

Sunday Reading.

THE 'HOLD-ON' SOCIETY.

'The 'Hold On's' will meet with John Ray, on Thursday night. A full attendance is requested.

This notice was read at the Christian Endeavor meeting, and Carrie Ray explained that mother had given them the big new house, with its unfinished rooms, for this anniversary of the 'Hold On's'.

This society was one year old. From eight members, it had grown to forty-five. When Grandfather Ray asked the president 'What they did particularly?' Nathan replied promptly, 'We stick to things and help boys and girls hold on to the right!'

They had a breezy, cheery, bright, young society. The new house was decorated with flags, and mottoes, boughs of green, and pots of flowers. Seats were brought in from the Sunday school room, and the young minister opened the meeting with prayer. After their business was attended to, he gave them a little talk.

'One summer,' he said, in a clear ringing voice, 'I spent on the Jersey coast, near to a life saving station. You all know that these people live in a world to themselves. Dark, bleak, little home is full of labor, life, danger, and a mingling of the grand and pitiful; heroic in true courage and bravery, and a humble trust in God. They know your motto! I saw one wild night, in a dreadful storm, an almost drowned boy saved by an old surferman. The little fellow's courage and strength were fast failing, when the old man in a gruff, sea worn voice shouted cheerily, 'Hold on! Hold on, my boy! I've got hold of the rope, an' God has a good hold on both of us.'

'The lad thrilled with the voice, and held on—and was saved.'

'That same wintry week, the dreary coast was almost hidden by sleet and rain, but the red light on a poor wrecked schooner was seen, and the life-saving service was on hand, with the crew and apparatus, bravely at work, in a moment's time. Their lanterns were dim with ice; the storm so wild that we were ordered into the station. The big rope was at last thrown on board, after the shot had sent the line flying from the shore. Then the breeches buoy slipped across the waves, and one by one the people were saved. Last of all came a little girl, in the arms of her father. The old surferman carried her to a snug, warm home, and said, 'I thought she was dead, and I just hollered 'Hold on, hold on, kittle darlin', an' I wasn't ashamed to cry for joy. The little thing held on an' held on, an' gripped my neck with her cold hands, an' chattered away to me, cheery as a lattle sparrer in winter!'

'Oh, boys and girls! a word of magnetic strength lies in your voice, your smile, your courage. Hold on, yourself, and don't be afraid to shout the words to the weak and faltering. When the bark 'Liverpool' ran aground in a storm, and her hopeless, despairing passengers clung to the masts and rigging until a great silence fell over them, and death seemed near, one man saw moving figures in the shore. He shouted above the roar of the storm, 'Hold on! Hold on a little longer! They see us! Sing, every one of you! And with all his might, he sang 'The flag that sets you free.' The sailors' song was sung in wild melody, for precious lives. The thrill of hope and cheer in the voice of one man saved them all; for the surferman heard the song, the shot wizzed through the storm, and the life-boat brought them to shore. You are all life-savers: never let go! Hold on to the end.'

Steve Rogers was the next to speak. What-er could he say, after the minister's wonderful talk? At last he bravely rose, ran his fingers through his hair, and began:

'Boys and girls of the Hold On's, I am proud of you; proud of our society, and of all we have done in one year. I feel stronger to do right, to resist temptation. I owe a great deal to your help; but we all owe our strength to God.'

Tom Barry spoke next: 'Comrades, I thank you for picking me up and holding on to me! It was the hold-on part that saved me from drinking and smoking and my dreadful companions. I try to hold on tighter to God every day.'

Little Jimmy Owen, the youngest member, said timidly; 'I love to hold on! I thank you all for getting a good hold of me. Never let go! I don't fight or swear, because every day I hear some of you say, when I am tempted: 'Hold on, Jimmy! The devil will run away, if you hold on to Jesus' hand. He never will let go, if you keep trying.'

