

## Sunday Reading.

### Is Your Lamp Burning?

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother?  
I pray you look quickly and see;  
For if it were burning, then surely  
Some beams would fall brightly on me.

Straight, straight is the road, but I falter  
And often fall out by the way;  
Then lift your lamp higher, my brother,  
Lest I should make fatal delay.

There are many and many around you  
Who follow wherever you go;  
If you thought that they walked in a shadow,  
Your lamp would burn higher, I know.

Upon the dark mountains they stumble;  
They are bruised on the rocks and they lie,  
With their white pleading faces turned upward  
To the clouds of the pitiful sky.

There is many a lamp that is lighted;  
We behold them anear and afar;  
But not many of them, my brother,  
Shine steadily on like a star.

I think, were they trimmed night and morning,  
They would never burn down or go out,  
Though from the four quarters of heaven  
The winds were all blowing about.

I once all the lamps that are lighted;  
Should steadily blaze in a line,  
Wide over the land and the ocean,  
What a girdle of glory would shine!

How all the dark places would brighten;  
How the mists would roll up and away!  
How the earth would laugh out in her gladness  
To hail the millennial day!

### FOR GRANDFATHER'S SAKE.

What did it mean to you, last winter, happy young people, when the thermometer dropped? More coals for the furnace or 'air-tights,' another fragrant, resinous log on the fire blazing and roaring up the red throat of the chimney, cosy gatherings in the pleasant glow, with story-telling and laughter punctuated by the sound of crackling nut-shells and tiny, terpedo-like explosions of pop-corn kernels? A little more careful wrapping in furs or great-coats for the brisk walk that brought the rich blood to your cheeks, or the swifter ride to the

"Tintinnabulation of the bell?"  
Extra blankets and comforters for your bed at night, with maybe a hot lemonade to ward off a more than half imaginary 'cold?' All these things, doubtless, and many more of the expedients by which competence or wealth wrest cheer and comfort from the caprices of our Northern climate.

But there were many others to whom the cold wave meant something far different. Thinly-clad women and children shivering in almost fireless attics, sharing hungrily their few morsels of cold food, creeping from the deadly chill of the day to the scarcely warmer refuge of their miserable beds at night,—troops of unemployed men and boys, haunting the lee sides of tall buildings, swooped upon by icy blasts that lay in wait for them at street corners, hungry, cold, despairing! Vicious, drunk-sodden? Alas, yes, too many of them, but human still, and our brothers!

But they were not all evil, those gaunt, hollow-eyed creatures who watched their more fortunate fellows hurry past them along the crowded streets. The saddest want of poverty is want of work. To have strong, willing hands which he one will hire, to feel the promptings of an honest, self-respectful nature scorning idle dependence upon others, slowly crushed into pauperism,—this is to be poor indeed!

But the cold wave in the great city meant yet other things. For the terrible temperature which locked lake and congealed the mercury in the breath on the lip, by some happy paradox melted sympathies and unlocked purses. People began to question. 'Who is my neighbor?' and to honor the eight-draughts of need and suffering. Free soup-kitchens and lodging-houses were improvised,—The hungry were fed and the homeless housed and comforted.

At 104—St. the young people's society of one of the up-town churches had rented a great, unused room, and fitted it up with fifty cots. Good news, as well as bad, travels swiftly, and long before the hour of opening, a motley crowd besieged the door.

Among the first to take his stand, was a young man—rather a boy, for he seemed not more than nineteen at most. His clothing was meagre and his hands bare, and he kicked his ragged shoes together as he stood pressed against the casement, in the constant effort to prevent his feet from freezing. He was no ordinary tramp, although he had traveled many, many miles on foot, subsisting as best he might along the way, in order to reach the great city which had proved, after all, more inhospitable than the country places which he left behind. His features, as well as his blond hair and blue eyes, hinted at his nationality, which was German. Indeed it was scarcely two years since one of the huge emigrant-steamers had landed him at Ellis Island, a friendless waif, yet full of faith and cour-

age. For had he not a change of garments in his bundle, a few 'gold-pieces' in his leathern wallet, and, best of all, a true heart whose settled purpose was to make a home in this new, free land, to which he might by and by bring the grandfather and grandmother who had cared for his orphaned childhood?

