

Sunday Reading.

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

'Poor little Lou!' everybody was apt to say. And yet few children are more tenderly cared for than Lou had been all her short life. Grandmother Macomber never crossed any wish of hers, the servants about the old place treated her like a young princess, and all who had to deal with her exercised a peculiar gentleness and consideration about it. To all intents and purposes Lou was an orphan. She had suffered the greatest lack a child can experience in having to live without a mother's wise, brooding care. That missing mother suffered equally in the separation of years from her only child; but she could not leave her husband's side, and Colonel Macomber was an officer in India, whose climate would have been fatal to frail little Lou.

Now, Lou was a very delicate child. If she came down in the morning with the shadow under her drooping eyes a shade deeper than usual, her grandmother insisted that Dr. McPherson should see her before noon. If an open window admitted a draught near Lou, the curtain must be drawn at once. If there had been no shower the night before, Lou must on no account go down the garden walk without wraps and rubbers. If it were not sunshine, she must not take her drive. Who ever saw Lou roll a hoop, or throw a snowball, or jump rope, or chase a butterfly? She was as shy as any wood rabbit that never saw a human face, afraid of other children, glad to hide if the door bell rang, and, poor little maid! only too honest in saying that she supposed pretty much all she was good for was to have a headache.

She had only begun to notice that somehow her grandmother, too, had headaches lately, and to wonder how it should be so when she used to seem so well, when Indian letters arrived one day that brought great news. Lou's father and mother were coming home. Besides writing so to Grandmother Macomber, both the father and mother wrote to Lou. Lou's mother, thinking pitifully how strange her own father's house would be to the child who could not remember any home but her grandmother's, tried particularly to rouse an interest in that father's house where they would all live together after this. But Lou only felt homesick when she read this letter, and as she looked around the room so familiar to her, which in a brief while she must leave entirely, silent tears filled her large, sad eyes. Grandmother Macomber, who watched with peculiar anxiety at this time her darling's moods, saw the tears. She took pains to draw from Lou every thought and feeling she was passing through about her parents and the change that was coming to her life.

'I do not mean I'm sorry they are coming home,' said Lou; 'that would be dreadful. But I am so afraid, somehow. I can't help feeling afraid, for I don't know papa, I don't know mama, though their letter, and presents, and everything have been always so nice. And I am afraid of strangers, you know, grandmother. I am afraid of strange places, dreadfully. I can't want to go to my father's house yet—how can I, grandmother?'

Grandmother gathered Lou's light weight up into her arms, and thought and thought, with tears in her eyes. It seemed so strange and hard that Lou should dread her own father and mother, and her own home! Still she could see too plainly how it all was, to blame the child. It preyed unhealthily upon the sensitive mind. Lou could not sleep at night, and often could not lift her aching head all day. Grandmother Macomber grew seriously alarmed, and one morning she met Lou in the breakfast-room with a determined air that Lou's heavy eyes noted with surprise before she spoke. But speak she did, immediately, and with energy.

'Lou, I am going a journey, and you are going with me. It will do you good.'

'O grandmother! I'd rather not, please,' said Lou shrilly. But her grandmother did not seem to hear.

And it was very interesting, after all Lou had never seen her grandmother hurry things so, but then, she had never been a journey with her. A trunk was brought down from the attic and packed with speed; a lunch was put up; directions were left with the servants; and then she felt herself flying along in the express train at her grandmother's side. Lou really pinched herself to see whether the sudden change could be reality or a dream from which she would wake up with a headache, as usual.

They travelled all the afternoon, and stopped at a hotel over night. It was not until dusk of the next day that their carriage, threading through a long driveway, brought them in sight of a house whose like Lou had never seen before. Grandmother Macomber's house was a city house, tall, narrow and built of sombre red brick. This place seemed to smile all over from its great windows, golden in the setting sun, and to stretch out welcoming arms as it stood, broad, ample and comely, with its wings and piazzas, among the shrubbery.

