

Sunday Reading.

A TRUE STORY.

In a London suburb, some time ago, a heavy storm began to descend, driving unprepared pedestrians into every available place of shelter. One gentleman, too delicate and well dressed to brave the storm, stood under the portico of a house of some pretensions. Presently, the door was opened, and a kindly voice said, 'Come in out of the blinding rain, for God's sake! I saw you stand up.'

'Thank you, indeed for such kindness, especially when offered in God's name,' said the stranger, entering. He was ushered into a spacious dining-room, when his temporary host said—

'That was merely a form of speech, not to be taken seriously.'

'I am sorry,' said the other, 'for it dissipates that delightful vision of free-masonry in him which your words conjured up before me.'

At this point a youth bounded into the room.

'Oh, father,' he said, 'I did not know anyone was here. But I can't manage these questions. I wish you would write and say you do not wish me to go in for the Scripture exam. You can, you know. And what is the good of it?'

The father looked half humorously towards the stranger.

'This sort of thing is more in your line than in mine,' he said 'could you give my son an opinion in the matter?'

'No,' said the other, 'I do not think an opinion would do much good. But perhaps I could help you with the questions,' he addressed the young student, 'while I am partaking of this generous shelter.'

The boy looked shy; then he said, in a manly way—

'Well, I wish you would, please. I don't like funking a thing that nearly all the other fellows manage to do.'

The two, so suddenly brought together, set to work. Soon the boy was deep in the subject, and then he said—

'Well, this opens up no end of possibilities! Why, I am not going to be content with just knowing the answers to these questions—I must master the whole surroundings.'

His father looked pleased; he thanked the stranger, and said—

'How strange this all seems! Two hours ago I had never seen you; an accident causes us to meet, and here you are coaching my son! You lay me under a great obligation, and if I can serve you in any way—'

'You shall do so,' said the stranger, 'but, remember, I am more than happy to do this, for God's sake.'

'Ah, you have the best of me there!' was the reply.

After a mutual exchange of courtesies the stranger left with a promise of further help to the boy, and giving his address. Six months later he received a letter from the youth, whom he had seen several times in the interval, telling of his father's desire to see him—he had a communication to make—would the stranger come at once? He went, and found his genial rescuer from the storm in some distress of mind.

'My doctor tells me my days are numbered—there is my son, he esteems you highly—I shall have to leave him.'

'How is it with yourself? Your last letter was cheering.'

'How can I thank you or God? On a seeming accident hung all my eternal destiny. God sent you to me. I know no subtle methods of expression; I have no set of doctrines; I know nothing of dogma—but I do know God as my Saviour.'

'Then you are well provided for here and hereafter,' was the reply.

'Yes; your coming that day in the storm was the beginning of new life to me. Every question of my heart was carried to the Book, and there I found the answer. When my son told me the other day that he wished to become a minister of the Gospel, for that you had shown him Jesus, and he rejoiced in salvation, I was overjoyed. Then I heard my own death warrant; but I told my doctor it was all right for me, I only feared for my son.'

'Fear not,' said his friend, 'his feet are set upon a rock—his heart his right with God. He is a fine young Christian.'

Two months more, and the patient was passing away.

'It is all gloriously bright,' he whispered. 'Nothing between! I have such confidence in my loving Saviour—I so weak, He so strong—He calls me out of the storm, now.'

And presently he passed away, another testimony to the wonder-working, far-reaching, miraculous, converting power of the mercy, grace and love of God, 'the only wise Saviour.—M. B. Gerds, in 'The Christian.'

WAITING GOD'S TIME.

I think that I can see him now, as he sat on the right hand side of the hall in which the meetings were being held, a dark-haired man, with a flat, pale face, solemn and quaint-looking. The after-meeting was nearly over, as I walked down to where he was sitting, and, quietly placing myself by his side, asked him, 'Do you know that your sins are forgiven?' 'I can't say that I do,' he replied. 'Why not?' I said. 'Why do you not come to Christ?' 'I'm waiting God's time,' was the answer, given in a solid, dogged sort of way. Feeling for the moment staggered by this unexpected reply, with which I had never been met before, conscious also of how much might hang upon the next few words I silently lifted up my heart to God, praying for help and direction. Quick as thought I turned to the man, and said: 'And can you tell me when that will be?'

If his previous reply had been a surprise to me, my question evidently fell with tremendous force upon his half-awakened soul. He had nothing to say, his mouth was closed, and, in quiet dependence on the Holy Spirit's power, I endeavored to show him that 'God's time' was the present, that He offered salvation 'now'; that on his part there remained nothing to be done, there was nothing to wait for; salvation was to be accepted as a free gift. The result of the finished work of Christ. He listened intently, and when I asked if he would like to be prayed for, readily assented. Prayers were then offered by one or two of the village Christians, and we separated, I not feeling very sure whether B— had passed from death unto life or not.

