

Sunday Reading.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

The sun was just dropping behind a huge bank of clouds in the west. It was late in the fall, and in the region of country north-west of us, which an Arctic climate holds benumbed for four or five months of the year, every sunny day that comes at that season is one more reprieve from the dreary winter. Ranch life in winter in any of the north western states involves hardships that few people who have not experienced them ever dream of. Those who have had such trial can sympathize to a great extent with the Pilgrims in their first experience on the inhospitable shores of New England.

'Seems to me, John, I can just see them poor creatures gettin' out o' the boat in that freezin' cold weather, an' nowhere on earth to go—had to build a log hut to live in. It n'k they were a dreadful brave people.'

'Who're you talkin' about, Hannah?'

'I was just thinkin' about the Pilgrims.'

'O them people that settled Massachusetts? Praps 'twasn't a cold day when they landed. Besides, they came over here to get their own way; lots of people are brave enough for that.'

'You're always runnin' people down, John. I'm sure I'd like to know why you come way out here to this forlorn place—it's like the last end of nowhere unless 'twas to have your own way. And you had a good business in the East, too. Folks might say hard things of you if they tried.'

'What's that to me, I'd like to know? I'll go where I can run the business I want to without being meddled with all the time.'

'But there's no law in Connecticut 'gains keepin' a saloon if you kept your license paid up.'

'No more there isn't, but I'd rather fight the law than have a dozen o' those women naggin' at me all the time.'

'I don't know sometimes but they're right, though, if they are cranky,' said the women a little sullenly. 'It don't seem to me, when I think of it, as though we had right to sell stuff to people that's almost sure death to 'em in the long run.'

She ended rather defiantly, like a person who acts from a resolve to do something totally at variance with his whole previous line of conduct, and who feels at the same time a little ashamed to let his change of opinion be known. Her husband turned to look at her curiously. She went on with her work without heeding him. Presently he walked across the room and stood before her.

'Seems to me,' he said slowly, 'you're changin' your mind rather late; you never used to have no objections to sellin' folks what they wanted. An' I'll just warn ye that them airs won't do no good. I'm sellin' liquor, an' I'm goin' to do it spite of any one. Other people an' their chilrun kin take care o' themselves.'

'Other people's children, yes; but how about your own? Maybe you'd better be lookin' after yours.'

'What d'ye mean by that?' demanded the man fiercely. 'I ain't got but one, and d'ye think Mary Ann 'll take to drink? Not much; she's too much like her old father for that.'

His face softened as he spoke of his child. Then he turned away, went out of the door and down towards the barns where some of the stock was housed for the winter. Far away above the prairie he saw a horseman coming. 'Some one for the mail,' he said to himself. 'But Hannah's in there; she'll tend to him till I get through? He went on to the barn, thinking of the child of whom he had spoken—Mary Ann—the one thing that he loved. He recalled the time when she had first began to notice him; when she had first said: 'Dada,' all the years when he had carried her round in his arms; then let her run after him when he was at work; all through her girlhood when she had been so much to him; up to the time of her marriage, his thoughts travelled. She had been away from home now for two years, and the house had never been the same since. It is true she lived on the next ranch, but that was a distance of ten miles away.

'Poor little Mary Ann, poor little gal!' he muttered to himself. 'I must go over an' see her tomorrow. Somehow it seemed 's though she didn't look so happy the last time I was there. If I thought that fellow was usin' her bad, I'd—I'd—yes, I'd kill him sure.'

Meantime, the horseman John had seen away in the distance had arrived, tied his horse, and disappeared within the house. He was in the tough ranch dress, but his voice when he spoke and his words betrayed the gentleman.

'Good-day, Mrs. Simpson. Isn't it good that winter holds off so long?'

'Yes, Sir, it is that,' replied Hannah. 'I only wish it wouldn't come at all; but that's not to be thought of.'

'No, and it's coming soon, too. It will be a tough night tonight, unless I'm mistaken.'

'Here's your mail, sir; an' what'll ye have to drink?'

'Nothing, thank you,' was the grave reply.

The woman reddened as she said: 'I know you don't take anything; I didn't think, I'm so used to askin' that question of everybody that comes in.'

'That's all right, Mrs. Simpson. I know you wouldn't tempt me. I didn't need the stuff, you see; and as I know I'm better without it, I don't take it.'

Hannah said nothing. The man started toward the door, but turned before he reached it, and spoke.

'When have you seen your daughter, Mrs. Simpson?'

'It must be goin' on two weeks now, sir, since John was over there, an' I hain't seen her for longer yet. And somehow she don't find time to come here. A married woman's time ain't her own always, you know.'

