

Sunday Reading.

A GIRL'S HEROISM.

On the banks of the River Rhine, not far from Bonn, stands a quaint Dutch windmill which marks the spot of a girl's courageous deed. The adventure is told as follows:

One Sunday morning the miller and his family set out as usual to attend divine service in the village of Heasel, leaving the mill, to which the dwelling-place was attached, in charge of his hired maid Hanchen, a brave-hearted girl. The youngest child, being still too small to be taken to church, remained also under her care.

As Hanchen was busily engaged in preparing dinner for the family, she was interrupted by a visit from her admirer, Heinrich Bottler. He was an idle, worthless fellow and the miller, who knew his character, had forbidden him to enter the house. Hanchen, however, could not believe all the stories she heard against her lover, and was sincerely attached to him. So she greeted him kindly, got something for him to eat, and even sat down to chat a little with him.

As he was eating he let fall his knife, and requested Hanchen to pick it up for him. At first she playfully refused, telling him he was getting too lazy, but finally she stooped down to pick it up, when the treacherous villain caught her by the neck, drew a dagger from under his coat, and threatened to kill her if she did not immediately tell where the miller kept his money.

The girl was surprised and terrified, and attempted to turn him from such a base deed; but he continued to hold her throat in his vice-like grip, leaving her the choice of death or the betrayal of her master. At this instant all her native courage awoke, and a lofty determination sprang up to defeat the robber and save her master's money and her own life.

At once her manner changed. She affected to yield to his wishes, saying, in a woe-begone tone: "Well, what must be, must be. But if you carry away the miller's gold you must take me with you, too, for I would be suspected and beaten if I stayed behind." At length he let go on her suggestion that the family would soon return from church. She then led the way to the miller's bedroom, and showed him the coffer where he kept his money.

"Here," she said, taking an axe from the corner, you can open it with this while I run upstairs a moment."

Completely deceived by her willing manner, he allowed her to leave the room, and began to chop open the box, and to fill his pockets with money. In the meantime Hanchen, after going up one flight of stairs, turned back another way, and creeping silently along the corridor, grasped with both hands the heavy oaken door, swung it with all her might, and quickly looked it. The robber was securely imprisoned, for it was impossible to batter down the thick doors or walls.

Hanchen next rushed down to give the alarm. The only one in sight being the miller's little boy, five years old, she called to him with all her might: "Run to meet your father as he comes from church. A robber is in the house." The child, though frightened somewhat, obeyed, and began running down the road.

Overcome with emotions of grief and thankfulness, Hanchen sank down upon the door step weeping. But at this moment she was aroused by a shrill whistle from her prisoner, Heinrich, who stood behind the grated window above. Next he shouted to some companion without to catch the child running away and kill the girl. She soon saw a ruffian start up from a ravine where he was hiding, and catching up the child in his arms, hasten toward the mill. At once she perceived this new danger, and formed a plan to thwart it.

Retreating into the mill, she double-locked and bolted the door, the only apparent entrance into the building, and took her post at the upper casement, determined to defend the miller's property at all hazards.

As the ruffian approached the building, carrying the child, he threatened to kill it and burn the building unless the door was immediately opened. Poor Hanchen's heart quailed at the terrible threat, but she knew that duty forbade compromise, and bravely resolved to stand her post until death.

"I put my trust in God," was the noble reply.

The villain now set down the child to look about for a good place to set fire to the building, and in so doing discovered an entrance to the building unthought of by Hanchen. It was a large hole in the wall leading to the great wheel and other machinery of the mill. Exultant at this discovery, he returned to the hands and feet of the poor child, to prevent its escape, and then stole stealthily back and entered the opening.

Hanchen did not perceive these movements of the ruffian, but meantime a thought had come to her. She remembered it was Sunday, when the mill never worked. So, if the wind-mill was started all the neighbors would see it and come running to see

what had happened, and especially the miller would hasten home. Accustomed from childhood to machinery, it was but the work of a moment to set all in motion. A brisk breeze sprang up, which set the sails fast flying. With creaking and groaning the great wheel began to turn, and gradually became swifter.

It happened that just at the moment the wheel started the ruffian intruder had squeezed through the opening and dropped into the interior of the huge drum-wheel. His dismay may be imagined when he felt the wheel turning, and was unable to jump out without breaking his neck. Wildly terrified, he uttered shrieks and imprecations. Hearing a noise, Hanchen ran to the spot and saw him caught like a rat in a trap. She was delighted at this turn of affairs, and had no thought of liberating him, for she knew that if he remained against the bottom of the wheel he was in no danger of falling off, even if he lost consciousness.

