

## Sunday Reading.

**The Spring-Time Grace.**  
Sweet Spring-time comes to bless the land  
And crown it with bright bloom,  
With floods of sunlight in her hand  
To banish winter's gloom,  
While at her feet are buds and leaves  
To drape vast Nature's room.  
She smiles in her familiar way,  
And lo! the wintry chill  
Grows warm and tender as the day.  
While vale and wooded hill  
Flash out in green, as earth is won  
By Spring-time's gentle will.  
O sunny Spring! what grace is this  
That thou dost ever hold  
To warm and bless by touch and kiss  
The land so bare and cold?  
And thus to make it like thyself.  
As buds and leaves unfold?  
May not we too possess the grace  
To win by look and smile,  
As sweetness shines upon the face  
And makes it fair the while?  
Then we can also change the world  
So touched with sin and guilt.

### THE OLD SINGING-MASTER.

Those who from love of Christ aid the service of song in our churches fill no small place among gospel helpers. A friend sends us the following account of what one loving music teacher accomplished.

The most impressive figure in my earliest memories of the village church was the tall man with the flashing eyes who looked over the gallery rail when the people turned round in the singing, waved his violin-bow for the choir to rise, then drew it with such marvelous effects across the strings.

A more intimate acquaintance with him began in the juvenile singing-school. The old singing-master was an untiring and delightful teacher of youth; the children in half a score of neighboring towns owed all that they ever knew of vocal music to his pleasant and effective instruction. It was his custom to gather the young people of these towns on successive evenings, during the winter, and, at the close of his series of free lessons, to give a public concert; all of his modest income came from the sale of tickets.

All this was before singing was taught in the schools; and there were no paid choirs; so the high order of church music, remarked in that whole country for years, was largely due to this one man. He did not confine his efforts solely to the children. The first and best Old Folks' concerts, cantatas and oratorios in the state were rendered by his choirs. Still he loved best to teach the little folks, and his little pupils became his lasting friends. In after years, their pleasantest recollections of the home towns were apt to be connected with the old singing-master's Sunday-school and temperance concerts, picnics and festivals. During almost half a century of service he taught thousands to sing, and certainly made thousands happy.

The last time I saw him was at some anniversary of the church where he still was director of the choir. He was then as an old man; his hair was white as snow; though the old light was in his eyes. He was thanking his neighbors for some token which they had given him for his services, and ended by saying that if anybody should think it worth to put any inscription on the grave which he should soon fill, he hoped his work for the little folks would not be forgotten.

It was not long afterwards that his voice was silent on earth, but his wish was fulfilled; after the record of his forefathers years of life was the memorial:  
'He taught the children how to sing.'

### THE MISSING SMILE.

She was Sick and Weak but Her Smile Helped Others.

Some one has said that the best portion of a good man's life consists of his little, nameless unremembered acts of love and kindness. But sometimes the deeds which seem trivial to the doer, and pass from his mind altogether, sink deep into some grateful heart where memory holds them fast. A pathetic instance of such loving remembrance is given below.

There was no crape upon the door, although the angel of death had entered the home the night before. A bow of white ribbon, and a cluster of pale, fragrant lilies took the place of that symbol of gloom and sorrow. There could be no real mourning in the hearts of those who had loved the patient sufferer, and had known how she longed for her release.

All day friends came and went with grave faces and bowed heads. Late in the afternoon a ragged boy climbed the steps hesitatingly. His eyes were red as with much weeping, and his voice hardly rose above a whisper as he asked, 'Say, can't I see her? I won't stay but just a minute.'

'How did you come to know her? some one asked, strangely drawn toward the little wail by the bond of a common love and a common sorrow.

The answer was slow in coming, but a

little patient questioning drew it out at last. 'You see, see used to lie there by the window, an' I'd see her when I went by. If 'twas cold or rainy she'd look at me sorry-like, an' after a while she got to smilin' when she saw me, an' wavin' her hand. On real bad days she used to have 'em call me in so I could warm up by the fire, an' once she knit me a pair of mittens, good thick ones, too. But 'tain't them things I care so much about,' concluded the boy chokingly. 'I kin stan' the cold all right, but seems though I shouldn't never get used to missin' that smile.'

They took him into the room where she was lying with the radiance of heavenly peace on her still face. He looked at her lovingly and longingly, then turned away. His little body was shaken by sobs as he went out into a world that would henceforth be colder and more desolate because it lacked the sunshine of a smile.

