

# Sunday Reading.

## His Father's Rebuke.

It was said of Admiral Farragut that he could preach as well as he could fight. One of his men said: "When he prays, he prays as if all depended on God, and when he fights he fights as if all depended on himself." There was a time, however, when Farragut was neither manly nor religious. How the changes came about, under a reproof from his father, is thus narrated in 'Turning-Points in Successful Careers.'

"Would you like to know how I was enabled to serve my country?" said the admiral to a friend. "It was all owing to a resolution that I formed when I was ten years old. My father was sent to New Orleans with the little navy we then had, to look after the treason of Burr. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of men—I could swear, drink, smoke and gamble. At the close of dinner, one day my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me:

"David, what do you mean to be?"

"I mean to follow the sea," I said.

"Follow the sea?" exclaimed father. "Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign climate."

"No, father," I replied; "I will tread the quarter-deck and command as you do."

"No, David; no boy every trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have, and such habits as you exhibit. You will have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man."

"My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke and overwhelmed with mortification. A poor, miserable drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath, never drink another drop of intoxicating liquor, never gamble. And as God is my witness I have kept these three vows to this hour. Shortly afterwards I became a Christian, and that act settled my temporal, as it settled my moral, destiny."

## The Teacher's Personality.

How important it is that youthful minds should learn to appreciate the beautiful in the life around them and through forceful habit intuitively love the best when they see it! Yet this selecting of the 'beautiful' and 'best' is not natural to the untutored mind; hence, the importance of careful culture on the part of teachers, especially during the formative period when the child is so susceptible that he may be said to take on the color of all he meets, or, more truly, all he loves. How important, therefore, that he should be trained to cultivate 'proper loves and proper hates,' to love the pure, lovely, and of good report, and to hate all 'appearance of evil.'

How a child's life may be brightened and sweetened by being guided in righteous paths and beside the still waters! Ah! who can estimate what errors may thus be avoided and what an endless chain of good influences may be set in motion?

Theory and beautiful thought are not sufficient to realize our ideals, these must be crystallized in action, else the beauty vanishes and the ideals become stumbling, not stepping stones. Do we not oftentimes feel the words of Shakespeare to be sadly true? 'I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.'

We feel ourselves handicapped by our own imperfections. We cannot conscientiously ask another to be what we are not, or do what we are not willing to do. We must be greatly good ourselves, else we cannot greatly influence for good. We may conceive high ideals of life and point them out to others, but it is not the 'go up,' but the 'come up higher,' higher along with me—and not only this in words, but by nobility of life—that truly uplifts.

It is not what we say, but what we are, that potentially speaks and gives momentum to our actions and charm to the life.

Thus realize that we cannot effectively teach more than we are, how wise our innermost thoughts should be, how jealously guarded lest they defile and belittle that inner temple, that higher self to which all else in life should be subordinated!

## In the Dead of Night.

It may be a little trying to a tired father or mother to be awakened in the dead of night by a fretful little youngster, who insists that he "wants a jink" when you are quite sure that he does not really need nor want it. It is aggravating to have to get up and go scurrying around in the cold and darkness to get the "jink," and you are apt to say something harsh and impatient to the little lad or lassie when the water has been brought.

It is annoying to have the baby awaken and cry for a full hour in the dead of night, when there is apparently "no earthly reason" while the child should do so. It is hard to be gentle and patient, and you are apt to say things that you do not mean. You may even be moved to give the child a shake or two, or even a slap, and you don't feel very sorry when this causes increased yell.

You can be gentle and patient, perhaps, if you know that the little one is really ill, but even then it is not easy to get up in the dead of night, and you are ready to confess that children are a great care. You think that you wouldn't mind the trouble they make in the daytime if they would only be good at night.

But there is a trouble that sometimes comes in the dead of night that far outweighs the trouble the baby may have given you. It is when the little crib in the corner of the room is empty. It is when the little voice that once awakened you in the dead of night awakens you no more because the baby lips are closed in death. This is a trouble so real, so genuine, so grievous that your pillow is wet with tears as you lie in the darkness and stillness, thinking of the little one that will trouble you no more in this life. Your heart aches and your empty arms long for the child that once troubled you so in the dead of night.