He made eager entreaties and wild threats to Hanchen, but all to no avail, and soon became so dizzy that he fell unconscious against the rim of the wheel, and his body continued to be whirled about.

At length a loud rapping was heard at the door, and she flew to open it. There was the miller with his family and a number of neighbors, all in the greatest excitement at seeing the sails in full swing on Sunday; and still more at finding the child lying bound in the grass, too terrified to tell what had happened.

Hanchen in a few words told all that had occurred, and then, overcome by her emotions of safety and relief, sank exhausted upon the floor.

The rescuers immediately stopped the machinery of the mill, and dragged out the unconscious form of the robber villain.

Heinrich also was brought forth from the bed-chamber, and both were taken under strong escort to Bonn, where they soon afterwards received the reward of their crimes.

In the narrative of this extraordinary heroism it is added that the incident effectually disgusted Hanchen with her suitors, and some years afterwards she was wedded to the miller's eldest son, living the remainder of her life at the scene of her heroic act and happy rescue.—"People's Own Paper."

WHAT LANGUAGE DID HE SPEAK
This Much Discussed Question Has a Deep Interest.

This much-discussed question has a deeper interest than that of mere curiosity. It has practical bearings on problems of biblical interpretation, and the verbal inspiration of the scriptures. It is an old question, but one that is constantly new in its interests, as is seen from the repeated discussions it has elicited in recent years. The latest and possibly the best of these is found in a small volume by Dr. Arnold Meyer, of the university of Bonn, entitled "Jesu Muttersprache" (Jesus' mother-tongue), which is rich in historical and other data, and from which are condensed the following facts:—

The question as to the language spoken by Jesus did not particularly interest the earliest church fathers. They confined themselves in this regard to the question as to the original language employed by Matthew in the preparation of his gospel, which, Papias declares, was "Hebrew."

The current opinion was that the Lord had employed the "Syriac" as his vernacular, which term was used interchangeably with "Hebrew" and "Chaldee." This became the settled tradition of the Church down to the Reformation and later, and when in 1555 Widmanstadt published the first edition of the New Testament in Syriac, this work was greeted with a warm welcome on the ground that now the Church possessed the very words of the Lord as he had spoken them. Only a few skeptical minds, such as Scaliger and Grotius, doubted the correctness of this conclusion, and claimed that the Savior had spoken a mixed dialect then current in Palestine. Among the Jesuits the idea early gained ground that the Lord's vernacular must have been in Latin, as this was the language spoken by the saints in heaven. This view was first promulgated by the Pater Inbisher in 1648. A century later another Jesuit scholar, Hardouin, assigned as a new reason for this view the fact that the Vulgate, or official Bible of the Roman Catholic Church, was also written in the Latin language. On the other hand, Protestant scholars began to maintain that Jesus spoke Greek, the language of the New Testament. So good an authority as the late Prof. Delitzsch believed that Christ spoke a relatively pure Hebrew, the study of this language having been rigidly taught in the schools of Palestine.

The facts in the case, especially as seen in the words of the New Testament other than Greek, show that the Lord spoke an Aramaic language, and of this language again a Galilean dialect. The Aramaic is a branch of the north Semitic and as such a sister tongue of the Hebrew. Long before the close of the Old Testament canon the Aramaic had supplanted Hebrew in popular use in Israel,

and had become the language of trade and business between the people of Syria and countries farther east. Already a Jeremiah and an Ezekiel show the influence of this tongue, the same is true of the later. Psalms, Ecclesiastes, and especially Ezra and Daniel, both of which contain portions written in this dialect. During the Macabean period the Aramaic had virtually supplanted Hebrew in Israel. It is used in the Talmud, and its general use is reported by Philo, a contemporary of St. Paul, and by the historian Josephus, who calls it the "language of the fatherland."

Only in one respect the old Hebrew maintained its hold. It was the language of the sacred writings of Israel and the official tongue of their Scriptures. In the synagogues these books were read in the original Hebrew, but were interpreted to the people through Aramaic paraphrases called Targumim. Testimonies abound and agree that such was the case regularly, so that the common people could no longer understand the sacred tongue of their fathers, and of their Scriptures. The current language of the day was accordingly the Aramaic, and this was the tongue employed by Christ in his discourses with his disciples and with the people. The Hebrew as such was known well only to the learned, but was not understood thoroughly by the common people.

