

# Sunday Reading.

## OUR UNWORTHY TEARS.

The Master Will Take Away Nothing Which will Not Harm Us.

When you come to the point of self-render, it is highly probable that some one thing will suggest itself to your mind which it is very difficult to transfer from your control to that of the Lord Jesus. You would so much prefer to retain it under your own management. You are not quite sure whether He may not introduce some sweeping and painful changes. You stand in dread, as the lad before he throws himself into the buoyant waves. But such fears are most unworthy of our loving Master. He will take away nothing which it will do us no harm to keep. He never amputates a limb without using some anodyne to lessen the pain without injuring the health. He will never give us one thrill of anguish from which it would be possible to save us. Do not be afraid of giving all up to the lovely will of Him who is love, and who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. If your child were to say, 'I am going to give my life over to your ordering; do all you will, would you begin to make him miserable? Would you not rejoice in the opportunity of arresting him in courses which were harming him? Would you not gladly embrace the opportunity of filling him with joys that he never could have realized for himself? And your heavenly Father will not do less for you; only trust him with all. And should there be things in your life which you find it hard to abandon—dear as right eye, or hand, or foot; involving the happiness of others as well as your own—tell God that you give them over to Him and that you are willing to have His will done, if only he will bring it to pass in His own good time and way. And if you cannot say as much as that, tell Him that you are willing to be made willing; hand over your will to Him, though it seems to be as a piece of cold, hard iron, sure that He can soften and weld it into the pattern on which He has set His heart. There is even a more excellent way than any, which is within the reach of the feeblest hand, and that is to ask the Lord to come into your life to take that which you do not feel able to give. The only matter of which you need be careful is your willingness that He should have all; if that is assured, the rest may be safely left to His gracious arrangement. Directly you are willing the door is opened to Him, and He instantly takes full possession.—Rev. M. B. Meyer.

## BOUNDING THE PARISH.

A Curious old Time New Year's Custom of Great Britain.

Down to the present century a custom prevailed in many parts of Great Britain of "bounding the parishes," or "beating the bounds" on New Year's day. The custom was designed to keep in memory the parochial limits, and as maps had not come into use and surveys of Great Britain had not been made this primitive method of preserving parish boundaries was high in popular favor. A procession was formed, headed by the leading dignitaries of the parish, including the vestrymen and sometimes the parson. Liberal potatoes were indulged in, and a procession was formed composed of all who wanted to go and including a number of boys who did not want to go, but were taken per force. The procession then marched completely around the parish, and at certain specific points a halt was made, and a boy was whipped to make him remember the place. Other curious scenes often occurred during the "bound beating." In one parish, near London, the line ran through a man's kitchen, and the whole procession every year came in at the door and went out by the window. On one occasion in London a hackney coach stood directly in the line of the procession, and the entire body of men and boys went in at one door and out at the other, volunteers holding the horse while this novel performance went on and mocking at the wrath of the unlucky driver, who beheld his coach almost ruined by the tread of hundreds of muddy feet.—Exchange.

## The Bravest Thing.

To stand by one's principles at all times and under all circumstances calls for the highest quality of courage. Colonel T. W. Higginson when asked to describe the bravest deed which ever came under his observation gave the following:

On mature reflection, passing by some hair-breadth escapes, I should award the palm to something done by a young assistant surgeon of mine, not quite twenty-one years old, Dr. Thomas T. Miner, then of Hartford, Conn. It was at an exceedingly convivial supper party of officers, to which a few of my younger subalterns had been invited. I saw them go with some regret, since whisky was rarely used in my regiment, and I had reason to think that it would circulate pretty freely at this entertainment. About Dr. Miner I had no solicitude, for he never drank it.

They sat late, and the fun grew fast and furious. Some of the guests tried to get

away, but could not; and those who attempted it were required to furnish in each case a song, a story, or a toast. Miner was called upon for his share, and there was a little hush as he rose up. He had a singularly pure and boyish face, and his manliness of character was known to all. He said:

"Gentlemen, I cannot give you a song or a story, but I will offer a toast, which I will drink in water, and you shall drink as you please. That toast is 'Our mothers.'"

Of course an atom of self-consciousness would have spoiled the whole suggestion. No such quality was visible. The shot told; the party quieted down from that moment and soon broke up. The next morning no less than three officers from different regiments rode out to my camp, all men older than Dr. Miner and of higher rank, to thank him for the simplicity and courage of his rebuke.

