

Sunday Reading.

DUTY OR LOVE: WHICH?

"I wish there wasn't any such thing," said Lettie, as she reluctantly put aside the book she was reading. "It's always interfering with things you want to do. I must go to see Aunt Jane and be pleasant to her, no matter how cross she is, because it is my duty. I must treat Anna Frank just as well as I do Lina Grant, because it is my duty. I must go where I don't like to go, and do things I dislike to do, because duty compels me."

Grandfather West looked at the dissatisfied face of his granddaughter and said:

"Under the circumstances I don't know as I dare ask you to do something for me."

"Why dear grandpa," said Lettie springing up, "you know I like to do things for you; what is it you want?"

"I'd like to go down to your father's of fice, but since I've got so unsteady on my feet your mother doesn't like me to walk about alone. Would you mind going 'round that way as you go to Aunt Jane's?"

"Of course I'll go. Just wait till I get my hat," and Lettie ran upstairs, returning soon, ready for the walk.

They were obliged to go slowly, as grandpa West was quite lame, but Lettie did not seem to mind. They stopped often to admire the flowers in the yards, and finally, in front of a small cottage, Lettie gave an exclamation of delight as she saw at one side a long stretch of morning-glory vines full of pink, white and blue blossoms. She could not see what they were trained on; as she faced them, she could see only the high, green wall and the beautiful, dainty, nodding flowers.

"We haven't been this way since last spring," said her grandfather. "Do you remember seeing Mr. Grant putting in the seeds alongside of the old shed that used to be such an eyesore? The owners wouldn't remove the old building, and it is right within range of his sister's windows. She is an invalid and it was very unpleasant for her to sit and look out upon the bare weather-beaten boards, and finding that the shed must remain, Mr. Grant said to his sister, 'We'll cover the ugliness with glory.'"

That's just what he has done," said Lettie; "you can't see a bit of the old shed; you'd never know it is there."

"Still it is there; and were it not for the solid, substantial background, the vines could not raise themselves heavenward and show the full glory of their blossoms."

As they stood looking at the beautiful wall the old man laid a hand on the girl's shoulder, saying:

"Lettie dear, duty sometimes looks stern and compelling, but it need not be so. We may plant the seeds of cheerful obedience, faith and love, and the good Father will help to make them grow, so that in time the stern and disagreeable duty may become a glorious privilege."

"You do things gladly for me because you love me; cannot you learn to love Aunt Jane and others with whom you come in contact?"

When they reached the office, Lettie left her grandfather and went on down the street to the little house where Aunt Jane lived. She thought of the "glory wall" and wondered if what grandpa said about duty could be true. Could she ever learn to love any one so hard and unloveable as Aunt Jane?

As she went up the path to the door she saw her aunt sitting by the window sewing. In answer to my knock came a curt "Come in."

Following an impulse which was the out-growth of her grandfather's talk, she went to her aunt's side and, kissing her, laid in her lap a beautiful rose which she had been carrying.

"Why, Lettie, child," said Miss Jane, surprised out of her usual sternness.

"Isn't it a beauty?" said Lettie, following up the advantage she had gained; and then she went on to tell of her walk, and the flowers, and gave a description of the morning-glory wall.

Aunt Jane's hard face softened and she told Lettie of the morning-glories that she used to see over the porch at her old home in New England; and the girl listening to the stories told by this gray-haired woman, of the time when she too had been young and full of hope, forgot that this was a duty call and was surprised to hear the little clock strike the hour of eleven. She started up saying:

"I didn't mean to stay so long. I must hurry now, for grandpa will be waiting for me to take him back to dinner."

When she reached the office and found the old man waiting for her she raised a beaming face to his and said, "I've started my glory-wall. I've planted the first seeds."

THE FLOWERS' MISSION.

Even Those Who are Limited in Means May Thus Help Others.

Some poet has called flowers "sweet letters of the angel tongue," and when one knows the messages they bring to saddened hearts, the appellation does not seem exaggerated. A writer to the "Ladies' Home Journal" tells an incident which suggests that those of us who are limited in means and opportunity can still find a way of helping others.

She was a hard-working, over-burdened creature, our washerwoman, with a good-for-nothing husband and a large family of unruly children. It would seem that all love for the beautiful must have been crushed out of her nature, but I had often noticed the rapt expression that would steal over her face as she would pause in her work to look at a plant covered with magnificent bloom which occupied a conspicuous place in our conservatory. I was often tempted to give her this plant, but selfishness always suggested the gift of a commoner one—indeed, it seemed hard to think of parting with any of my plants. It was not pleasant to think of the squalid surroundings which might await them in her shiftless home, but conscience whispered: "You ought to do it; this lovely plant blooming so constantly with so little care may accomplish much." After much indecision selfishness was conquered, and at the close of an unusually hard day's work, when the poor woman had seemed completely discouraged, and had revealed some of her troubles, I resolved not to hesitate any longer.

