

# Sunday Reading.

## IN HIS NAME.

'Here's another letter, Ellen, from that wretched cousin of mine,' said the Rev. Horace Bernard, looking up from his breakfast with an air of utter disgust. 'It's the same old story, I suppose, gambling and drinking! I fear no power on earth can save him.'

His gentle little wife made no answer, but looked as if she were thinking deeply. 'When I first knew him,' he continued, 'he was as handsome and bright a young fellow as one could wish to see, a really promising artist; now Ellen, I solemnly assure you, it makes me ill to look at him. Bah! he scarcely takes the trouble to dress himself decently.' Mr. Bernard was somewhat fastidious.

'I suppose he is dreadfully poor,' murmured his wife pitifully.

'Poor! Yes, and he deserves to be poor. I have no patience with him, Ellen. Look at that; he tossed the letter across the table; he expects me to go to him at any time of the day or night that he chooses to send.'

'But, Horace, he says he is ill.'

'I dare say he is; I can readily believe it; but I have my sermon to prepare, and I must attend to that, whatever is left undone. Why, Nellie, don't you agree with me?' The Rev. Horace spoke rather sharply, as if he read dissent in her face.

'If he is very bad, Horace, perhaps—'

'O, he'll pull through Ellen. Don't worry about him. I'll go this evening, but he will have to wait till then. It is of no use, I cannot preach without taking time to prepare.'

So saying, he pushed back his chair, and retired to his study. He was a nervous, excitable man, and the letter had irritated him. All day long the thought of his 'er-do-well cousin seemed to put him out of tune. His thoughts ran on him instead of on the grand text on which he wished to fasten his attention. 'God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.' His ideas on this occasion were rumbling and incoherent; and though he worked all day, and made more than one beginning, his sermon was a failure; and there was nothing to be done but to tear up his notes and make an entirely fresh attempt on the morrow.

'Well, Ellen,' he said with an air of grim determination, 'I suppose now I shall have to set off to the other end of the town to see what is the matter with that fellow. His wretched letter has spoiled my day's work. He is a worthless scamp, if ever there was one.'

He was still in the same martyr-spirit of severe endurance when he reached the shabby house that sheltered his disreputable cousin. As he looked round the torn room, and at its still more forlorn occupant, who was tossing on a miserable bed opposite the uncurtained window, he felt that it was very hard that a member of his own family should be so utterly lost to all sense of what was right and fitting.

'I am very sorry to trouble you, Horace,' muttered the sick man (Mr. Bernard made an impatient gesture at the familiar address), 'but if I can't get a few dollars from somewhere I shall be turned into the street. If I had only been well I could have finished that today! He pointed to a picture on a little easel by the window.

Mr. Bernard slowly unbuckled his coat and drew out his pocket-book, asking: 'What do you need besides the rent?'

'I have nothing; neither food nor medicine.'

'You should be ashamed of yourself, Martin. You ought not to need help again.'

Martin made no reply; nor did he listen to the warnings and exhortations which accompanied the gift he had requested. He had heard them all before, and he consoled himself under the misfortune of having to endure them again by the reflection that preaching was his cousin's business. Unhappily Horace Bernard's curt, contemptuous manner towards him confirmed this impression; yet he was not only eloquent and learned, but had a most sincere desire to do his duty and to benefit those with whom he came in contact. Now, though he could ill spare the time to linger in Martin's squalid lodging, he sacrificed inclination and convenience, hoping against hope to be of some real service to the man, beyond and above supplying his bodily needs. Alas, his well meant words were worse than useless, for even his attitude as he stood stiff and unbending in the centre of the room, spoke loudly of the disgust he felt. Had not Martin learned to hide his feelings, and to humble himself in his misfortunes, he would have ordered his visitor out of the place. As it was, he endured his presence in silence.

'Nothing I can affect him,' lamented Mr. Bernard when he reached home. 'I do believe he has not a spark of gratitude in his composition.'

'What is the matter with him, Horace?' 'I am afraid I didn't ask,' he answered a little penitently. 'He looked ill, I noticed; but he ruined his health years ago. It is his own fault. Why Ellen, I have been helping him, off and on, for more than ten years.'

The worst of it is, one never knows whether one is not doing him more harm than good. All night the thought of the wretched man alone and perhaps dying, in his miserable room, haunted Mrs. Bernard. She could not sleep for thinking of him, and soon after breakfast she sat out to see for herself what ailed him. It was long past noon when she returned. She went at once to her husband's study.

