them, and 'they shall lie down in sorrow.' People must have a God and a religion. They will have one, and when they shrink from the true one and will not follow the divine counsel, then they make one for themselves, and a great many of them go to sleep and never wake again. They go out of the world comfortably under the influence of narcotics, and they never wake. They die deceived; or, if they do awake, we know what sort of an awakening it is, and what sort of a death-bed theirs is.—Mrs. Booth.

## Babylonian Tablets.

The recent Church Congress at Norwich, England, has pondered over the archaeological discoveries of the last year, and come to conclusions that will startle the believers through thick-and-thin. Prof. Booney, Canon of Manchester, declares: "I can not deny that the increase of scientific knowledge has deprived parts of the earlier books of the Bible of the historical value which was generally attributed to them by our forefathers. The story of the creation in Genesis, unless we play fast and loose either with words or with science, cannot be brought into harmony with what we have learned from geology. Its etiological statements are imperfect, it is not so often inaccurate. The stories of the flood and of the Tower of Babel are incredible in their present form. Some historical element may underlie many of the traditions in the first eleven chapters of that book, but this we can not hope to recover."

It is the Babylonian and Assyrian tablets that have stirred up this discussion.

## Reverence for the Bible.

There is a sin prevalent in our households of which we take little note, which, in fact, we encourage either by an indifference to it or by an active participation in it. It is the sin of irreverence for the word of God for the purpose of making riddles, conundrums, puzzling questions, anagrams, etc., out of it. If we really believe in the divine origin of the Bible, can it be right to give it to children that they may construe its words into odd connections and make sport and laughter and mental legerdemain from its pages? It is likely they will reverence on other occasions what has previously been food for their amusement? It is not, and we need not be astonished if the boys and girls who have been permitted to turn the leaves of their Bibles for pastime and entertainment turn them in after years to find pretext for their infidelity.—Amelia E. Barr in Ladies' Home Journal.

## Systematic Giving.

In the collection of missionary funds the systematic plan is the best. To appeal to a congregation once a year, and take what may be spontaneously given, is to trifle with a solemn duty. Every Christian should first find an answer to the question, 'How much owest thou unto thy Lord?' and then he should decide in what way the trust fund can be best administered—that is, how he ought to divide it among the various religious and benevolent objects within his reach, so much for missions, so much for the church, so much for the poor, and so on. To go upon the principle of giving something to a good cause if we happen to have it is not the right way of dealing with the Lord's money.—Missionary Outlook.

## Being Content.

When those hours come upon us in which we yearn for the wings of a dove that we may fly away and be at rest, let us strive to overcome our sadness by the cheering influence of hope, let us go to God for that 'peace that passeth understanding,' and thus change the burdens of life into blessings. There is no sorrow which may not in this way be alleviated, no wound that may not by this balm be healed. In doing so we will indeed be

carried away from your sorrows and trials to a condition of Holy rest in God. This is after all the great blessing. 'Being content, the poorest man is rich; while he who counts his millions hath little joy to be other wise.'

## OLD BOATS AND COLLISIONS.

When the Crash Comes It Is Usually the Better Ship That Goes Down.

"Did you ever notice," said an old mariner, "that when a collision occurs on the lakes, the better boat, in nine cases out of ten, gets the worst of it, and generally goes to the bottom? On the other hand, the old boat, for in a great many instances it is an old boat, receives little damage, if any."

Take for instance, the sinking of the Lehigh Valley Iron Cayuga, which collided with the steam Joseph L. Hurd, and was sunk in Lake Michigan, near Skillegale Light. The Cayuga was one of the best steamers on the lakes, and worth about \$200,000. The Hurd was an old lumber barge, which had been condemned once and then rebuilt, and worth almost nothing.