When they stepped in, the first thing Lou took notice of was a noble hearth-fire at

one end of the hall, and before she had time to dread meeting strangers there she was in a great cushiony chair, getting warmed to her heart before that noble fire, while somebody with a plain, kindly face was pulling off her overshoes. There seemed to be none of those dreaded introductions here, indeed, Lou wondered a good deal, but as Grandmother Macomber wondered at nothing, apparently, and merely went on as she did at home, Lou asked no questions at first. If this were the way in which people went visiting, she thought it not at all bad, after all.

It was really curious to see Lou for the next month in that house. Her grandmother and all the kind people there encouraged and helped her to find out all the secrets of the place. Lou felt just like an explorer. Her experience had been so small, her knowledge of all places so limited that perhaps it was everything to her that discovering a new world might have been to Columbus. In that house there was a large library, with rows of books upon its walls that reached far above Lou's head. In this room there were busts and bronzes and a few pictures, but the part which Lou found most interesting was a certain curtained corner where was a bay-window. All round this recess ran a cushioned seat, and shelves, that were fitted cunningly between the window-casements, bore on them such a wealth of bewitching books for children as Lou had never dreamed of. Fairy books, story books, picture books even, and books of poetry, were ranged temptingly. At Grandmother Macomber's Lou's lesson-books made her head ache so she never cared for others. Somehow her head was better lately, and how could anybody help liking books such as these!

There were choice ornaments, queer curiosities, fine pieces of furniture in this house, which Lou discovered and admired as she went half-timidly looking about, day after day. There was a sweet-toned organ, which fascinated her often to shut herself up in the long drawing-room and finger it over softly in her childish way. There were pieces of handiwork which made her wonder at the skill that wrought them. In the bureau, drawers unlocked for her were trinkets, keepsakes, dainty clothes, a baby's yellow curl, packets of letters—through these she did not care to read. Almost in every room she found hung up some pictures that she liked to go back and look at afterwards. It might be a Madonna with her Holy Child; it might be a saint; it might be a portrait; it might be a landscape. But best of all she liked one portrait—a portrait of a lovely lady, whose eyes followed her. After she came to this, she went every day to look up to it.

'Can you tell why you are so fond of it?' asked her grandmother. And Lou could not tell.

One day Mrs. Macomber led her to a room she had not yet seen. 'This,' she explained, as she left her there, 'was fitted up by her parents' orders for the child of the house.'

Lou uttered a cry of delight as she looked about the beautiful room. The sun came warmly into it; blooming plants glowed in one window, with a canary singing above them; in another stood a sewing chair and a Fayal work-basket. Dressing-table, couch and windows were draped about with airy ruffles and laces. It seemed to Lou that everything a girl could use or admire was disposed somewhere about that one room; and, more than all, they had brought and hung here the portrait of the lovely lady. Her soft, brown eyes, as they caught the touch of the sunshine, seemed to smile with a different smile at Lou from this new place.

'Oh, I do believe I wish,' said Lou, speaking in answer to these smiling eyes, that I were the girl they had fitted up this for.'

And she went straight to her grandmother, with a quicker and a heavier foot than formerly used to glide languidly about the still city house from which she had come.

'Grandmother,' said she, 'this is all such a strange visit. Do tell me all about this house and the people and those beautiful rooms that is. I don't believe there can be another such house as this in all the world. I should think anybody must be perfectly happy who owns it and lives in it.'

'You really think so?' asked her grandmother in an odd tone; 'do you think you could like, also, the people who planned and ordered it all?'

'Of course I do, answered Lou with animation. 'I should be ashamed of myself if I didn't and, indeed, I feel acquainted with them already, now. I know all their ways of doing. Tell me about them, grandmother.'