'I saw her as I came by this afternoon, and she looked—the man hesitated—'rather lonely. Why don't you go and see her oftener?'

'She ain't sick, is she?' asked the mother anxiously.

'She didn't look well,' replied the man evasively.

'John an' me'll go over to-morrow or next day,' said the mother. 'We was goin' then anyway.'

'Be sure you do go to-morrow, if possible,' said the man earnestly as he left the house. 'She's alone a great deal, you know; her husband has to be away so much.'

To himself he said: 'I stop and see the girl on my way back, and tell her they are coming; perhaps that will keep her straight until to-morrow.' But when he reached the ranch no one was to be seen. 'She's gone already, and taken the baby with her, with her, poor girl!' I'd go after her if my wife wasn't looking for me at just such a time. She'd be frightened to death if I didn't get back to-night. I must go first, anyway.' So he took the trail back to his own ranch, while poor Mary Ann was already well on the road to a post office station fifteen miles away in a direction opposite to her father's house.

'What's that you said, Dan? A woman found dead? Where?'

John Simpson asked the question listlessly.

'Over near Miller's station, 'bout half-way 'tween there an' your gal's house.'

'I'm glad it wasn't no nearer here; 'twould about have frightened her to death if she knewed it. Mary Ann was an awful skeery little thing! Who found the woman, Dan?'

'That feller that came out here last spring; I've forgot his name; lives 'bout ten miles tother side o' Mary Ann's.'

'I know; Robinson, you mean; He was here yesterday. Nice kind of feller, I guess, though I couldn't never get no money out of him for liquor. He giv' me a lecture w'en he first come out for sellin' liquor, but he hain't never meddled with me since, an' I don't know as I bear him any grudge.'

'What did he say to you?'

'I don't know. He preached a reg'lar sermon; took for his text: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' an' at the end he asked me how I'd like to have somebody sellin' liquor to my gal, an' see her drinkin' herself to death. I told him there warn't a grain o' sense in talkin' o' that. My child was all right, an' I didn't feel no call to look arter other people's chilrun. They must shift for themselves.'

'Guess if Robinson'd gone on that plan you'd never know what become o' your gal,' said Dan bluntly.

He had been trying in this way to break the sad news gentle to old John. But he saw through the window the rude wagon coming over the plain with its burden, the young mother with the babe in arms, both dead—trozen to death on the plains in the fierce cold of the night before. He felt John must know the fact before the sad sight met his eyes. So he continued:

'If Robinson hadn't gone to hunt her up, the snow 'd might soon have buried her, an' you'd never have found her.'

John turned savagely upon the speaker.

'Dan Jones, are yer lunny? Do yer know you're talking about my gal?'

'That's jest the one I'm tellin' yer about,' persisted Dan. And incensed by John's words and expression, he burst forth with the naked truth. 'Your gal went over to Miller's station yesterday an' got drunk, an' comin' home, she laid down on the ground an' froze to death—her an' the young un, too.' He sprang aside as he spoke, or John's fist would have felled him to the floor.

'If I hear o' you repeatin' sech a lie agin' I'll send you where you'll wish you'd never said it.'

'Come and see for yerself,' said Dan, doggedly, as he reached the door, and opening it, slipped outside.

The wagon had stopped close to the house, and two men, aided by Dan, began removing from it what looked like a rude bier. A light blanket covered it, and John could not see what was beneath; but it looked like the form of a woman. It was the woman Dan had been talking about,

he supposed; but why were they bringing her—it into the house? If they wanted to send it off by the train, it would be better to go directly to the station—a few rods further down the road. Through the window he saw the men approaching the door; and he tried to go forward to speak them; but he suddenly found himself unable to do it. A horrible fear had seized upon him! He could not tell what the men came on up the steps and entered the open door—having some little trouble to get their burden through. They laid it upon the floor in front of John where he stood with his back to the stove. Somebody—it was Robinson he found out afterward—came and touched his arm, and spoke some words which fell upon his ear without any meaning. Then he turned down the blanket and John saw the familiar girlish face and form, with the baby in its arms. Only a glance he gave it, and then with a low groan fell on the floor beside it, as stiff, and to all appearance as lifeless as the corpse itself.