It cost more courage, to do what he did than to ride up to the cannon's mouth.

## A Lesson in Courtesy.

Very often the feelings of sensitive little children are hurt by thoughtlessness which might almost be called a lack of good-breeding. Children who are pretty or attractive receive much attention, while the plainer ones are ignored. Illustrating this tendency the "Outlook" tells a story which has a plain lesson for many of our young people.

It was a bright, sunny, golden day, when a party of friends started out for a long walk. In a wood back of the house of a friend of the walking party, were discovered a little boy and a girl, a brother and a sister, the little girl about four years old, pretty as a picture and attractive as a little wood nymph. She had been hunting chestnuts with her little brother; the nurse sat not far off, and a magnificent St. Bernard, who barked a warning the moment the group of friends stepped near the children, was also on guard. Each member of the party shook hands with the little girl, and spoke to her. The little boy, some two years older, stood in the background enjoying the attention being bestowed upon his sister.

The little man looked into the faces of each one with his big, soft brown eyes; and then, walking up to one he knew best, he stretched out his little hand and said, "Good-afternoon!" Every member of that group was mortified. All had been rude, and the sweet, gentlemanly little fellow had taught the lesson by his own innate spirit of good-fellowship. He did not resent the attention paid his sister, and enjoyed the favors bestowed upon her, but he wanted to be friends.

## The Real Test.

The object and end of religious services are not to make us "feel good." Too many fall into the mistake of the gentleman mentioned in the following and think that the inspiration coming from hearing sweet music or uplifting sentences is an end in itself.

"The services were delightful this morning," said one to his friend.

"Most inspiring. So helpful, so uplifting," was the reply.

"By the way, are you really to take that class in the Sunday-school which needs a teacher so much? I have been waiting ever since last Sunday to hear from you."

"How can I? I dislike to bind myself to a class every week in the year. I am willing to be a substitute once in a while, but not to be obliged to teach every Sunday."

"Are you not in good health?"

"Perfectly so."

"Do you work hard all the week?"

"No; I have a good deal of time to myself, although, like almost everyone else, I am busy here and there."

"And yet you said that the services this morning were helpful and inspiring. If they had been truly so, would they not have helped you to see your opportunity, and inspired you to undertake some real service for Christ? It is not a sign of loyalty to him that we enjoy 'services.' The real test is readiness for service."

## Do Not Be Dumb.

What a weeping amongst the mothers of Britain, and amongst the fathers, too, there would be if all the children born during the coming three years were born dumb, and had always to make signs to a nurse to get her to convey their meaning to the parents. Ay, indeed, what a weeping in Britain would there be! Well, then, if angels now are looking down on England, must they not be ready to weep as they see the thousands and tens of thousands of English professing Christians receiving the Lord's Supper, and yet leaving their duty undone and privilege of telling to their fellow-countrymen in their own tongue of the love that the heavenly Father has towards them, and that He has giving them his only begotten Son to die for them. For surely the lay men and women of Britain, with all our printing and inventions have not improved upon the Bible plan and usage of the early Christians, but sadly backslidden from it. It was a glorious beginning, that in Jerusalem, when every one of the women,

young and old, and every one of the men, young and old, was filled with the Holy Ghost, and every one of them, master or servant, or slave, or free, spreading the Gospel wherever they went.—Reginald Radcliffe.

## Lesson of the Bicycle.

The more rapidly the cyclist rushes along through the very midst of prancing steeds, the more need he has of strictest wariness; the more victorious our onward march against unbridled foes to goodness, the more need have we of eternal vigilance. Like the universe system embraces within its immeasurable boundaries numerous other systems, the smallest of which has its own orbit and orderliness of movement, to the eye of God "the new heaven and the new earth"—"the new Jerusalem"—is but the final circumference toward which the ever widening circles of intellectual and moral advancements are gradually moving. To our finite minds all may seem chaos. To the mind of the infinite, like this vision of Ezekiel, it has the appearance of a "wheel within a wheel"—nay, so absolutely perfect is the adjustment that the wheels appear to "turn not" when you go.—Rev. C. B. Adams, Congregationalist, Philadelphia.