'Horace,' she began, 'I've been to see him, and I am sure that without proper care he will die.'

'Who will die?' demanded the minister absently, for he was still engaged on the long deferred task of composing his sermon.

'Your cousin Martin, Horace,' she answered, looking earnestly into his face, let me bring him home!'

'Bring him here!' The tone expressed displeasure as strongly as surprise. 'You don't know what kind of a man he is!'

'I do, Horace; he has told me all.'

He never told me anything. Even last night I could not get a word out of him.'

'He has sinned dreadfully, Horace, but he has suffered, too. Do let me nurse him! People have been very hard and cruel to him; he has hardly had a chance to become different.'

'Hardly a chance, I am sure, Ellen, I have done what I could. I have given him money over and over again that I needed for other things.'

'Yes, yes, I know that you have helped him, dear; but what he wants is a little kindness.' Mrs. Bernard spoke impulsively, and was quite innocent of any ironical intention. 'If he dies there, and as he is, we shall never forgive ourselves; and he is your own cousin, too.'

Mr. Bernard did not want to do this thing, but as a Christian man, he dared not hastily refuse. He wished his wife had left Martin to him; why should she want to bring the broken-down scamp into the very house? He knew that she was still looking at him with those earnest, tender eyes, and to escape their scrutiny he began to read over the notes he had been writing. He had taken a new text: 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean; and this is what he read, only one short sentence: 'The man was a leper, loathsome and unclean, but Jesus did not turn away; he touched and healed him.' Whatever he had meant when he wrote the words, they now held both a lesson and a condemnation for him.

'Ellen,' he said, 'do what you wish. All these years I am afraid I have been trying to save people at arm's length. No wonder I have failed.'

'I don't think you have failed, Horace,' she said in a tone of surprise.

'I'm afraid I have, Ellen. I can write and preach, and talk of love, but I don't possess it. God help me and make me different.'

Before night Martin was established in the cosiest room in the house; but weeks he was too ill to notice the change from the room he had to his new quarters. Mrs. Bernard nursed him with untiring care; and she had an ample reward, for when he had at last rose from his bed of sickness he had come to his right mind, and was ready to make the prodigal's confession and to receive the prodigal's welcome home. In spite of himself his cousin watched him struggle upwards with many misgivings. But months grew into years. Martin still patiently wrestled with his manifold temptations and Horace Bernard no longer doubted that the love of the Master and the little love of his disciple had won a glorious victory. He had learned at last with shame and sorrow at his own obstinate blindness, the open secret of the mightiest power on earth; and he could now teach others how 'he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.'—Emily Weaver, in New York 'Observer.'

Sharpshooting.

In her excellent little book, 'Fuel for Missionary Fires,' Miss Belle M. Brain recommends for use in missionary meetings the plan of distributing among the members a number of short, bright missionary items, which may be called 'shots,' and each one who reads is a sharpshooter; call for items by number, and, if possible, try to drive each shot home by a short, pointed comment. The following are a few of such items:

1. 'If we cannot give our thousands, we can give the widow's mite. An old couplet that has given comfort to thousands of stingy souls. But please remember that giving the widow's mite is giving all. Hadn't you better stop and think awhile before you decide that that shall be your portion?'

2. On one occasion Fidelia Fiske, the beloved and faithful missionary to Persia, had the joy of sitting down to the communion table with ninety-two persons whom she had been the means of bringing to Christ. Where is there such an opportunity for service at home?'

3. Neither will I offer burnt-offerings to the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing.

4. A small boy who was a member of a

mission band confessed with shame that a quarter for peanuts looked as small as a pin-head, while a quarter for missions looked as big as a cart-wheel! The small boy has a great many grown-up relations.

5. A little girl was heard to say at the close of her evening prayer, 'And I saw a poor little girl on the street today, cold and hungry, but it is none of our business, is it, Lord?' None of us would be willing to pray or to say that, but most of us are perfectly willing to act it.

6. Will you go? 'Where?' 'Anywhere, somewhere, at home or abroad, to carry on some work for the Lord Jesus.'

7. The earliest converts in Africa were very earnest and regular in their private devotions. Each had a separate spot in the thicket to which he used to go for prayer; the paths to these little Bethels became distinctly marked, and when any one began to decline in the ways of God it was soon manifest to his fellows, who would remind him by saying, 'Brudder, de grass grow on your path yonder.'—Endeavor Herald.