### A SWEET LITTLE SUFFERER.

How a Crippled Chinese Girl was a Blessing to Others.

Perhaps nowhere in the world will a little money do more good than in Oriental countries, where an incredibly small sum will support a child for a year at some of the schools which Christian missionaries have founded. Each of us surely should have some share in such good work. It cannot but stir our interest to read of the little one whom a missionary noticed in a Shanghai hospital. Struck with the sad, unchildlike face she asked, 'Who is that little girl?'

'She was sent here by a Chinaman who had bought her as a slave,' the matron replied. 'Her feet had been bound, and in the very cold weather they became frost-bitten, and were in such a dreadful state that the doctors found the only way to save her life was to cut off both her legs just below the knee.'

I suppose almost all English children have heard of this cruel Chinese practice of binding the feet of little girls so tightly, and into so unnatural a shape, that they can never run about freely like children of other lands, or even walk without a curious hobble. I have seen two of our day school girls supporting each other, so as to keep their balance, as they came along the path to their schoolroom. In this foot-binding process many a Chinese child life is sacrificed; and here, as we feared, was one of its victims.

But our little sufferer did not die. The skillful doctors and nurses helped her to rally quickly from the operation, and soon the little patient was able to move about on crutches. Such a ray of sunshine as she was in the hospital! Every one learned to love her dearly.

We could not bear the idea of her going back to the hardship of cripple life in a loveless heathen home, or the worse misery of a Chinese asylum.

But we learned that her Chinese owner was willing to leave her in our hands, seeing that the sixty dollars he had paid for her must be in any case a loss to him. We were able to place her under the care of a kindly native Christian woman in a room connected with our girls' day school in the city.

Mrs. Wong, her caretaker, can give her reading lessons, and Miss Rea, who superintends our girls' school, and has been little Foh-Yung's special friend all though, is teaching her to repeat Scripture passages and hymns, and finds her a remarkably apt pupil. We have no doubt of her proving, like all Chinese girls, handy with her needle.

### AN EFFECTIVE REMEDY.

How Good Cheer May Help a Sick body and Soul.

When the wise king of Israel declared that a cheerful heart was like a medicine, he expressed a truth that most of us have tested in our own experience. The following incident makes it clear that good cheer may help both a suffering body and a sick soul. And it is a remedy as effective now as in the days of Solomon.

A young man was once confined in a darkened chamber by a long and painful illness. The inmates of the house were distant relatives, and seemed to think that they were doing their whole duty toward the friendless youth by allowing him to re-

main there. They seldom went into his room, and his attendant was a sad-faced old woman who never smiled.

The young man became despondent, and resolved to commit suicide. While he was writing a note telling his reasons for ending his life a knock was heard upon the door, and a sweet-faced lady entered. She was a neighbor, and hearing of his illness had sought him out.

She smiled so sweetly that even before she spoke the young man gave up the idea of crime which he had contemplated. She spoke a few encouraging words to him, and when she placed her soft hand upon his hot forehead in a motherly way he broke down and sobbed like a child. She smiled again and knelt down in silent prayer by his bedside, with the sweet lovetoken by which God spoke to him still glowing upon her bright womanly face.

In that holy silence all bitterness of soul left him, and there came an intense desire to seek and find Christ. The repentant one felt the presence of God's Spirit, and his hungry soul cried out for rest and peace. Ere the smile faded from the upturned face of the Christian woman the loving Savior had entered the open door of the seeking soul.

In a week's time the young man left the dim chamber of pain, and went out into the great world to do the master's work.

### A SPOILED JOKE.

A Kind Boy Saves an Old Woman Much Trouble.

The fun that is gained at the expense of some one's happiness and comfort is a poor variety, and had better be avoided altogether. We wish that more ill-natured practical jokes could be spoiled as was one of which a recent writer tells.

The two boys on the street-corner had evidently found something extremely amusing for they were laughing boisterously, holding their sides with both hands. Tom liked fun as well as anybody, and he ran over to enjoy the joke with his friends. 'What is it, fellows?' he called, as soon as he came within hailing distance.

The boys did not answer at once. The joke seemed to be a secret as well. They seized Tom by the coat and leaned toward him confidentially. 'See that old woman going along the street?' one of them asked.

Tom looked in the direction indicated, and saw very clearly a bent old figure, moving slowly as if the heavy parcel made walking difficult.

