

Sunday Reading.

THE CHILDREN'S GUARDIAN.

There died in a New Hampshire hill-town not many years ago, a poor half-witted fellow who by common consent had won the name of the Children's Guardian. To him God gave only one talent, but no one can say of him that he did not put it out at interest. The simple, touching story of his life is thus told by one who knew him:

Johnny G. was born in the almshouse of what is now one of our large cities. He came of a good, God-fearing family, and it seemed a strange thing that he should have to open his eyes for the first time in such a place. But a terrible lightning stroke had killed his father, burned their pretty home, and made his poor mother an invalid for life. So no one said 'Strange,' when, soon after the little almshouse waif was born, it was discovered that it was what country people call 'foolish.'

As he grew, he developed one strange talent—that of peacemaker. No one must fight where he was. Those great, blue, unreasoning eyes could not bear the sight or sound of wrangling. Little by little the petty bickerings of the poorhouse stopped, 'because Johnny could not bear them.' If he saw two boys quarreling, he would find a way to coax them back to good humor, though his poor, slow tongue could hardly frame a sentence. As he grew older, he kept the same peace-loving disposition. He grew so large and strong that he could take a boy in each hand and hold them apart till they 'cooled down' and begged to be released. Then he would put their faces together, saying 'Kiss!'—the one word he could always say easily. If they refused, he would gently knock their heads together, saying once more, 'Kiss!' and this performance was repeated till they did as he desired. He simply held them in the grip of a giant, till, sooner or later, the kiss was given to his satisfaction.

When he was about eighteen or nineteen years old, a great change came over him. He said that he had seen the Lord Jesus and spoken to him. Perhaps he dreamed it; perhaps—I only tell you what he always used to say. But when he told the minister and said he wanted to join the church, that good man said, 'I dare not forbid you, Johnny,' and so they took him in as one of Christ's little ones whom it would be sin to hinder.

For sixty years he remained a consistent member of the church, and there is no telling the amount of good he did in that long time. For he kept up his character of peacemaker, and his thick, stumbling tongue was listened to by men who would have quickly silenced a more eloquent one. But his main care was always for the children. Especially did he constitute himself a committee of one to look after the children of church-members. Strangers called him the 'moral police' of the little town where he lived, so alert was he for childish differences, and so efficient to quench them. But those who knew him had a better name for him, and called him by it. By a few old men and women yet he is remembered as 'The Children's Guardian.'

THOSE NEW NEIGHBORS.

When Friendly Advances would be a Truly Christian Act.

With many of us the month of May, especially in the larger towns, has come to be the season of migration. Within the past few weeks thousands on thousands of families have found themselves in new quarters, and are now busy adjusting themselves to new surroundings and in getting acquainted with new neighbors. The suitable emblem for the month is no longer a decorated May-pole, but a moving-van.

Those of you who have yourselves been 'birds of passage,' hardly need to have your sympathies appealed to in behalf of these new-comers. You know how hard it is to get used to the new house, how the carpets refuse to fit, how there seems to be no place for the larger pieces of furniture. The articles you need must hide away in some unexplored corner of the new abode; the stoves refuse to draw till they have become thoroughly accustomed to their new surroundings. Within doors things go dishearteningly, and the growing sense of homesickness is not diminished when you look from the window upon a scene that is quite unfamiliar.

Do you know there will never be a time like the present for helping these new neighbors. An act of kindness will not mean half so much when they are comfortably settled. Friendly advances will be comparatively unimportant after they have become somewhat acquainted. Take to

heart that wise old adage. 'He gives twice who gives promptly.' Perhaps some of the young people in these new families are in school; they may be in your classes. Find out about it. That timid would be glad to make her first appearance in a strange school-room under the guidance of one who already has been initiated. Invite them all to your church, to the Sunday school, to the young people's prayer meeting. It may be that they have not been in the habit of attending such services, but certainly they will never have a better time to begin than now. And they will be more ready to accept your invitation because it comes at a time when they are missing old associations.

A family moving into a city apartment house, after several hours of hard work, were surprised by a knock at their back door. When it was opened it disclosed a young girl from the flat above, with a steaming coffee-pot in her hand, while her small brother was behind her, carrying a tray of cups and saucers. 'We thought some hot coffee might do you all good,' the girl exclaimed with a bright smile. 'We've moved often enough to know how it seems.' And not only was her kindness gratefully received, but when on the following Sunday, she invited the girls of the family to accompany her to the Endeavour prayer-meeting, the invitation was promptly accepted.