He had no trade, but he had been used to work upon the soil, and it was for this reason that he drifted across the country to the great Western farming lands. He could hardly have made a more serious mistake, for the failure of crops threw him out of employment. He went hither and thither, until, at length, his little store of money quite gone, he made his way backward by slow and often painful stages to the metropolis between the oceans.

But the "hard times" were there before him. At best, he could only swell the ever-growing number of those who could find no steady work, and must live, if at all upon "odd jobs" or charity. For the latter he had not yet asked. Even at the farm-house doors where he had sometimes knocked as he made his long journey, he had refused to receive food or lodging except as the price of honest work.

But things had gone harder and harder with him, and, that night, his fortunes seemed at their lowest ebb. For nearly twenty-four hours he had not tasted food. The bitter wind searched his worn garments, and seemed to freeze the very marrow of his bones. He could hold out no longer. Why should he not take the bowl of soup, the warmth of a bed, the breakfast of bread and hot coffee, which the hand of pity held out to such as he?

The question once settled in his mind, it seemed like ages while he stood waiting for the opening of the door. In the sharpness of his physical suffering, he gloated upon the promise of warmth and food within. All thought of others seemed suddenly to have died out of his heart.

'I've only to stand my ground. I'm sure of my chance!' he said to himself, and he smiled almost wolfishly, as he watched men pushing and some cursing each other upon the outskirts of the crowd.

At last the key turned in the lock, and as the door swung inward on its hinges, he was the first to pass the kindly-faced gentleman who bade him welcome. The place to which he was assigned was near the fire, and, as he took possession of it, he stretched his stiffened fingers to the warmth, watching, while the faintness of relief from long strain took possession of his limbs. Now, one by one, his companions in want filed in, until fifty men and boys crowded the room. Still, at the entrance, sounded the confused voices of others begging for admittance.

'There is no more room my men.' The tones of the door-keeper were firm, though sorrowful. 'Come earlier tomorrow night.'

Amid a hoarse murmur of disappointment, the crowd outside fell back,—all but one person, an old man, who stood gazing in with a silent appeal on his withered face which no words could have expressed. His figure was bent, his thin, white locks blew about his withered cheeks, and his limbs trembled and tottered.

The doorkeeper turned about with a sudden impulse.

'Men,' he said, 'you are cold and hungry. God knows! But you have all had fathers. Is there one among you who will volunteer to give this man his place?'

There was dead silence in the room. A few—only a few—glazed with stony indifference; the most cast shamefaced glances upon the floor. No one moved for a minute, then, with a face drawn and white, the young German rose from the cot on which he had sunk in his weakness, and staggered to his feet.

'I git him mine!' he said simply, in his broken English, and made his way toward the door; but, as he would have passed out, he felt a detaining hand on his shoulder.

'Wait a little, my lad. I am going home soon, and I will take you with me.'

The boy straightened himself, staring into the face of the young man who had spoken.

'I not fit,' said he.

'Don't say that!' The young man's voice trembled. 'Any man who will do what you have just done, is fit to go into a king's palace!'

'It is not 'ing,' was the wondering answer.

'One 'tinks of the grandfather in the old country.'

The two went away together, and the boy ate a hot supper by a blazing fire, and, kindly questioned, told his whole brave, pitiful story. He slept in a warm bed that night, and dreamed himself in his grandfather's cottage. And when he would have gone, next morning, he was once more prevented, this time by the offer of work and home.

Tears stood in the honest blue eyes. 'How is it you take me mit' out—what you

call?—recommendation?' he asked, with vivid memory of many appeals and repulses.

'I have your recommendations,' was the smiling answer; and the boy, still uncomprehending, said no more.