To tell Lou about it was something that Grandmother Macomber could not do without both smiles and tears; for was not this the father's house which Lou had dreaded? And would she not know her own mother by those same smiling brown eyes which she had loved, unconscious of the reason why, in the portrait of the lady? Was not the room in which it hung fitted for her very self by the tact of paternal tenderness

which yearned to find that, coming to its own, its own received it?

Grandmother Macomber felt glad that it had been an inspiration which had suggested to her mind this way of gently overcoming Lou's morbid fears and the unhappy ignorance from which it rose.

Not to a stranger's heart, then, Lou's happy father and mother found themselves welcomed when they stood in peace once more within the home from whose fair domains they had been so long absent. They marvelled, indeed, to find during succeeding days how much Lou had divined of their tastes and preferences. How much insight into their characters had come to her with merely her study of the hope they had built up to act as interpreter.

A life full of new interests, ample liberty, and a sort of fearless hardihood was fast making a different girl of Lou when Grandmother Macomber packed her trunk to go back without her to the lonely city house. Grandmother's headaches did not lessen as Lou's did. She grew increasingly infirm, and they all knew now, what she had known herself for months, that the malady which was upon her must be her death.

'I dreaded it at first,' she said, smiling, to her son; 'I was just as afraid of my Father and his house as little Lou was of her father and his house. I hated to leave all I was used to and go to a strange place. But while Lou has been learning so much better, I have been keeping right alongside of her. I have been looking at everything about me lately—everything in the earth and everything in life—to learn what my Father's way of thinking and doing and being are. It amazed me, as Lou was amazed, to find how wise and wonderful and especially loving to me all these things testify that my Father must be. And so, now, I am not only afraid to change, but I am glad, oh, very glad and happy! to go home to my Father's house, in which are many mansions, and a place prepared for me.'

Do we not all know with what tender forethought our Elder Brother spoke of that Father's house, using the simple, natural, quiet words which prove that He would not have us either mystify or terrify ourselves about it? Can we not, then, easily trust His skill, His painstaking, who plainly said, 'I go to prepare a place for you?'—Christian Union.

LITTLE KINDNESSES

'And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.'—Eph. iv., 32.

'And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness.'—II. Pet. i., 5-7.

We are doubtless all familiar with the old couplet:

Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our home an Eden like the home above.

How often a word gently and kindly spoken seems to lighten the heavy load and help the weary one along the way. And the little loving deeds of kindness which are within the reach of all, how important they are! How they smooth the pathway of life!

Many of us are longing to do some great work for Christ, but neglecting the opportunities we have of doing little things for him.

The little things which he gives us to do are just as important as the great things. Life, for most of us, is made up chiefly of little things, and the daily rounds, the common task would grow very tiresome to some of us, were it not for the 'little kindnesses' we receive from others and the pleasure we take in bestowing little kindnesses on all those around us.

'Add to godliness, brotherly kindness.' Christians, be kind. Be not censorious, be not sharp nor fault-finding nor criticizing, but humbly, patiently be kind. Christ is kind, it is written of him, he 'went about doing good,' and many times he 'was moved with compassion' for the people.

'Thou, O Lord, are a God full of compassion, and gracious, long-suffering and plenteous in mercy and truth.'—Psa. lxxxvi., 15.

Compassion is the spirit of love which is awakened by the sight of need or wretchedness. What abundant occasion is there every day for the practice of this heavenly virtue, and what a need of it in a world so full of misery and sin! Every Christian ought therefore by prayer and practice to cultivate a compassionate heart, as one of

the most precious marks of likeness to the Blessed Master. Everlasting love longs to give itself to a perishing world, and to find its satisfaction in saving the lost. It seeks for vessels which it may fill with love of God, and send out among the dying that they may drink and live forever. It asks hearts to fill with its own tender compassion at the sight of all the need in which sinners live, hearts that will reckon in their highest blessedness, as the dispensers of God's compassion, to live entirely to bless and save sinners. O my brother, the everlasting compassion which has had mercy on thee calls thee, as one who has obtained mercy, to come and let it fill thee. It will fit thee, in thy compassion on all around, to be a witness to God's compassionate love.