## The Bishop and the Cobbler.

A certain old bishop, who was fond of finding odd characters in out-of-the-way places, was visiting in a quiet neighborhood. One day, in a walk with a friend, he came across a cross road settlement of a few houses. Among them was a snug little shoe store kept by an old negro man, which showed signs of prosperity, interested in that old cobbler, the bishop stopped for a chat.

"My friend," he said, "I would not think so small a business as mending shoes would pay you so well."

"Ah," said the old gentleman with him, "Old Cato has the monopoly of shoemending in this district. No one else gets a job."

"How is that, Cato?" asked the Bishop.

"Just so, marster," replied Cato. "It is only little patches or tiny pegs. But when I take a stitch it is a stitch, and when I drive a peg it holds."

The good bishop used that reply as a text for many a sermon afterwards. And it might well give us a profitable hint for every walk in life.

A young man having studied law settled in a town filled with successful lawyers. One day one of these old lawyers asked him how under such circumstances he expected to make a living.

"I hope I may get a little practice," was the modest reply.

"It will be very little," said the lawyer.

"Then I will do that little well," answered the young man decidedly.

He carried out his determination. The little things well done brought larger ones, and in time he became one of the most distinguished jurists of the state.

## "Papa, be True to Me."

Senator Henry J. Coggeshall is a poet. He says, however, that he has only written one poem.

"To tell you the truth," said the Senator yesterday at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, "that poem you have heard about was really inspired. One of my Senatorial colleagues gave a dinner, and I was one of the guests."

"Were you fined a poem for drinking seltzer?" asked the reporter.

"No," replied Senator Coggeshall. "I refused to drink anything intoxicating, and my colleagues began to jibe me. I thought of a promise I had made to my little daughter, her last words to me when I left home for Albany being, 'Papa, be true to me.' I gave the poem that title." Is as follows:

What makes me refuse a social glass?  
Well, I'll tell you the reason why:  
Because a bonnie blue-eyed lass is ever standing by;  
And I hear her, boys, above the noise of the jest and the merry glee,  
As with baby grace she kisses my face and says,  
"Papa, be true to me."

Then what can I do, to my lass be true, better than let it pass by?  
I know you'll think my refusal to drink a breach of your courtesy;  
For I hear her repeat in accents sweet, and her dear little form I see,  
As with loving embrace she kisses my face and says, "Papa, be true to me."

Let me offer a toast to the one I love most, whose dear little will I obey;  
Whose influence sweet is guiding my feet over life's tortuous way;  
May the sun ever shine on this lassie of mine, from sorrow may she be free,  
For with baby grace she hath kissed my face, and says, "Papa, be true to me."—New York World.

## Providence Helps Those Who Help Themselves.

An English writer says, "The excuse frequently made when asked to insure is, 'I do not believe in life insurance, I depend on that Providence, which never fails. We have no miraculous working in our behalf, like that experienced by the children of Israel in the wilderness, who were fed by manna. God gives us seed to sow; he aids our labors by sending the beautiful rains to water it, the sun, with its golden beams, to ripen and bring to perfection the grain to provide bread for the toiling millions. He gives you strength that by the sweat of your brow you may labor, and by labor provide for you families. Can you expect Providence to provide for the wives and children of the thoughtless, who do not think of the responsibilities cast upon their wives by the negligence? Would our

orphan asylums have been called into existence if there had been no necessity to provide for children otherwise destitute? Is it not impetuous to wait for Providence to do that which every man can do for himself. 'Heaven helps those who help themselves,' and the offspring of the righteous are not seen begging their bread, because those who study the will of God in the physical and moral universe take care that their children shall have bread without begging."

