

## Sunday Reading.

MINISTRIES THAT ARE BLESSED.  
It Does not Require Great Deeds to Make Worthy Service.

We mistake when we think that only great deeds make worthy service. In every life there cannot be many large and conspicuous things; the years must chiefly be filled with little things. Take even the story of the life of Jesus. In it there were as recorded, a definite number of miracles which stand out in the narrative like stars of the first magnitude in the heavens. But strewn through the days, filling all the moments, crowded into all the interstices of that wonderful life, were innumerable kindnesses and thoughtfulnesses, unrecorded, even unremembered words and acts. He was not always working miracles, but he was always doing good; and the great bulk of the blessing he left in the world came not from his few marvelous works, but from the many common kindnesses he wrought.

It is so in every really great and good life. Now and then there may be some conspicuous deed done which wins the applause of men, and an account of which gets into the newspapers, and is talked about near and far. But on all the days of all the years there is going on a ministry of love which makes many people happier, which gives pleasure to old and young, which leaves inspiration of good or of beauty in countless hearts, which makes one spot of the world sweeter.

Sometimes it happens that those who seek human applause for what they do—striving to do things that are conspicuous and make a sensation in the world—have no beautiful ministry of kindness to fill and brighten the days of their common life. When they do alms they sound a trumpet proclaiming the fact, that their good deed may be seen and praised of men. But when they are not exhibiting their charity and their generosity they are neither charitable nor generous. They do not take the trouble to be kind or loving when there is nothing to be gained by it. That is, their doing of good is spurious, because it is something enacted for men's eyes, not for God's. The staple of their life is selfishness. When they are not posing for effect, their days are full of things which are not lovely.

It may be set down as a principle that the true test of a life is found in the things that are done when no eye is watching,—the things of the quiet days. The ten thousand little acts, and words, and manifestations of disposition, which make up the substance of living, much more fairly index the real character than do the one or two things which people talk about.

After all, the greatness is not in the conspicuousness of that which is done, but in its spirit, its moral quality. 'With God there is neither little nor great; there is only straight and crooked.' That which we do really for God is great, though it seem but a trifle in human eyes. That which we do only for men is small, though in bulk as large as a mountain.

We never know what the end will be of the smallest good we do in this world. It may start a series of blessings which shall extend, with increasing benefit, through centuries. There are single sentences in the Bible which have been helping, comforting, strengthening, guiding, cheering, and inspiring men and women for thousands of years and in all lands. There have been single acts of simple kindness, done even without the thought that they would be helpful, which have proved the beginning of endless chains of blessing.—S. S. Times.

### THE SOUL'S ENQUIRIES.

A Consecration That Comes From the Heart is Blest.

Not one whit less precious to the Lord than the consecration to go is the consecration to give when it comes from a heart in touch with Jesus, and that would be ready to go, if the Lord should make it possible. Such was the spirit of a letter that called forth our heartfelt praise as we read it a few days ago. The writer is matron of an institution in one of the Middle States, with a salary of four hundred and eighty dollars a year in addition to her board. As she cannot be a messenger of the gospel in South America herself, she promises to give three hundred dollars a year, over three-fifths of her income, towards the support of a missionary in that land. Oh! for more of such consecration of money and life to God.

What is it fidelity to say in the sick room, or at the bedside of the dying, or at the funeral? Who would wish to invite even one of the chiefest apostles of that heartless belief or unbelief to officiate on such occasions? It is said of one who had

been persuaded to accept the skeptic's creed, that when he lay upon a bed of death his friends gathered around him, and fearing that he might in the trying hour of approaching dissolution recant, urged him to hold on. 'Yes,' he cried, as he was about to take a leap into the dark. 'I would gladly hold on, if you will only tell me what to hold on to.' Infidelity has indeed, nothing to hold on to. In the solemn hour that tests the foundation of our hope, it leaves its votaries to blank despair. It robs the pilgrim of the staff of God's word on which he might lean, and he must go through the dark valley alone. Of the cheerless and chilling teachings of skepticism and unbelief we may well say:—'Miserable comforters are ye all.'