The following evening found him in the same place, and again, during the after-meeting, I wended my way to his seat. 'Well!' I said, 'Here you are again. Are you going to accept Christ?' A somewhat aggrieved look came over his face as he immediately said, with great emphasis, 'I did it last night.' Once again was there cause to praise God for his saving grace, but I was to learn still more of the power of a few simple words prompted by the Holy Spirit in response to the cry of a child of God, face to face with the needs of an anxious unsaved soul.

Here let me state my own firm convictions that no two souls are constituted alike—each is an 'unknown quantity' to the Christian worker, and therefore it is all in vain to catalogue and classify them as if they were so many natural specimens. Each has its peculiar idiosyncrasies, but the spirit of God has the special features of each spread before Him as an open book, and the Christian who would be wise to win souls must wait upon Him for his illuminating power, and the wisdom to deal with each individual case. But to return to my story.

Not many days after the events referred to, my dear old host, rejoicing in the work of God going on around him, and for which he and his beloved wife had long labored and prayed, returning from a walk said: 'I met B— C— this morning and he kept me for nearly an hour standing in the road listening to the story of his conversion, which he concluded by saying, "She knocked me down and smashed me all to pieces and then she picked me up again." So it was, the words spoken in conscious weakness had been used by God to break the stony heart, and destroy the paralyzing effect of that sort of fatalism which the perversion of the blessed truth of God's electing love brings upon the soul of man. Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'

'Come, for all things are now ready. It is the invitation, the responsibility of accepting which is our. Do not let any soul be tempted by Satan to try and cast the blame of its unsaved condition upon God. B— still holds on his way slow and with a good deal to be desired, but sure and certain as to his soul's salvation, and always ready to testify as to the change that he experienced when he became the subject of God's grace.—Correspondent of the 'Christian.'

THEY ARE THE LORD'S RICHES.

And he Lends Them to us That we May in Turn Benefit Others.

The Scriptures plainly teach us that the gold and the silver belong to the Lord, the cattle upon a thousand hills are his; that he gives men power to get wealth; that his kingdom cannot be carried forward without the use of money. Prayers may be deep and earnest, labor may be constant and fatiguing, but without the employment of money the kingdom of Jesus Christ cannot be advanced. If God had some other way to translate and multiply the Book, to send out missionaries and maintain them, if their maintenance came from heaven instead of from human toil, we would not be fellow-laborers of the truth nor have any participation in his work.

I have no propriety in the riches I possess. They are only lent me for a few

There's many a Slip

Accidents will happen—burns and scalds are bound to occur in the best regulated family. Serious results will be avoided—pain will rapidly disappear—new skin will form in three days, if the burn or scald is promptly covered with a plaster made with

"Quickcure"

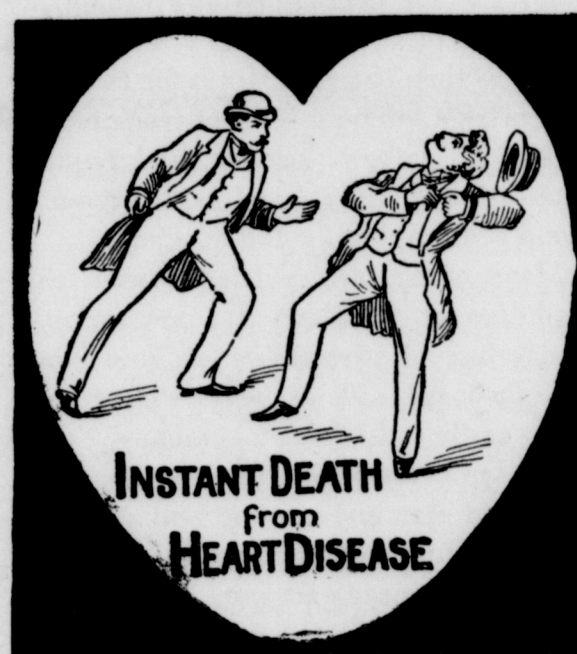
Your druggist sells it in 25c. 50c. and \$1.00 White Glass Pots, with necessary lint for applying, or you can write direct to

THE QUICKCURE COMPANY, LTD. QUEBEC, CAN.

years, to be dispensed and distributed as my Lord and Master sees fit to appoint, viz., for the benefit of the poor and necessitous, whom He has made His deputies to call for and receive His money at my hands. Hence it is that whenever I see any fit object for charity, methinks I hear the Most High say to me: 'Give this poor brother so much of My stock which thou hast in thy hand, and I will place it to thy account as given to Myself.'