## A Christian Shovel.

The world judges a Christian by his works. It has no other proof of the reality of Christ's possession of the heart than the expression of the Christ-life in deeds kind, sympathetic, honest. They may be humble in themselves, but when they are glorified by sterling integrity none who see will fail to perceive that Christian profession is supported by Christian possession. A friend of ours in Philadelphia went into a hardware store to buy a shovel.

One was brought to him, and setting his foot on the neck of it to try his temper, he asked:

"Is this a first-class shovel."

The shop-keeper smiled. "I guess you don't know much about shovels," said he. "If you did you would know that anything bearing that name—pointing to the name of the manufacturer—is first-class. Mr. G. is a Christian man, sir, and he makes a Christian shovel."

## An Up-to-Date Religion.

Much of the basis of theology is the idea of 150 years ago. Then it was Deity. Now the message is, "God is here." The idea that kingdom is coming is a new aspiration to the world. What will the age believe in? The old things will not do. Modern invention has made possible the human brotherhood. Evolution was decried only a little while ago, but it was torn down the wall of 6,000 years ago and opened a mighty past. The telescope has torn the roof of heaven and added 1,000,000,000 worlds to our view. Modern science has enlarged and beautified our world. It is impossible to meet the demands of this enlightened age with a religion framed on a knowledge of the world long years ago.—Rev. Frank B. Vrooman, Presbyterian, Chicago.

## Christ Is King.

Does Christ call you to test your Christian sincerity by giving up your own ease and comfort to do his will when you would prefer your own? Yes. But he is your King. Does he ask for your toil, your money, your time? Yes. But he is your King. Does he sometimes lead you forth by bitter waters, or bow your head with sorrows, or darken your home with mourning? Yes. But he is your King. Then at the cross where he redeemed you, crown him Lord of all. At the Gilead, where he rolled off from us the burden of our sins, let us renew the kingdom.—Bishop Charles E. Cheney, Episcopal, Chicago.

## Meet Trials Bravely.

Every child of God has reason to presume that he will have trouble in this life. Who is there among the innumerable multitude of saints of God that wears the diadem—that obtained it without conflict? Even Jesus endured the bitter agony on the cross before he reached the throne he now occupies; so we must have trials. We ought to meet them bravely. God is our helper. Those who fight the good fight of faith will conquer eventually. Who fights with God is sure of winning. Though swords be needed and the battle hot, God's strong arm will be our defense.—Rev. W. L. McDowell, Methodist, Philadelphia.

## Lessons of the Seasons.

The springtime has about it all the freshness and beauty of the morning of life, and it comes to us laden with sweet odors and bright hopes, with swelling blossoms.

The summer gives us the full richness of sun life, the ripening corn, and fields of harvest, which tell of the full prime of life when men and women are all of intellectual vigor. The autumn is like the long arm of the evening, when the shadows are lengthening. It tells us of maturity. It tells us of decline. Winter is like the night which men call death, but which is merely sleep, although it looks like death. We call it a picture of death, but it is only a picture of sleep.—Rev. T. M. Hawes, Presbyterian, Louisville.

## ABOUT THE BLOOD IS YOURS PURE?

If Pure, You are Safe—Otherwise You are in Peril.

## The Kidneys Alone

Purify the Blood—No other Organ Can—Dodd's Kidney Pills Help and Heal the Kidneys when Weak and Sore.

Is your blood pure? If it is, you are fit for all the duties and enjoyments of life, your eyes will be bright and your thoughts cheerful.

If pure you will have good digestion, strong nerves, and your heart will beat as regular as a clock.

If impure your blood will carry its impurities along to every nerve, tissue, joint and to every organ of the body; it will carry the seeds of disease, decay and death.

And there is only one way, one means by which it can be purified, and that is by healthy kidneys, and by them alone.

We are, indeed, fearfully and wonderfully made, but we are made just right if we only know how to keep so.

It does not matter how these impurities come, their effects are inevitable unless the kidneys are doing honest work twenty-four hours every day.

You understand;—there is no other organ that can do the work of the kidneys, and like the heart, they must keep right at it, tired or not.

But they are too often overworked by our imprudence in eating and drinking; they are disordered by chills, colds, shocks and injuries; and they must be constantly looked to, and signs of distress promptly heeded.

Then, whenever they need help, give them the severe aid of the scientific discovery embodied in the kidney treatment of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

## A NOVEL WELL BUCKET

The Stranger Who Called For a Drink Was Mystified.

