

Sunday Reading.

THE COST OF THE CHURCH.

Story of a Devoted Minister and How He Helped His Western Flock.

About twenty-five years ago a Presbyterian minister, settled over a flourishing church in New York state, lost his health, and was obliged to resign his charge. His people loved him, and only when convinced that it was a matter of life or death with him, did they consent to give him up. His physician advised 'roughing it' in the pine woods of Northern Michigan for a few months; and accompanied by his brother and little son, he plunged into the forest near the shore of Grand Traverse Bay, twenty miles perhaps from the present site of Traverse City. The result was more than he had dared to hope. The wonderful tonic air of that region strengthened him like wine and the sweet breath of the balsam firs soothed and healed the irritated lungs.

After a while he was able to take long tramps in the woods, and often came out upon some clearing where a homesteader had built a log cabin and was trying to cultivate a few acres. Mr. H—always had a cheerful word and a hearty handshake for everyone, and soon came to be much thought of by the rough farmer folk.

Months passed, and Mr. H—gradually made up his mind that the Master had need of him here. He felt that if his wife were willing to bear the privations of such a life, he would gladly stay here and preach Christ to these people. So he went back to tell his story to her. She was an educated, cultivated Christian lady, uniting beauty of person and charm of manner with highest spiritual grace. But she was more than willing, she was glad to go, to 'spend and be spent' in Christ's service. She bade adieu to a choice circle of friends, to her mother and only sister, and with her husband and three children took their long journey out to Michigan. They found temporary shelter in the family of one of the settlers, and straightway began to make a clearing and put up a log cabin for themselves. Soon they were quite comfortably settled, and then Mr. H—began his home missionary work in earnest, meeting with a hearty welcome from nearly all. Often the people said they had not heard a preacher since they came into the woods years ago, and they would be so glad to have their children in a Sunday-school such as they used to go to back east. After a while a regular Sabbath service was established. After a few years during which God's blessing seemed to rest upon his labors, Mr. H—felt as if it were time to think of building a house for God's worship, and he began to talk about it with his people. They felt as he did, that they ought to build, but how? They were all poor; what could they give; what could they do? But the more they thought and prayed about it, the more necessary did it seem that they should build, and finally the decisive step was taken. The Board of Church Extension promised aid 'and the people with one accord began to build.' Every man did what he could. One gave the plot of ground for the new church, another the stones with which his farm was so thickly strewn, others timber, and others still the labor of willing hands.

All went well until it was discovered that there was not enough timber of a certain size to build the frame. Every man had given to his utmost, and moreover, there were no more trees of suitable size in the vicinity. After some delay, one of the elders of the little church living miles away, but near the border of the lake said he had some trees that he thought might answer, but there was no way to get them down there except to raft them, and that he could not do alone. The missionary quickly offered his help, and it was agreed to start the logs down the lake the following week.

Meantime, the baby in the minister's family was taken ill, and anxiously the mother watched and tended it day after day. A doctor was not to be thought of, there was none in that region, and there was no money to provide one from a distance.

When the day arrived for Mr. H—to go up the lake after the logs, he hesitated to leave his family alone and helpless, the little one so ill and not a neighbor within a mile or more. But the brave wife said: 'You must go, everything depends upon it. If we fail to get those logs the church cannot be built, and I am not afraid; God will be with me.'

So the father gathered his little family together, commended them to a heavenly Father's care, and started on his journey. The next day there was a change for the worse in the sick baby, and Mrs. H—feared she had not been wise in urging her

husband to go. With an almost breaking heart she did what she could for the little sufferer, and just at dusk of the third day Mr. H—returned. He quickly noted the change in the little one, and as he gathered his wife in his arms, he said: 'I just felt impelled to come; I was sure you needed me.'

'How did you get here, and where is the raft?' she asked.

'I came down in the canoe from Pine Point; the raft is tied up there, and Mr. Eastman is to wait there for me. But the raft is not very securely put together, and if the wind rises tonight I must go back and help. If it should break up the logs would float off and all be lost.'

With a silent prayer that the wind might not rise, Mrs. H—prepared supper, and after putting the older children to bed, the sorrowing father and mother sat down by the cradle where the baby lay. About nine o'clock a rustling in the tall pines made them listen. Was that the wind? Yes, it must be that the wind was rising. Looking out, they could see the great black clouds rolling up, and knew that a 'blow' was coming. As Mr. H—saw the look upon his wife's face his courage almost failed him, and he said:

'Mary, we must let the logs go. I cannot leave you here alone like this.'