The opportunity for showing it we have all around us. How much there is of temporal want! There are the poor and the sick, widows and orphans, distressed and despondent souls who need nothing so much as the refreshment a compassionate heart can bring. They live in the midst of Christians, and sometimes complain that it is as if there are children of the world who have more sympathy than those who are only concerned about their own salvation. O brothers, pray earnestly for a compassionate heart, always on the lookout for an opportunity of doing some work of love, always ready to be an instrument of the Divine compassion.

It was the compassionate sympathy of Jesus that attracted so many to him upon earth; that same compassionate tenderness will still more than anything draw souls to you and to your Lord.

And how much of spiritual misery surrounds us on all sides! Here is a poor, rich man. There is a foolish, thoughtless youth. There is, again, a poor drunkard, or a hopeless unfortunate. Or, perhaps, none of these, but simply people entirely wrapped up in the follies of the world which surround them. How often are words of unloving indifference, or harsh judgment, or slothful hopelessness heard concerning all these! The compassionate heart is wanting. Compassion looks upon the deepest misery as the place prepared for her God, and is attracted by it. Compassion will not allow itself to be rejected, for it is the self-denying love of Christ which inspires it.

The Christian does not confine his compassion to his own circle; he has a large heart. His Lord has shown him the whole heathen world as his field of labor. He seeks to be acquainted with circumstances of the heathen; he carries their burden on his heart; he is really moved with compassion, and means to help them. Whether the heathenism is near or far off, whether he witnesses it in all its filth and degradation, or only hears it, compassionate love lives only to accomplish God's will in saving the perishing.

Like Christ in his compassion; let this now be our motto. After uttering the parable of the compassionate Samaritan, who, 'moved with compassion,' helped the wounded stranger, the Lord said, 'Go and do likewise.' He is himself the compassionate Samaritan, who speaks to every one of us to whom he has said 'Go and do likewise.' 'Even as I have done to you, do ye likewise.' We, who owe everything to his compassion, who profess ourselves his followers, who walk in his footsteps, and bear his image, oh, let us exhibit his compassion to the world. We can do it. He lives in us; his spirit works in us. Let us with much prayer and firm faith look to his example as the sure promise of what we can be. It will be to him an unspeakable joy, if he finds us prepared for it, not only to show his compassion to us but through us to the world. And ours will be the unutterable joy of having a Christ-like heart, full of compassion and of great mercy.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

A Marvelous Trick.

A French scientist, M. Ragonneau, says he has duplicated the Hindoo trick of growing a plant from seed in thirty minutes. The Hindoos use earth from ant hills, which is saturated with formic acid, and greatly stimulates the germination of the seed. By infusing ants in boiling water acid as strong as vinegar can be obtained. M. Ragonneau has achieved the best results and most perfect growth by using acid moistened with a solution of 5,000 parts of water to one of acid.

His Eccentricity

'Beverly isn't like any other man I know.' 'In what way does he differ from the rest?' 'He is courteous to people who couldn't possibly be of any service to him.'

TRY

SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

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

DISEASES DUE TO DRINK.

Wine and Beer Are Not Less Injurious Than the Stronger Liquors.

Turning from the effects of alcoholism on the nervous system to its effect on the other organs, and bearing of course in mind that it is always difficult to determine whether this latter is direct or only secondary as a result of neurotic disease, we find numerous instances both of acute and chronic diseases of the mucous membrane of the pharynx, stomach and intestines. These are important, not only from their frequent occurrence, but especially for their bearing on the general alimentation. I believe most physicians will agree with me in the view that inflammation of the stomach and bowels in adults is almost invariably due to alcoholic poisoning.