'She asked the way to the corner of Maple and Cross streets,' Phil exclaimed, choking with laughter. 'And Rob told her to go north three blocks and east six. He ought to have said west, you know.'

Tom stood perfectly silent. The other boys laughed again, but feebly. 'It'll be a good joke when she gets there and finds it ain't the right place,' said Rob rather appealingly.

'Think so?' asked Tom briskly. 'If that's a good joke, I hope I can make a better one. Just wait.'

He turned and darted away, and it was hardly a moment before he was at the side of the slow-moving old lady. She looked at him in a sort of wonder as his clear, boyish voice fell on her ear.

'Carry my bundle, son? Why, it's kind of you to offer if you're going my way. I want to find my son's house on the corner of Maple and Cross streets. I've got to go another block north, and then east six. You ought to go west to get to Maple street,' said Tom simply.

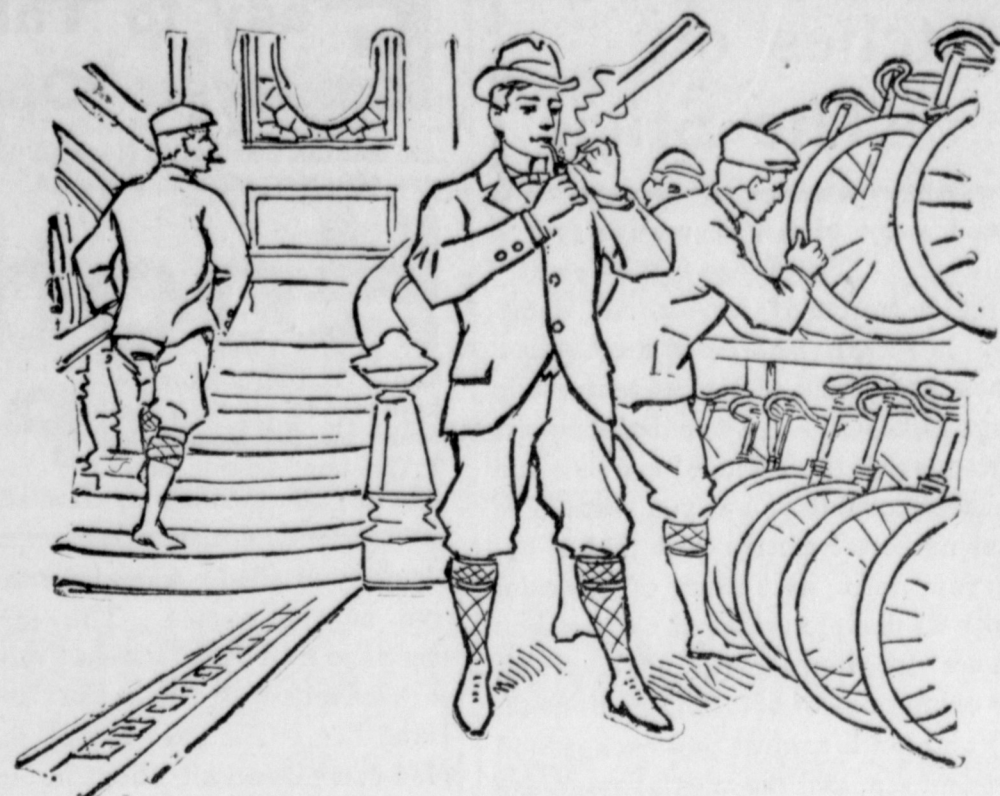
'Ought I really?' cried the old lady. 'To think of my forgetting already! Well, thank you. I'd been lost, I guess, if it hadn't been for you.'

He took her bundle and the two walked on together. Tom suiting his pace to her feeble step. And even the boys who silently watched him from a distance, in their hearts admitted that such jokes are all the better for being spoiled.

### Cured Weak Back for 25 Cents.

For two years I was dosed, plied, and plastered for weak back, scalding urine and constipation, without benefit. One box of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills relieved, three boxes cured. R. J. Smith, Toronto. One pill a dose, price 25 cents.

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### EVOLUTION IN THEOLOGY.

Theology and Science may Change, but Religion is the Same.