Do you want strength to stand against the wiles of the tempter? There is nothing for it but to live on the words of God. For forty days our Lord had been meditating upon them, and so when the tempter came, though the hunger of his body was making itself felt, his spirit was nourished and equipped. Go thou and do likewise. Feed on the living bread which has come down from heaven. Fill yourself with God's purposes and ideals. Let the thoughts of God be the very bread of the inner man; and when the hour of temptation comes, it will not take you a moment to choose between snatching a morsel to satisfy the cravings of passion, and waiting on God to send his angels.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

'An English preacher once asked some British soldiers, "If Queen Victoria were to issue a proclamation and placing it in the hands of her army and navy, were to say, "Go ye into all the world and proclaim it to every creature," how long do you think it would take to do it?" One of these brave fellows, accustomed to obey orders without hesitation or delay and at peril of life, promptly answered, "Well, I think we could manage it in about eighteen months."—Dr. Pierson.



Relief in 30 Minutes.

The most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are palpitation, fluttering of the heart, shortness of breath, weak or irregular pulse, smothering spells, swelling of feet or ankles, nightmare, spells of hunger or exhaustion. The brain may be congested, causing headaches, dizziness or vertigo. In short, whenever the heart flutters, or tires out easily, aches or palpitates, it is diseased and treatment is imperative. Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure has saved thousands of lives. It absolutely never fails to give perfect relief in 30 minutes, and to cure radically.

Danger From Wall-Paper.

It was formerly supposed that the reason why wall-papers containing arsenic were dangerous to health was because arsenetted hydrogen was formed through the action of mold upon the paper, and then given off in the air of the room. Recent experiments in Germany, however, seem to show that the danger really arises from particles of dust proceeding from the paper. It is said that at present few wall-papers containing arsenic are manufactured.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

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

PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates

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

PROOF OF SINCERITY. How an Army Officer Stood the Supreme Test of Belief in Fatalism.

In the days of the 'old army' on the frontier, when military posts were sometimes hundreds of miles from any civilized place, there was little to do in the way of amusement in the winter time when the post was snowbound, and it was then that the reputation the army has for card playing and drinking was gained. And it is true that a great deal of both was done at that time.

It was in these days that an event transpired that showed that the principal actor had the courage of his convictions, and that he was most certainly born under a lucky star. It was after a very 'wet' stag dinner party, and all had partaken most freely of the wine, and, strange as it may seem, the subject that came up for discussion was the Mohammedan religion. The Mussulmans belief in fate. To them a man's fate is written above, and the time of his death is set, and nothing can advance it. Well, this belief had been discussed long and earnestly. The pros and cons had been gone over at length, till one officer wanted to know of what use was reason if every one was born with a tag of destiny attached. One officer finally arose and said there was no use of discussing the matter any further; the only way was to make a practical test of the question, and that he would give himself as a subject. Could a man willfully dispose of his life when the fatal moment had been chosen at his birth from above?

He could get no one to try the experiment on him. Finally a wager was made. 'Who will pay you if I lose?' said the subject, as he drew his pistol and showed that it was loaded. He placed the pistol against his temple and pulled the trigger. The pistol missed fire.

'A joke,' yelled the crowd. The fatalist smiled, and recocking the pistol aimed with a steady hand at the clock on the wall. He fired, and the bullet crashed through the centre of the dial. 'Apologize to me now,' he said. 'I have won the bet. I always believed in fate.'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TORTURED AND HELPLESS.

Rheumatism has Hordes of Victims, and is no Respector of Persons—South American Rheumatic Cure Resists his Cruel Grasp, and Heals the Wounds he Inflicts—Relief in Six Hours.

Geo. W. Platt, Manager 'World's' Newspaper Agency, Toronto, says: 'I am at a loss for words to express my feelings of sincere gratitude and thankfulness for what South American Rheumatic Cure has done for me. As a result of exposure I was taken with a severe attack of rheumatic fever which affected both my knees. I suffered pain almost beyond human endurance. Having heard of marvellous cures by South American Rheumatic Cure, I gave it a trial. After taking three doses the pain entirely left me, and in three days I left my bed. Now every trace of my rheumatism has disappeared.'

FUN ON THE OLD CLIPPER SHIP.

Sensations Not to Be Had Nowadays on Board Record-Breaking Liners.

'One of the youngsters asked me the other day,' said the Old Skipper, 'if I had ever been to Europe on a record-breaking liner. I told him I hadn't, and never wanted to go there that way. It is just a question of engineers and stokers, mere land-men, on a big liner, and I'd rather ship before the mast, even on one of your lubberly forty-day steel square-riggers with bows like a canal boat, than go on a steam-

ship. It would be just about as interesting to me as a trip on a railway train.