The correctness of this conclusion is attested by the words cited in the New Testament.

Beecher's Advice to His Son.

From a letter once written to his son by the famous preacher we take the following wise hints, which are good for all young men—and young women, too:

You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt—cash or nothing. Make [few] promises. Religiously observe the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promises cannot afford to make many.

Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guess work. Either nothing or accurate truth.

When working for others, sink yourself out of sight; seek their interest, make yourself necessary to those who employ you, by industry, fidelity and scrupulous integrity. Selfishness is fatal.

Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody else expects of you. Demand more of yourself than anybody expects of you. Keep your own standard high. Never excuse yourself to yourself. Be a hard master to yourself, but lenient to everybody else.

Concentrate your force on your own business; do not turn off. Be constant, steadfast, persevering.

The art of making one's fortune is to spend nothing; in this country any intelligent and industrious young man may become rich if he stops all leaks, and is not in a hurry. Do not make haste; be patient. Do not speculate or gamble. Steady, patient industry is both the surest and the safest way. Greediness and haste are two devils that destroy thousands every year.

Lastly do not forget your father's and your mother's God. Read often the precepts and duties enjoined in the New Testament.—Epworth Era.

Gentleness.

Gentleness is love in society. It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect and that soul of speech which assures that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence which, like the scented flame of an alabaster lamp fills many a home with light and warmth and fragrance altogether. It is the carpet soft and deep, which, while it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery, and to which death comes in a balmy dream. It is consideration. It is tenderness of feeling. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depths and all its delicacy. It is everything included in that watchless grace, the gentleness of Christ.

Constipation Cured.

GENTLE.—I was in very poor health for over four years; the doctor said it was constipation. Not wanting to spend too much cash I got three bottles of B. B. B. and took it regularly. I can certify that I am now in the very best of health and feel very grateful to B. B. B.

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Cigarette Smoking.

The crusade against cigarette smoking in the public schools of New York has formally begun by the distribution in all the grammar schools of copies of the constitution and pledges of the Anti-Cigarette League. The object of the league is to suppress the smoking of cigarettes by all the boys in the city. It is intended to carry out this reform through the boys themselves. There is to be a league organized in each grammar school, its members signing a pledge to refrain from smoking cigarettes till they are 21.

The organizations are to be governed by the boys themselves. The constitution provides that any member who violates the agreement shall be dropped from the rolls and shall be required to surrender his button or badge to the counil of ten, before whom he is tried. But any member who has been dropped has a chance to reform, and after six months' probation, during which he must refrain from smoking cigarettes, he may be reinstated, and have his button returned to him.

SLEEP BETTER THAN A VACATION.

Complete Bodily Rest and Rejuvenation as Good as Change of Scene.

It is suggested that what some people want is sleep holidays. They do not need to go to watering places and summer hotels and to be entertained by a round of gayety, with a band always playing. The apostles of the new method say that many people would be benefited if they just went to bed and slept for lengthened periods, and that they might do well to take holidays in just that way. They affirm that as a rule men and women and children do not get sleep enough, and that the old adage, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise," needs changing. There need be no reference to early rising in it. For "early to rise" it might be "late to rise."

The advice of that old saw was concocted, they say, in days when there were no express trains, no telephones, no telegraphs, no hurry. Here is the use of telling people to get up early whose brains are racked by anxiety and worry and who are being burned up by the ever-increasing rate at which things have to be done?

The proper thing to say to them is to get as much sleep as they possibly can on every possible occasion. The suggestion of occasional sleep holidays, when worried people of this kind could temporarily shuffle off their mortal coil, is on this understanding quite intelligible. There would be no difficulty in making arrangements to carry the scheme out. The proprietors of the summer resorts would no doubt be glad to provide accommodation for any number of somnolent guests.

The prevailing question would not be "What is there for dinner?" but "Is my bed ready?" There would be memoranda as to the length of time sleep had been indulged in or was desired to continue. "Mr. A. came on Saturday; he is to be called on Wednesday night." "Mrs. B. will sleep for one week," &c. No doubt if the id were started establishments would vie with each other in the perfection of their sleeping preparations, and we should be told that absolutely unbroken repose for any desired period could be obtained.