## Starved Her Baby.

"A pitiable case illustrative of the awful results of the drink habit in destroying even the love of a mother, came before a Brooklyn court a few days ago. A woman was charged before this court with starving her seven-year-old daughter. The cries of the little one, who was ill, had kept the neighbors awake, it is said, for several nights, and finally an anonymous letter was sent to the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and an investigation was ordered at once. The officer found the child lying upon a bundle of rags. The mother was drunk, and the little one had not taken any food for several days. She was removed to St. Peter's hospital, where it is feared she will die. It is alleged that the child was deprived of drink for two days, the mother refusing to give her water."

## The Other Side.

Every rag stuck in a window to keep out the cold from the drunkard's home, says the "Presbyterian Review," denotes a contribution toward buying new suits for the liquor dealer and his family. The more elegance and ease in his family, the more poverty, degradation and despair in the families of those who patronize him. The corner grogshop, with its large plate glass windows and marble floors, is paid for by the tenants of other landlords, who live in cheap tenements and often cannot pay their rent.

## GREAT MEN WEAR ARMOUR.

Several Prominent European Statesmen Employ Such Safeguards.

From 1885 to the time of his death, the late czar of Russia, Alexander III, never appeared outside his bedroom and study without a fine steel suit of mail, which would protect his body, back and front, between his collar-bone and his loins, from the dagger of the assassin. Excepting his valet and his wife, nobody had seen his suit of mail, as it was worn beneath the underclothes and uniform, but the czar's unwillingness to go even to a cabinet council without it was an open secret in all the courts of Europe.

Bismarck at one time wore such a coat, as did also Stamboul-off and Crispi. The Italian premier, indeed, as we have before noted, still wears, for protection from the assassin's bullet or knife, a light shirt of mail of double thickness over the heart. None of these men, however, resorted to such precaution until repeated attempts at assassination had been made. True it is that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Nicholas II. of Russia has waited for no such attempt on his life. Ever since the last arrests of Nihilist students at Odessa he has worn a shirt of nickel and steel, onerous as the garment must be to a man of his inferior physique and lethargic habits. Still strange stories of his fear and caution have penetrated the walls of the imperial palace and gained credence among the people of his capital. Although no dagger has been laid on his pillow to nerve him, and no warning of death has been put under his dinner plate to plague him, the czar never visits his dinner table or bed without the company of a trusted attendant. At every door of the dining-room and bed chamber stands a Cossack guard day and night, and from every dish that is served at the imperial table a special watcher in the court kitchen must eat a mouthful before it is served, to prevent any chance of poisoning.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## THE EARTH'S LONE COURSE.

It is responsible for the Disturbed Condition of Affairs.

Lieutenant A. B. Totten, whose fondness for astronomical calculations and inferences is well known, says Harper's Weekly, declares that the trouble with current affairs is not due to the United States Senate, the bicycle, the new woman or the silver question, but may be accurately traced to the contortions of the heavenly bodies. He says that when too many of the planets get on the same side of the sun at the same time it makes trouble for the earth, and that now, for the first time in the history of man, all the planets except Earth, are approaching coincident perihelia and within four or five years will be in line tugging away at the sun, while Earth, alone on the other side of it, will have an exceedingly hard time, and will be the scene of all sorts of disasters and devils. Earth will pull through, he thinks, after a series of trials; after which he looks for "the literal rule of the returned Messiah," and the winding up of the confusions now formulating, at Jerusalem, which city, he believes, will cease to be trodden by Gentiles, and will become the centre from which right rule and justice are to spread over the earth.

Lieutenant Totten is familiar with both the bible and the higher mathematics, and has a remarkable gift for stirring them up together into concoctions that give people bad dreams. He is a very disconcerting person and a chronic "beat," and his deliverances are well adapted to make timid believers realize on their investments and take to the woods.

## X RAYS IN SURGICAL WORK.

The Photography of Broken Bones at a London Hospital.