A formal call upon people who have not yet got their carpets down would hardly be an entering wedge of friendship, but neighbourly kindness does not need to wait for the house to be set in order. Take advantage of the present. It will never be so easy as now to make your new neighbors your good friends.

"AS THE FLOWERS OF MAY."

How One Could Use 'Talents to the Best Advantage.

'As welcome as the flowers [in May], is as emphatic a way of stating appreciation as one can think of. But the familiar saying gathers fresh force when we stop to reflect why it is that May's flowers are so welcome. Is it not because they come when we are weary of snow and storm and stretches of frozen earth? The first green blades of grass that shiver in the chill spring winds, [please], our eyes more than the most perfectly-kept lawn on which the summer sun look down. All the roses of June cannot thrill us [like the first violet of the season. And if you young folks could realize how [practical] this principle is, you would without any extra effort, more than [double] the effectiveness of the work you do for others.

You have a gift for conversation, perhaps. You have the knack of stating commonplace things in a way that makes them full of interest. You know how to tell a story with just that touch of pathos or of fun that goes straight to the hearts of your listeners. But where do you choose to let this light shine? Why, at social gatherings, at the homes of your friends where there are others as gifted as yourself. Did you ever think of using your powers of entertainment for the benefit of that old lady across the way, whose principal interest in life is speculating on the doings of her neighbors? In what spot of earth could your cheerful talk be more welcome than in that sick-room where the tedious days come and go, one so like another?

The long, newsy letter you wrote last week was to a friend whose life is so full of interests that she shakes her head over missives like yours, and wonder how she will ever find time to answer them. But how welcome such a letter would have been to that other friend of yours who is teaching a country school, who is far from home and has not found congenial surroundings, who feels homesick and solitary. You regularly lend your new books and magazines to a friend whose father owns one of the largest libraries in the city. Would they not be more welcome in some home where good literature is more of a rarity?

To fall back on another significant old proverb, most of us seem to regard 'taking coals to Newcastle' as a sensible and natural proceeding. We carry good cheer to spots that are already bright and cheerful. We give to the ones who have enough, and pile benefits on those whose hands are already overflowing. If we could learn to go where we are needed, to carry our smiles into the shadowed places, we and all that we have to give would be as welcome as the sunshine at the close of a dreary day, or as May's flowers when the reign of winter is over.

THE TOUCH OF SYMPATHY.

A Sympathetic Spirit May Often Comfort Great Sorrow.

When the heart is full of sympathy, some of it is bound to overflow. It may not manifest itself in words, to be sure, but it will find some equally effective way of cheering or consoling. Some years ago a widow lady who was spending the summer

in a little town in New Hampshire, received word of the death of her only son, a young man of great promise, who at the time was travelling in Europe. The bereaved mother shut herself into her room with her sorrow, and the family with whom she had been boarding for several weeks, collected on the piazza, and talked over the shocking news.

'What can we do for her, poor soul?' said the head of the house, casting a pitying glance toward the closed room within which a heart was breaking.

'I don't see that we can do anything,' returned his wife. 'I'm sure I don't know what to say to her. And besides, I don't believe she is the sort of person that likes to hear expressions of sympathy.'

'I'm almost sure she would like to feel that some one was near who was sorry for her,' said Ethel, a girl of sixteen. 'And unless you think I'd better not, I'm going into her room.' She was very pale as she entered the house and knocked at the closed door, but when she received no answer, she boldly pushed it ajar and entered. The mother was lying upon the bed, her face stern and set, and her hand clenched. She took no notice of Ethel, even when the girl knelt beside her and began to stroke her tense fingers with a gentle, soothing touch.

After a time the rigid muscles relaxed slightly, and the woman turned her head. She saw a young face white and drawn with pity, and two tender eyes looking upon her through sympathetic tears. There was a moment's hush, and then a great sob broke the stillness of the room. 'Oh, child!' she said, and then with a quick motion she laid her head on Ethel's shoulder, and shed those blessed tears which bring relief to hearts that have reached the limit of endurance.

Not a word had the young girl spoken. Indeed she was not wise enough to comfort sorrow by means of speech. But as those who followed the footsteps of the Man of Nazareth found healing in the mere touch of His garments, so her loving presence

and sympathetic touch had been as a balm of consolation to a bruised and broken spirit.

KIDNEY SENSE.

Cure-alls are out of the Question in Kidney Disorders—A Liquid Solvent—A Specific Kidney Tonic is the Only Safe Remedy.

