

Sunday Reading.

"ON MUDDY SOIL."

Fredrick Sheldon's Lesson on the Sanctity of the Sabbath Day.

'Mother, O mother! it is blowing hard, and getting colder every minute, and the ducks have not come home, and father says that it is going to storm right away!' said Fred, rushing in through the kitchen door and shutting it with a bang.

'It looks like snow, sure enough,' replied his mother, glancing up from the pan of biscuits she was putting in the oven. 'Look if the ducks are coming. You can see them from the sitting room window.'

Fred went into the next room, and looked out over a big field which sloped slightly downward to a little pond surrounded by marshy ground, wherein any duck might have delighted to paddle, especially those living near a prairie, where water was scarce. Away and beyond this the little boy's eye roamed over miles of bare brown country, stretching limitless toward the horizon line now growing dim under the darkening sky. No house was in view in that direction, and Fred looked back to his father's barn and outhouses, where a vigorous slamming and bolting of doors betokened recognition of the fast-coming storm.

'Some of the ducks are coming, I think, mother,' called Fred. 'Mayn't I go hurry them? Oa, what a wind!—and it is beginning to snow.'

'No! Fred, you must not stir out; the blizzard is here. Bert shut the door quick; the wind is like ice itself,' said Mr. Sheldon, as he and his older son entered by a side door into the sitting room.

'Easier said than done, sir,' said Bert, putting his shoulder against the door as he latched it and slipped the bolts at top and bottom. The wind blows like a hurricane. I wonder if I have a hair left on my head.'

'Your hair is all right,' said Fred.

'Where is your cap?' 'Blown clean away. I'll find it next spring,' replied Bert.

'I just think you will,' returned Fred. 'Where are those ducks? Can't I go call them? They will get lost, I know.'

'And get lost yourself?' said his brother. 'No indeed. You can't see across the yard now, for the snow. The ducks have probably got frozen in the marsh.'

'I see them! I see them!' cried Fred dancing at the window as some demoralized looking ducks blew across the barnyard, floundering with open, protesting wings amid the circling eddies of snow, yet managing to gain the barn and squeeze through the little hanging shutter behind which was shelter and food.

'They're safe, anyhow,' said Bert. 'But I only saw six; the others didn't make it.'

'Lingered too long on the muddy soil, I fancy,' said his father, sitting down before the open fire. 'They should have seen the snow coming, and started straight home.'

Bert took the poker and shoved the big logs closer together, while Fred seated himself on the father's knee, and listened to the fierce wind dashing the snow in drifts against the window pane.

'It is not well to linger on muddy soil,' said Mr. Sheldon at last, breaking the silence.

'What do you mean, father?' asked Fred. He had been musing sorrowfully over his missing ducks.

'Oae may get caught,' replied his father. 'You are thinking of something, father? queried Bert, looking up at Mr. Sheldon's far away face.

'Yes,' said his father, 'I had gone back twenty-five years. When I was at college my friends were a set of as nice bright fellows as you ever saw,—in the main Christians; but they were not as ready to give up the world as they might have been, didn't see any harm in lingering along among its pleasures, though some of them worked in the church, too. One Sunday afternoon a lot of them went out sailing. A sudden squall came up, and—they never came back.'

'Did they ask you to go?' said Fred.

'Yes,' replied his father.

'But, father, said Bert, making, with his poker, little fountains of sparks fly out of the blazing logs, 'that might have happened any day.'

'I know, Bert,' said Mr. Sheldon, 'such accidents do happen any day, and are always terrible; but the sting of it is in the broken commandment. If you are suddenly ushered into the presence of the creator, you want to step from clean ground, and have no muddy soil hanging about you.'

Mrs. Sheldon has paused in her preparations for supper, and leaning on the back of her husband's chair, said softly:

'The sting of death is sin.' I remember, when at school in New England, three of us girls went on a moonlight sleigh-ride,

unknown to the master, and when we should have been in bed. The young man driving upset us down a steep hillside, and one girl was killed.'