It may be said at once that the new photography will never become a popular hobby because the apparatus is too expensive, but there is some danger of Prof. Roentgen's discovery being ranked in popular estimation with palmistry, magic lantern entertainments, and sleight-of-hand performances. There is more than one establishment already where one has only to pay a fee ranging from sixpence to a guinea to have any part of his or her skeleton "photographed." But the X rays deserve a better fate than this. From time to time fragmentary accounts of sporadic experiments at London hospitals have been published, but at King's College Hospital, the home of the all-conquering antiseptic surgery, the new photography has for some time been used as an auxiliary in clinical work. By special permission of the Warden the Rev. N. Bromley, a representative was enabled to spend several hours in the hospital at a time when he was fortunate to find the Surgical Registrar actively engaged with his apparatus, and some account of what he saw will doubtless be read with interest.

Since it became known that the X rays were utilized at King's the number of persons who have called with needles and other foreign bodies in hands and feet is remarkable. Nothing, of course, can be easier than to secure a negative showing the shadow of—say—a needle in the extremities. An exposure of one minute suffices for the hand, and of three minutes for the foot. In a simple case it is not even necessary to take a photograph—a look at the hand by means of the cryptoscope answers every purpose. But if it be thought advisable to take a photograph the developing only require a very short time. In the bath the ordinary photograph of the part first appears, then the too, too solid flesh disappears, and ultimately beneath one's gaze the bones or foreign bodies stand out in strong white relief. With a photograph beside him the surgeon operates with the minimum expenditure of time and with the least possible use of the knife. The value of the invention has been illustrated in the case, inter alia, of a dislocated thumb, the negative showing that had the thumb been longer neglected it would have become useless.

To the ignorant the unknown is always terrible, and the mere process of photographing, with the glowing green glass and the flying electric sparks, was too much for one female patient in our representative's presence, and she sobbed and shook as though about to undergo a major operation; and it was only with difficulty and the exercise of patience that she could be induced to place her needle ridden hand in the proper position.

But, as has been said, dealing with hands or feet is comparatively simple. It is the more complex cases that are the more interesting. One of these, at which our representative "assisted" was that of an old man with a painful hip. He had met with an accident, and was convinced that he was suffering from dislocation improperly treated. The surgeon at once diagnosed the complaint as what is commonly called rheumatic gout, but to satisfy the sufferer the joint was photographed. Laid on his back on a couch, with the plate underneath the affected part, it called for little or no effort to stay still in one position for 20 minutes. That length of exposure was deemed necessary, as the subject was a big man, and the X rays had to penetrate a considerable thickness of flesh. It may be remarked in passing that one of the difficulties of the process is to know the exact amount of exposure required. If the plate be exposed too long, the rays go through bones and all, and the result is chaos and old night. In the case under review, precisely the right exposure was allowed, and an excellent negative obtained, which conclusively corroborated the diagnosis. Nothing remained for the sufferer, therefore but to possess his soul in patience, and to grin and bear his pain; but he had, at any rate, the slight consolation of knowing ten minutes after the photograph had been taken that there was no ground for his previous fears. This and other consultations took place in a room, which serves the double purpose of studio and dark room, but while our representative remained at the hospital a number of cases were taken in the wards.

The whole apparatus, which consists of the all-important Crooke's tube (of the type specially designed by Mr. Herbert Jackson of King's College), and a vise in which to hold it, the accumulator, the induction coil, and the plates weighs under 2 cwt., and is wheeled to the bedside on an India rubber-tired trolley, everything being got ready in a few seconds. The process causes very little disturbance in the wards. The noise of the coil, with its hammer beating and miniature thunder, is considerable, and the whole operation evidently affords an agreeable break to the monotony of ward life. The first case in the wards was that of a boy who had just come in to the hospital with a swollen knee. Some months previously the upper part of his femur had been wired for ununited fracture. His leg was, therefore, photographed twice on whole plates, and the negatives on being joined showed the whole limb from thigh to shin, wires and all. The little fellow was told to keep his leg still, and for that reason was unable to control violent involuntary twitchings, so it was necessary to rest a hand on his leg. However, slight twitchings or similar movements do not materially interfere with the result of the new photography, and hence