It was not a 'stroke,' though they thought at first it was; John recovered and transacted his business both in and out of the house as before—with a single exception. Of course, the bar was closed until after the funeral. And until the funeral, John would not leave his 'little gal' as he called her still; but sat beside her constantly, day and night, often talking to her. He seemed to draw some mental comfort and healing in this way. He said, long after, to Mr. Robinson:

'It didn't seem to me that time as though Mary Ann was really dead. I know'd she was, but I couldn't make it seem so. An' as I talked to her, I told her all how I come to be so careless-like, an' selfish. I tried to blame her husband first for her gettin' that bad habit. But I saw plain enough, pretty soon, that I couldn't do that in reason. 'Cause he never drank a drop, an' never had a drop in the house. No, she jest learned to use it at home—in her old daddy's house—her daddy that would a-died for her, and never thought it nothin'. I used to give her a drop or two myself once in a while when she was very leetle—jest to see laugh an' say: 'More, dada.' But when I put her at the bar to sell it, told her very decided: 'You mustn't never tech a drop yourself, little gal,' an' she promised not to. 'Twasn't right to serve her so; 'twas to hard on her. Just to learn her to like the stuff, an' then put her to give it to every one else, an' not take it herself. But I asked her pardon for it that time 'fore we put her out o' sight. An' sure as you stan' there, I heered her say—jest with her own voice: 'Forgive me, father? Why, of course, you didn't know what you was doin'.' An' I didn't then,' he concluded with emphasis. 'An' what's more, I wouldn't believe what was told me.'

One change in John's establishment was apparent to some of his customers. After his daughter's death, his stock of liquors suddenly gave out. From the day his child was brought home dead, and his wife suddenly closed the bar, not another drop of liquor was sold. To the first man who asked if he could have some, John said simply:

'No, sir, you can't.'

To Robinson only and to Hannah did he vouchsafe any explanation of his intentions.

'Guess I'll try to look after somebody else's chilrun a leetle, now I can't see after my own any more,' the words ended in a husky voice, and John suddenly bent his head and sobbed, as only a man can sob, and then only when his heart is broken.—Helen H. B'ake, in N. Y. Observer.

STORY OF A BOY DISCIPLE.

How one Boy Became a Good Sincere Christian by Self-Denial.

'I think I would like to have about twenty quarts of blackberries,' announced Dora one morning at the breakfast table, in her most housekeeping voice.

'What for?' demanded John, who hated picking blackberries for any purpose other than to put them black and soft into his own mouth. He liked them so ripe that they dropped off the bush as soon as they were touched. He said he did not want to pick them, but only give them a gentle hint.

'Then,' propounded his father, 'why are boys like unripe blackberries?'

'Because they need more than a gentle hint,' answered John, sagely. 'I would like to stand by and see Dora pick her own twenty quarts of blackberries.'

'I think you would have the hardest time of it,' said his father, 'idleness is the toughest kind of work for an energetic boy.'

Was he that? Energetic? John could work a month on the remembrance of such praise.

'Do you want them to-day?' he asked eagerly.

'This very morning, for jam.'

'I know where to go; up in the sprouts. They are thick there.'

'That's why I asked you to whistle when you went after the cows,' laughed Dora; 'if your mouth was full of whistle, I knew it couldn't be full of blackberries, and I want those blackberries.'

'John needs a trainer like the ancient Egyptian,' said his father; 'he trained the lion to hunt and leave the prey unharmed; he himself would return to his master, and the trained cat would fetch the unwounded bird from the thickets of the Nile.'

'Hurrah for the lion and the cat!' said John. 'And the Christian boy,' said his father.

John's face flushed deep red, and how his heart did beat! Did his father know that he was trying to be a Christian boy?'

'Not that it is wrong for you to eat blackberries as you pick them,' his father added, fearing the boy was hurt and ashamed; 'but it would be a grand thing for a boy to learn to deny himself for the sake of his Master, as did the lion and the cat, for theirs.'

John remembered Dora's pie that he had stolen; he was afraid he never did deny himself.

'But blackberries don't count,' he said, aloud. 'I wish I knew some real thing to deny myself in.'

His father laughed as he pushed his chair back from the table.

'You will find something if you live long enough,' he said.

'But I'd rather be told,' said John.

'One thing that you find out for yourself is worth ten that you are told,' was his father's quick reply.

'I suppose you would like the blackberries to-day,' said John, an hour after breakfast.

His enthusiasm for picking twenty quarts had died out, and he had begun again to hate the work.

'Very much,' returned Dora, brightly. She had been afraid his real wouldn't last; if was usually rather short-lived. 'To-morrow will be the picnic, and I want to go; I didn't go last year. To-day is the only day I can do this work.'

John's bare toe dug into the rag carpet, Sam Fleet had asked him to go to-day for a ride to Lake Hopatcong on his father's canal boat, and both their fathers had said the boys might go.