"And where am I to carry it, misses?" she inquired when I offered her the plant, and prepared to remove it from its place of honor in the conservatory.

"It is for you to keep," I answered.

"For me!" she gasped. "Not that—not the very prettiest one in the hall lot! Oh, I'd love to have a blooming plant, but I can't take your prettiest! But when I convinced her that I really wanted her to have it she clasped it in her arms, and said in a whisper: 'And I've been so wicked all day, I was almost doubtin' if there was a lovin' God watchin' over us all, and I was so clean discouraged I was thinkin' there wasn't no use in tryin' to do right, for the women in our street who drink and steal seem to have a better time than me, and their children ain't no worse 'an mine, but I won't give up now; it will be easier with this to help me. I don't know how to thank ye, ma'am, and again she struggled to keep back the tears as she gave a queer little courtesy and walked rapidly away."

A week passed by, and again she came to do the weekly washing, but that discouraged expression in her face had gone, and her first greeting was: "Oh, misses, I can't tell you how much its done for us all. The children is keeping the window clean so's it can git the sunshine, and they's 'shamed to have the room look dirty with them blessed blossoms lookin' on."

Another week she exclaimed with beaming eyes. "The old man don't have the room full of smokin' men no more; he's 'traid the smoke will hurt them flowers; and he stays home now, and when the room gits straightened up he draws his chair close to the plant, and works at his trade just like he used to before he got to drinkin'."

Every week brought fresh message of joy and thankfulness, until I wondered how I ever could have hesitated for a moment about allowing the plant to accomplish its mission.

KEEP IN THE SUNLIGHT.

This Command is the Beautiful Secret of Cheerfulness.

Walking along the street one bright October morning when the sunshine was warm and the skies were blue, although the wind brought with it from the northwest a chill that hinted of what would follow later, we heard a bit of good counsel which it is only kindness to pass around the family circle of "Young People's Weekly."

Playing on the lawn in front of a pleasant home was a wee man in a scarlet coat and cap. He had drawn his express wagon and other playthings into the shade of the house, and was sitting on the grass a

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WEARY DAYS

AND

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

Many men and women toss night after night upon sleepless beds until near dawn. Their eyes do not close in the sweet and refreshing repose that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right. Worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system that it cannot be quieted. Or again, you have heart palpitation and sensation of sinking, a feeling you are going to die; or perhaps you wake up from your sleep feeling as though you were about to choke or smother, and rest leaves you for the night. Allow these conditions to continue and you will feel your health declining. It is the nerves and heart that are not acting rightly. They can be set right by the use of **Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills**. They soon induce healthful, refreshing sleep, not by deadening the nerves, but by restoring them to healthy action and removing all symptoms of heart trouble, which is often the cause of nervousness and sleeplessness.

"Better to Live Than to Die."

The following from Mrs. E. Jones gives no uncertain sound as to her opinion regarding the virtue of **Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills** in cases similar to her own. Writes Mrs. Jones: "For some time my nervous system has been weak and unstrung. I was easily excited, and any sudden start would set my heart fluttering and beating at an excessive rate. Sometimes I would tremble all over. The smallest exertion excited me and made me almost breathless. This condition affected me so much that I became mentally morbid."

"My troubles gave me constant worry and grief, thus reducing me to verge of complete despondency. Last November I got a box of **Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills** at W. T. Strong's drug store and commenced to take them."

"I am now entirely cured, and every symptom of nerve trouble has left me completely. These wonderful pills have restored my nerves to a healthy condition, given me a brighter view of life, and restored to me the feeling that it is better to live than to die."

[Signed], "MRS. E. JONES."

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moment before beginning some new project, when a sweet-faced woman came to the door and called:

"Don't stay in the shadow, darling. Keep in the sunlight."

"Wise mother?" thought we, as we see her draw the wagon out into the brightness, put the gingham dog and the calico cat into it, and then re-enter the house with a loving backward glance and a gay word to the little lad. "Wise mother! She knows that croup and colds and coughs lurk in the shadows these days, but that the sunlight has in it health and happiness and general well-being for little folks."

"And for big folks, too," was the thought which followed close after. "Folks big, little, and half-way between, would be infinitely better off if they would shun the shadows of life, and persistently keep in its sunny spots. How many chills we should avoid, how many fits of 'the blues' we should escape, and how many of our dull hours would be bright if we would resolutely turn our faces from the gloomy to the bright side of things!"

