

Sunday Reading.

WORKER'S EXPERIENCE

Next to the late Charles H. Spurgeon, the man who during the last thirty years has gathered the largest congregation in London, is the Rev. Archibald Brown, pastor of the East London Tabernacle.

The Rev. Archibald Brown is now fifty-two years old, and he began to preach at eighteen. In 1866 he went into the East End of London—the end in which London's poverty is located—and took charge of a small baptist church of three hundred members.

He threw himself, heart and soul, into the work, and so entirely has he devoted himself that he says that he has not even seen Regent street and the fashionable 'West End' of London for several years! His little church grew rapidly, and they soon erected the East London Tabernacle which has sittings for 2,700 auditors and is always crowded.

During his thirty years pastorate, Mr. Brown has baptized about six thousand converts, and the actual present membership of the church is 2,300. Among these is quite a large number of converted Jews, and the Hebrews swarm in that region.

At the end of thirty years of such perpetual and prodigious labors, Mr. Brown has resigned his pastoral charge. His reasons, as given by himself, are these: "I have been conscious of growing physical weakness. Family troubles have fallen upon me with peculiar heaviness; my dear wife's illness lasted four years; and since her death two years ago I have felt that my work was pressing too hard on me."

if they could, Mr. Brown has consolidated into a strong and active church the self-supporting class, and they in turn have done mission-work among the floating population, and the squalid classes around them.

The question was addressed to Mr. Brown by an interviewer who called on him, 'Do you find that the respectable artisans of the East End sympathize with Christianity?'

'I think,' said Mr. Brown, 'that all classes in London are less religious than they were. Among the working classes what is known as the social gospel has done as much as anything. I hate the expression social gospel. Sometimes I think it must have been invented by the devil. What we want in the pulpit is close and careful study of the Bible.'

Many other things might be mentioned in regard to the thirty years of solid work wrought by this noble man on wise and legitimate lines, without the slightest admixture of sensational clap-trap.

There are Home mission fields for every person who desires to be actively employed in doing good. One of these is in christian homes in which young women are employed to do housework.

A lady who had acquired a wide influence by her strength of character, sympathy, and moral sense, came from the country to the city to spend the winter in a quiet boarding house.

She was a graduate of Mt. Holyoke in the days of Mary Lyon, and had formed habits of benevolent christian activity which could not be abandoned with ease of conscience.

A young woman came into the house to serve as table girl. The lady was late at the table one evening, and so was left alone with this girl.

No, not one. My father and mother are dead. My sisters are married, but poor, and I have come to the States to make my way alone.

Yes; and I have my letter from it. I would like to show it to you.

The girl produced the letter.

I am a member of a church of the same denomination, said the lady. So we are sisters.

Sisters? At that word the thought of her mission came to the good woman.

Mary, she said, after a moment's silence, what is your evening out?

Friday; but I have nowhere to go. I go to church on that evening. I would like company. Will you go with me?

It would make me happy, all the week, if you would only let me, said the girl.

The other members of the quiet household were somewhat surprised on the next Friday night to hear the lady say, Mary and I are going to the meeting tonight.

But the friendly relations did not end here. The lady loaned Mary her books, and selected for her a course of useful reading.

When the lady recovered, she felt that she owed for the tender service done in the sick room more than she could ever repay.

Their was a missionary training school in the church to which they went, and the lady sent the girl there. She is now in the foreign field working faithfully as a missionary.—Youth's Companion.

The Value of Character. Goodness is greatness. The best people are the noblest people. God counts quality. The light that shines from a thoroughly good life more than eclipses the light of the sun.

Those who live in palaces, dress in broadcloth and satin, ride in luxurious equipages have culture and refinement, are possessed of distinguished talent, attract by their wit, charm by their eloquence, astonish by their learning—these are the great of the earth before whom we bow down.

That character is the essential thing is suggested by the estimates which men put upon it. We are the men whom we involuntarily place at the head of the race? Is it those who have the most wealth and reputation? No; it is those whose characters are such that they conquer where they stand.

See here, young people! Not all can gain high position, or great wealth, or social influence, or wide reputation. But all—all may have that which is better than position, and wealth, and social influence, and reputation—all may possess a pure heart and a clean life.