But Dora didn't go to the picnic last year—and this might be the last of the blackberries, while he could go next week on the canal boat. But, oh, how he did want to go today. It was such a splendid day for canal boats—and blackberries.

Then he remembered the lion and the cat. What a shame it a 'Christian boy' couldn't be as self denying as a lion or a cat!

He had found something to do for his Master, without living very long; and he did it, not like a lion or a cat, but like a Christian boy.—Morning Star.

UNABLE TO REACH THEIR HEARTS.

Some Preachers who are a Trifle too Deep for Their Hearers.

One night in attempting to feed a horse I threw down from the hay-loft a bundle of hay, expecting, of course, that it would reach the horse and add to his supper, next morning, on going to the barn, I discovered that he hadn't eaten a mouthful. It was not that the horse did not want it, but the difficulty was he could not get it. The hay had stopped half way in the feed box and remained there. His halter strap was long enough to allow him to reach within four inches of the hay. The trouble was not with the horse; it was with the man who tried to feed him. He placed his food too high. One of the chief things to learn in attempting to teach or preach to people is the law of adaptability, the law of getting down to the level of your hearer, and getting down so far that he shall be able to understand you and assimilate that which you gave him. Dr. Stalker, in his 'Preacher and his Models,' refers to a minister who succeeded a very able man in his parish. The new minister in conference with some of his members sought to find out the impression he was making upon the people, and the answer was: 'We liked our former minister very much. He was an able and very good man, but he made a very great mistake in his preaching; he took us all for seminary graduates, instead of being the common people that we are, and because of

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SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

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

this his ministry was not a great success.'

It is related of a bishop, who preached among a lowly people for a few weeks, that in conversation with one of his hearers he was taken aback at this sentiment: 'Our folks like you very much, bishop, because you are so very common.' But indeed, the remark was one of the greatest compliments any man ever received. The difficulty is usually in the other direction.—W. H. Geistweit, in 'Standard.'

HE WAS A PRIME MINISTER.

But He Was Criminal and Wore the Prison Convicts Stripes.

There has just been lodged in an English jail the only man who has tasted the sweets of power a Prime Minister yields and runs the gamut of crime that ended with the convict's stripes. To William Houghton fell this remarkable experience. He is reputed to be one of the most brilliant criminals and blackmailers in English police history.

He was the Prime Minister of Abyssinia, the chief adviser of King John. His word was law, and he was so powerful he could order the execution of the King and his immediate relatives. Houghton first achieved notoriety in 1876. In that year he journeyed from England to Egypt with a Major Barlow, who had been an officer of the Yorkshire yeomanry. Both had planned a programme of adventure that was as daring as it was dangerous.

At that time the relations between the Khedive and the King of Abyssinia were very strained. Houghton and his partner made their way into Abyssinia and ingratiated themselves with King John. Major Barlow was the first of the two to gain prominence, for he induced the King to place him at the head of the Abyssinian Army. Houghton soon became King John's political adviser and later Prime Minister. Barlow's army was the famous brigade of Amazons.

The Englishmen soon found themselves thoroughly established with royalty and people. They appropriated gold and silver and ivory from the stores of the King's subjects, sparing no one but the King himself. Wealth achieved, the adventurers turned their attention to politics and very soon had the Egyptian Government and King John by the ears. They stopped at nothing. Their daring was sufficient to overcome any obstacle. Their advice, no matter how extraordinary, was always taken, and the commotion Abyssinia created under their practical suzerainty was such that all Europe was agitated.

Uninterrupted success made them bold, and they induced the King to give a large quantity of gold dust, which they placed to their credit in a bank at Berlin, Germany. In 1885 the Egyptian Government made up its mind that there could be no peace with Abyssinia until the two Englishmen were out of the country. They were seized and taken to Cairo, and, after a trial, banished. Houghton went to France. In Paris he posed as the accredited representative of the King of Abyssinia, lived luxuriously and was socially honored.

At last, however, the French police arrested Houghton for blackmail, and he was sent to prison for two months. In the fall of 1888 he made his way to England. A short time ago he tried to blackmail a London broker, was arrested, tried and sentenced to eighteen months at Wormwood Scrubs Prison.

STUDYING ECONOMY.

Important for the Home.

In these hard times thousands of smart and bright women in Canada find that the Diamond Dyes are great and important helps in economizing. With their aid, the husband, the children and the mother herself can be handsomely dressed, although nearly all the clothing may be old material dyed over.

Diamond Dyes make such lasting and beautiful colours that goods dyed with them cannot be told from new. Any one can use them, as the directions are so plain and simple that no skill is needed. The colors of Diamond Dyes never grow dim; They never fade or wash out. In order to secure the best advantages in dyeing, every woman should see that her dealer give her the 'Diamond Dyes,' as other package dyes are only poor imitations.