The founder of one of the largest dry-goods houses of Brooklyn, who has reached the ripe age of eighty-eight years, but is in good health and is active in mission and sabbath-school work, and especially interested in the Italian mission in his city, a few days ago related to one of the secretaries the following interesting incident. He said that when he was a young man he was working for \$300 a year in the leather house of Mr. Van Nostrand. The American Tract Society had only recently begun its work, and one day he saw an appeal for funds in its behalf. The next morning he was passing by its store at the corner of Nassau and Spruce streets with only five dollars in his pocket, and was seriously thinking the matter over whether he would go in and make a contribution. As he drew near the door he decided to give the entire amount to its work. He stepped in and handed the money to one of the officers. The next day Mr. Van Nostrand, his employer, sent for him, stating that they were pleased with his services and wished to add one hundred dollars to his salary. The addition of one-third to his income within twenty-four hours after he had given all he had to the noble work of the Tract Society made a very strong impression upon his mind, and had much to do with his interest in missionary work throughout his life. He is a generous giver to all benevolent causes, and makes an annual offering to the Tract Society. He has found it good to 'honor the Lord with his substance and the first-fruits of all his increase.'—'American Messenger.'

### THE GOVERNING MOTIVE.

The Pictures Prized Because They Told of the Baby's Love.

'I am going to show you some pictures that our baby painted for us,' said a lady to me the other day; and she brought me two pieces of paper covered with pencil marks and streaks of red and yellow paint. One was marked 'For Grandpa,' the other, 'For Grandma.' The five-year old boy holds a warm place in my own heart and I could almost see the earnest face bending over his work and hear the merry laugh as he saw it put into the envelope with his mother's letter. Little would he care, could he know, that in the room with his 'pictures' were works of art wrought by trained hands. His only thought was to get some of the love that was in his heart to the grandparents whom he had left on the other side of the continent, and every mark on those scraps of paper told of that love.

Suppose, now, that this child is many years older and has been abroad and become a skilled artist, and the pictures shown me are so beautiful and so finely executed that I exclaim at their beauty and praise the skill of the artist. I do not discern so clearly in these the love for the home people. If the artist could know this would he feel ashamed of what his loving child heart had wrought?

You are asking, 'Does the beauty always hide the motive? Cannot skilled work tell of love?' Yes, it can. Among the decorations of a cathedral in northern Europe a century ago, was a sculptured face of rare beauty. It was carved by an aged man whom they found lying dead by his finished work one day. The face, they said, was the face of one whom he had loved in his youth; for many weary years he had had only the memory of her, for God

calling her to himself. Men came from far and near to see the completed cathedral. They admired its beauty, but they lingered longest by this face, and as they looked they said one to another. 'This is the grandest work of all: Love wrought this!'

Beginner in the Christian life! does your service show more love than skill? Thank God that it does. He can train loving hands for great usefulness. But in proportion as you gain skill, you need all the more to open your hearts to the love of Christ, so that the motive power shall always be felt; and if the work is such that others can praise, they shall know beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was done for love's sake and may be impelled to say, 'The love of Christ wrought this!'

Do not be discouraged because you cannot do what older Christians can do. These will tell you that there lurks in all power to do, the danger of being satisfied with the doing of that which looks beautiful to others and not attempting the much harder task for the human will, of letting Christ work in us and through us. But in this way, and in this way only, can God train his fellow-workers for truest service. Bear in mind always, the words written by the grandest of all Christian workers to the young pastor, Timothy: 'Study to show thyself approved unto God.' Then, indeed, you will be 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.'

### "SAMARITANS IN ELK."

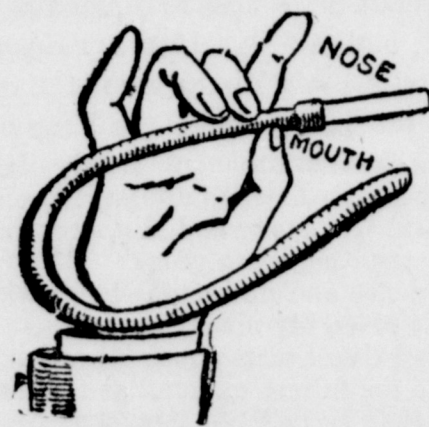
The Passengers Were Gay and Wealthy But Had Kind Hearts.

