

Sunday Reading.

Over and Over Again.

Over and over again
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lessons I have to learn;
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Or even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dew must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again,
The brook through the meadows flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes;
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing falling us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet,
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat;
Though sorrowful tears may fall
And the heart to its depths be riven,
With storm and tempest, we need them all,
To render us meet for heaven.
—Josephine Pollard.

A FESTIVAL OF CHILDHOOD.

The Person who is Childlike Enjoys Christ,
miss Best.

Christmas is the festival of childhood. Whoso would enjoy it truly must be in heart even as a little child. Its ecstasies are in self-forgetfulness in the betterment of others. Its highest celebration is in helping our neighbors to be happy and thus sharing our happiness with them. There is no happiness comparable to love, and the happiness grows greater as the love embraces more and more of our fellow-beings. That is the best Christmas time in which one feels most acutely the actuality of kinship with all the world. It is the child that is the real democrat, for, as Emerson has it, he makes children of all the adults that gather around him, levels them to his own simplicity. The man who has the child-heart is the man whose interest in himself is most merged into interest for his fellow-creatures. Though one may have felt sin and shame and sorrow he may assuage them all in the promotion of the happiness of others. Love is the only antidote, and giving it out it returns upon us as manifold as the objects upon which it is bestowed. That man who awakens the Christmas spirit in the hearts about him will find it subtly stealing from them to his own, and will, almost unknowing, find bitter dispossessed by sweet, and warmth usurping cold therein. This world is very fair and charity makes it all the fairer when its glow reminds us of "the long, long night that death shall last." Christmas feeling makes the most of the Now. It atones for the After—the deluge or the dark. It is real life to live, if but for a week, a day, a moment in full sympathy of helping with our fellows. If we can make others forget the Past we may forget our own. If we can but give to others a little of the antidote of kindness for the poison of the present we shall find our own today less hopeless. And the future is formed of the spirit that animates today. The real feeling of Christmas must blossom into acts.

Friendship.

We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maugre all the selfishness that chills like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like a fine ether. Friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness, that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world rather than that my friend should overstep, by a word or look, his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The only joy I have in his being mine is that the not mine is mine. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo. Friendship demands a religious treatment.

We talk of choosing our friends, but friends are self-elected. The higher the style we demand of friendship, of course the less easy to establish it with flesh and blood. We walk alone in the world. Friends, such as we desire, are dreams and fables. But a sublime hope cheers ever the faithful heart that elsewhere in other regions of the universal power souls are now acting, enduring, and daring, which can love us and which we can love. It is thought a disgrace to love unrequited; but the great will see that true love cannot be unrequited. True love transcends the unworthy object, and dwells and broods on

the eternal, and when the poor interposed mask crumbles it is not sad, but feels rid of so much earth, and feels its independency the surer.—R. W. Emerson.

Be Kindly.

If only men would give to the living some of that which they bestow so lavishly upon them when they are dead, what a different world this would be! Even a little of that which is sculptured on the cold marble would, if breathed from the warm lips, have made many a one happy for life. One of the superstitions of the Seneca Indians is that they can send their love by a bird to their dead ones. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to sing. They then load it with kisses and caresses, and set it at liberty over the grave of the maiden who had died, believing that it will not fold its wings or close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost; and it is not uncommon for twenty or thirty birds to be loosed over the same grave. Many and many a husband and wife, many a brother and sister, would give all they have if only they could send to their dead ones an expression of love, which might have been so easily made in life. And how many sons and daughters would now send messages unsealing many things which should never have been said, and saying many things which were, alas! left unsaid. Let the songs birds of soft looks, of soft words fly now. Now we know that they can reach, and we shall have this great advantage—the song birds will fly back to us again.

THREE WEEKS IN AGONY.

Inflammatory Rheumatism so Acute He Could not attend to His Daily Duties—Lived Three Weeks in Agonizing Pain When that "Good Samaritan" of all Cures, South American Rheumatic Cure, Passed His Way—It Helped in a Few Hours, and Speedily Cured—Cost 75 Cents.