Mary Seawell said in a sweet voice: 'We were pretty well discouraged, boys and girls, when some of our members failed us, when the eldest one went back to his idle, drinking companions, and when our dear Leonard, for whom we hoped so much, fell—why, we cried to God in distress. He heard us and held us, and now I want to say to that comrade that we rejoice with him again. Hold on Hold on, boys and girls, to each other, and to Christ.'

Up jumped Leonard himself. His black eyes shone as he spoke:

'I am holding on, and Jesus is helping

me. Three times I fell back into my old ways, but Miss Mary and Steve and Tom and all of you held on to me, and they held on to God!'

The new young minister received a blessing. The guests went away with fresh courage. The members of the 'Hold On society felt that it had been 'good to be there.'

—Washington D. C.

QUICKENED TO ACTION.

Examples of Little Deeds that Have Prompted Famous Acts.

When the survivors of the ill-fated 'Jeanette' expedition reached Washington, a reception was given them by the principal citizens of the Capital. An escort met them at the depot, and a procession was formed comprising many of the noted men of the land. As they passed up Pennsylvania avenue the famous Marine Band struck up 'Home, Sweet Home.' The peculiar appropriateness of the music, blending so sweetly with the glad sunshine and the joy of home-coming, touched all hearts and dimmed many eyes. In the foremost carriage rode the banker and philanthropist, W. W. Corcoran. He had known and befriended the writer of that song many years before, and that music, which is heard all over the world, brought to his memories of the man who, homeless in life, had lain in a neglected grave thirty years in a land of strangers. That moment he made a resolve that was creditable alike to his heart and his patriotism. That night he wrote to Secretary Frelinghuysen concerning it. The government lent its aid through the American consulate, Mr. Corcoran bearing all the expense, and the lonely grave near Tunis was opened. And thus it happened that one bright day in June, 1883, all that was mortal of John Howard Payne was brought home to rest, at last, in his native land.

Edward Gibbon, smarting under his life disappointment, wandered through the streets of Rome gazing carelessly, it one can guess carelessly, at those majestic works. He stood on the tessellated floor of the great cathedral and looked up at the wonderful frescoes that darken the mighty dome. He went into the Vatican and stood before the masterpieces of the master artists of all time. He passed under the Arch of Titus with its weight of seventeen hundred years. He walked out on the Appian Way among the thousand year old tombs of kings and heroes. And nothing moved him. But one evening as he sat amid the ruins of a stupendous pile of masonry and thought of the scenes and the pageants that the Coliseum had witnessed, and saw its broken columns and tottering arches crumbling before him and fading into twilight just as the great empire had crumbled and faded more than a thousand years before, the idea came to him to write the history of that decline and fall. So he began the great work that held him for twenty-four years—a work that in spite of its glaring faults is an everlasting monument to the genius of knowledge and research.

These are examples of quickening to action as nearly by chance as any that could be selected, perhaps. In each case the beginning was a little thing that might easily have been put aside. A passing thought was held and followed up, and it led to important results. Is not this the story many times. We pass by wonderful things: what we regard as great opportunities slip through our fingers; and our action is determined at last by some little thing. The strangeness of it is, God is able by the little things to lead us into strong and useful life.

Who knows what our lives might be if we gave recognition to every thought, and called not anything too simple to be heeded? The fact is that no one can tell where a train of thought may lead. Moving by the subtle laws of association and suggestion, it carries one on sometimes into entirely unknown fields. The beginning may seem to us trivial or accidental, but from the other end of the series it has great meaning. Whether a thought is commonplace depends upon what it leads to. Whether an act is trivial depends upon its consequences. A hearty greeting is a little thing, but if it puts hope into a discouraged man and leads him to make an effort that lifts him into success, it is no longer trivial. A frown and a hasty word may seem of little account, yet they may embitter a life or drive a proud spirit to destruction.

'Guard well the beginnings,' is an old proverb which emphasizes the fact that one dare not say how far his lightest word shall go, nor where his simplest act shall end.—Prof. O. E. Olive.