Taking All the Risks.

'Now, mother,' said the bad Boston boy, 'before you get down to business, let us reason together. You only spoil your slipper, and do me not any good.'

'I'll take the risks on this proceeding, George, my son,' said the wise Boston mother, as she took a firm grip on the slipper.

IN A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE.

Early in February of this year (1894) I was travelling in a third-class carriage in the neighborhood of Glasgow. At a station two women entered the compartment in which I was seated. One was a girl, gaudily dressed; the other a typical working woman. She had no hat or bonnet, and wore a stuff petticoat, with a shawl wrapped round her. She was the picture of rude, robust health.

The girl asked how her companion was, remarking that she had heard she had been far from well.

'Deed, but I was,' responded the elder woman. 'I thought I was at deith's door.'

'Ah say, what like was the matter wi ye?'

'I cud dae nae work; if I tried to wash the floor I got siccin a heart beatin', and my stomach fair turned at the sight o' food. I went to three doctors, one after another, and they gae me bottles and bottles, but it didna help me ana till a frien' tell me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. Wumun, in a week I was better and fin I had ta'en it a month I was a' richt and could eat and work well as ever.'

Then they went on talking of other subjects. Go where one may he is likely to hear some good said about Mother Seigel and what is done by her famous medicine. Sometimes it is in the form of a bit of passing talk like the one quoted above; and again it takes the shape of letters, fragrant with gratitude for health regained. Here is one. We hope many suffering women will see it and read it.

'In August, 1892,' says the writer, 'I began to feel low, weak, and ailing. My appetite was bad, and what little I ate gave me much pain at the chest. I was constantly spitting up a clear fluid like water, and I heaved and strained a good deal. At the pit of my stomach there was a gnawing feeling, and there seemed to be a hard lump formed in my abdomen. In any case I suffered much from pain in that region.'

'My breathing got to be very bad, and I wheezed as if the windpipes were clogged and stopped up. I had a hacking cough which gave me but little rest day or night, and I was troubled with night sweats. The pillow my head had lain on would be wet in the morning.'

'In two or three weeks after the time I was taken, I was no longer able to take solid food, or indeed food of any kind. I lived for two months on milk, lime water, brandy, and tea like. During that time I lay helpless in bed.'

'Often I would have fainting fits, and had to be lifted up and supported in bed. I was now so weak that my friends feared there was no hope for me, and I was anointed by the priest. I had a doctor attending me, but he was not successful in giving me any real relief.'

'In the following November, although very ill and low, I was able at times to read a little, and then it was that I read one day about Mother Seigel's Syrup and the wonders it had done for others. I sent for it, and less than half a bottle made me feel better. I had a trifle more appetite and could eat a little and retain it. So I went on with the Syrup, and when I had used four bottles the cough and all the other troubles left me, and soon I was well and strong as before. You are at liberty to publish my letter if you desire, for the good of others who may suffer as I did without knowing where to look for a cure. (Signed) Mrs. Honoria Brennan, 42 Great Britain Street, Cork, March 17th, 1894.'

A good letter, a cheering letter, dated on St. Patrick's Day, too. A great thing to be rid of snakes, but a greater thing to be rid of indigestion and dyspepsia—more poisonous than any reptile that ever crawled. And that was the dreadful ailment which gave Mrs. Brennan three months of suffering; the ailment that the Scotch women talked of in the train; the ailment inflicts more pain and fills up more graves than all the other ailments on earth put together.

And yet Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup cures it as fast as people hear of it and take it. That's why we keep telling about it, and printing what everybody tells about it over and over.

The Penitent Monkey.

A lazy miller cannot grind with the water that has passed, neither can penitence undo the wrong that has been done. Harper's Young People tells a little story which we commend to mischievous folks.

Captain Carter, who lived in Washington, D. C., when on land had a great fancy for fine towels, and among his collection prized a fine old king gobbler. On his last cruise he brought home a mischievous young monkey, which gave him so much trouble that it was a good deal like an elephant on his hands.

One day, hearing a terrible squawking in the henery, the captain found Jocko with the king gobbler under his arm, while he was deliberately pulling out its just tail feather. The captain rescued the turkey and punished the monkey, who knew very well why he was chastised.

The next day, again hearing a commotion among the feathered tribe, he went to the scene of action, and there sat Jacko, with the much-persecuted gobbler between his knees, while he was trying to put the feathers back. His intentions were good, but the turkey did not appreciate them.

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