At the time of the collision there was a heavy fog. Fog banks are peculiar things to run up against, and rattle many a Captain. This was the case with the command of the Hurd. The right signals had apparently been given, but with hardly a minute's warning, the Hurd took a sheer and struck the Cayuga amidships. The Cayuga went down in about five minutes, and the Hurd made for the land, which was not very far off, where she was beached. She was leaking quite badly. Temporary repairs were made and she was then towed to a dry dock. She came out again later in the season and ran in the lumber trade on Lake Michigan. The Cayuga, however, is still at the bottom, lying in about 101 feet of water, and her chances for remaining there are very good.

Let me cite you another instance where the better boat was sunk by an old one—well, I won't say she was old, for she had not been in commission very long. She was called the Jack. Her first feat that brought her before public notice was when she collided with one of the locks in the Welland Canal. Navigation was delayed for several days by the accident. The next prominent feat that she accomplished was to sink the big steel steamer Norman, which was owned by the Menominee Steamship Company. She sank her in the middle of Lake Huron, and in deep water. In fact it has been a mystery where she did go down, for they have never been able to locate her. She was worth about \$200,000. The Jack sustained little damage, and was soon in commission again. Now there are two boats which were worth about \$400,000, and both were sunk by boats which could be bought for \$20,000, and that would be a big price for them."

## A LITTLE HERO.

How Pugsey Got a Good Position in the Engine Room.

Rugsey, told about in Harper's Round Table, was black, and it would have been a difficult matter to discern him in the dark tunnel of the mine were it not for the little flickering lamp he carried, and his occasional "Go long there, Lazzybones!" that he addressed to his patient mule. Rugsey drove a tramcar through the tunnels of a coal-mine and all his little life was wrapped up in the mule, the miners, and the click of their picks. But Rugsey is a hero, and the way he became one is best told as he describes it:

"You see, boss, it wuz jes like this. De mule an' I wuz er workin' up toward de upper gallery on de steep grade when Ise herd a rumblin'. Ise knew what dat meant. One of dem trams had slipped de brake, an' wuz er comin' down de grade mighty fast. Tell yer boss, Ise wuz er scared little tigger. Way down de grade, in de narrow part, der wuz er lot er men wunden' de tunnel, an' Ise knew de car wolden't be dem befo' dey could outen de way. Ise hit ol' Lazzybones er smash wid de whip, an' he, he! dat wuz funny! He niber felt it dat way befo', yer see. He gib er an awmighty kick, an' started pullin' like mad. Yer see, der wuz a switch back a short bit ahead er me, and er blind sidin' ran offen it. If Ise could get der befo' de tram got der, Ise could throw de switch an send her plum into de wall at de end o' de sidin'. But, boss, I's mos' frightened; dat rumblin' was growin' louder an' louder, and Ise spect dat Ise would be too late. Ise could see it er comin', an' ol' Lazzybones saw it, an' he done gone an' balked, a thing he never done befo'. Ise jumped off de car an' ran as fast as Ise could to de switch. It wuz stiff, an' Ise tugged at it till de car wuz on me. Ise felt a smash, an' Ise knew de switch turned but somethin' hit me. Say, boss, when Ise come to dey had me up to de surface an' all de whole crowd er miners wuz up der, too. Day cheered like der sees' lection-tions. I wuz hurt bad, but Ise been a hero er sense, and de foreman gib me a job up here in de engine-room."

## Origin of the Word "Teetotaler."

This late Rev. Joel Jewell, of Troy, Pennsylvania, is said to have originated the word 'teetotaler.' The story goes that at a public temperance meeting in Hector, New York, in 1828, he introduced into the pledge the letters 'O. P.' for 'old pledge,' which pledged against distilled liquors, and 'T.' for 'total,' including both distilled and fermented liquors. When names were being taken a young man in the gallery, said: 'Add my name and a 'T.' for I am a 'T.-totaler.' Mr. Jewell adopted the word in speeches and writings. Some four years later an Englishman named Dick Turner employed the word, and its origin has also been claimed for him.