Be Glad.

God says, Be glad. Christians may have earthly joy. Health, spirits, youth, society, accomplishments—let them enjoy these, and thank God with no misgiving. Let us hear their merry, ringing laugh. But observe, everlasting considerations are to come in, not to sadden joy, but to calm it, to moderate its transports, and make even worldly joy a sublime thing.

We are to be calm, cheerful self-possessing.—F. W. Robertson.

A ROYAL ASSASSIN.

An Able Sermon on the Suffering of Christ—An Armenian.

Rev. Sydney H. Fleming, a noted English preacher said in a recent sermon on the sufferings of Armenian Christians:

'The blood of 100,000 victims has cried for justice to the skies, and to-day God is compassing with all His storms the most heinous criminal since the time of Nero that ever desecrated the purple or besmirched a throne. Why an apparent conspiracy of silence has obtained so long, God only knows. England is stunned and dismayed at the stupendous lethargy which, in the face of these appalling crimes, has betrotten her leading citizens. Where are the bishops of the English and Roman churches and the chief Nonconformist ministers? Where the responsible leaders of her Majesty's Opposition? Their untied action would strengthen Lord Salisbury's hands with the invincible determination of a mighty people that on a question of righteousness and mercy is at unity with itself. We rightly boast of our open Bible, and we profess to shape our national policy upon the broad principles which it inculcates. Today the finger of God points to lands deluged with human blood, and the stern query is uttered in our ears, 'Where is thy brother?' We cannot answer that Divine query with the cynical rubric of Cain, 'I know not, am I my brother's keeper! By your numbers, your wealth, your political importance; by the binding force of solemn treaties, and your oft-recorded signature to international obligations; by your boasted liberty, by your profession of the faith in Jesus, by every tie of humanity reposing upon the sweet Fatherhood of God—you are bound, be the consequences what they may, to rise in the majesty of your strength and hurl that ghastly assassin from his blood-stained throne. I have warned you, if you wish to succeed in a national agitation, to throw every party consideration to the winds. I would add one warning more. The temptation which the case offers to earnest, God-fearing people to regard this serious matter from what is called the religious point of view is almost overwhelming. But we must resolutely resist the temptation, and must endeavor to lift the burning question above the fascinating issues of faith-systems into the broad expanse of a cosmopolitan benevolence. Without baiting one jot of our Christianity, we will speak to Mohammedans as brethren in the great family of God. Religious in the highest sense the question is, if religion be the broad issues inculcated in His august life and teaching whose sympathies were drawn from the springs of a divine enthusiasm or humanity, welling up into the sublime apprehension of an eternal Fatherhood. In this its widest sense the question projected by the ghastly enactments of the last two years is, indeed, a religious one. But we will not accept the role of Peter the hermit; we have had in the bad old days enough of the sickening masquerades of pell and Orgle, and limitless barbarity under the guise of the Cross. If fight we must—which may God avert—we will fight with clear consciences and with clean hands; we will fight in the spirit of that Cross to pull down the ramparts of hell, and throw the axis of the kingdom of Heaven over the untold miseries of a down-trodden nationality. O Saviour of the world, who holdest the nations in the hollow of Thy hand, and from Thy Cross drawest all men unto Thee, stop the way against the Persecuter, and avenge the blood that is shed openly in Thy sight. Staunch the wound and heal the sore of Thine afflicted children. Stand by them in the blinding agony of their despair, say unto their fainting souls 'I am thy salvation.'

Spreading the Story of Christ.

Lucy, curled up in the corner of the couch in the library, was studying the topic for the young people's meeting and I suppose her thought grew out of the topic. She suddenly exclaimed:

'Mamma, how can we to know anything about Christ?'

Her mother looked up from her book in surprise. I might just say that she was not reading a book on missions. 'Why, what a queer question! This is a Christian land and everybody knows about Christ.'