For it is out of commonplace stuff some times that heroes are made, but the secret is with Him out of whose crucible the carbon comes forth a diamond!

### ONLY A CUP OF TEA.

It Was Only A Trifle but it Brought Great Comfort.

A vast amount of so-called charity lacks the loving impulse which is the soul of true giving. Thousands of dollars have been bestowed upon the poor without expressing as much of Christ-like sympathy as the simple act which some one has described as follows:

A group of bright-faced young women were chatting together in the parlor over their afternoon tea, when a distant knocking caught the ear of the pretty girl-hostess. 'Excuse me a minute, please,' she exclaimed, springing to her feet. 'I mustn't leave that knock unanswered, for I suspect it is mamma's washerwoman bringing home our clean clothes.'

The surmise was quite right. Mrs. Knott, the washerwoman, stood at the back door with a heavy willow basket in her arms. She was a slight little woman who always looked to frail for the hard work she was obliged to do. This afternoon her lips were almost colorless and there were blue rings under her eyes. She was almost breathless from her long walk with the heavy burden, and her chest heaved spasmodically.

'Come in and sit down while I get the money,' said the girl sweetly.

She stepped into the adjoining room for her purse, and as she came back the white face of the woman at the door stirred her sympathetic heart to a sudden quick pity.

'How tired you look!' she said. 'Wait and I'll get you a cup of tea.'

She had flashed out of sight in an instant, and was back again before Mrs. Knott had recovered from her surprise. On a dainty tray she carried a cup of delicate china from which rose a tempting fragrance.

'Drink this,' she said. 'I'm sure you'll feel better.'

The woman's hardened hand trembled as she took the cup and hastily drank its contents. The warmth seemed to spread through her chilled, exhausted body. Yes, her heart, too, felt the comfortable glow. A minute before she had been worn out, discouraged, hopeless. Now a new courage stirred within her. As she had climbed the steps she had thought how sadly insufficient for her needs the day for her work would be. Now she thought of the necessities it would purchase for her

# Gold! Gold! Gold!

## A RICH STRIKE

Mr. Alexander Lawrence, cook at Barr's Camp, Donald, B.C., made a rich find a short time ago. This is his description of it:

"Some two years ago I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, and before taking three bottles was completely cured. My work is, I think, the hardest a man can do, namely, cooking in a camp. I rise at 3.30 in the morning, and it is 10 at night before I can get to bed. I have, on an average, 60 or 70 men to cook for. So you see it requires a healthy man to stand the work.

"Before taking B.B.B. I felt tired and played out in the morning, and at night was still worse, but after taking the first bottle I felt such a change that it was a pleasure for me to rise early. I recommend it to every person in the camp as a sure cure for that tired feeling. It was a lucky strike when I struck B.B.B.

"(Signed), ALEXANDER LAWRENCE."

**USE THE BBB FOR THE BLOOD BEST FOR THE BLOOD This Spring.**

### CLEVER BLIND PEOPLE.

Some of Them Have Made Excellent Livings in Business.

Joseph Wunprecht, of Augsburg, in Germany, was blind from birth, but kept a second-hand book shop so successfully that he retired. A writer in *Scraps* says that his shop often contained as many as 20,000 volumes, but so acute was his memory that if he had once handled a book and placed it on the shelf, he could always find it again immediately it was wanted. When a fresh batch of books came in, Wunprecht's wife described them to him, and such was his knowledge of books that he was able from this alone to accurately price them. A blind doctor is certainly a rarity, but a blind doctor who practices, and not only practices, but does so successfully, seems an impossibility. Still there is an example of this. Dr. Hugh James, of Carlisle, who only died in 1869, lost his sight when about twenty-five years old. At the time he was studying surgery, but gave that up and took to medicine. He successfully passed his examinations at Durham, and took the degree of M. D. and by his great skill soon got a large practice together. Joseph Strong, a Birmingham mechanic was another blind wonder who died about the same time as Dr. James. His special hobby was making musical instruments, and he built several organs quite as good as those made by seeing men, besides a number of flutes, violins, etc., which in tone and finish were decidedly superior to the majority of those imported into this country. In the latter part of his life Strong turned his attention to weaving, and with his own hands, unaided by anybody, constructed a loom which contained several important improvements upon those then in use, and some of these improvements are in use at the present day, nobody having been able to improve upon the invention of a blind man in that line.