## Between two Fires.

Friend—Why didn't you ever marry? Maiden Lady—Because by the time my relations thought I was old enough to marry the men thought I was too old.

## UPON STAYING FROM CHURCH.

Sunday as a Day of Rest and Obstacles in the Way of Churchgoing.

If some one would write a book on "How to Get People to Go to Church" it would fill a great want. Not such a very long felt one, perhaps, but one which is steadily growing. The chances are that it would find its way to the shelves of almost every ministerial library in New York—provided its advice was guaranteed to bring success. Churchgoing is on the decrease and, quite naturally, the ministers realize the fact more deeply than any one else does. But the people who don't go to church realize it, too. They used to be made to feel that they were ostracized by a certain portion of the community. They feel this no longer. There are too many of them. One can't ostracize everybody. There even seems to be a falling off in the desire to regard them as beyond hope of redemption. Staying at home on Sunday is not looked upon nowadays as one of the cardinal sins. That was the reply made to a Sun reporter the other day when he asked one of the army of absentees why he didn't go to church.

"After all, there isn't any eleventh commandment, is there?" said the stay away. "Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to go to church" might have been put in the Decalogue; but, you see, it wasn't! If it had been put that way we couldn't have followed the latter part, in my opinion, at any rate, without taking another day for a day of rest. Why do you call the churchgoers' Sunday 'a day of rest'? I know the whole programme. Get up in the morning and have breakfast; spend an hour in dressing, for it is the day for putting on new suits and all that sort of thing; take a long street car ride or walk to church; get a headache from the bad air or a cold from the draught or a backache from the seats; perhaps you hear a good sermon; yes! but you could have read something much more uplifting and inspiring at home. You have left the children there because they cannot sit through the service, and they are to go to Sunday school in the afternoon.

You get home just in time for dinner, which has to be rushed a little so that the children won't be late. Maybe you go yourself to Sunday school, and so you take them along with you and have a glimpse of them on the way. Then they go into their classes to pinch each other and fidget, while you teach your own pinching and fidgeting class. Or perhaps you enter the Bible class and get into a heated argument on some theological question, and at the close of the hour you are tired and nervous, you hate yourself and your neighbor, too. You reach home after a little walk. It is after 4 o'clock. You always write to your mother, or your married sister, or some inevitable relative on Sunday, so you take this time for that duty. From 5 to 6 you have a comparatively free hour. Then comes the Sunday night supper, which your wife prepares because the servants are allowed to go after dinner. Possibly at 7 o'clock you turn up at church again, ready for the Christian Endeavor meeting, and after that comes the evening service. Your wife has stayed at home with the children. When you get home the youngsters are in bed and asleep, and your wife is sleepy herself. You say, 'Well, I must get up early in the morning, and I'm awfully tired tonight!' so off you go to bed, and that's the end of your day of rest.

"Now, isn't that a beautiful programme? I'd rather be a cyclist and literally scorch along the hot and dusty streets, with at least the prospect of a few hours with good Parson Greenfields and the hope of a healthy night's rest at the end of the day, than pass such a day of rest."

"But you needn't go from one extreme to the other. Why can't you go to church at least once during the day?"

"I can."

"Well, why don't you?" "Because of one thing this Sunday, and another thing last Sunday, and something else the Sunday before. You don't suppose my life has no variety? I've almost as many reasons as there are Sundays. In the first place Sunday doesn't come in the right place in the week. If Sunday came on Monday, I think I should hear a sermon every week. I like a good sermon, especially when it coincides with a good preacher, which isn't as often as one could wish. But anybody that has done a year or so of brain work all the week long is in no condition to go to church and sit through a sermon Sunday morning, unless, of course, he absolutely wants to. But after my Sunday rest and change, why I'm just ripe for church when Monday morning comes. I wouldn't like anything better than an hour and a half of the quiet and the music and the good preaching. The hush and sort of primness of it all would be respectful on Monday morning, although they make me horribly nervous on Sunday. No, things ought to be moved. Sunday ought to come on Monday."

