

Sunday Reading.

A CHILD PREACHER.

Aunt Lettie was incensed, yes, really angry, outraged. Had not her youngest brother, John, whom she had petted through all his babyhood, rocked to sleep in her arms when a great boy, saved many a whipping for playing truant from school by her pleadings with father, had not he (goaded on by a cold hearted, selfish wife, that in an unlucky hour he had wedded, to his after grief, though he kept it bravely concealed) that night used language to of so aggravating a character and under circumstances so trying, as to sweep away all her forbearance so long exercised in the face of an instinctive dislike from the first to Mrs. John, the natural antagonism of a truthful nature to a cunning, selfish one, and which had led to bear with patience all the petty jealousies and grudging hospitalities extended her and hers, and up to this time maintain friendly relations with the family?

Not in her own strength was it done. Lettie's high, proud nature revolted against these meannesses, but grace had conquered and enabled her to forgive. She had long since given up John as to sympathy or help; but one member of the family she held close in her heart—little Grace, a spiritual, precocious child, seeming to know intuitively that her mother was often wrong, and yet feeling compelled to side with her though clinging in her heart to auntie, whose conscientiousness had revolted at wrong principles she daily saw instilled into that plastic mind; and pity for the child had been the basis of the purest love on her part.

But now all this must cease, outwardly, at least; no going to John's in times of health or sickness, or when John's wife, intent on pleasure, was even willing to entrust her family to Aunt Lettie. Somehow John could find time from his business to call on Lettie when her services were needed. Lettie understood all this, and yet resolutely trod down her antipathies and gave her sister-in-law many a relief from family cares.

But I will go up there, so she resolved, as she laid her head on her pillow, wet with the tears of outraged affection, and remove all my pictures, and kissing little Gracie, say good-bye forever to them. Poor dear, it will be hard to part with her, but it is not my duty to bear more, even for her.

So one voice kept saying, while another counselled as strongly for forgiveness this time. It kept saying, 'You are wrong, Lettie, wrong, and you a Christian. The provocation was great; I don't wonder you feel as you do; but you must pray and struggle and—conquer.' She tried to compromise with this last voice.

'Yes, I mean to forgive, but it is best John should be made to feel how wrong he has been, and I think it best to punish him by withdrawing entirely, then we shall have done with these scenes.' Very plausible the tempter made it seem to Lettie that night, and her resolution was made.

Straight to John's home went Lettie in the morning, to take away all her property that had been stored there for the summer. She found Gracie all alone. Mother and the baby had stepped into the next neighbor's on an errand. With a joyful bound the child's arms were about auntie's neck, but instead of a smiling face and pretty story, auntie's head fell on her shoulder and great sobs shook her frame. Gracie's eyes opened in wonder and dismay. She tried to lift the head in her tiny hands, crying, 'Don't, auntie, don't cry,' but poor auntie was powerless to stop. For five minutes or more she held Gracie and wept over her. At last she said in a choking voice:

'Gracie darling, auntie has come to say good-bye for always; but you must never forget her or stop loving her, will you?' Wondering, the child said: 'No, but why? Is you going away?'

'No, dear, but I am never coming here again, because'—and here she stopped, and again the head went down on Gracie's shoulder. How could she tell that pure child of duplicity in a mother, of weakness in a father? 'Auntie will always love you, though she will never come again and Gracie will see her no more.'

With the little heart heaving with suppressed sobs, the tiny hands, holding up auntie's head, in an agony of doubt and terror she almost shrieked, 'Won't I see you in heaven?' The arms closed about Lettie, and clinging to her she sobbed out her grief, Lettie keeping company with fast falling tears.

Ah, Lettie, Lettie! 'In heaven' you had taught her about when you hoped some time to be welcomed. Will you see her

there if you allow these feelings to separate you?

'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, that thou mightest still the enemy and avenger.'

How that child's question melted away the hard, bitter feelings. What light is thrown into the passion-darkened soul of Lettie. Pressing her to her heart she said:

'Yes, darling, yes; please God, we will go there together.'