'That is not what I mean,' persisted Lucy. 'Everything in the Bible happened in Jerusalem and in places around. I mean how did the people of England and Germany hear of the things of the Bible? Of course I know from history that this country was settled by people from western Europe, but how did they hear about it?'

'Why, child, don't you know that Christ sent out the disciples to preach, and when he went away he told them to preach to all nations? If you will think about it you will remember that Paul made several missionary journeys.'

'I remember, but I never thought about us! I see, the good news spread—but somebody must have spread it.'

It was several minutes before Lucy spoke again. Then she said, 'Mamma, it must have been foreign missionaries that brought the Gospel to our ancestors!'

'Why, yes, I suppose so,' was the rather listless reply.

Lucy seemed puzzled and presently she asked: 'Don't you think they ought to have done it?'

Mrs. Bates laid down her book. 'Child, what are you getting at?' she asked.

'Well, you said this morning when I asked for some money for the missionary collection that you had no interest in foreign missions and that you didn't believe in them anyway. We have got to believe in those foreign missionaries that come this way—and why not in those that are taking the news the other way? It seems as though if those people away back there had just worked for spreading the story of Christ at home it would have been a long time getting here, and maybe wouldn't have reached us yet. I should think we in this country ought to believe in foreign missions.'

Mrs. Bates did not reply, but I will tell you what she did do. She joined the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society at the next meeting.—Verona, N. Y.

Whole-Hearted.

A famous ruby was offered to the English government. The report of the crown jeweler was that it was the finest he had ever seen or heard of, but that one of the 'faces' was slightly fractured. That little fracture reduced its value many thousands of dollars, and it was rejected from the crown of England. The highest reward, a place in our King's crown, will come only to the whole-hearted Christian.—[Sel.]

'Jesus gives us our duties. He will never ask too much of us, and will let us be glad and happy in his service, and grow stronger and stronger, and at last we shall be worthy to receive his 'Well done!'

COULD NOT TURN IN BED.

Terrible Suffering of an Elora Lady From Rheumatism—Fifteen Years a Sufferer, But Cured by Two Bottles of South American Remedy.

No pen can describe the intensity of suffering that may come from an attack of rheumatism. 'For fifteen years,' says Mrs. John Beaumont of Elora, Ont., 'I have been more or less troubled with rheumatism, which took the form of pins in my back, often confining me to bed, and rendering me part of the time wholly unfit for my duties. At times I suffered so intensely that I could not turn in my bed, and the disease was fast reaching a point where both myself and my husband had become thoroughly discouraged of recovery. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure, and after the first bottle I was able to sit up, and before four bottles were taken I was able to go about as usual, and have been in excellent health since.'

SPOKE FROM A FULL HEART.

The Words Were a Tribute to a Wife's Faithful Companionship.

The Illinois Central train was half a hundred miles from Chicago, headed for the city, and at a little station an old farmer came aboard. He was a little, weathered man, with a sensitive mouth half concealed by an iron-gray beard. His ill-fitting clothes were evidently his most uncomfortable best. He slid softly into a seat occupied by a grave stranger, reading a newspaper. Two or three times the old man turned his face towards the brown flying landscape. The stranger was struck with the troubled expression and glanced wistfully at his companion.

The latter spoke at last with a strange hushiness in his voice.

'I am going to the city for the second time in my life,' he said, half started at his own words.

'Yes.'

'Thirty years come July I went there for a wedding suit and I am going back there to-day for a coffin and a shroud for the little woman that married me.'

'You don't know what it is, mister, to live and work 'longside a woman for thirty years, day in and day out, to find her always patient and willing and working, and then leave her lying dead and cold with her worn-out hands crossed on her breast. It was just a little after the turn of the night, and nobody but me was watching. When Mar'gie kinder woke up.

TRY

SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

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

'David,' says she, 'it's restful, so restful, and I am so tired.' And so she went to sleep again and waked up in eternity.