"You mean that you would like a holiday Saturday for recreation and then you would be willing to go to church on Sunday."

"Oh, put that that way if you prefer! It's all the same thing! I suppose I should go to church often if there was a minister near me that I enjoyed hearing. It is all right to say that you ought to go to church to show respect to God, not to the preacher. I take a different view of the matter. I think that it is a minister is tedious, irritating, fatiguing, I am not bound by any law of God to go and 'sit under him' once a week. Also, if the minister who does inspire me and help me is so far away that it tires me and takes half of my one hour day, on which the Lord did command me to rest, to go to hear him. I think it is my duty to stay away."

"But don't you do other things that tire you as much or more?" "Perhaps I do sometimes, but not often. For instance, I work all week with my brain—such as it is. Well, then, I think I am doing a good thing 'and worthy to be praised' (you see I have forgotten every-

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thing about a church service) in going for a long tramp in the country or the park. If I get all tired out physically, so much the better! I sleep like a top. I forget to add interminable columns of figures and calculate discounts and compare signatures. I have rested in the very best way for me. Perhaps the man who corrects gas bills or peddles shoestrings may prefer to sit down by the window and 'loaf and invite his soul.' That's probably what he needs, and it does, why perhaps there isn't any better reason for his having it. Of course, I don't think it would hurt him to go to church once in a while, but I reckon he'll have to work out his own salvation, and I don't think church going would do the whole job.

"Now, you take a shop girl, or a seamstress, or a clerk in a store, or a bookkeeper, or a host of other working people. You don't need to think twice to see why they don't go to church. People say, 'But you can surely afford to give an hour out of the week to the Lord.' That's very deluding. What the facts call for is a half of your one free day, and one has not provided that it is given to the Lord any more than it is same time at home, or in the park, or in the country would be. And you'll find plenty who think as I do, that the day at home or under the trees and sky is quite as capable of being devotional."

"But do you think the people who go off to Coney Island and—  
"There, there! stick to the question! You asked me why people don't go to church. You didn't ask me whether I thought a man ought to go to church or go to a carnival or a comedy—which wouldn't be half bad—or a race, or a prize fight. And I didn't start out by saying that the worst way any one could put in a Sunday would be going to church. I was simply telling you why I don't go myself—al-ways.—N. Y. Sun.

## THE TRIUMPHANT TRIO

The Three Great South American Remedies—Absolute Cures for Kidney, Rheumatic and Stomach Diseases—Thousands of Grateful Citizens All Over Canada Bear Testimony.

Not one medicine doing the work of the other, but each doing its own work, without a single failure. The keynote of the success of the South American Remedies is that they strike at the seat of disease in every case.  
Take South American Kidney Cure. It is not a medicine that trifles with the patient, as is done in many cases where pills and powders are prescribed. Kidney disease arises from the clogging of the filter-like parts of the system that constitute the kidneys. Only a liquid can dissolve these obstructions, and such is South American Kidney Cure. Adam Soper, of Burke's Falls, Ont., suffered terribly from kidney disease, and treated with the most skilled physicians. His words are: "I did not obtain any relief until South American Kidney Cure was used. It fitted my case exactly, giving immediate relief. I am now a cured man, and believe one bottle of the remedy will convince any one of its great work."

Many false notions exist in regard to rheumatism. Outside applications may temporarily relieve the pain, but the blood must be purified if a permanent cure is to be effected. This is what South American Rheumatic Cure does. Mrs. Pailips, sr., Hamilton, was completely crippled with rheumatism. She procured a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure, and says: "It is without doubt the quickest relief for rheumatism I have ever seen, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers of this disease."