Last year I was in a railroad train passing through that part of Palestine which lies between Jaffa (Joppa) and Jerusalem. We had stopped at Lud—the 'Lydia' where Peter healed Aeneas—and had crossed the plain of Sharon, and were now winding upward among the hills where Samson fought the Philistines.

Right there a terrible thing happened. A native employe of the road carelessly jumped off the cars while they were in motion; another moment and the wheels had passed over him, maiming him for life. The passengers were all wealthy people, traveling for pleasure, finely dressed, refined in speech and manner. You would have said they had no thought above the light amusement and luxury of the journey in their special train; and you might have reflected bitterly that these were the rich who cared nothing for the poor.

But when the accident happened it was a passenger who stopped the train and insisted that it should run back to the little mountain station where the man was hurt. As soon as it was reached and the train came to a stand still, gentlemen leaped off and ran to minister to the sufferer while ladies offered every assistance in their power. A young doctor set two or three men at work making splints, and skillfully bandaged the wounded limb. Assistance was given in bearing the poor fellow into the car, where a section was quickly vacated for the patient, the passengers crowding into uncomfortably close and narrow compartments. Every one was eager to help, and in a few min-

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utes silver and gold coins were clinking into a hat for a relief fund as the train sped on again toward Jerusalem.

After all, were not these men and women brothers and sisters of God's family?

### HIS UPLIFTING.

How the Earnest Young Man Told His Religious Experience.

A young man wishing to become a member of a church in an Eastern city came before the church to relate his experience and to make his confession of faith. He was a poor, uneducated young fellow and lacked words with which to express himself clearly. But there was no mistaking the shining light in his face and in his eye, and there were those who understood his meaning when he said:

'I feel as if I was on the top of a high mountain, with all the world below me and God so near that I could almost see and touch him. That's just the way I feel, and I don't know any other way to tell you about it.'

'You need not try to tell us about it in any other way, my dear boy,' said the pastor, whose quick perception had led him to understand the young man's real feeling. 'Every true religious experience lifts one up out of the valley of worldly life, to heights of exaltation around which the very angels of God seem to hover. But you must try not to come back into the valley again, and you will not if you keep your face and your thoughts heavenward.'

The religion of Christ is always uplifting if the heart be full of it, and there are moments of spiritual exaltation when God and his holy angels seem to be almost visible to one's eager vision.

Extract from Editorial in "Dominion Denial Journal."

Since the article appeared by Dr. Levers in the last issue, a large number of testimonials from outside and impartial sources, have been sent to us as to the value of 'Quicquid.' Eminent physicians express the same opinion from practical experience in its use in boils and wounds. We have had practical proof of its value in a burn, and repeated experience in its efficacy in exposed pulps, and various pathological condition of the gums and the mouth. Dr. Levers of Quebec city, has for eleven years had such invariable success with his preparation, that he had little trouble to persuade many of his colleagues to experiment in the same direction, and the general consensus of professional opinion has been decidedly in its favor.

### He Raised Them.

A few nights ago a miner from the North who had lately sold a claim, had money to burn, and was in an incendiary mood, came down to Spokane to make the currency bonfire. He was rather rusty looking when he struck Spokane, but he was hungry, and, before going to a barber shop or bath, dropped into an uptown restaurant to get something to eat. There was but one waiter, and he, busy carrying champagne to a party at another table, paid little attention to the hard-looking miner. Finally the waiter was called over, when the miner said:

'See here, kid! Do I eat?'  
'Sorry I can't wait on you now,' was the prompt reply, 'but the gentlemen there have just ordered a \$50 dinner.'  
'Fifty-dollar be hanged! Bring me \$100 worth of ham and eggs, and be quick about it! Do I look like a guy who can be bluffed by a mess of poppys?' He was waited upon promptly.—Spokane Republican.

### TERRORS OF RHEUMATISM.

A Remedy Which is Instantaneous and Permanent in Effect—A Calgary Resident, Crippled for Three Years, Becomes Strong as an Athlete.

No subtle or mysterious force could be more miraculous in its effects than is South American Cure in all cases of rheumatism. James A. Anderson, of Calgary, N. W. T., says that seven or eight years ago he became afflicted with rheumatism, and for three years it made him a cripple, so that he had to use a stick to get about. In his own words: 'I suffered untold misery, and though treated by the best physicians in the country, and I spent a term in the hospital, recovery seemed as hopeless as ever. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. It gave help immediately and after the second bottle I threw away my stick. To-day I am as strong as an athlete.' Price 75 cents.