### What It Signifies.

Let us inquire as to what the term sanctification signifies. We are told that it is the suppression or the eradication of the carnal nature. We prefer to say that it is something more than either. It is the enthronement of the Holy Ghost in the human soul, by whose power we cheerfully and loyally choose God's will at every point. There is no suppression where we lovingly choose God's will, and we need not say there is eradication, but while we maintain this fellowship with a will parallel with the will of God, we walk in sanctification and holiness. Sin is conscious resistance of the divine will. Sin, therefore, is in the will. If sin is in the will, then sanctification must be in the will. When I will God's will, when it is my happy choice ever and always; when there is a glad yes in my heart to God's voice at every step, then am I sanctified, because my will is sanctified. Christ, in the person of the Holy Ghost, is now enthroned within us, and our life is lost in His will. We are now sanctified in God's sight; it is the secret of the soul with Him. The world will never see us sanctified. 'If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him.' Obedience complete brings the Triune God to abide in the human soul. Our fight now is not a fight with the devil but a fight of faith which keeps Christ on the throne of our life, and He does all the fighting for us.—Rev. C. E. Mallory.

### Mrs. Stowe's Spiritual Life.

An American journal prints a letter written by Harriet Stowe shortly before her mental failure. Its chief value is in the suggestion that her withdrawal of mental power was a withdrawal into a flood of light behind the veil. Onlookers, in many such cases, see the painful and pathetic side; but as in death, the so-called "sufferer" is often drifting into light and peace; and, truly, if this is only illusion it is a very merciful and blessed illusion, and a good thing for us to know. Here is the letter:—

'I am come to that stage of my pilgrimage that is within sight of the River of Death, and I feel that now I must have all in readiness day and night for the messenger of the King. I have sometimes had in my sleep strange perceptions of a vivid spiritual life near to and with Christ, and multitudes of holy ones; and the joy of it is like no other joy—it can not be told in the language of the world. What I have then I know with absolute certainty, yet it is so unlike and above anything we conceive of in this world that it is difficult to put it into words. The inconceivable loveliness of Christ! It seems that about Him there is a sphere where enthusiasm of love is the calm habit of the soul, that without words, without the necessity of demonstrations of affection, heart beats to heart, soul answers soul, we respond to the infinite love, and we feel his answer in us, and there is no need of words.'

By the way, the article in this month's 'Atlantic Monthly' by her friend, Annie Field, gives many beautiful glimpses of her in the days of her 'fading away.' She seemed, in truth, fading into sunshine. The brain had almost ceased to act, but, says Miss Field:—

'She has become "like a little child," wandering about, pleased with flowers, fresh air, the sound of a piano, or a voice singing hymns, but the busy, inspiring spirit is asleep. Gradually she is fading

away, shrouded in this strange mystery, hovered over by the untiring affection of her children, sweet and tender in her decadence, but "absent."'

What a delicious suggestion of passing beyond the veil, not to death, but to radiant life!—Light, London.

### Choose Their Associates.

Two of my friends, both noble women, live next door to each other; they have each one child, a son. One of the young men is a gentleman, in everything that makes a true man: the other is a perfect rake, familiar with nearly every sin in the catalogue, yet he was one of the noblest little boys I have ever known. One allowed her son to associate only with those boys she knew to be honorable; the other allowed her son the privilege of choosing his own associates. She believed he chose only the best. Alas, for misplaced confidence!

This subject of associates for our children is one that should concern every mother. Sooner or later, it confronts us in a realistic manner, because it will become a reality in our own homes and our children will be the ones to receive either censure or praise and the mother will be the one on whom the sorrow or gladness will descend as the outcome of her child's associations.—Eliza Renan in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

### The True Christian.

Christian love is not the dream of a philosopher sitting in his study and benevolently wishing the world were better than it is, congratulating himself, perhaps all the time on the superiority shown by himself over less amiable natures. Injure one of these beaming sons of good humor and he bears malice—deep, unrelenting and refuses to forgive. But give us the man who, instead of retiring to some small select society or rather association, where his own opinions shall be reflected, can mix with men where his sympathies are unmet and his tastes are jarred and his views are traversed at every turn, and still can be just and gentle and forbearing. Give us the man who can be insulted and not retaliate; meet rudeness and still be courteous; the man who, like the Apostle Paul, buffeted and disliked, can yet be generous and make allowances.