It is a scientific fact that many derangements of the system emanate from the nerve centres at the base of the brain. South American Nervine cures stomach and nervous troubles because it acts immediately on the nerve centres at the base of the brain. South American Nervine cures stomach and nervous troubles because it acts immediately on the nerve centres. J. W. Dinwoodie, of Campbellford, Ont., says: "I do not hesitate to say that South American Nervine is the best medicine I have ever taken; it completely cured me of nervous prostration and the attendant diseases of the liver and stomach that follow this weakness."

In Chicago. Undertaker—Here, this won't do; where is the sixth pall bearer? "He is—er—that is, he is proposing to the widow."

## THAT MASTERFUL YANKEE.

The writings of Mark Twain are full of instruction as well as humour. Possibly you have read that wonderful story of his called 'A Yankee at King Arthur's Court.' The hero is a skilled mechanic, the foreman of a great factory in America. He is accidentally killed, as we would say; but, instead of getting his body deposited in the grave, as happens to the most of us, he comes to life again, and finds himself at the Court of King Arthur in England in the sixth century, 1,800 years before he was born. That was a time of deep ignorance and superstition; people were but children then. So with his knowledge and his nineteenth century training he soon becomes master of everybody and everything. He controls the government and runs the whole country—exactly as a college professor would be superior to all the children if he should take it into his head to join a class at a parish school. Now let us see what this idea may mean to you or to me.

In the autumn of 1873 Mr. James Murphy of 49, Townsend Street, Dublin, had a severe attack of rheumatic fever, and was under treatment at the Sir Patrick Duane's Hospital for three months. Then he left the hospital, but not the man he met there the disease fell upon him. Afterwards he was never free from it. For a while he would be comparatively well, then down on his back again. It would depend on the weather and other circumstances, you see.

Of his worst times he speaks in this way: "My ankles and feet were hot and painful, and would often swell to three or four times their natural size. Occasionally the pain extended to the hips, and I had to be swathed in wadding from the thighs down to the ankles. In this way—now able to get about a-d now confined to my bed—I suffered for over seventeen years. The joints of my fingers and toes became displaced, or seemed to be so."

We don't need to point out what a crippling sort of thing makes of a man. If he were wounded and torn in battle or by machinery he couldn't be worse off. Yet the number of people thus disabled is immense, and while rheumatism is peculiarly the disease of adults and old persons, the young (even children) do not escape it. If the disease were only understood—but let us not get ahead of our story.

"At Christmas, 1890," continues Mr. Murphy, "I had a dreadful attack, and was confined to bed for seventeen weeks."  
This took him clear through the rest of the winter and one month of spring up to the first of May. What a dreary, miserable season it must have been! There is no merry Christmas or jolly coming of the buds on the trees for a man in that situation. Still it might have been prevented if he had known then what he found out later.

"All this time," he goes on, "I was in the greatest agony. I couldn't move myself in bed, and finally got so bad I couldn't lift my hand to my mouth, and had to be fed like a baby. Night after night I got no sleep, and often wished myself dead. As for work, I thought I should never do a stroke again. The doctor who attended me gave me medicines, but I seemed none at all faith in rubbing oils and embrocations; I had spent pounds for them without benefit."

"One day, whilst still suffering great pain, I came upon a book telling how cases like mine had been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Not knowing what else to do I bought a bottle of Mr. Mannin, the chemist in Brunswick Street. After taking this medicine a day or two I had less pain, and was able to leave my bed, and Fourteen days later I had not an ache or a pain of any kind, and got back to my work. Since that time—now two and a half years ago—I have had no return of my old complaint. I never felt better in my life than I do now and I thank God that I ever heard of Mother Seigel's Syrup. You are at liberty to publish my statement. I have been in the employment of Mr. Robinson, coal merchant, for the past ten years. Yours truly (Signed), James Murphy, Dublin, June 23rd, 1895."

The mysterious American at King Arthur's Court was powerful because of his knowing what nobody else knew. Had Mr. Murphy known years before that rheumatism is caused by impurity of the blood, and that Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cures it, he could have defied and banished that agonising ailment. We print these facts in order that his present knowledge may also be everybody's knowledge.