How surprised Mrs. John was to come in upon them thus in tears, and yet withal such a happy look shining through them. How could she do otherwise than take the hand Lettie extended and respond, outwardly, at least, to the feeling that prompted Lettie to say:

'Mary, I came here to say good bye for this life at least to you all, but this little child has taught me my duty, and I'll try to forget all that's past.'

Mrs. John did not soften in her heart toward her sister-in-law, that she disliked more than any member of her husband's family because he liked her best, yet considering the excursion she wished to attend the next week, the prevalence of measles in the neighbourhood and Aunt Lettie so handy in sickness, she said, as graciously as possible: 'I'm willing to let bygones be bygones.'

Later in the evening John went to Lettie's with a penitent, remorseful heart and asked for forgiveness. Was it not right Lettie should say, 'Yes John, little Gracie has taught us our duty; we'll try and do it.' Christian Advocate.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.

Geo. Seales, a Well-Known Contractor of Niagara Falls, Completely Restored by the Great South American Kidney Cure—Thousands More Can Bear the Same Testimony.

I was a great sufferer for years with acute kidney disorder and pain in my sides. When almost all other known remedies had been fairly tried and had failed, I was advised to take South American Kidney Cure. One bottle did me so much good I purchased two more. I am now completely restored—feel better than I have for five years. It's a great cure; will give relief in six hours, and I delight in recommending it to others.

The Archbishop on Temperance.

The new Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Temple) has again spoken out in a most unmistakable fashion on the temperance question. At Canterbury last week (His Grace's first public appearance there after his elevation) he thus concluded a vigorous and inspiring speech: 'The one thing that I would impress on all those interested in the cause, beyond everything else, is perseverance, whatever scoffs or sneers you may meet with; perseverance, whatever opposition may come; perseverance, however often you may be defeated. You may be defeated again and again, and statesmen may pour cold water on all your efforts in abundant streams, but in spite of cold water, still go on. Persevere! It may happen in a very little time we may turn the stream back again, and make those who have given us cold water find that it is boiling hot. We shall, in the course of time, make statesmen understand that their government of this country is very much bound up with their dealings with such evils as these, and that unless they are willing to take their part in handling such difficulties as are constantly besetting us, they will find that their hold upon the affections, the esteem, the regard, and, what is more to them than all else, the following of the people, is lost never to be regained.'—League Journal.

MIRACLES TO-DAY.

William H. White of Portuguese Cove, Racked by the Tortures of Rheumatism, is Quickly Relieved and permanently Cured by the Great South American Rheumatic Cure.

'I was a martyr to acute rheumatism for years. All the known remedies and best doctors were given a trial, but nothing ever gave me any permanent relief until I obtained your great South American Rheumatic Cure. It has done so much for me that I gladly give my testimony, that other sufferers from the agonies of rheumatism may take my advice and try this great remedy. I am satisfied it will cure them as it has me.'

Large Number of C. E. Societies.

The number of societies of Christian Endeavor on Dec. 5, 1896 was 47,279, and the total of members was 2,836,740. Of the societies 37,113 are in the United States and the rest in Canada and foreign lands. President Francis E. Clark, who is making a tour of Europe in the interest of the Christian Endeavor movement, states in his regular report that as the result of his visit there will be a more thorough organization of the Endeavor forces in the various countries of Europe. Before his return he is to visit India and South Africa.

Kootenay's New Ingredient.

Makes Startling Cures.

Bright's and Kidney Disease.

Sciatica, Inflammatory Rheumatism.

If There is Any Old Chronic Disease Lurking in Your System, KOOTENAY WILL DRIVE IT OUT

The way that Kootenay takes hold of old chronic cases of Rheumatism, and rids the system of the lurking poison upon which the disease exists, the endorsement by well-known clergymen, physicians and hospital executives of its cures, leads past all doubt as to its power to cure this disease.

The New Ingredient, that works so marvelously in searching out stubborn and chronic rheumatism, is just as effectual with most any other chronic disease. Hopeless cases of Bright's Disease yield to its influence, Eczema, in extreme forms where eruptions have existed from head to foot are in its records of cures. Pale, haggard and emaciated people, whose frames are all angles and curves, unrefreshed by sleep, troubled by indigestion and nervousness, round up in health through the use of Kootenay Cure.

