

Sunday Reading.

THE HIDDEN EVIL.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur were the owners of a beautiful house on the Hudson, a few miles above New York. It was surrounded by fine old shade-trees, well cultivated fields, a variety of choice fruits, a well-appointed stable, carriages and horses; in fact, everything to make it not only a delightful residence but in summer a very attractive resort for their numerous friends and relatives.

'Well, mother, we are to have more company,' said Lizzie Wilbur, entering the library where her mother was busy writing.

'Is that so? I was just writing to your cousin Anna to tell her she could come now. It is the first week we have been without company since early this spring. Every spare room occupied, and hardly a spot left for any of our near relatives.'

'Yes, and I did so want a quiet visit from Cousin Anna and breathing time to look over my wardrobe and freshen up some of my dresses before the midsummer heat.'

'Well, dear, that is one of the disadvantages of living just out of the city. Friends are not apt to forget you when summer comes. But, Lizzie, you have not yet told me from whom your letter comes.'

'It is a sort of joint note from Mr. Clancy and Mr. Jack Dayton. I met them during the winter when visiting New York and invited them to come out and see us, and they promised to do so. I had forgotten about it until receiving this note. And now they propose to avail themselves of my polite invitation if agreeable to us all. Lou Dayton may accompany her brother. I rather fancy she is engaged to Mr. Clancy.'

'Well, dear, we must be given to hospitality,' and after all it is pleasant to have at in our power to entertain our city friends, who can so easily run up here for a day or two when not able to spare time from business to go to fashionable resorts where they find less rest and recreation. Now, Lizzie, please see that the rooms are in good order, and tell Jane to make some fresh cake. I hope our brandy-peaches are not all gone, for gentlemen like them. See, too, how we are off for wine. It is a good addition to pudding-sauce, and though I don't approve of using wine freely at the table, yet a glass of claret at dinner can harm nobody.'

The expected guests arrived in due time, and with good appetites for their dinner. Mr. Clancy declined to take wine, but toward the close of the meal, after pronouncing the pudding excellent and passing his plate for a little more sauce, he decided to have his glass filled. He seemed greatly to enjoy the wine-jelly; and, Mrs. Wilbur thought, partook rather freely of the brandy-peaches, while she did not quite like his excited manner of talking. His eyes glistened he talked rapidly, and altogether appeared so little like his usual quiet self that his friend Jack Dayton in a half wondering tone said:

'Why, Clancy, the fresh country air seems to have exhilarated you; I never before saw you in such high spirits.'

Mr. Clancy turned pale, then flushed, and with a half-sad glance towards Miss Lou Dayton, replied:

'I am making the most of pleasure now, for I must take the return train to New York immediately.'

'Will Clancy, what do you mean! Return to New York this evening? Why, I thought we had all accepted Mrs. Wilbur's kind invitation for over Sunday!'

'You cannot attend to any business tomorrow, Mr. Clancy,' said Lizzie; 'so do stay with us now you are here!'

'Preposterous! What can you do of any importance in New York until Monday?' exclaimed Jack, resting a hand on his friend's shoulder as they arose from the tea-table. But nothing could persuade him to remain longer. He took leave hastily and in a very excited manner, and rushed away to the depot.

Jack, thinking his friend must have suddenly become crazy, said he had better follow, and advised his sister, now completely overcome, to remain until Monday. He was 'sorry for the sad termination' of their pleasant visit, etc.

Not one of that little company knew that Will Clancy had once been given to the free use of intoxicants. After a fearful struggle, he had become, as he supposed, fully reformed. And now, doing well in business, and with bright prospects before him for a happy life, he was a new man. Had he known the nature of the dose of the pudding he would have politely refused it. But the sweetened sauce had just enough wine not to smell of it, and to taste of it more than of any carefully used flavoring. But being followed by

what was called lemon-jelly—though in reality highly flavored wine-jelly—and by brandy peaches, placed before the young man, who was exceedingly fond of peaches, the demon awoke in him; he felt a wild craving for the claret, and then suddenly realized that he had lost control over himself, and with a cry of despair, such as none could forget, left his friends to return to the city.

All felt uneasy. Mrs. Wilbur alone suspected the cause of Mr. Clancy's actions, and wondered if she could hold herself guiltless. She had declared that wine could not do any harm in pudding sauce. But what about the other enticing forms in which wine—or in fact still stronger liquor—had been used? Had she not noticed with some pride and pleasure how fast her favorite dish of brandy-peaches usually disappeared when gentlemen were at tea? And did not some experience with the world give her an inkling as to their effect upon Mr. Clancy?

A restless Sabbath day they all spent, and Mrs. Wilbur's feelings were not quieted when at the evening service the text was given out: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' In a clear and forcible manner the minister showed in how many apparently innocent ways we may lead a brother astray, and in doing so not be left guiltless.