You know, stranger, these words of hers has set me to thinking. Poor, tired soul. I never knew how much she needed rest. We never thought of it while we were working and skimping and saving, trying to lay up something for the children. She never had any pleasure; she never took any holidays or visited the other women. She raised the children and slopped the pigs and milked the cows and churned and cooked for harvest hands. I never knew or thought how she did it all with those poor crossed hands of hers.

'Some folks say I won't do any good, mister, but I am going to see that she is put away in something rich. We won't skimping and saving for thirty years for this, but I'm going to have the best money can buy. She's earned it, God knows.'—St. Louis Republic.

A BROKEN DOWN LUMBERMAN.

Not a Financial But Worse, a Physical Wreck—Fast Doctors' Skill, But Cured by South American Nerve.

Prostrated by nervous debility Mr. E. Errett, lumber merchant and mill owner of Merrickville, Ont., was forced to withdraw from the activities of business. He says: 'I tried everything in the way of doctors' skill and proprietary medicines but nothing helped me. I was influenced to use South American Nerve, and I can truthfully say that I had not taken half a bottle before I found beneficial effects. As a result of several bottles I find myself today strong and healthy, and ready for any amount of business, where before my nervous system was so undermined that I could scarcely sign my own name with a pen or pencil. I say, feelingly and knowingly, get a bottle of this wonderful medicine.'

SIGNALING WITHOUT WIRES.

Successful Experiments of English Experts in This Direction.

The chief electrician of the English Postal Telegraph system, Mr. William H. Preece, some years ago conducted a series of experiments on telegraphing without wires which were successful for short distances. Last year he directed other experiments in communicating without the aid of direct wires with the 'Fasnet' lighthouse and achieved equal success. In a recent discussion at a scientific meeting at Liverpool, Mr. Preece, according to the London Electrical Engineer, said that some time ago he was approached with a request to investigate an invention for transmitting signals without wires. The first experiments, he says, were carried out on the top of the post office, St. Martin Le Grand. While not at liberty to divulge the full details of the apparatus, he said that a 10 inch induction coil was used with a Lodge originator and a parabolic reflector. The experiments were so successful that the apparatus was taken to Salisbury Plain, where further trials were made. With the crude instruments at hand, the first made by the inventor, they succeeded in signaling 1 1/4 miles. Further experiments will be made by the Post Office Department by which it is hoped the utility of the apparatus for certain cases will be amply demonstrated.

TRIALS AND TROUBLES.

When Inferior Dyes Are Used.

The Diamond Dyes Make Work Easy and Pleasant.

It is admitted by all that the good wife and mother has, in her management of home affairs, many trials and tribulations.

These trials and troubles are very frequently increased when the mother or daughter makes use of some of the many deceptive and worthless package dyes put up for home dyeing.

Merchants who sell such dyes are certainly deserving of public censure and condemnation. The women of Canada who use dyes with the view of economizing should never be deceived; it is cruel and heartless to do so. However, the case is plain to those who know; the greedy dealer thinks more of his big profits than he does about the welfare and happiness of his best customers.

All troubles and losses in home dyeing are avoided when the Diamond Dyes are used. By their use, work is well and quickly done; results are perfectly satisfactory, as the colors are at all times bright, clear, brilliant, and fast. In order to guard against all future trouble, you must watch the merchant who recommends the something just as good as Diamond Dyes. Tell him plainly that no other dyes are as good as the 'Diamond.' Take only the 'Diamond,' and your work will be done easily and well.

A Recommendation.

Mrs. Cogie—'Ah, that's the new doctor, m-m; an' I'm sure it was an awful kindness if ye gied him a bit trial. He had a heap o' patients when he cam' first, but noo they're a' dead.'—Punch.

THINGS SLOWLY LEARNED.

There is a man in Scotland who used to write many readable and instructive things. He signed himself 'A Country Parson,' and a bright parson he is. One of his essays is entitled, 'Things Slowly Learned,' a good line of thought for anybody.