A traveler was journeying through Florida, not far in the interior, stopped one day for a drink of water at a house by the wayside.

"Cert'nly, stranger," said the sur-burned, barefooted woman, who had met him at the door. Then she stuck her head through the crack and began to call: "Sal! Here you, Sal! Take a gourd an' go git the stranger a fresh drink."

He watched and saw a tow-headed girl disappear down a path which led through a truck patch, until she stooped upon a small board platform. He saw her let a rope rapidly down, but there appeared to be no bucket attached, and he heard no knocking against the sides of the well, such as a bucket usually makes in its descent. When it was drawn up again, the girl had changed her position so that he could not see what was on the end of the rope, but he did not hear her set a bucket down, and after she had left, saw only what looked like a bunch of weeds dangling from the rope. But she brought the water, and it appeared all right.

"How did you manage to get it," he asked, "without a bucket?"

"We've got a bucket," said she. "Dad brung us a new one yesterday. He fished it up quite a while ago, but it had to be cleaned up."

Anxious to see the bucket that had been fished up and cleaned, the traveler made some excuse to step to the well, and what he saw was a large sponge which, when it was let down, would absorb as much water as one person could draw up and hold a good share of it until it was drawn to the top and emptied by squeezing.

## Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Cured For 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day and cures tetter, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barbers' itch, ulcers, blotches, and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; 35 cents.

## Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

## PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in our manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

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## SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

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

## NEW YEAR'S CALLING.

A Good Old Custom That Has Gone With Bygone Years.

The old custom of New Year's calling, which for many years has been falling into disfavor, seems this year deadlier than ever. Except in certain quarters and among certain classes whose social canons are neither new nor exacting, there will be no calling. The doors of society will be more tightly shut than ever this year, and even the daintily ribboned basket at the doorbell will be missing, for the whole custom of exchanging greetings on the advent of the New Year is dead beyond the hope of resuscitation.

And it is an end which no sensible person regrets. What abuses it led to, what disgraceful scenes it rendered possible, what social outrages it sanctioned or tolerated, and how silly and disgusting it all became before society resolved to crush it out! The life of this deceased social function may be said to be coexistent with the life of the republic. As it existed in the earlier days it was, no doubt, both a pleasurable and profitable custom. It had its origin in France, but the custom became fully ingrafted upon the American social fabric during the last years of the preceding century; New York and the cities of the south were where it was clung to most tenaciously. The Puritans of New England paid little or no attention to the New Year's amenities. Thanksgiving day was their day, and they had as little use for New Year's day as for Christmas. And the same may be said of the Quakers in Philadelphia, with whom the custom of New Year's calling never did obtain general or cordial recognition. But among the descendants of the Dutch in New York and New Jersey and the cavaliers of Virginia the social functions of the new year were never lost sight of, and from them the custom spread to all portions of the country.—Exchange.

## Traveled Half the Globe to Find Health Without Success.

Took the Advice of a Friend and Now Proclaims It From the House-top—"South American Nerve Saved My Life."

Mrs. H. Stapleton of Wingham writes: "I have been very much troubled for years—since 1878—with nervous debility and dyspepsia. Had been treated in Canada and England by some of the best physicians without permanent relief. I was advised about three months ago to take South American Nerve, and I firmly believe I owe my life to it to-day. I can truthfully say that I have derived more benefit from it than any treatment I ever had. I can strongly recommend it, and will never be without it myself."

## Care of Cloth Dresses.

Cloth dresses should now be thoroughly beaten and brushed. Hanging them on a line in the garden while the sun shines in the middle of the day will take off that musty smell which clothes that have been packed away accumulate in a mysterious fashion. The fresh air also removes the creases of folding more quickly than exposure to the fire will do. After the brushing, the bands must be examined; possibly they may require fresh binding or the hooks and eyes and hanging tapes will need attention. The bottom of the skirt, too, must be looked to; if it is rubbed at all, even a half inch turned up will improve the appearance of the dress greatly and it is well worth the trouble of doing. A new velvet binding should be sewn on strongly and will last all through the winter. The turning up of the sleeves is apt to rub through, and with wear the collar lining grows greasy—see to these, and to the fastenings as well. An hour or two spent upon a costume in this way will be amply repaid by the greater feeling of self-respect when the dress is donned again.