Her fears were only too true. In a sad but truthful letter Mr. Dayton wrote of the downfall of his friend, and spoke of his own sister's wrecked happiness and complete prostration through the shock. 'And it has all come about through use of wine and brandy in cooking; wine in a disguised form. Had it been placed openly on the table Will says he would have resisted it, as he has many a time since he pledged himself to refrain. But he never dreamed of the sleeping lion being roused in him through the insidious form in which the serpent was hidden at your table. We both plead that you will never again thus lead any one into temptation.'

And Mrs. Wilbur resolved that wine should never again appear at her table in any form whatever.—'American Messenger.'

Ripe for the Harvest.

A missionary of the American Board writing from the Madura region tells of a great movement towards Christianity:

'During the year we have had formed six new congregations, with a total of about two hundred souls, including men, women and children. These congregations were formed in places where there were previously no Christians. They do not come singly. That would be very difficult, and would involve starvation or some financial help from us. A man's entire caste and his own family would cast him out. No one would give him work, food or shelter. They generally come to us in a body, all of one caste in a village and after much public deliberation. For example, in a village twelve miles from here there were ninety Shanars who came over to us last year. In January of this year forty-five pariahs, or outcasts, in the same place joined us, but they lived on a different street. A Christian woman moved to that place, and by her advice and the catechist's efforts they all decided to join us. We have not been able to build them a church yet. When I preached to them two weeks ago, they listened like hungry men and women. They have developed so well during these ten months that four or five are now ready for admission to the church, and more will soon follow. As the services are all held in the street, baptism and the Lord's Supper are out of the question. When a people join us in this manner we do not immediately receive them to the church. They need instruction and testing. But they have renounced idolatry and put themselves under our instruction. They almost invariably suffer bitter persecution during the first year or two. Would they undergo the wrath of neighbors and of their old gods without strong convictions?'

'During the month of April, when we were on the Itinerary, a catechist reported sixty souls ready to join us. We went to see them. Have you fully decided to be Christians?' 'We have.' 'May we take your names in our books?' 'Yes.'

Then we wrote their names, gave them

instruction, and after commending them to God, took our leave thinking of the fiery ordeal through which they must inevitably pass. It came, and has not ceased from that day to this. But all stand firm. Two months ago two of them were fined on some false charges, and yesterday a letter came from the catechist stating that he had been set upon and beaten by some of the villagers.

'Two months ago a catechist reported a new congregation thirty-five miles away. The circumstances were such that they would not stay with us unless we put a man on the ground to hold them up and teach them. He was needed at once. There was not a man that I could spare from any point. But a good man had been asking for employment for five months. He was on the ground without employment, just returned from Burmah. He wanted a church, and this new congregation wanted a man. What hindered their coming together? Lack of money, and I had none. I am paying 1,400 rupees more for catechists this year than the Board allows me, so how could I take on new men for this increasing work? But I could not stand it to see that new congregation of forty-five souls go back to heathenism, and I did take that man and tell him to go and look after that people. This I did one week ago.'

'At the same time I had another congregation newly come over and asking for a man. The man was here, and had been here eight months for work. His wife is a Bible-woman getting \$2 per month. I offered \$1 per month for him to see this new people, and he gladly accepted it. He is worth \$3. But we are in straits and they know it. This last congregation is made up of notorious robbers. But their relatives are Christians, and one Christian woman among them has persuaded them to take this step. The question now is, will the churches at home stand by us in this forward movement? For these six new congregations I have taken off two men, trusting in God to provide the means. I would gladly take four more if I had the money.' (They would cost about \$30 each for a year.—Ed.) 'This work is enlarging every year and growing in interest. It wants enlarged faith and means to keep pace with it. We are not going to win these 280,000,000 of Hindus for Christ by trying to hold our own. That is a poor way to conquer a country. It needs a mighty grasp of faith on the part of missionaries and friends at home. It also wants loving self-sacrifice and plenty of hard work.'—'Missionary Herald.'

The Soul's Inquirer.

In the Church at Corinth, 'when they came together, each one had a psalm, had a teaching, had a revelation, had a tongue, had an interpretation.' Expositors may vary in opinion as to what each particular gift was, but the fact that each one brought something to the common spiritual treasury should have a meaning for the brethren of to-day. We ought to be able to have meetings—some no doubt have—to which each should be encouraged and expected to bring something for the edification of all. He would thus be stimulated to think and pray and live and work for all. Each according to his peculiar gift and grace would bring his contribution. The joyful soul would have his psalm; the enlightened soul would have his vision; the interpreter would have his interpretation; the burdened soul would have his difficulty, his question, his doubt; the consecrated soul would have his story of spiritual endeavor and success. And there would be no jealousy and no envy and no rivalry; each would rejoice in the gift of the other, and give God thanks for all.—'The Christian.'