Bert rose, and walked to the window, looking through it at the white turmoil without. The snow was clinging almost all over the panes, and his might as well have tried to see through a mountain as that solid wall of white. He remembered a night like it last winter, when his mother and father had been absent from home on a visit to his grandfather some ten miles away, and two of his friends had invited him to go with them to a theatre at the nearest town. Their sleigh held only two, so he went alone in his own little cutter. Returning home at midnight, a blizzard overtook them. His companions lost the road and wandered away into the dense snow mist with which the atmosphere was packed, through the icy wind, out on to the prairie, where they were bewildered among the cold drifts, until that fatal sleep which knows no awakening fell upon them. He, owing perhaps to a clearer head, or his horse's surer instinct, reached home in safety. A new feeling of thankfulness for his preservation entered the boy's heart, and he then and there made a resolve which was never afterwards broken.

'Come to supper, Bert,' called his mother's cheery voice.

'Coming, mother,' said Bert; and, slipping his arm through his father's as he rose from his chair, he added, 'I guess you're right about the muddy soil, father; it is risky work. I'll keep off it hereafter.'—*'Sunday School Times.'*

The Souls Requirements.

I maintain that the only qualification—the only indispensable qualification—for witnessing for Christ, is the Holy Ghost. Paul, expressly, over and over again, abjures all merely human equipment. He expressly declares that these things were not the power, even when they existed, but that it was the Holy Ghost. Therefore, give me man, woman, or child with the Holy Ghost, full of love and zeal for God, and I say it is a great strength and joy to convert to testify to the church and to the world, and it is the bounden duty of the church to give him the opportunity to do so. The Lord is going to demonstrate in this land that He is not going to evangelize it by finished sermons and disquisitions, but by the simple testimony of people saved from sin and the devil, by His power and His grace. He is going to do it by witnessing, as he began. Now I say, read your New Testament on this point, and you will be struck with the amazing amount of evidence for this unconventional kind of service. The world wants some more Pentecosts—when Peters and Marys shall be so filled with the Spirit that they cannot help telling what God has done for them—male and female, men, women and children—like the woman of Samaria, who, when she had found Him of whom Moses and the prophets wrote, went and fetched her fellow-townsmen and women to hear Him. He wishes you to do the same, and this is the way the Lord is going to gather out His great and glorious kingdom in these latter days by the power of testimony in the Holy Ghost. He only wants witnesses to be able to go and say, 'We speak that we do know'—that is the qualification. The Lord is multiplying such witnesses. Bless the holy name.—*Mrs. Booth.*

Secret of a Happy Life.

The secret of happy days is not in our outward circumstances, but in our own heart-life. A large draught of bible taken every morning, a throwing open of the soul's windows to the precious promises of the Master, a few words of fervent prayer, a deed or two of kindness to the first person you meet, will brighten your countenance and make you feel 'like hinds' feet' for the day's march. If you want to get your aches and your trials out of sight bury them under your mercies. Begin every day with God, and then, keeping step with your Master, march on toward home over the roughest road, or in face of the hardest winds that blow. Live for Jesus by the day and on every day until you come where 'the Lamb is the light thereof,' and there is no night there.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

Powerless to Combat Sin.

'Men seek to make excuse for sin,' writes Dwight L. Moody in the initial discourse to 'Mr. Moody's Bible Class' in the Ladies' Home Journal. 'They call it by other names and try to explain away its power or cover up its hideousness. They tell us that it is merely ignorance, which culture will eradicate; that in each and every man there is good, and that with culture and education on this will be developed. * * * Antiquity has proved that education and culture are powerless to combat natural sin. They seem to have but multiplied the ingenuities and devices of man's evil passions. The corrupt and

When I was Well.



While I was Sick. And Now I am Well Again.



MR. MAXWELL JOHNSTON

One of the Best Known Printers in Canada,

Tells the story of his terrible sufferings, and gives an account of his rescue from the Jaws of Death.

Probably no one is better known to the printing trade of Canada than Maxwell Johnston, of Maxwell Johnston & Co., 72 Bay street, Toronto. His many years of experience have acquainted him with almost every person in the entire trade. To many of his friends it has been known that he has suffered during very severe illness the past year, and in regard to the same Mr. Johnston writes the following letter:—

TORONTO, Dec. 3, 1896.