Would you know the beautiful and precious secret of cheerfulness? It lies in that mother's loving command: "Keep in the sunlight." Shadows there are, even in the brightest day, and if you choose you can sit down and stay in them the whole day through, but it is not the part of wisdom to do it. So every life has its gloomy aspects, and these may be dwelt upon and brooded over until a mental and spiritual 'hard cold' is the result, a malady far worse than its physical counterpart. But when one moves out into the sunlight, what a change! The shadows are not nearly so dense and so wide in extent as they were thought to be. In fact, they are small and few, when compared with the golden expanses of blessing whose warmth and cheer bring happiness and contentment to the heart again.

Does some sad one say that dark days come when no ray of sunlight breaks

through the gloom? Even on the dreariest day, 'behind the clouds is the sun still shining.' Always, everywhere, there is the unchanging love of God, sunlight clear and strong and steadfast, shining behind the clouds of sorrow. Rest in the assurance of His personal care over every detail of your life, and be sure that what He sends into it is for good and not evil. 'He careth for you'—you. Keep in the sunlight of this truth, and you cannot be cast down.

APPEAL TO THE NOBLER NATURE.

By This Means a Lady Escaped a Very Great Danger.

A lady who was recently obliged to pass at night through a dark and little frequented portion of the city in which she lives, tells the following story of a peculiar experience: While hurrying along a lonely street, to her great terror she found that she was being followed. She had no means of defending herself if attacked, and hastily resolved on a unique course of action. Turning abruptly, she advanced to meet the man whom she had seen skulking along in the shadows behind her, saying as she came up to him, "I beg your pardon, sir, but you seem to be going in the same direction as I. Will you allow me to walk with you? I'm not very well acquainted with this part of the city, and the streets are so dark that I am just a little timid."

Completely taken by surprise, the man hurriedly slipped some suspicious-looking object into his pocket and assented to the request as courteously as it was made. The lady continued to talk with him in an easy, friendly way while they passed along the deserted streets, and when at length they reached a neighbourhood with which she was familiar, thanked him for his escort and said she would not trouble him further, as she was not far from home and no longer afraid. He, however, insisted on accompanying her the whole distance, and left her on her own door-step, lifting his hat with a bow when he said good-night, as any gentleman would have done under similar circumstances.

This is a very striking illustration of one of life's greatest facts—that an appeal to the nobler nature is almost sure to meet with a ready, generous response. Unfortunately, we do not recognize this fact as clearly as we should in every-day life, for in some way we have become possessed of the idea that it is only to be used in emergencies when all else fails. It would be far better if we exercised this principle daily instead of at long intervals, applying it to common affairs, and not reserving it for great occasions only. The better self would be strengthened by the demands made upon it, and the duties of daily life would be dignified by the application of this rule to their performance.

Think of this, teachers in public schools

and Sabbath-schools; you, too, older brothers and sisters, who must in some degree shape the character of the little ones in the home circle. Resolve in your own life to act from the best and purest motives, and you will find the horizon of every day made broader and more beautiful. Then, when it falls to you to direct and control others, appeal to the better nature and see how readily it responds to the noble impulses and lofty ideals.

WHERE RHEUMATISM IS UNKNOWN.

No Matter How Intense the Pain South American Rheumatic Cure will Remove it Quickly—A Lady of Highgate Tells What It Did for Her—Permanent Cure of a Case of Years Standing.

It has been declared by scientists that every disease has a remedy. The difficulty is to always find the remedy. In rheumatism South American Rheumatic Cure has been found a certain antidote for this painful disease. It is always effective. Mrs. N. Ferris, wife of a well-known manufacturer of Highgate, Ont., says: "I was seriously affected with rheumatic pains in my ankles, and at times was almost disabled. I tried everything, as I thought, and doctor'd for years without much benefit. I was induced to use South American Rheumatic Cure. To my delight, the first dose gave me more relief than I had had for years, and two bottles have completely cured me."

Successful Egg Farming.

Egg farming, when properly carried on, has proven to be one of the most profitable branches of the poultry industry. The writer has in mind a young farmer who runs a fruit, truck and egg farm, and in a recent conversation with him, learned that the income from his egg farm supported his family, while that from fruit and vegetables was put in the bank. Five acres are devoted to poultry, on which are kept 500 hens, divided between the Brown, Leghorn and Hamburg. The five acres are subdivided into ten yards, giving 50 hens to the yard. These hens average 125 eggs per year apiece, making 5,208 dozen, which brings an average price of 15 cents, making \$781.20.

Not to be Trifled With.

No one has a more solemn time in the world than the professional maker of jokes. One such man tells how the "humorist's wife" called away her little boy from his papa's door.

"You must not trouble your papa just now, dear," she said; "in his present mood he is not to be trifled with." "What is he doing, mamma?" "He is writing things to make people laugh, and he's awfully cross!"

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