A Child Cure of Eczema by Chase's Ointment.

'My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 24 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medicines and ointments, and took the child to medical specialists in skin diseases, but without result. The doctor advised the use of Chase's Ointment, and since using the eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my child is cured.'

(Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON,
112 Anne St., Toronto.

ECZEMA!

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT



REV. CHAS. FISH

Methodist Minister, Toronto

Few men better known or more highly esteemed in the ministerial ranks in Canada than the gentleman whose portrait accompanies this. Although now retired from the more active work in the ministry, he has held almost all the more important charges throughout Ontario as a pastor in the Methodist Church. He is one of the pioneer preachers. A few words of his to fellow-sufferers will be taken in the spirit which he intends them, feeling that in publishing to the world the great benefits he has derived from his great cure he is but doing his first duty to man, and, in a measure, fulfilling the old command, "Do unto others," etc.

About ten years ago I felt the beginnings of what is commonly known as Eczema. The disease commenced in my ears and spread entirely over both sides of my head and also developed on my hands. During those ten years I was a great sufferer. I tried many supposed remedies and some of the best physicians—specialists on skin diseases—treated me. Beyond affecting temporary relief, I received no more benefit and all failed to effect a cure. Some time ago I was led from reading and investigating some reliable testimonies I read in the newspapers to try Dr. Chase's celebrated Ointment. The first box gave me so much relief that I felt warranted in persevering. As I write this I am just commencing on the fifth box, and, judging from the rapid improvement effected, I am certain that before the box is completed I shall be completely cured. I think my cure almost a marvel, and shall be pleased at any time to answer any inquiry from like cause. Having suffered so much myself, I give this testimony for the benefit of others.

CHAS. FISH,
Methodist Minister.

192 Dunn Avenue, Toronto.

THE ABAKWETA DANCE.

It is the Most Popular Ceremonial Among South African Savages.

The abakweta dance, the wild war dance of the Umtata youths, is the most famous savage ceremonial in South Africa and a rite seldom witnessed by European eyes, says Pearson's weekly. This barbaric dance has a curious place in the bridal customs. In Umtata, which is the native state in the east of Cape Colony, in South Africa, every able-bodied youth is taken from his parents just before arriving at the age of manhood and maintained at public expense for one year. During this transition period the young men are known as abakwetas or neophytes. By the chiefs and most skillful warrior they are trained in the use of arms and in the practices of war. All this time they are not suffered to visit their families, nor may their mothers even look upon them. While in the abakweta stage they are required to dance in public once every two weeks, and upon the manner in which they acquit themselves much depends their success in future life.

The dances last the entire day, from sunrise to sunset, so that it is terrific test of endurance and spirit. But the duration of the dance is in itself less exacting than the costumes which tradition prescribes must be worn.

In preparing for the odd ceremony the abakwetas first strip themselves and smear their bodies over with white clay, rubbing it on in spots, so as to give the effect of a leopard's skin. This is thought to be very terrible and likely to inspire the enemy with fear. Next, long bands of straw that are wrapped round them, like ballet skirts. There will usually be thirty or forty feet of this, and it will weigh fifty or sixty pounds. But the weight is not the most trying discomfort. The straws are sharp and are put next to the bare skin, so that at the end of the dance it is a matter of course that the loins and waists of the dancers are raw and bleeding.

In order to conceal the features from the

mothers and families—for the dance is a public one—long capes of straw, much like the skirts, are worn over the face. These, too are hot and heavy and chafe the skin.

The abakweta who flags under the fatigue or torture of the dance is looked upon with contempt. If he breaks down completely he is sent back to the women and forever loses his position in the tribe. The rest are applauded and encouraged by their instructors. After a year of this training they cease to be abakwetas and become full-fledged warriors, entitled to all the rights and privileges of men. Those who can survive the terrible training have proved themselves fitted to undertake the responsibilities of the South African warriorship.

THREE WEEKS IN AGONY.

Inflammatory Rheumatism so Acute He Could Not Attend to His Daily Duties—Lived Three Weeks in Agonizing Pain When "The 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 today he is most enthusiastic in singing its praises. No case too severe for South American Cure to check in six hours, and cure permanently.

Among the floral decorations at a recent English wedding, instead of a marriage bell a number of smaller bells of various sizes were hung together. The bells were made of white blossoms with a small orange suspended by a white satin ribbon for the clapper. These bells were hung from an arch made of green foliage plants. A flight of white birds was another new feature among the decorations. Many of the birds were suspended by invisible wires, and one or two of them were resting upon the mounds of flowers or the handles of ribbon trimmed baskets of blossoms.

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