Well, here is one of these things slowly learned—that disease doesn't jump on a man like a will cat out of a tree, but develops from seeds and conditions just as roses and weeds do. We who write and print the essays of which these lines are one, have said this a hundred times; but all the people don't seem to have thoroughly grasped the idea yet.

For it Mr. Theodore Treasure alone had done so, he wouldn't have suffered ten years from attacks of Rheumatic fever. In November, 1891, he says he had a fearful time with it. He tells us in a letter that he had dreadful pains all over his body, and was so sore he couldn't bear anything to touch him. Even the bed clothes hurt him, like a feather against a sore eye. 'I got little or no sleep,' he says, 'tossing all the night long, and trying to get ease by a shift of position.'

'I had a foul taste in the mouth, and spat up a great quantity of slimy phlegm. My appetite left me, and the little food I forced down gave me great pain at the chest and sides. For five months I was confined to my room, most of the time unable to leave my bed, and what I suffered during that time I have no words to describe.'

Any one who has ever been through that sort of thing can easily believe what Mr. Treasure says; for when every muscle and joint in a man's body is throbbing with inflammation, it isn't any common collection of words that can set forth his feelings. It is agony and torment in the supreme degree. Yet we ought to know better than to have it, but we don't—not yet.

'I was perfectly helpless,' continues our friend, 'and could scarcely move. In fact, the people had to move me from one side to the other. Month after month I was laid up and suffering in this way. I had a doctor attending me, but he wasn't able to do much to relieve me.'

'Finally, to cut the story short, I came to hear of Mother Siggel's Curative Syrup. I read about it in a book that was left at my house. The book said this medicine was good for rheumatism, and so my wife got me a bottle from Mr. Ford, the grocer, at Oakville. After taking it for a week I felt great relief. Then I kept on taking it and long afterwards I found it had cured me; it had completely driven the rheumatism out of my system. I am willing you should publish these facts, and you can refer any inquirers to me. (Signed) Theodore Treasure (Wagon and Horses Inn), Dunsington, Shepton Mallett, November 3rd, 1893.'

Now let's hark back a moment. To the thoughtful reader Mr. Treasure's story may look a trifle confused and mixed. That is, he describes the symptoms of rheumatism proper in connection with a lot of other symptoms which wouldn't seem at the first blush to have anything to do with rheumatism. But there's where Mr. Treasure is right and the reader wrong. His account shows that he was a victim of chronic indigestion, dyspepsia, and torpid liver—and that covers the whole ground. Rheumatism (and this is the slowly learned lesson) is merely a nasty symptom of a dyspeptic condition of the digestive organs. At the outset it means too much eating and drinking. This results in the foundation of a poisonous acid which fills the body and produces the local outbreak called rheumatism. Hence we cure it from within not from without. And this true idea is also a new idea—do you see?

Try to get this lesson by heart. You can prevent rheumatism by Siggel's syrup; you can cure it by Siggel's Syrup. But it is more comfortable to prevent it.

Shoeing Horses.

War horses were not shod in any way in early days, for Alexander is said to have marched until the feet of the horses were broken; while in another expedition of early days, the cavalry was left behind because the hoofs of the horses were in bad condition. In the ninth century they began to shoe horses; but, strange to say, only in the time of frost. King William I introduced horseshoeing into England, and six horseshoes are on the coat of arms of the man to whom William gave vast estates for caring for his horses in this way. An old historian says that a people living in Asia used to draw socks over the feet of the horses when the snow lay deep upon the ground; and away off in Kamtschatka they cover the feet of the dogs in the same way. It seems as if all ancient shoes were put on the horse and held there by some sort of lacing or strapping.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.

A Lingering Regret.

Helen—'Are you sure God will forgive me for slapping Sister if I ask Him, mamma?'

Mamma—'Certainly, dear.'

Helen—(reflectively)—'Then I wish I had slapped her harder.'—Late.

Established 1780.
Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturer of

PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. 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.