How Many Discover When It Is Too Late that the kidneys have literally been ground out by the little solid particles which are contained in the blood of all sufferers from kidney disease, and which accumulate in these organs. Common sense says and medical science has proven it that a liquid solvent which will dissolve these solids and eradicate them from the system is the only sure cure for kidney disorder. South American Kidney Cure is a solvent. It has been tested in almost hopeless cases, and there is yet to be recorded against it a failure to cure when it has had a faithful trial. Pills will not do it as they are not solvents. Don't trifle.

Tennyson At Table.

It is seldom that a great man is greater than his work, and the following story from Dr. Max Muller's reminiscences in Cosmopolis will not deprive this fact. Once during the long vacation Tennyson went to Oxford, and Dr. Muller invited him to dinner and breakfast.

My wife, a young housekeeper, did her best for our unexpected guest. He was known to be a gourmand, and at dinner he was evidently put out by finding the sauce with the salmon was not the one he preferred.

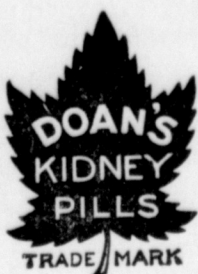
He was pleased, however, with the wing of a chicken, and said it was the only advantage of being a poet-laureate, that he generally received the liver-wing of a chicken.

The next morning at breakfast we had rather plumed ourselves on having been able to get a dish of cutlets, and were not a little surprised when our guest arrived to see him whip off the cover of the hot dish, and to hear the exclamation, 'Mutton chops! The staple of every bad inn in England!'

However, these were minor matters, though not without importance in the eyes of a young wife to whom tennyson had been like one of the immortals.

MODERN METHODS.

Up-to-Date is a modern expression, You know what it means. Applied to an argument it carries conviction, to business it means success, to a medicine it means



Doan's Kidney Pills are a modern medicine of modern methods. No attempt made to cure all human ills, no claim that they will do so. For kidney diseases only and UP-TO-DATE.

Up-to-Date in Kidney knowledge is bringing hope to many a sufferer. People are beginning to understand that backache means kidney ache, lame back means lame kidneys, weak back means weak kidneys. Cure means



The public nowadays want endorsement. Yes, I know you say so, but who backs it? That is how they talk. Doan's Kidney Pills answer: We cured your neighbor. Ask him. The reply is UP-TO-DATE.

Up-to-Date in its action. Not a relief only for the aching back, but a cure. Better than plasters or liniments, for it reaches the cause. A kidney specialist, a kidney cure. Such is



All druggists
50 cents per box.

T. MILBURN & CO.,
TORONTO.

INTEREST ON CHARITY.

How a Simple Act of Charity was Repaid Tenfold.

Baron James de Rothschild, being a great lover of art, consented at one time to pose a beggar in a painting which his friend, Eugene Delacroix, was engaged on. This obliging act was attended by twofold results, as we learn from a story which the Family Herald prints.

On the appointed day Baron de Rothschild appeared at the studio. The famous painter placed a tunic round the banker's shoulders, put a stout staff in his hand, and made him pose as if he were resting on the step of an ancient Roman temple. In this attitude, he was discovered by one of the artist's pupils, who, struck by the excellence of the model, congratulated his master on having found just what he needed.

Naturally concluding the model had only just been brought in from some church porch, the pupil seized an opportunity to slip a piece of money into the beggar's hand. Baron de Rothschild thanked him with a look, and kept the money. The pupil soon quitted the studio.

In answer to enquiries made, Delacroix told the baron that the young man possessed talent, but no means. Shortly afterward the young fellow received a letter, stating that charity bore interest, and that the accumulated interest on the amount he had so generously given to one whom he supposed to be a beggar was now the sum of ten thousand francs to the young artist's credit at Rothschild's.

GONE TO A SHADOW.

Racked by Pain, Bed-Ridden, Life Despaired of—South American Rheumatic Cure was the Good Angel Which Stilled the Tempest and Piloted Safely Into the Harbor of Health.

'I was so troubled with sciatica that at times the pain and suffering I experienced was excruciating. I failed in flesh to almost a shadow. I was almost continuously in bed for a year, and I had spent hundreds of dollars in doctoring. I had almost given up hope of a cure. A relative who had been cured of the same disease by South American Rheumatic Cure, induced me to try it. The first dose gave me instant relief. After using three bottles I was completely cured.' William Marshall, Varney P. O., Ont.