Joking apart, however, there may be something in the contention that a greater amount of sleep is required by people nowadays—especially brain workers—than was formerly the case. Nicola Tesla, the electrician, is credited with saying that he believes a man might live 200 years if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes often live to advanced old age—because they sleep so much. He also alluded to the current report that Mr. Gladstone now sleeps seventeen hours every day. There is something distinctly pleasant in the idea of an old age of such commanding intellect being kept vigorous by the simplest of remedies. But the worse of precepts, like those of modern apostles of sleep, is that their instructions will be taken advantage of by the lazy and brainless as an excuse for inactivity for which they should have no manner of warrant, either in the development of their brains or the delicate adjustment of their nervous system. When the professional tramps read of Gladstone we shall find stacks of them asleep by the roadside.—Toronto Mail.

Texas's Big Hog.

Texas is not only the biggest state in the Union, but lays claim to the biggest hog ever raised in the United States. The hog weighs 1430 pounds, and is 8 feet 3 inches long. He measures 6 feet around the neck, 8 feet around the body, and stands 4 feet 1 inch high. His feet are as large as those of a common ox, and the leg bone larger than that of the largest steer. He is Poland China and red Jersey. He eats corn like an ox; takes the whole ear in his mouth

TRY

SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

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

at once, and eats the cob as well as the corn, eating from forty to fifty ears at a time. There seems to be no surplus flesh on him, and physicians who have examined the hog say he can easily be made to reach 2200 pounds. The present owner, T. Ratigan, paid \$250 for the hog, and has been offered \$1500 for him. He has a fire policy on the animal for \$5000. No other hog, it is said, ever reached such tremendous proportions. We expect to learn soon that he has been burned.—Monticello Press.

AT THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Why do the leaves fall? "Bless m, I don't know," you answer: "I suppose because it is one of nature's arrangements."

Precisely; but why did nature so arrange? Why not have summer time always, with perpetual foliage? What is the meaning of denuded branches, withered flowers daylight fading in mid-afternoon, and winter's cold and desolation? When you find out why the leaves fall you will have discovered one of nature's deepest secrets—why men die.

Suppose we try an easier problem. Why should Mr. William Steel have written such a sentence as this:—"At the fall of the leaf every year I got into such a state that I took no pleasure in anything."

No doubt there are minds so highly strung as to feel keenly the influence of outward conditions, changes of the weather and of the seasons, and so on. But they are rare, and for practical purposes they ought to be rare. Our friend Mr. Steel, happily for him, was not one of them. All the same he was a miserable man every time the leaves began to rattle to the ground.

Here's the way he puts it: "At the fall of the leaf every year I felt languid, tired and weary, and took no pleasure in anything. My appetite was poor, and after everything I ate I had pain and fullness at the chest and sides. Then there was a horrible pain at the pit of the stomach, which nothing relieved."

Now this sort of thing would spoil a man's pleasure any time of year, but the oddity in Mr. Steel's case is that it always coincided with what you may call nature's bedtime.

"After a few months," he says, "the pain and distress would be easier for a while, but as autumn approached I became as bad as ever. In September, 1890, I had an unusually bad time of it. I couldn't touch a morsel of food, and presently got so weak I was unable to stand on my legs. Every few hours I had to be poulticed, the pain was so bad. I went to bed and stayed there for a week, with a doctor attending me. He relieved me a little, but somehow he didn't succeed in getting to the bottom of my ailment."

That may be, but it doesn't quite follow that the doctor was in the dark as to Mr. Steel's ailment. He might have understood it right enough, yet failed to cure it because he had no remedy for it among his drugs. That happens all the while. Still, the reader may ask, What's the good of knowing the nature of a complaint if we possess no medicine to cure it? There you have us; no use at all, to be sure.

"Well," Mr. Steel goes on to say: "For some time I continued very feeble, and was hardly able to walk. I felt so tired and done up I didn't know where to put myself. This was year after year for six years." "Finally I read about the popular medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and made up my mind to try it. So I began and kept on with it for some time. The result was that the pain left me, and my appetite waked up, and my food tasted good and digested well; and presently I was strong and hearty as ever. That was three years ago, and the trouble has never returned. (Signed) William Steel, Hambleton, near Oakham, Rutlandshire, Dec. 5th, 1893."

Mr. Steel is grocer and postmaster at Hambleton, and his case is well known there. His complaint isn't hard to see through; it was indigestion and dyspepsia. But why did it come on only in the autumn? What had the fall of the leaf to do with it? Let the reader study on that point.

Meanwhile it is a comfort to know that Mother Seigel's Syrup will cure it no matter when it comes on.