But alcohol exerts its essential and most significant influence on the vital organs by being taken up in the circulation and thus brought into direct contact with their cellular tissue. We have no clearer evidence of the direct action of a poison in producing primary cell death than is afforded by the action of alcohol on the liver producing liver cirrhosis. Typical liver cirrhosis was found in 3 per cent of all the male bodies examined at the Leipzig Pathological institute.

But the organic changes which my own experience compels me to place in the first rank as denoting the most injurious effects of alcoholic indulgence are the diseases of the muscles of the heart and its nervous apparatus, the diseases of the arteries and of the kidneys.

But while it has long been known that delirium tremens, neurosis and cirrhosis liver owe their existence to alcoholic poisoning, it is by no means generally recognized that chronic heart and kidney diseases are due to the same cause. And yet the practical significance of precisely this form of alcoholic poisoning, apart even from its frequency, is of the highest, from the fact that these diseases are induced not so much by the use of concentrated alcohol, but especially by heavy beer drinking. This habit of excessive beer drinking is very widely prevalent among the cultivated classes and claims its victims of schnapps as an act of moral degradation. It is not only that the quantity of alcohol consumed by heavy beer drinkers is excessive, but the consumption of liquid involved in the habit is no less excessive and injurious. To this, too, much be added as hardly less prejudicial the consumption of an extra and undue amount of nutritive matter contained in the beer.

All these conditions tend to that disease which is rarely absent in steady beer drinkers. The prime anatomical change exhibits itself as hypertrophy of the muscles of the heart, especially of the left ventricle. This is the result of a continuous overtaxing of the heart's powers. The prime factor here is the excessive amount of water which before it can again be given off by the kidneys, skin and lungs must be taken up by the blood and maintained in motion by the heart. The excess of nutritive matter furnished by the beer contributes to be a same result.

Kidney diseases as a result of alcoholism are still more frequent, and with wine and beer drinkers the extra labor imposed on the kidneys by excess of fluid renders them especially susceptible to the large influence of the accompanying alcohol.

Finally, there is another interesting group of diseases resulting from alcoholic action in disturbing and upsetting the chemical processes of assimilation. The leading types of diseases due to this cause are gout, diabetes and fatty degeneration of the heart, and while allowing that in many cases alcoholic action may be supplemented by contributory causes I think it will be apparent that the sum of the evils properly ascribable to alcohol is such as to warn us physicians that here is a matter in which all our forces should be enlisted.—Dr. Adolph Strumpell.

BURNING KELP IN IRELAND.

How Iodine Is Produced From Seaweed Cast on the Shore.

Along the northwestern coast of Ireland, on the borders of the Atlantic, dwells a hardy race of men whose chief occupation, when not engaged in fishing, consists in the manufacture of kelp. This is of great commercial importance, as from it is obtained nearly all our iodine—a body of vast use in medicine.

During the winter months the kelp burners set out in their frail "currachs" (small canoe-like boats about twelve feet long, made of canvas), and, proceeding along the coast, fill the boats with the seaweed, from which the kelp is made. In this they are assisted by the women, who, bareheaded and shoeless, take their turns regularly at the oars, and are almost as expert at it as the men.

After a storm is the time selected for obtaining the seaweed, as by the force of the waves it has been torn up from its bed, and is cast in along the shore in large quantities. Sometimes, in these excursions, the boatmen come across valuable treasure-trove, and occasionally, alas! a mangled corpse cast in from some ill-fated vessel. Your contributor himself has seen the graves along the coast of bodies discovered in this way. When the boats are laden the seaweed is brought to a small creek, and there placed in heaps out of reach of the tide. From this it is carried in creels on the backs of men and women to a point further inland, where it is to undergo a process of drying.