### RIBBED GLASS IS BEST.

It Will Perhaps be Used in Windows in the Future.

Mr. Charles L. Norton, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, investigating the desirability of substituting ribbed for plain window glass in factories, reports that twice as much light comes through the former; that the action of the ribbed glass appears to be prismatic, the greater part of the light falling on the ribbed glass being refracted and spread out in a fan shaped beam lying in a plane nearly perpendicular to the plane of the glass and to the direction of the ribs. Only vertically ribbed glass can be considered, as it gives a quarter increase at the sides, while the horizontal ribs throw the light straight into the room, and with such an increase of brilliancy as to be unbearable. It was found that there was no spot where the heat rays from outside streamed directly in, when ribbed glass was used, and that objects near the window were cooler from four to fifteen degrees, Fahrenheit, than with plain glass. Where factories have the windows fitted with ribbed glass, the effect in the rooms is of almost unimpeded daylight, and where rooms are shadowed by other buildings the relative increase in the effectiveness of light is much greater than where the light is derived directly from the sun in exposed rooms. In one factory, the panes of the lower sash were of plain glass, to give an outlook from the window, ribbed glass being used in the upper part to increase light, and the combination was pleasing.

### Heavy Loans.

The Rothschilds, in return for \$17,000,000 loaned to Spain, have obtained control of the Almaden quicksilver mines for thirty-four years. The Minister of Finance, in a desperate attempt to ease the financial situation and obtain a loan of \$100,000,000 more in the fall to cover the expenses of the Cuban war, is farming out the tobacco monopoly, the stamp duties, the state lotteries, the succession duties, and the match and salt taxes. With her sources of revenue thus cut off, the future of Spain looks dark indeed.

### As Well as Ever.

DEAR SIRS.—After suffering for two years from acute indigestion I tried B. B. B. I took only three bottles, which made me as well as ever I was. I highly recommend B. B. B. to all dyspeptics.

Mrs. JOHN WHYTE, Austin, Man.

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### FINANCE AIDS RELIGION.

Shrewd Business Men in American Churches.

The metropolitan churches are great commercial enterprises, as well as abodes of worship. They are managed with shrewd business ability. They do not need to pay dividends, but they have the always weighty task before them of paying expenses.

Far and wide over the country it will be found that the ablest men of each community have been gathered into the financial boards of the churches. Without them no church could stand on its feet. Millions upon millions have been invested in the various faiths, and the keenest management is constantly needed. The value of the church property of one American denomination alone outweighs the entire riches of the wealthiest Astor.

A statistician has compiled for the Journal the figures of the nine richest denominations of America. These figures are in respect of the value of their church property. Over all the others the Methodists tower, with \$132,140,000. The Catholics are next in line with \$119,371,000, these standing high above the rest.

Some curious details go with these figures. More money is invested in Methodism than in any other denomination, because of its enormous number of churches. From the Atlantic to the Pacific there are 51,489 of these, at least 20 per cent more than in any other faith. Of Catholic Churches there are only 10,276, despite the fact that there are more than 6,000,000 Catholics in the United States against 4,500,000 Methodists. Thus, while the Methodist churches in total are worth more, the average Methodist edifice has cost but \$2,563, against \$11,800 for each Catholic place of worship. Each Catholic congregation averages 626 communicants, against 89 in the Methodist persuasion.

Financially, the Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Baptist congregations run close together. The Presbyterian church leads, with \$94,869,000 invested in buildings and land; \$82,835,000 represents the Episcopalians have expended in edifices, and \$82,328,000 the Baptists. Of three these denominations, the Baptists are ahead in the number of churches and worships. They have 42,909 churches, averaging less than \$2,000 in value, and 3,700,000 members. The Episcopalians have but 5,000 churches and the smallest membership of these five wealthiest denominations—only 540,000. There are 13,476 churches in the Presbyterian ranks, and 1,278,000 members.

In the third group of the wealth of American religious denominations are the Congregationalists and the Lutherans. The former possess church property to the extent of \$43,335,000 and have only 4,868 churches, each being worth a little over \$8,800. They have 512,000 members, and just, comparatively in every respect, are half the size of the Presbyterian bodies. There are many more Lutherans, over twice as many, and twice as many Lutheran churches, but less money has been spent on the edifices of these believers—only \$35,000,000 in all.

### 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 this 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 examination. 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 Sherbrook, 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.