Mr. E. A. Norton, a well-known citizen of Grimsby, Ont., was severely attacked with inflammatory rheumatism some 20 years ago—after a time he recovered, but five or six weeks ago the dread disease returned so violently that he had to give up work. For nearly three weeks he lay in bed suffering terrible agony. Another resident of the town who had been cured by South American Rheumatic Cure persuaded him to try it, and, to his great surprise after using the medicine but one week he was so far recovered as to go about town. From the first dose taken he felt marked improvement, and to-day he is most enthusiastic in singing its praises. No case too severe for South American Rheumatic Cure to check in six hours, and cure permanently.

Pleasant People.

It is a pleasure to meet people who are pleasant, affable and kind; who do not seek to extinguish you with disdain or humiliate you with indifference. People can be over-pleasant as well as overbearing, but the former is infinitely preferable. Habit has something to do with a man's behavior, although disposition is the stronger element—certainly, when men have contracted habits of pride and insolence that are almost brutal. Money enters into the life of some men and makes them haughty and overbearing, who, lacking it, would have been kind and considerate. Jesus inveighed most strongly against pride and haughtiness, and said the publican was justified rather than the proud Pharisee, for all the lengthy prayers of the latter. In view of the shortness of life and its many unavoidable cares and troubles, we think it is a wise thing to cultivate a pleasant manner toward all. "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" must be an inscrutable puzzle from any true and just point of view. "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," is as true today as in the long ago when it was written. Pope calls pride "the never-falling vice of fools," and wisely, too. There is in pride and hauteur a disenchanting of men beyond computation. If pride is not vice, it can lay little pride to virtue. Why, then, be proud and haughty? Rich or poor, high or low, should shun its narrowing spirit, and learn to practice a pleasant manner, a courteous spirit of kindness toward all whom we may meet in this transitory world.—Alexander Macauley.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.

But This Time it was a God-Send to Mr. John Brown, a G. R. Veteran, of 2446 Marshall St., Philadelphia. Dodged Shot and Shell in the Interest of His Country, only to be Attacked by that Insidious Disease, Catarrh—But Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Cured and Permanently, too—This is what He Says:—

"By a mere accident I came across Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. I was a great sufferer from that dread malady—catarrh. To-day it gives me unbounded pleasure to state for suffering humanity's sake that this wonderful remedy effected a speedy and permanent cure in my case, and I have been so thankful for it that I am willing to spend the remainder of my days in spreading the good news to my fellow sufferers."

The Laws of Individual Life.

The laws of individual life are the laws of communities, nations and of humanity itself. The march of nations in their rise, their culmination and their fall, has its counterpart in each man and in each principle which constitutes a man. The same is true of man in his larger form, in humanity. The states it has passed through in its gradual descent through the slope of ages, and now in its slow but gradual ascent, is in its vast cycle, only a small segment of which can be seen, a type of the life of every man and woman in the decline from the apparent innocence of childhood, and the ascent by the slow steps of regeneration towards the goal of perfect goodness and truth. In the history of nations we may see ourselves as in a glass, and it is this similitude of the less to the greater which gives to history its value. Society being man in a larger form, we may see in its errors, its convulsions, its anarchy and conflict of interest with interest and class with class, the nature and results of the same evils in ourselves.—Rev. Chauncey Giles.

A Governing God.

When things get beyond your control, when you face an unknown future and when trying conditions confront you, remember that there is a governing God in Israel and that it is his to bring light out of darkness, joy out of sorrow and hope out of despair. Be patient and acquiescent. Let the Ruler of the Universe and the Lord of the individual manage affairs in his own way and at his own time. Neither grow weary, nor become too anticipative. Roll upon a covenant-keeping God your cares, taking his dispensations as they come and multiplying sorrow neither by distrust nor by foreboding. God unravels the future day by day, hour by hour and moment by moment, accompanying the distribution with his supporting and sanctifying grace.