The drying consists in exposing it to the sun and wind, and the better to do this, they have rows of loose stones laid about twenty yards in length and a few feet in height. Along the tops of these they scatter the seaweed. The drying takes months, so that spring is well advanced ere it is ready for burning. This does not matter, however, as, owing to the fuel—the peat or turf got from the bogs at hand—not being yet cut and dried (or 'win,' as it is termed)—it is summer before the burning in the kilns can commence. The kiln is a deep trench dug in the ground. Alternate layers of turf and seaweed are laid in this till full, and the whole is kept burning for about three weeks, until it cakes together in a large black mass resembling coke, but much more solid and heavier. This is the 'kelp.' It is then broken into blocks about fourteen inches square, and brought by boat to the villages, where it is sold, to be shipped to more profitable markets.

DOMES, BUBBLES, AND EGG-SHELLS.

Seen from a distance on a fine day the dome of St. Paul's looks as light as a soap bubble; and if it could talk, it would tell you it feels as light, for the mighty strength of the great church carries it as a man carries a baby on his shoulder. Yet it weighs—how much, do you fancy? A woman stood in the doorway awaiting the return of her husband. He had left home with a heavy load of anxiety on his mind. Presently she saw him coming. Matters had been satisfactorily adjusted; she knew it by his face. Walking quickly up to her, he said—not loudly but gently, with pauses between his words: 'Wife, if you should heap a bushel of egg-shells in that door-I feel I could run over them-and not break one.'

This is in the line of universal experience. Weight—so far as it concerns the human body at least—is not determined by the scales, but by sensation. We beg to introduce Mr. John Stafford, who says, 'I felt as though a heavy load had been lifted off me.'

'For over twenty years,' he adds, 'I had suffered from obstinate indigestion and constipation. For more than a week at a time I would never have my bowels moved.'

The reader is an intelligent person, doubtless. Consider Mr. Stafford's statement, then, for a moment, let us put the fact in plain English. His intestines were full of festering rotteness; they were like a stagnant morass, breeding disease and death. The poison engendered by so vile an accumulation are absorbed by the tissues, pass into the blood, and infect every organ and part of the system. It not relieved, the victim will die—poisoned by the products of his own machinery. It is as horrible as the Black Hole at Calcutta, and common as weeds in a neglected garden.

We are, therefore, prepared to hear him say, 'I always had a bad taste in my mouth, my tongue and teeth being covered with a sticky, slimy matter. I was constantly belching up a foul gas or fluid that tasted as sour as vinegar. After eating I had great pain and tightness in the chest, back, and between the shoulders, with a choking feeling in the throat. As time went on I grew weaker and weaker, through loss of appetite and lack of nourishment, until I could hardly follow my work. I tried all sorts of medicines I could hear tell of, but none of them did me any good.'

'In June (1893) I was so run down and feeble I feared I should have to give up altogether. I was under a doctor for several weeks, but his medicine did me no good; I kept getting worse and worse. At last, in July of the same year, my mates at the Marsh Iron Works, where I was employed, told me about Mother's Seigel's Curative Syrup, and after I had taken it a few days I felt a great improvement. My bowels acted naturally, as they had not previously done for twenty years, my food agreed with me, and I felt as if a heavy load had been lifted off me. Continuing to take the Syrup, I gained strength rapidly, and have been in the best of health ever since. You will believe me when I say that I now recommend this remedy to everybody who suffers from the same complaint. You are welcome to publish my statement. Yours truly, (Signed) John Stafford, 15, Spa Terrace, Marsh Lane, Preston, October 11th, 1893.'

Indigestion is primarily a disease of the stomach and constipation is one of its results. On account of the torpidity of the liver (an accompaniment of indigestion), little or no bile is poured into the bowels, and the fluids of the intestines being dried up by the feverish action there, the partly digested stuff from the stomach becomes hard and solid in the lower bowel, and clogs it. Then it putrefies, producing all the evils from which our friend suffered. Seigel's Syrup cured him by setting things right at the source of trouble. We congratulate Mr. Stafford on his escape; it was narrow enough for the strongest and boldest.

The scales will tell him he weighs more than he has in twenty years; his feelings tell him that he could stand on an egg and not break it.

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