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# SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

its superiority to the old, which those who have had their counterfeit presentations taken what time their heads were fixed in a "rest" will appreciate. The next case was that of a woman with a needle in her foot, and such nurses as had not hitherto seen the process clustered round the bedside. The patient suffered (like Mr. Rhodes, according to Mr. Chamberlain) from the last infirmity of noble minds, but from no other sensation, and she was evidently an object of envy in the minds of all the other patients in the ward who had not from the X rayist's point of view interesting complaints. The apparatus was conveyed by lift to another floor, where some difficulty was caused as the patient possessed, in Mr. James Russell Lowell's words, "The pectoral proportions of a Juno," or shall we say an amount of adipose tissue that only an operative surgeon could rival? But with twenty minutes exposure a triumphant photograph of the whole of the shoulder joint was obtained. One more patient was visited, a man suffering from the results of an accident, recently reported in all the papers. It was now thought desirable to see what progress he was making. The plate in its box (the whole thing under one inch in thickness) was adroitly placed under the patient's thigh, without in the slightest moving the injured parts, and the photograph was taken through splints and all. The importance of being able to report progress or otherwise through splints must be obvious. The only drawback in such cases is the presence of the metal pins joining a rectangular splint. Such, then, is a sample of what our representative was privileged to see.

Lord Salisbury's hand with its tendency to rot, shown at the source of the Royal Society, was interesting, but that pales beside a photograph of a hip or elbow joint after operation. To those ignorant of anatomy the photographs taken at the hospital would not be so interesting as, say, the photograph of the contents of a purse in one's pocket, or of a foot taken through a fashionable boot; but to students the former have an abiding value. So the vocal gymnastics of a prima donna may prove more attractive to the groundlings (not necessarily to the gods) than the strains of the "Goettermärchen." The influence of the X-rays on their surgery of the future is at present inestimable.—London News.

## A TRUE MUSICIAN.

Whitcomb's Genius Turned an Old Fiddle into a Thing of Beauty.

James Whitcomb was a prominent citizen of Indiana in her early days, and he was not only a politician, but one of the best amateur musicians in the country. He composed several pieces for the violin, which was his own chosen instrument, and many are the stories told of him and his fiddle.

At one time he was travelling from Indianapolis to Eastern Indiana, and stopped for the night at a house on a lonely road. He entered the cabin with his companion, and there they found a lame young man called Amos, sitting by the fire scraping at an old violin with most disastrous results.

He laid the violin on the bed and started away to the stable with the horses. Mr. Whitcomb at once took up the violin, tuned it, and when Amos returned was playing light and beautiful airs. Amos was entranced. He sat down, and, mouth open in wonder, watched the musician. Then Mr. Whitcomb struck up "Hail Columbia," and the youth could bear it no longer. He sprang to his feet.

"If I had \$50," cried he, "I'd give it all for that fiddle! I never heard such music."

Mr. Whitcomb said nothing, but kept on playing. By and by, when he had finished, he laid the violin on the bed. This was the young man's opportunity. He sprang up, seized the instrument, carried it to the fire, where he could see more plainly, and turned it over and over, examining every part.

"Mister," he sang out in high excitement, "I never in my life saw two fiddles so much alike as yours and mine!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

## MULTIPLE RADIOGRAPHS.

Discovery of a New Principle in Roentgen Ray Practice.

The following communication, from Will Am Rollins, of Boston, is taken from the Electrical Review:

In photographing the interior of the body with Roentgen rays, different tissues require varying lengths of exposure. To show the interior of the bones requires so long an exposure as to destroy all trace of structure in some of the soft parts. To overcome this take a number of plates with the sensitive surfaces all pointing one way and expose them all at the same time, giving sufficient time to the plate nearest the body to give the proper exposure for the least transparent tissues. Before the rays reach the second plate they pass through the glass of the first plate. The exposure on the second plate is, therefore, less, and so on through the whole number, half a dozen or a dozen.