Theology is the science of religion. It is the result of an attempt made by men to state in an orderly and systematic manner the facts respecting the life of God in the soul of man. It involves intellectual definition of the various forms of consciousness which constitute the religious life. Its relation to religion is the relation of other sciences to the vital phenomena which they endeavor to explain. With the growth of the human intellect there comes a wiser study of life a better understanding of it, a new definition of its terms, and a new classification of its phenomena. The life does not change but man's understanding of it changes.

There is new astronomy, though the stars are old; a new botany though vegetable life is unchanged, a new chemistry, though the constituent elements of the universe are the same. So there is a new theology, though not a new religion. God, sin, repentance, forgiveness and love are changed from generation to generation. There is as little danger of undermining religion by new definitions of theology as there is of blotting out the stars from the heavens by a new astronomy.—Lyman Abbot in the Outlook.

### OH! THE MISERY.

Mrs. Galbraith of Shelburne, Ont., was a Great Sufferer from Indigestion, the Bane of so many Lives—South American Nerve Release Held—It Relieves in One Day.

'[I was for a long time a great sufferer from indigestion. I experienced all the misery and annoyance so common to this ailment. I tried many remedies and spent a great deal on doctor's bills without receiving any permanent benefit. I was strongly recommended to try South American Nerve. I procured and used it, after using only two bottles I am pleased to testify that I am fully restored to health, and I have never had the slightest indication of a return of the trouble. I recommend it most heartily.'

### THACKERAY'S BIRTHPLACE.

Failure of Efforts to find the Exact Home in India.

Sir William Hunter's book on 'The Thackeray's in India' calls out in The Athenæum from W. F. Prideau an interesting letter relative to the house in which the novelist was born and his ineffectual efforts to find it:

'The publication of Sir William Hunter's delightful book reminds me that about ten years ago, being then resident in Calcutta, I made a vigorous effort to discover the house which had been honored by the birth of the greatest writer who has shed luster on the Anglo-Indian body, in view to a commemorative tablet being placed upon the building by public subscription. In this effort I was warmly seconded by the late Mr. Robert Knight, the editor of The Statesman, who in the issue of that paper for Sept. 2, 1887, devoted a leader

to the subject, and by several other friends.

'Notwithstanding our exertions we failed to discover the house in question, the records neither of the secretariat nor of the municipality affording any clue. I ascertained that the assessment papers of the house tax did not extend further back than 1836, while the first Calcutta daily, the Calcutta Journal, was not established by J. Silk Buckingham till four years after Richmond Thackeray's death. My researches, however, enabled me to collect some interesting information in connection with the novelist and his father, and among my notes I find an exact record of the dates on which Richmond Thackeray entered on his various public employments.

'Thackeray was christened in St. John's church, the old cathedral, and I give below a copy of the baptismal register, which has not, I think, hitherto appeared in print:

'Date of Baptism.—1812, January 3rd.

'Name and Age of the Baptised.—N. B. S. Son, D. Daughter.—William Makepeace, born 18th July 1811. 8.

'Name and Situation of Parents.—Richmond Thackeray, Esqr., of the Civil Service, and Anne his wife.

'By Whom and Where Baptised.—The Revd. J. Ward, D. D.'

'Seeing that Richmond Thackeray appointment of judge of Midnapore at the date of his son's birth, and that a period of nearly six months elapsed between that date and the baptism, we are almost led to the conclusion that the boy was born not at Calcutta, but at Midnapore, and that his baptism was deferred until his father received his Alipore appointment. Tradition has, however, so persistently declared that the birth took place in Calcutta that I do not feel venturesome enough to dispute it. It is quite possible that the records do not give the date on which the father's deputation to Midnapore ended.'

### A HEALED HERALD.

Thinks Rheumatism is Born of the Lower Regions, but Proclaims South American Rheumatic Cure a Heaven-sent Healer.

Henry Humphreys, East London, sends his unsolicited testimony: 'I was seized with painful rheumatism in my left foot. I could not rest with it day or night, the pain was so intense. I tried many remedies, but they had no more effect on me than water on a duck's back. I was persuaded to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I followed the directions closely and in a very short time this wonderful remedy effected a complete cure, and there has not been the slightest hint of a return of the disease. It is a sure remedy and I delight to herald the goodness all over the land.'

### In View of Recent Events.

'Jimson wants the presidency of the Fifth National Bank, doesn't he?'

'Yes; but he stands no show against Shumway.'

'What's Shumway's recommendation for this place?'

'He hasn't any relatives.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### WONDERFUL!

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Relieved in One Day.

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