Messrs. T. MILBURN & Co.:

DEAR SIRS,—For over ten months I suffered from dropsy, caused by kidney trouble which followed an attack of la grippe. The symptoms rapidly became serious and medical aid was called in. Among others who were consulted were Dr. Wallace, Dr. Norman Allen, Dr. Weir and Dr. Glass, all of this city, and I can truly state that they made every effort that medical skill could provide. Seven operations were performed within six months, during which time I visited at different periods for the purpose of these operations the following hospitals, viz: The Toronto General Hospital, St. Michael's Hospital and Grace Hospital. Although all that could be done for me was faithfully and skillfully performed, I received only temporary relief, the enormous quantities of water which constantly accumulated. As a matter of fact, 17 gallons of water were removed during the last two operations. After the last operation I was given up to die and was given only six to twelve days to live.

In addition to the best medical skill which money could procure, I used all kinds of patent medicines which promised relief, but without effect. All the family remedies suggested, such as Milkweed Tea, Pumpkin Seed Tea, Mullen Leaf Tea, Spanish Onion Tea, Sweet Nitre and Buchu, etc., were faithfully tried but gave not the slightest relief, so that I had lost all hope, when I was persuaded to try Doan's Kidney Pills, together with Laxa Liver Pills. To my surprise I received almost immediate relief. At this time I was unable to lie down and for three and a half months previously was forced to sleep in a chair. My waist measure was then 49 inches; it is now 33 inches since the wonderful cure made by these pills.

I consider myself perfectly cured and feel strong and well. My weight when I was attacked was 198 pounds. After the operations I was reduced to 130. I weigh now 160. By carefully watching the action of Doan's Pills and Laxa Liver Pills I am positive that to them alone is due the wonderful cure which has taken place in my case.

I am a printer by trade and have held positions in the offices of *The Globe*, *Mail*, *Methodist Book Room*, etc., as well as in Ohio and Detroit, Mich., and have been an employing printer since 1877.

Although it may seem incredible, every word I have stated is the truth, and I am prepared to back it by the evidence of hundreds of citizens and friends who knew me before I was sick and afterwards, while I was near death's door, and who now, to their surprise, see me restored to complete health by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills, assisted by Laxa Liver Pills. I shall be glad to answer inquiries from sufferers from kidney or liver troubles at any time, and refer to the following gentlemen who have knowledge of the facts, and can verify every word I say. Many of these gentlemen knew me before my sickness, during my terrible sufferings, and since I was restored to health. My testimony is given voluntarily and without any consideration of any kind, either directly or indirectly. I give it solely for the benefit of my fellow beings who may be afflicted with Dropsy or Kidney troubles of any kind, viz:—

R. J. Fleming, Esq., Mayor of Toronto.
E. F. Clarke, Esq., M.P., ex-Mayor.
Rev. H. C. Dixon, of Gillespie, Ansel & Dixon.
J. W. St. John, Esq., M.P.P.
Patrick Boyle, Esq., of the Catholic Register.
Dr. Phillips.
J. B. Cook, Esq., photographer.
W. G. Murdock, Esq., barrister.
T. C. Robinette, Esq., barrister.
John McGregor, Esq., barrister.
Chas. McDonald, Esq., barrister.
M. J. Quinn, Esq., barrister, etc.
John Kent, Esq., of Gowans, Kent & Company.
Geo. Gwatkin, Esq., of Gwatkin & Son.
J. Gordon Mowat, Esq.
J. J. McCaffery, Esq.
R. G. McLean, Esq.
Chas. B. Doherty, Esq.
Wm. Verner, Esq.

John Stormont, Esq.
J. G. Ramsey, Esq.
Geo. Verral, Esq.
Ex-Ald. W. T. Stewart.
G. T. Pendrith, Esq.
John Imrie, Esq., of Imrie & Graham.
Wm. Hovenden, Esq.
Wm. Threlkeld, Esq.
W. S. Johnston, Esq.
J. J. Ryan, Esq.
Jas. E. Henderson, Esq., of Stockwell & Henderson.

Frederick Diver, Esq., Central Press Agency, Toronto.
Harry Brown, Esq., of Brown Bros. & Co., Toronto.

Nicholas Murphy, Esq., Q.C.
Thos. Parkinson, Esq., of Messrs. Powell & Parkinson.

John Brown, Esq., corner Simcoe and Adelaide streets.
S. T. Britten, Esq., of Britten & Bradshaw.