I, Wm. H. Wirtz, residing at 47 Hughson Street North, in the City of Hamilton, do solemnly declare that I have been afflicted with rheumatism for seven years, and at different times confined to the hospitals both in Hamilton and Toronto. Was discharged from the Hamilton hospital after eleven months' treatment, and on the 15th of January last I was told that they could do nothing for me. When leaving there I was scarcely able to walk. I tried a number of so-called cures; had my feet covered with fly plasters under directions of a physician, but got gradually worse. On the 13th day of this month, after taking two and one-half bottles of Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, I threw away my stick which I had been compelled to use for support, and am now a healthy man, free from all pain, after seven years' suffering. On Tuesday last I was on my feet for eighteen hours steadily without any bad results. I am now able to attend to my work regularly, which frequently necessitates my hands being in water for hours. I consider Kootenay the most wonderful blood medicine and Rheumatic Cure ever known. Wm. H. Wirtz.

Declared before Notary J. W. Nesbit. July 17, 1896.

If not obtainable of your dealer, will be forwarded, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle, by addressing S. S. RYCKMAN MEDICINE CO., Hamilton, Ont. Send for "Chart Book," mailed free.

Torturing Rheumatic Pains.

Agony. Wrenched Limbs.

Hopeless Hospital Incurables.

Cured By Kootenay.

The World of Forces Grows Plastic.

How futile is the expectation that the world will ever be 'made better' by physical discoveries and the extension of man's lordship over nature. The world of forces is becoming more and more plastic in the hands of man. But as each new extension of his dominion takes place, we are brought face to face with the solemn fact that so long as he remains as he is, he extends the power of evil as well as the power of good. In an unregenerate world every new aptitude becomes a doubtful endowment. It is only when he is 'a little lower than the angels' that his lordship is a blessing and a benefit. The lower he sinks towards the devil the more terrible his knowledge and his energy become. It is only in 'the new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness' that man's sovereignty over nature will become his true charter of liberty. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'—The Christian.

I CAN'T SLEEP.

is the Daily Wail of Thousands of Humanity Who Have Suffered as Wm. Proutfoot of Huntsville Has Read What the Great South American Nerve Did For Him.

I was greatly troubled with general nervous debility, indigestion and sleeplessness. I tried a number of cures and consulted best physicians without any benefit. I was finally induced to give South American Nerve a trial. I had heard of some great cures by it. I took it, got relief from my sufferings, and after using one bottle sweet sleep came to me. I slept like a child. Six bottles have completely cured me.

The Bible.

The extremists are wrong. The Bible is not an infallible book, nor is it all error. It is not an unholy book, nor is it holy in every detail. It is not the work of ignorant men, nor is it the only work of God. It is not all legend and myth, nor is it all true history and literature. It is not a tissue of falsehood, nor is it absolute truth. It is not all the absurd outpourings of illiterate men, nor is it all the highest aspirations of genius. It is a combination of both. It is a symbol, an emblem, an aspiration of the child of earth after the Father in heaven, an intense yearning of the human soul after its Divine Maker. It contains all the fallacies due to human authorship, all the mistakes incidental to human thought. The true lover of the Bible will acknowledge this. It is the enemy of the good book that demands more.—Rabbi J. Leonard Levy, Philadelphia.

The Choice of a Profession.

No single act of a man's life has for him and his dependents such far-reaching results involved as the choice of a profession. How a calling in life is to be chosen is one of those things which cannot be answered

in a word, but it is fair to say that aptitude education, capital and circumstances should all be carefully considered. Competition has become so keen, and the flight of time relatively so much more swift than ever before, that no mistakes can be made, and few men are ever given the opportunity to choose a profession twice. So much time is lost and so many limitations have been created after one decision that it usually remains a decision for life.—Rev. A. A. Berle, Congregationalist, Boston.

THEY CREEP ON US UNAWARES.

Thousands of the good people who read these articles have grey hairs in plenty. Are you one of them? If so, do you remember when you saw the first grey hair—on your head, or in your beard, as the case may have been? It was natural enough; time is a bleacher as well as a dyer; yet the discovery was a surprise, perhaps a shock to you. You didn't see that grey hair coming. All at once—it was there.

Now behold, how many worse things are like that, and learn a valuable lesson.