### HEAD-NERVES

Are Disturbed When the Stomach Refuses to do its Work—Indigestion Upsets the Whole System and Makes Wrecks of More Hopeful Lives than any other Complaint Under the Sun.

"For several years I have been a subject of severe nervous headaches, and last June I became absolutely prostrated from the trouble. I also became a martyr to indigestion. I was persuaded to try South American Nervine. I procured a bottle. My headaches were relieved almost immediately, and, in a remarkably short time, left me entirely. The remedy has toned up and built up my system wonderfully." James A. Bell, Beaverton.

### Potato Diggers.

It is frequently the custom for merchants in Scotland to buy potatoes when in the ground and undertake the lifting and carting. For this purpose they often communicate with a man in Ireland called a gaffer, who takes a gang of young women over to assist, as the Irish are some of the best workers in the field.

children and her face grew bright. She went out into the dusk and dampness of the late afternoon with a step that was no longer hopeless.

Only a cup of tea! such a trifle to give, and yet carrying such comfort! Surely there must have gone with it the blessing of Him who multiplied the loaves and the fishes according to the needs of the multitude.

### KIDNEY DECEIT.

How Many are Unintentionally Deceived in Treating Kidney Disorders—Can You Afford to Trifle with Your Own Existence?—If You Suspect there is any Kidney Trouble, Discard Pills, Powders and Cures—South American Kidney Cure is a Time-Tried and Testified Kidney Specific.

A remedy which dissolves all obstructions, which heals and strengthens the affected parts, and which from the very nature eradicates all impurities from the system, is the only safe and sure remedy in cases of kidney disorder. Such a remedy is South American Kidney Cure. This is not heresy. The formula has been put under the severest of tests, and it has been proclaimed by the greatest authorities in the world of medical science that liquids—and liquids only—will obtain the results sought for. A liquid remedy taken into the system goes directly into the circulation and attacks immediately the affected parts, while solids such as pills or powders cannot possibly attain these results. Kidney disorders cannot afford to be trifled with. The quickest way is the safest way to combat these insidious ailments. This great remedy never fails. It's a liquid kidney specific. It's a solvent.

### A Brave Bully.

When Judge Pendleton grows reminiscent he is always interesting. Court was short this morning and when Mr. Henry Tompkins walked in he said: 'Mr. Tompkins, your cousin' Louis Garth, was the only bully I ever saw who was a brave man. He was in a poker game in camp with Lieutenant Forrest, a brother of General N. B. Forrest, and he called Forrest a liar, Forrest pulled his pistol, a double-barreled weapon, and placing it to Garth's breast, he pulled the trigger. The cartridge failed to fire, and Garth spat out a chew of tobacco and without moving a muscle, said: 'Lieutenant, you had better try the other barrel' Forrest put his weapon up, and said: 'Garth, you are a brave man, and I will not shoot a brave man.' They were inseparable friends forever afterward.'—Owensboro (Ky.) Inquirer

### HELPLESS FOR SIX MONTHS.

Rheumatism Held Him in Chains—Suffered Untold Torture—The Great South American Rheumatic Cure Waged War and Won a Complete Victory—Relief in a Few Hours.

"I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. I was completely helpless for over six months. I tried all kinds of remedies but got no relief. Having noticed strong testimonials published of the cures effected by South American Rheumatic Cure I obtained a bottle of it, and received relief from pain from the first dose, and in an incredible short time I was entirely freed from my sufferings. James K. Cole, Almonte, Ont.