## OUT OF THE TOLLS.

Physicians Failed. Cure-Alls Failed.—But the Great South American Kidney Cure, a Specific Remedy for a Specific Trouble, Cured Mrs. A. E. Young of Barnston, P. Q. Quickly and Permanently.

This is her testimony. "I was taken sick in January, 1893. I employed several of the best local physicians and was treated by them for kidney disease until the autumn of the same year without receiving much benefit. I then began using your South American Kidney Cure, and derived great benefit almost immediately. I feel now that I am quite cured. I have taken no medicine for some length of time and have not had a return of the slightest symptom of the disease."

"Odoroma," is used by refined people everywhere, yet its price, 25 cents brings it within reach of all.

## A LESSON FOR THE WEAK.

Do you see that locomotive engine standing on the side-track? Something has broken down about it. There is not a hiss of steam from its valves; it is still and cold as a dead whale on a beach; it can't draw a train; it can't even move itself. Now, tell me, do you believe that any amount of tinkering and hammering as it would make it go? Not a bit. No hing on earth will make it go except steam in the boiler, and even that won't unless the engine is in order. Everybody knows that, you say. Do they? Then why don't they act on this principle in every case where it applies?

Here is such a case. Writing concerning his wife, a gentleman says: "In the autumn of 1880 my wife fell into a low, depending state through family bereavement. Her appetite was poor, and no food, however light, agreed with her. After eating she had pain and tightness at the chest, and a sense of fullness as if swollen around the waist. She was much troubled with flatulence, and had pain at the heart and palpitation. At times she was so prostrated that she was confined to her room for days together, and had barely strength to move."

At first she consulted a doctor at Ferry Hill, but getting worse she went to see a physician at Newcastle. The latter gave her some relief, but still she did not get her strength up; and after being under his treatment for six months she discontinued going to him. Better and worse, she continued to suffer for over a year, when she heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. She began taking it, and soon her appetite revived and her food gave her strength. In a short time she was quite a new woman. Since that time (now nearly twelve years ago) I have always kept this medicine in the house, and it any of my family all anything a few doses put us right.—Yours truly, (Signed) George Walker, Grocer, &c., Ferry Hill, near Durham, October 25th, 1893."

We call attention especially to those words in Mr. Walker's letter which are printed in italics. You can pick them out at a glance. They show how fully he understands where human strength comes from—that it comes from digested food and not from any medicines the doctor or any one else can give us. Let us have no mistake or confusion of mind on this important point.

For example, Mrs. Walker was ill with indigestion and dyspepsia. Her symptoms, and how she suffered, her husband tells us. The disease destroyed her power to obtain any strength from food, and Nature suspended her appetite in order that she might not make bad worse by eating what could only ferment in the stomach and fill her blood with the resulting poisons. The only outcome of such a state of things must be pain and weakness—weakness which, continued long enough, must end in absolute prostration and certain death.

Well then, she failed to get up her strength under the treatment of either doctor. Why? Simply because the medicines they gave her—whatever they may have been—did not cure the torpid and inflamed stomach. If they had cured it then she would have got up her strength exactly as she afterwards did when she took Seigel's Syrup. But the trouble is this: Medicines that will do this are rare. If the doctors possess them they would use them, and cure people with them, of course. Mother Seigel's is one of these rare and effective medicines. If there is another as good the public has not yet been made acquainted with the fact. But even the Syrup does not impart strength; it is not a so-called "tonic"; there is no such thing. It (the Syrup) cures the disease, drives out the poison, repairs the machine. Then comes the appetite (all of itself) and digestion and strength. You see the order—the consequence. Yes, Well, please bear it in mind. The mechanics set the engine in order; then the stoker gets up the steam.

And of the human body—the noblest of all machines—Mother Seigel's Syrup is the skilled mechanic.

## His One Great Trouble.

An old, bedridden fisherman at a fashionable watering-place, was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close fitting clerical vests which buttoned behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oo ay I'm a rih't," came the feeble reply.

"You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."

"The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of animation, said: 'Weel, there's just ae thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't.'

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you."

"Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get intae that westcoat."

## As if by Magic.

This is always the case when Nerviline is applied to any kind of pain; it is sure to disappear as if by magic. Stronger, more penetrating, and quicker in action than any other remedy in the world, pain cannot stay where it is used. It is just the thing to have in the house to meet any sudden attack of illness.