Purifying Influence of Christianity

We need all the elevating and purifying influences of Christianity from youth. Its comforts are essential to happiness all along the path of life. Sorrows are multiplied at every step; only the grace of God can comfort under them and give true and lasting satisfaction. It was wise counsel, indeed, given by the wisest of men: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." He advises that this be done before the troubled life begins, when a man shall say he has no pleasure in his days. While all is going well, is the fitting time to begin this great and important duty. If it is well with us here, it will be there.

Real Enjoyment in Truth Only.

Praise, honor and respect—these are sweet to all men. It is not surprising to us that they are sweet to the man who deserves them. They are the rewards of noble action, high character, real worth. As the laborer is proud and happy at the close of the day to receive his wages, feeling that he has earned what he receives and that it is all his own, so the man who has, and knows he has, the honor and respect of the community, and who receives the praise of his friends, and knows it is justly his, cannot but be delighted.

KIDNEY PAIN.

John Snell, of Wingham, Ont., was in a Maelstrom of Pain and Agony from Diseased Kidneys—South American Kidney Cure was the Welcome "Life Preserver"—It Relieved Instantly and Cured Surely.

"Five years ago I had a severe attack of La Grippe which affected my kidneys and caused intense pains in my back and urinary organs. I suffered untold misery; at times I could not walk, and any standing position gave me intense pain. I became worse so rapidly that my family became alarmed. Just at this time I noticed South American Kidney Cure advertised. Although I had little faith left in any remedy—having tried many worthless ones—but a drowsing man will grasp at a straw, and I procured a bottle. In a few days it had worked wonders, and before half a bottle was taken I was totally relieved of pain and two bottles entirely cured me."

Like Bells Which Ring Out.

A man who lives right and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music and which, when touched, accidentally even, resound with sweet music.—Phillips Brooks.

TRY

SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

Remember.

"Remember for what purpose you were born, and through the whole of life took at its end; and consider, when that comes, in what will put your trust! Not in the bubble of worldly vanity, it will be broken; not in worldly pleasures, they will be gone; not in great connections, they cannot serve you; not in wealth, you cannot carry it with you; not in rank, in the grave there is no distinction; not in the recollection of a life spent in giddy conformity to the silly fashions of a thoughtless and wicked world; but in that of a life spent soberly, righteously and godly in this present world."—Bishop Watson.

Joining the Church.

Joining the church is in one sense a very small affair. It makes no difference whatever in your life in one sense. It is simply the open confession of what you already believe in your soul. In another sense it is of the utmost importance. It means the open alliance of your life's powers with those whom you believe to be battling on the right side in this great moral conflict. It means that your influence with men shall be for the right.—R. V. J. P. Egbert.

Faith.

There can be no real unbelief, for whoever believes in the steadfastness and reliability of the laws of nature, whoever believes in the supremacy of right over wrong, whoever even plants a tree or trusts to the future, thus bears witness to his own faith in God, whose name perhaps, he may find himself denying, and his faith only needs expansion and to be conscious of itself in order to be the support of a consciously religious life.—R. V. E. M. Wilbur.

Have You Ever Tried?

Have you ever tried to dye over your cast-off garments?

Thousands in Canada answer "Yes, and very successfully, too." To those who have not attempted the work we would say, "There is money in it if you use the Diamond Dyes."

Old dresses, mantles, jackets, coats, pants and vests, and other articles of wearing apparel can easily be recreated and made fit for wear at a trifling cost. Ten cents expended for some fashionable color of the Diamond Dyes will save you several dollars. This wonderful transformation and money-saving work can only be done perfectly by using the Diamond Dyes. Ask your dealer for them; be sure you refuse all substitutes.

More Beautiful.

A doctrine lived is more beautiful than a doctrine preached. Jesus taught His disciples to forgive men their trespasses, and that was beautiful; but when upon the cross He prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," that was sublime. If we are not all called to preach, we are at least called to adorn the doctrine of God or Saviour in all things, and that is better than mere preaching.