Chas. Field, Esq., Queen street east.
Wm. Hirst, Esq., corner Church and Shuter streets.

And hundreds of others.

Yours truly,

MAXWELL JOHNSTON.

Mr. Johnston appeared before Mr. O. Henderson, Commissioner in the High Court of Justice, and gave the following declaration as regards the absolute truth of the statements made in his letter:—

DOMINION OF CANADA,
Province of Ontario,
County of York.

To Wit:—In the matter of a letter to Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., dated 3rd December, 1896, I, Maxwell Johnston, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, do solemnly declare that the statements contained in the above letter are true, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of the Canada evidence act, 1893, declared before me at Toronto, in the County of York, this 3rd day of December, 1896, by Chas. Henderson, a Commissioner in H. C. J. Courts.

(Signed),

MAXWELL JOHNSTON,

of Maxwell Johnston & Co.,
72 Bay street, Toronto, Ont.

degenerate days of cultured Rome, even during her proud Golden Age of wealth, of literature, of beauty and philosophy, have left to us monuments of her obscenity and vice. The wisdom of Greece and the learning of Egypt never saved their subjects from the corruption of sin. The Epistles of Saint Paul to the churches of Asia Minor are a sufficient commentary upon the efficacy of their boasted refinement in the development of noble and pure lives. Nor have we to go into ancient history for a vindication of the awful truth of a fallen nature. Do our times offer no illustration of inherent sin? Does not the presence of sin, often the most vile and dark in its offices, reveal itself in lives which from earliest infancy have been surrounded by only that which was pure and good? Are our convicts made solely from those who have not had advantages?

The Effect of a Dream.

Dr. Gordon once told of a dream that changed his whole ministry. He dreamed he was preaching, when a stranger, very plainly attired, entered and took a seat. Somehow his attention was attracted to the stranger, who passed quietly and quickly out at the close of the meeting. Dr. Gordon asked some one who the stranger was, and was told it was the Lord Jesus. His first thought was, 'What did Jesus think of my sermon?' He had never preached

since without that being his prominent thought—'What does Jesus think of this sermon?'—*Rev. E. D. Mallory.*

Their Good Rules.

Two christian Chinamen, who recently entered into a business partnership, added the following three rules to other agreements: 'First, we will not buy or sell anything injurious to our fellow men. Second, we will do no business on Sunday. Third, of all we make, one-tenth shall be given to the Lord's work.' The example of these men might well be followed by all engaged in business.

Obstacles to Art.

'There is one thing,' said the heavy man of the theatrical company, 'that'll have to be attended to.'

'What is it?' asked the stage manager. 'You remember the scene in which I pledge the princess' health in this crystal goblet of foaming wine?'

'Yes.' 'Well, you can do one of three things. You can make that cold tea weaker, put some sugar in it, or else get some man who isn't in danger of making a wry face to play the part.'—*Washington Star.*

Pain Banished as if by Magic.

Nerviline—nerve pain cure—is a positive and an almost instantaneous remedy for external, internal, or local pains. The most active remedy hitherto known falls far short of Nerviline for potent power in the relief of nerve pain. A trial will demonstrate.

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

Will You Risk Failure or Assure Yourself of Success?

If you were dangerously ill, would you call to your assistance some faith cure impostor or a third or fourth rate doctor? If you were obliged to defend yourself in court, would you employ a lawyer without ability or reputation?

If, from motives of true economy, you find it necessary to do home dyeing is it wise and prudent to allow a dealer to hand you some make of poor and weak dyes with which to do your work? Common sense and the saving of time and money demand the use of Diamond Dyes, the only make that can bring good results and perfect satisfaction.

Common imitation package dyes ruin your goods, ruff your temper, and waste your money. They would never have a sale or a place in any home were it not for the love of profit so desired by short-sighted and greedy dealers. Diamond Dyes are as necessary for effective work as is the able physician when life is in danger.

A Child's Thought.

The Washington Post records a pathetic saying of a child:

A Washington lady was passing one of the orphan asylums of the city, and as her praise-worthy custom, nodded across the fence to a couple of forlorn little waifs playing in the yard. Before she was out of hearing one of the little girls said to the other:

'Isn't she just lovely?'

And the other, with a wistful sigh, answered: 'Yes, and p'raps my mother is just like her; just think!'