If more difference is required in the super-imposed negatives then place thin plates of aluminium between them. If celluloid films are used, aluminium plates are necessary, as celluloid is quite transparent. Hard rubber can also be used. The principle is to use some substance between the plates that is not very transparent to the rays, and to use a number of super-imposed plates, each numbered so that after development they can be compared with any two or more super-imposed to show the relations of one tissue to another.

## Satisfactory Reply.

"They say," remarked Miss Keedick, "that the most worn spot on the carpet in a girl's room is that directly in front of her mirror."

"It can't be the case in your room," replied Mr. Huggins.

"Why? Do you think I have nothing to look in the mirror for?"

"Your little feet would never wear the carpet."

## NOT A MOB BUT AN ARMY.

A MOB of strong men wouldn't make an army, would they? To be sure not, we all say. An army is a great number of men trained and disciplined to act together under orders and for one purpose.

Similarly, a promiscuous crowd of bricklayers, carpenters, &c., would not be able to build a house. No, not even if every one of them were skilled in his own trade. Such a helter-skelter sort of business wouldn't do. There must be organization and direction. At the head of the army a commander; at the head of the workmen, a masterbuilder.

So with the human body. It is not a collection of organs; it is a single machine all the parts of which are vitally connected and work together to one end. The heart, lungs, stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, muscles, skin, &c., must have one another's aid to remove waste and to avoid dangers. Otherwise they would be a mere mob.

On this basis we may talk about the case of Mr. Edward Hopper. Nearly four years ago (dating from this writing) his health fell away. What ailed him he didn't know; he simply knew how he felt, and that was badly enough. This was in January, 1890. Yet there were certain things that he remembers, these among them: He lost his appetite and yet had a craving for food. This sounds like a contradiction, but it isn't. When a man is hungry his whole body is hungry, yet it doesn't necessarily follow that the stomach will accept food when you offer it. In health is will, but in some complaints it will not. In Mr. Hopper's case it would not.

"I could not touch food when it was placed before me," he says. By this he doesn't mean that he ate nothing at all; only that the sight repelled him. After meals (very light ones at that) he had intense pain at the chest and sides. That was nervous action. The stomach was inflamed and sensitive, and the extra stimulus of the food irritated it, just as a draught of mustard and warm water would upset a healthy one. This constant gnawing pain, of which he also speaks, was due to the same state of things.

He goes on to add (we quote from his letter of June 15th, 1893) as follows: "I lost a deal of sleep, and night after night used to toss about the bed all night long. After a while I got so dreadfully nervous that I couldn't bear the least noise. I was startled if anybody merely knocked at the door. Presently I was so weak I could hardly get about, and the least exertion made the sweat fairly run off me. I saw a doctor who gave me medicine, but I got no better."

In February, 1890, it was that I obtained a letter of recommendation from Mr. T. Carter, of Swavesey, and went to the Addenbrookes Hospital, Cambridge, where I was under treatment as an indoor and outdoor patient for a year and seven months; but no real benefit came of it. The doctors said I was suffering from a weak heart and general debility. I took painful medicine, growing weaker all the time.

"In the autumn of last year I took to stopping in the house and was not able to leave it for twenty-two weeks. I had no pleasure in living, and often wished myself dead. In March of this year I first read of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle and began taking it, and in a few days felt relief. In three weeks sleep returned and my nights were restful. My appetite improved, my food agreed with me, and I gained strength. Soon I was better than I have been for years. Not long after I was well, and have since kept in the best of health. You may publish these facts and I will answer inquiries. (Signed) Edward Hopper Boxworth End, Swavesey, near Cambridge."

How clearly this shows the wonderful unity of the human body. The human body. The stomach was first attacked—our old and bitter enemy it was, indigestion and dyspepsia. General debility resulted from the want of nourishment. The nerves weakened like violin strings when the screws are turned backwards. All the other organs were strained from lack of food and from overwork. The heart beat feebly and the oxygen imbued by the lungs found no food to act upon so as to make heat. And so the trouble increased and became complicated—all from one source, the stomach.

Treatment addressed to the symptoms failed, of course; but when Seigel's Syrup set the indigestion to rights, health came back as vegetation does under the spring sunshine.