If We Truly Love Him.

If we truly love Christ we shall care for those who are loved by him. Those who are dear to Him will be dear to us.

For the Future.

Live in the present that you may be ready for the future.

COMFORT FOR THE OLD FOLKS.

Suppose the wheels of time could suddenly be reversed, and we could, in an instant, go back to the year 1814. Why, man, you wouldn't recognize England! You wouldn't know how to speak, what to do, or how to understand the things around you. You would be as completely lost as though you were whisked away and dropped on the planet Jupiter. You would find no railways in England, no telegraphs, no running water in the City houses, and mighty few of the houses themselves that are standing now. Between 1814 and 1894 the difference is as great as between 1814 and 1600. Yes; and greater.

Yet a lady who was born in 1814 writes us the following letter. She says: "In the early part of 1884 I commenced to feel weak and ailing. My appetite was bad, and after meals I had an aching pain in the chest and a most uncomfortable feeling in the stomach. My mouth tasted badly, and I spat up a sour, sickening fluid. I was much troubled with wind, belching it up frequently. It was about all I could do to get around here and there in the house."

"A woman that I knew told me of a medicine that she said had done her a great deal of good; she called it Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. She said it would no doubt do as much for me. On hearing this I sent and got a bottle from Mr. F. Daniell's, grocer and draper, in Linton, and began to take it. I am glad to say that in a very short time I felt much better. The bad symptoms I have spoken of went away, and soon I was as strong and heavy as I had been before the trouble came on me."

"I am 80 years of age, and can do almost any kind of work easily and with comfort. I owe it to Mother Seigel's Syrup, and by taking an occasional dose when I feel ailing it has kept me in good health for ten years. I recommended the Syrup to all my friends, and if by printing my letter in the papers you think other persons—especially those who are advanced in life—may come to hear of the syrup and use it, I shall be very pleased to have you do so. (Signed) Mrs. Ann Woollett, Wheeler's Lane, Linton, near Maidstone, Jan. 16, 1894."

We do think Mrs. Woollett's letter will do good and so you find it printed here. Now, there are a great many old people in this country, some of them perhaps even older than she. And they need a gentle and good medicine like Mother Seigel's Syrup. Old age is a time when life is apt to seem a heavy thing to bear, particularly if there is more or less pain and illness. And this is sure to be the case. The stomach gives out. Old people can't digest as they once did. Their food sours and ferments in the stomach, and makes all those bad feelings that Mrs. Woollett herself had. And when they cannot eat and digest their food, of course they get weak and feeble, and have to lie in bed or sit in the corner, unable to take the air and go about for necessary exercise. Then they get to thinking they are in the way, and grow downhearted and low-spirited. Besides, they are likely to be troubled with rheumatism, which is a complaint peculiarly common to old people, and comes from a bad digestion.

Now, for curing and mitigating the ailments of old people, there is nothing in the world so good as Mother Seigel's Syrup. It doesn't sicken them and tear them all to pieces as some harsh medicine does. It operates gently and thoroughly; it doesn't make them worse before it makes them better. For indigestion, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and all the aches, pains and discomforts of age, it is just right.

Mother Seigel, who discovered it, knew what her elderly friends needed—nobody better.

Well, we can't go back to 1814, and we don't want to. In spite of all the growlers and grumblers, we are better off where we are. In 1814 Mother Seigel's Syrup was never heard of; it didn't exist. But everybody knows it in 1894. It is one of the great and good things of this end of the century.

Where He Belonged.

The historian of Company F. of the 23d, Massachusetts Volunteers, calls to mind the awkwardness of one of the raw recruits

In his composition there was not a particle of time or tune, and the step always bothered him.

One day, at drill, Smith was persistently getting out of step and out of place, until the drill-master demanded impatiently:

"Smith, where do you belong?"

With innocence upon his face and a sense of injury in his tone, the recruit answered:

"In Ipswich, sir."

"I wish to heaven you were there," was the officer's despairing rejoinder.

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