Two Mites. The mite, referred to in Scripture when the woman cast in two mites and was commended by Christ, is a coin valued at about one-eighth of a cent, so that two mites equal about one-quarter of a cent in value.

Some people speak strenuously about tithing. Certainly tithing is better than zeroing, doing nothing. But our Lord calls for all. He commends the gifts of all.

The disciple, who gives, has want. The Master loves him; the Master cares for him; the Master would have his needs supplied, his needs of body, mind and soul, for these are the Master's.

Two very effective methods have recently been discovered for making artificial flowers. One is the use of bakers' bread, the other is by using the inner path of the fan palm of Japan.

Kitchen Emergencies... Wanted in 5 minutes. A cup of Beef Tea. Something to give strength to the Soup. Some rich Gravy for Meat. Johnston's Fluid Beef 16 oz. Bottle \$1.00

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which the Master himself has in the welfare of the world. And all the needy and the poor the Master cared for; they are his. So when a man gives his all he need not place it in one receptacle. Under the Master's direction, he becomes but a steward of all he has; he casts in all his living; but casts it, not into the Jewish treasury, nor into any treasury of arbitrary, final and absolute despotism over him, he casts it into the lap of Jesus to be hallowed, sanctified, and to be used as the Spirit of Jesus may direct.

INSTANT DEATH FROM HEART DISEASE. HEART DISEASE KILLS. Relief in 30 Minutes.

The most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are palpitation, or 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.

Two New Methods of Making Them Flowers of Bread. Two very effective methods have recently been discovered for making artificial flowers.

'Bread' flowers are made in England only, the factory being in the West end of London, where something like 100 expert hands are employed. The process is still a secret; and, as the flowers are so natural in appearance as to deceive the eyes of an expert, it is considered very valuable.

'We expect to open a factory in London or Paris next fall. My experiments are such as to make me sure of success. We only make flowers to fill orders at present. These roses,' showing specimens of La

France and Marshal Neils, 'are nine and seven dollars per dozen. These chrysanthemums and carnations of course are cheaper. As our process is secret, of course I can tell you nothing about that, only that we get the material from which we manufacture the fabric for the making of the flowers from Japan. It is the pith of the ordinary fan palm. We employ only a few people, and our coloring matter and methods are shown only to them.'

HELPLESS ON THE SHOALS. A great steamship feeling her way in a fog, ran upon a low mud bank and stuck fast, about twenty miles from her port. She had on board a valuable sargo and nearly three hundred passenger, most of whom were almost within sight of their homes.

Perhaps this simple and not uncommon incident may contain a lesson for you and me. Suppose we draw a little comparison, and see. The man who learns nothing from things at his elbow will only waste his time going to college.

Mr William Jordan is grocer and post-master at Bright Waltham, Wantage, Berks where everybody knows him and believes in him. On December 7th 1893 he wrote a letter to a friend and by consent of both parties we print a part of it.

One more letter—short and right straight to the point. Mr. William R. Saunders writes it. He is a news agent, and lives at Old Town, Wotton-under-Edge Gloucestershire. His letter is dated November 7th, 1893, just one month to a day earlier than Mr. Jordan's.

'In the spring of 1891,' said Mr. Saunders, 'I found myself all out of sorts all unexpectedly. I couldn't fancy what had come over me. I was low, weak, and tired. I could eat hardly anything, and what I did eat gave me so much pain and distress that I came to dread sitting down to a meal. There were pains in my chest, sides, and back, between the shoulder-blades. Then I got so weak that my work was a sort of drag on my hands; and even when walking I was so short of breath I had to stop and rest here and there. I took medicines the doctor gave me and pills, &c., that my friends recommended; but it was no use they didn't help me. And all the time month after month, I was getting weaker and weaker. At last I got a bottle of medicine from Bristol that was right. That one bottle had this effect at first. My appetite came back, and when I got through with the second bottle I was completely cured. (Signed) William R. Saunders.'

Now for the lesson. You see what it is, of course, but let's have it in words. When the ship was fast on the shoal only one thing helped her—the rising tide. When these two men were fast on the shoal of illness only one thing helped them—the rising appetite. With eating and digestion came strength and health, for the trouble was that universal destroyer and deceiver, indigestion and dyspepsia. The tide rose to the pull of the moon. The languid appetite is aroused by the medicine finally resorted to by both our correspondents—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.