### Alarm.

First farmer—'My boy is learnin' so fast at school I'm gettin' worried about him.'

Second farmer—'Afeerd he'll get brain fever?'

First farmer—'No, but I'm afeerd he might take a notion to be one o' them unfort'nit school-teachers that can't more'n earn their salt.'—Puck.

### Saved by His Thick Boot Leg.

Last summer an acquaintance of mine was strolling across a wide, grassy upland, or prairie, in America. Here and there lay an old dead tree covered with moss—bright flowers growing out of its fissures along its length—a sad fling of a human grave. The day was warm and the air vibrant with insect life. Suddenly he felt something strike the leg of his boot—worn with the trousers tucked inside. Turning quickly he saw a rattlesnake recovering its coil, after having struck its fang into his boot leg. The reptile was sunning itself within a foot of the path. The man had not noticed it. It had also sprung its warning rattle. The man had not heard it. The thick leather of his boot leg was all that saved his life. 'What a fool of a man to be on a snake prairie on a hot, snakey day,' you say. Yes, he was. But there are a lot more of us. Having eyes, we see not; having ears, we are deaf as posts.

Another man, quite as intelligent and observing as you or I, turns back the leaves of his diary and extracts from it the following incident:—

'One night in March, 1884, whilst walking home from my work, I was suddenly taken in the street with dizziness and pains in the head. A mist came over my eyes so that I could not see; and I lost the use of my legs, and had to support myself by taking hold of some railings until the attack passed.'

At this time my appetite was poor, and after eating I had a heavy pain at my chest and also at the pit of my stomach. I had a dreadful pain in my head, and in my back and legs. In fact, I had pain in my nerves all over my body. My legs trembled and shook under me until I could hardly stand; and as I walked along I reeled almost as if I were drunk. When in bed my legs twitched and jumped as if the nerves were wrong.

'I had a hacking cough which never left me day or night, and a pain in my left lung as if a knife were cutting it. At times I could scarcely draw my breath. As time went on I got very weak and thin, losing over two stone in weight, so that my clothes merely hung on me.'

'I kept up with my work as well as I could, having a large family to support, but it was in great suffering that I did so. Many times the dizzy fits came over me, and I felt as if I should fall down dead. I saw a doctor who gave me medicines; and I also took cod-liver oil and other drugs, but received no benefit from them. I went on suffering until November, 1891, when by chance I came upon a book describing Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup and the cures it had effected in cases like mine. After taking one bottle I felt relieved, and when I had taken the second bottle I felt better than I had done for years. Since that time I have kept in good health by taking a dose when I need it. You are at liberty to make this letter public if you think it may be of use to others. (Signed) William Henry Kirkham, 8, Newham Street, Fylde Road, Preston, February 6th, 1894.'

In his work on "Slight Ailments," Dr. Lionel S. Beale, F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, &c., &c., says: 'Illnesses which apparently come on suddenly are themselves but the consequence of prior changes which have been going on some time previous to the attack.'

This explains the dizziness with which Mr. Kirkham was seized in the street ten years ago, and the seven and one-half years of illness which followed. His blood was already poisoned by the habitual fermentation of food in his stomach, although he did not probably regard the early symptoms anything more than disorders of an hour or of a day. What they really meant he discovered later, when indigestion and dyspepsia had fastened its fangs deep into his tortured body. Get a copy of the book which our friend speaks of, and read what those early symptoms are. The information may be worth to you ten shillings for every word. Had he possessed it Mr. Kirkham would never have been dragged through that illness which at the best was terrible and might easily have been fatal. While walking through what Bunyan calls 'the wilderness of this world,' the wise man keeps an eye open for snakes.

### A Plain Tale From the HIND.

It was at a table d'hôte dinner at a hill station in India that a very young officer just up from the plains found himself seated next to a lady whom he took for one of the grass widows common in those parts. He made himself agreeable, but his neighbor seemed a good deal out of spirits; so he said, sympathetically:

'I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband grilling down below?'

But the lady was a real widow, and whom he learned that he changed his seat.

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