'Up to March, 1891,' says John Murray, 'I never had any illness in my life. Then, suddenly, as it were, I felt that something was wrong with me. At first I had an awful bitter taste in the mouth, and after eating I had a pain at the chest and a horrible sensation at the stomach, as of a hot iron burning me.'

'I vomited all the food I partook of, and sometimes I threw up blood. Nothing I ate would remain on my stomach more than a few minutes, and I was afraid to take any solid food. Even milk and stews distressed me.'

'Being unable to leave the house I sent for a doctor, who said that my stomach was ulcerated. He gave me medicines of different kinds, and recommended applications; but nothing gave me any relief, and I grew worse and worse.'

'In spite of the soothing drops I took I got no sleep night or day. The pain was so severe I could not lie down in bed.'

'After four months' suffering I was removed to the Grantown Hospital, where I had the best medical treatment and diet. I was fed solely on liquid food, and my stomach was so inflamed and sore that I threw up most of it. After five weeks in the hospital I was worse than ever and returned home. There I lingered on in great pain and weakness month after month. I was now pale as death, and so weak I could not draw one foot after the other.'

'I had given up all hopes of recovery, and was gradually wasting away, expecting no relief except in death, which I thought could not be far away.'

'This was in February, 1892. It was then I first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and made up my mind to see whether there could possibly be any virtue in it for so desperate a case as mine.'

'Not being able to procure the Syrup in our neighbourhood my son wrote to London for a supply. It may seem hard to believe, but it is true, that the first few doses gave me welcome relief. Continuing to take it I was soon able to take nourishing food, and felt my strength coming back. After a little all pain left me, and I have never ailed anything since; but can follow the hounds and—do all kind of work.'

'I thank my Creator for making Mother Seigel's Syrup known to me, for without it I should now be in my grave. I tell every-

body that it saved my life. You are welcome to publish this to all the world. (Signed) John Murray, Cragmore Cottage, Abernethy (near Balmoral), Grantown, August 28th, 1893.'

Mr. Murray is a man of high character, and well known in the district. He is in the employ of D. Jardine, Esq., of Rairook Lodge. His disease was acute inflammatory dyspepsia, for an attack of which (unconsciously to himself) his system had long been preparing. *What seems a sudden illness,* says an eminent physician, *'is but the climax of a series of changes which have been going on for a considerable time, the slight warning symptoms not having been noticed by the patient.'*

So grey hairs come. So disease comes. So death comes. Watch for the earlier signs and keep Mother Seigel's Syrup close at hand.

Ham Sandwiches.

Chop fine a quarter of a pound of cold-boiled ham; add to it one tablespoonful of best olive oil, one teaspoonful table sauce, half a teaspoonful of salt, a little cayenne pepper, one teaspoonful of vinegar. Mix all well together. Cut the crust from a sandwich loaf and butter the open end of the loaf with soft butter; then with a very sharp knife cut from the loaf. Again spread the open end and cut, continuing this until the entire loaf has been used. Cut away the crust from each slice, leaving the slices perfectly square. Cover with the ham mixture; lay a slice on top, and cut diagonally. These may be prepared sometime before you wish to use them. To keep them from drying wet a clean napkin and spread over the piled-up sandwiches. Then stand in a cool place.

Felt Good Afterward.

A little ducky set on a horse block pounding his thumb-nail with a hammer. 'Why do you do that?' asked a man riding past. 'Cause,' he whined, 'cause it do feel so good when I stop.'—Chicago Record.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

For 25 Years, Says Mrs. J. D. Stoddard of Ashby Park, N. J., and Two Bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart Restored the Lost Treasure.

For twenty-five years I have been a great sufferer from heart disease, palpitation, dizziness and severe headaches. I saw Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, and determined to try it. Two bottles have done wonders for me. The dizziness and palpitation are gone, the headaches have disappeared. I never cease telling my friends the wonderful benefit this great cure has been to me, and I cheerfully recommend it any and everywhere.

Over the Backyard Fence.

'You don't have no Christmas at your house. Your dad's a pawnbroker.' 'That's all right. He'll have most of the Christmas things you've got at your house 'fore you've had 'em a month.'

FILES 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. 25 cents.