### They Were Not Courteous.

The socialist congress now in session at Lillie, France, was characterized by the exhibition of national enmity, the French forgetting entirely what courtesy demanded in respect to their German guests. Insulting placards were posted on the streets, and insulting shouts were to be heard here and there. When Liebnicht, one of the Socialist leaders of Germany, was making acknowledgement for the reception accorded him and his associates by the authorities, stones came flying through the windows. At length it was deemed advisable to order that a military force be held in readiness. Berlin paper expresses the opinion that their countrymen who are dissatisfied with everything at home may learn something from this experience, when they consider how little may be in such phrases as "universal brotherhood" and frothy declamation against existing government.

### GOLD AND BLOOD.

Many years ago I knew a man who expended a great part of a large fortune in buying gold, in coin and bars. This he melted, and with other unique ingredients, labored secretly to prepare a mixture that should arrest all disease, renew vitality, and prolong life indefinitely. I need hardly say that he failed. Not only did he fail, but one day an explosion took place in his laboratory which destroyed the fruits of his toil and left him senseless and badly wounded amid the wreck. The rest of his days were passed in an asylum.

Yet he was not the first man who tried that same experiment, not by thousands. To find the elixir of life was one of the main purposes of the science of alchemy, the barbaric ancestor of the modern science of chemistry. But all that is now discredited. No doctor or student of healing even pretends to possess or to seek an essence of life.

What is undertaken, however, and successfully, is to ascertain the truth about nature's functions and to help her perform them when they are impeded by disease.

Illustrations of what can be done on this line are plentiful. Here is one: "Twelve years ago," says Mrs. Eliza Matcham, of Armistage House, Sutton-on-Hill, "I had an attack of rheumatism. At the same time I had a bad taste in the mouth, poor appetite, and pain and weight at the chest after eating. I frequently spat up a quantity of greasy, watery matter. Later I was afflicted with rheumatism in my hands and feet. Then I fell into a state of debility which continued year after year. I spent a great deal of money in doctoring, all to no purpose. Finally I was induced to try your medicine. In a short time my food agreed with me, the sickness ceased, I grew stronger, and the rheumatism by degrees abated. Now by taking your remedy occasionally I keep in good health. (Signed) Mrs. Eliza Matcham, June 2nd, 1893."

'For some time previous to 1887,' writes another, 'I was troubled with a digestive disorder. In the autumn of that year (1887) I got a severe cold, which brought on rheumatism and lumbago. I had great pain in the back and also in the joints. I consulted a doctor, who gave me medicines, and advised me to go to Buxton. I did so, but I am bound to say I obtained little benefit from it.

In January, 1888, I had another attack of rheumatic fever, which brought me down to a very low and feeble condition. For days and days together I was unable to eat or sleep. It was only by hardship and pain that I got about at all. Whilst on a visit to Little Downham, Cambridgeshire, some friends told me of the medicine furnished by you. I used it, and soon found relief, and gained strength. Cheered up and encouraged by this, I continued taking it, and now, by an occasional dose, I keep wholly free from rheumatism and other troubles. (Signed) Philip Hopkin, 20, Mend's Street, Grimsby, November 14th, 1893.'

The eccentric man alluded to in the first part of this article failed to cure any disease with his odd brew. It was costly, too, as I said. Blood is cheap enough, but bars of gold come high. He was a fanatic and a fool.

But here we have two instances in which rheumatism, a common and dangerous ailment, was cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, a remedy made not from blood and gold, but from the healing herbs of the fields and forests. And why was it cured thus so speedily and with such seeming ease? Because rheumatism is not a disease of itself, but a symptom of indigestion and dyspepsia. It is this universal plague that the Syrup scatters and drives away, its children following after. Thus we keep our blood in our veins and our gold—it we have any—in our pockets.

### Planting Forests.

Spain is waking up to the necessity of reforesting her mountains. The little King recently went to a village a few miles east of Madrid and planted a pine sapling, after which 2,000 children, selected from the Madrid schools, each planted a tree. Medals were distributed among them, with the inscription: "First Arbor Day, instituted in the reign of Alfonso XIII, 1896." Similar festivals are to be held yearly in different places, and the children are to be taken out to see how their trees grow, in the hope that they will foster tree in their districts.

### TAKEN WITH SPASMS.

A Collingwood Resident Tells How South American Nerve Cure 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.

"Last week I witnessed the marriage of a couple who first met each other five thousand years ago."

"I heard about that. Very interesting."

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