An Old Family Society.

The Buchanan society, as the name denotes, is composed of individuals of the name and clan of Buchanan, and is the oldest named society in Scotland. It was instituted in Glasgow so far back as 1725. At a friendly meeting of some of the name of Buchanan held there on March 5 of that year, the following proposal was made:

"That the name of Buchanan, being now the most numerous name in the place, and many poor boys of that name, who are found to be of good genius, being lost, for want of good education, a fund might be begun and carried on by the name, the interest of which in time might enable some of them to be useful in church and state." This society has since gone on with almost uninterrupted success. It has attained a position of high importance and is of great practical use.—Notes and Queries.

Dr. Fowler's extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus and all summer complaints and fluxes of the bowels in children or adults.

WORLD'S OLDEST FAMILY.

The Oldest in the British Isles is the Macs, of Scotland.

As a result of a recent investigation it has been shown that the foundation of the families of about a dozen of the 400 barons in the British house of lords dates back to 1400, the earliest being 1264. The oldest family in the British Isles is the Mac family, of Scotland, 1033. The Campbells, of Argyll, began in 1190, Talleyrand dates from 1199, Bismarck from 1270, the Grosvenor family, the dukes of Westminster, 1066; the Austrian house of Hapsburg goes back to 952, and the house of Bourbon to 864. The descendants of Mohammed, born 570, are all registered carefully and authoritatively in a book kept in Mecca by the chief of the family. Little or no doubt exists of the absolute authenticity of the long line of Mohammed's descendants.

In China there are many old families; also among the Hebrews, "but," says an authority, "when it comes to pedigrees there is one gentleman to whom the world must take off its hat, not as facile princeps or primus inter pares, but as the great and only nonesuch. This is the Mikado of Japan." His place has been filled by members of his family for more than 2,500 years. The present Mikado is the 122d of the line. The first one was contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar, 600 years before Christ. Of the seven great religions enumerated by Max Muller as possessing Bibles the Mikado family is older than five.

Since we all have the consolation of knowing that we are descended from the first family, it makes no difference if some of the early records are lost, except so far as they relate to recent property titles.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"I HAD NO FAITH."

But My Wife Persuaded Me to Try the Great South American Rheumatic Cure and My Aching Pain Was Gone in 12 Hours, and Gone for Good.

J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years—confined to my bed for months at a time; unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many physicians without any benefit. I had no faith in rheumatic cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist, in Owen Sound. At that time I was in agony with pain. Inside of 12 hours after I had taken the first dose the pain had all left me. I continued until I had used three bottles, and I now consider myself completely cured."

The Pope's Garden.

At the last, opposite the iron turnstile by which the visitors are counted, there is the closed gate of the garden. It is very hard to get admission to it now, for the pope himself is there almost every day when the weather is fine. In the Italian manner of gardening the grounds are well laid out and produce the effect of being much larger than they really are. They are not perhaps, very remarkable, and Leo XIII must sometimes long for the hills of Capri and the freer air of the mountains as he drives round and round in the narrow limits of his small domain or walks a little under the shade of the flex trees, conversing with his gardener or his architect. Yet those who love Italy love its old-fashioned gardens, the shady walks, the deep box hedges, the stiff little summer houses, the fragments of old statues at the corners and even the scherzi d'acqua, which are little surprises of fine water jets that unexpectedly send a shower of spray into the face of the unwary. There was always an element of childishness in the practical jesting of the last century.—F. Marion Crawford in Century.

A POPULAR C. P. R. OFFICER.

Adds His Testimony to the Merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder For Catarrh and Cold in the Head. He Says It Is Peerless.

Mr. John McEduards, the genial purser of the C. P. R. liner "Athabasca," says: "I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for cold in the head. It is very effective, easy to apply, mild and pleasant. For catarrh it has no equal. I have tested nearly every catarrh cure made, and found none to compare with it. I recommend it first, last and always."

A Short Will.

One of the shortest wills on record in the Register's office at Washington, D. C., is that of Martin Hendricks. It is written with an indelible pencil on a physician's prescription blank, and reads as follows: Sunday, July 5, 1896.—I, Martin Hendricks, will and bequeath to my wife, Mary, all my earthly possessions. Martin Hendricks.

Monumental Success.

"Mr. Manager, do you think that the attempt to elevate the stage has met with any degree of success?" "Why certainly. Look at the roof gardens on the sky scrapers."