'The kind of sailing I like it will never be the privilege of you young fellows to indulge in. You will never know the fun of having a clipper craft as sharp as a steam-boat under your feet jumping across the seas under a press of canvas never seen on ocean-going sailing vessels nowadays, with her rigging as taut as iron bars, and your shipmates holding your hair on your head.'

'What she can't carry she may lug' was the text at sea then. I remember when I was in the clipper Northern Light we carried stun'sails into Boston Harbor, making the famous passage of seventy-six days and four hours from San Francisco. Our ship worked like a basket; but we had shipped a double crew for the run, and one crew did nothing but pump ship. There was some cracking on of sail when ships of 2,000 tons or more had all their top hamper whiskered over the lee side while the skipper was turning to spit over the tailrail. Even after that some of the ships made good passages. It's a funeral nowadays to lose a topgallantmast.'

WINDING UP THE WATCH.

It is my custom to wind my watch every night at ten. When I go to bed I lay the watch on a little table at the head of the bed. Should I chance to wake in the night I always hear the clear, distinct ticking. But one night recently I awoke and heard no sound from my faithful friend. 'What?' said I, 'is it possible I forgot to wind it?' To light the candle and put the watch to my ear took but a minute. Going still? Yes, going still; but very feebly and faintly. I wound it at once, of course. Then it spoke out plainly, arousing echoes in the stillness, and to its monotonous music I dropped off to sleep.

That other watch—the watch in your breast. Ah! it doesn't do to let that run down, for, unlike the pocket watch, when it stops it stops, as the children say, 'for keeps,' for good and all.

Therefore Mrs. Susan Gladdish's statement that her 'heart used to stop beating' cannot be accepted literally. She doesn't mean it so. She means that at times it beat so feebly and faintly she could hardly feel it. 'It alarmed her very much,' she says. No doubt. But what ailed it?

'In July, 1892,' she says, 'I began to feel ill. At first I felt tired and weak, without life or energy. I had a bad taste in the mouth, spitting up thick phlegm and a sour, frothy fluid. My appetite was bad, and after eating I had a sense of pain and weight at the chest. I had also frequent attacks of dizziness, and had I not taken hold of something I should have fallen to the ground.'

'As time passed I grew weaker and weaker until I could barely walk across the floor. For six months I was confined to the house. The doctor said my heart was exceptionally weak. He gave me medicines and told me what outward applications to make when the attacks came on. They did no good, though.'

'I was in this condition sixteen months, when, in November of last year (1893) my brother told me about the benefit he had received from Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup during an illness he had been through. This made me hope the Syrup might do me good, as it had done him. I got a bottle from Mr. Wiseman, grocer, Perry street, and after taking it for a week I felt relieved. By the time I had taken three bottles I was cured, and have had no return of my trouble. Had I known of this medicine sooner I should have been spared a deal of suffering. (Signed) Mrs. Susan Gladdish, 7, Lansdown Place, Perry Street, Gravesend, January 10th, 1894.'

We could quote the words of several other persons, mostly women, who have passed through an experience virtually identical with that of Mrs. Gladdish, but it is not necessary, as the comment on her case will apply to theirs.

One point at a time, then. The heart is no weakling, no tender flower that must be constantly nursed and tended. It is a tough, powerful muscle, and does more work, far and away, than any other organ in the body. All the others stop and rest betimes. The heart never does. It hammers away, year in and year out, day and night, workdays, holidays and Sundays. It is kept going by the nerves, the nerves are kept going by the blood, and the blood is merely digested food from the stomach. There's the connection.

Mrs. Gladdish was afflicted with indigestion and dyspepsia. That poisoned and thinned her blood, starved her nerves, and made the nerves unable to give the usual strong impulse to the heart. Thus the heart beat feebly; the brain, insufficiently supplied with blood, caused the dizziness, and the general lack of nourishment to the whole body caused the weakness, pain, and loss of flesh. The Syrup went to the bottom of the difficulty, expelled the poison from the system, and restored the digestive powers. The food then taken gave new vigor to the nerves, and the nerves set the heart at work vigorously, and on full time.

In other words, Seigel's Curative Syrup wound up the watch. Please remember this simple yet wonderful process.

A Book That Money Cannot Buy.

The most valuable book in the world is said to be a Hebrew Bible at the Vatican in Rome. In 1512, Pope Julius, then in great financial straits, refused to sell it to a syndicate of Hebrews for its weight in gold. The Bible weighs more than 235 pounds, and is never carried by less than three men. The price refused by Pope Julius was about 25,000 pounds, and that, too, when gold was worth at least thrice what it is now.

The Best Remedy for Corns.

Is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Rapid, painless, its action is a marvel to all who have tried it. Fancy getting rid of painful corns in twenty-four hours. 'Putnam's' does it.