She did not reply at once, she was asking herself: 'Can I let him go and I stay here alone, to face death perhaps? Does duty demand such a sacrifice?' Then she thought of what the church meant to that people, of the great sacrifices it had already cost, of all they hoped for its future, and she thought of One who said: 'Could you not watch with me one hour?' Throwing her arms around her husband's neck, she said: 'Go, God calls you. He will watch with me.'

Together they knelt by the cradle and their dying babe, and with streaming tears, the almost distracted father once more committed them to God's care, and then set out on his way across the dark waters of the lake. For a while Mrs. H—sat quietly in the little room watching the sleeping children, but as the lonely hours wore on the silence and loneliness became insupportable, and throwing open the door, she rushed out into the night.

The darkness was so thick that she could see absolutely nothing, and could hear only the wind in the pines and the waves breaking along the shore. She thought of her husband out upon the lake in peril of his life, of her dying child, of herself in her desolation, and in her agony she cried aloud: 'Has God forgotten me? Has God forgotten my little baby?'

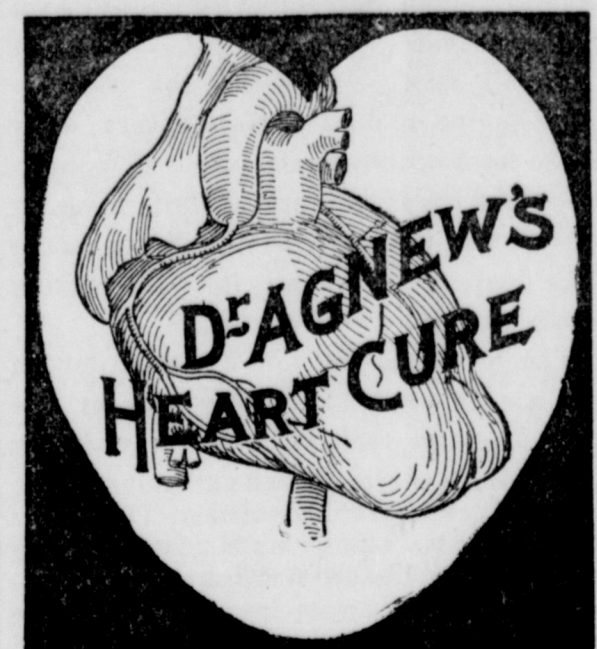
As she continued to call aloud for help, God answered, and comfort and support and a sense of blessed companionship she had never imagined came so her heart. She knew God was there, and she went back and resumed her vigil with the sweet consolation that she was not alone. Just at dawn her husband came, having succeeded wonderfully in securing the logs.

As the first rays of the morning sun streamed in at the window and touched the waxen face upon the cradle pillow, the gates of an eternal morning opened wide and the sweet spirit entered in. And in after years as the missionary and his wife looked upon the completed church, filled with God's people, thank you they grudging what it cost them?

Where Help Comes From.

A prominent member of a church in one of our large towns remarked the other day that though they made an excellent financial showing this year, yet, in truth, nearly all the giving was done by about twelve families, though there were some two hundred in connection. There are very few churches perhaps where the same thing does not occur. And these few families, while not poor, are generally not among the wealthiest. This is really a serious matter. What sort of Christianity is that which is neither interested in nor conversant with the financial work of the church? What right has any family to put the financial burden on the shoulders of a few, and even forget that it is resting there? The church is not merely the place to which we are to look for benefits to ourselves. It is God's own instrument for good in the world, and it has a right to look to each one of us for liberal support in all its undertakings. We have serious duties to render to it, as well as benefits to draw from it. The duty of giving applies to all. The circumstances of a man must be desperate when he cannot be expected to give. Yet what church is there where people do not complain habitually that they cannot give. They find it hard enough to live! If they were rich they would do great things. How many men will hold back when a subscription list is circulated until the small amounts are reached, or give what the person before them subscribed, though their income is twice or three times as great. An examination of the list of contributors to church funds of various kinds would show in a most start-

ling way what hypocrisy there is in many a congregation. Apart altogether from the necessities of Christian work, this question of giving is a very serious one. It may have to do with the material and temporal, but it is intimately connected with the deeply spiritual. No test is perfect, but there are few, if any, better tests of the Christianity of an individual than the disposal of his money. 'For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also,' said Jesus. Trace a man's money, and you know just where his affections are. The practical application from the pulpit of the principles of the gospel to the use of money is something much needed in our day. Some clergymen shrink from asking for money, or making any pointed reference to giving. It savors, they say, of begging. But the duty of the clergy is to preach the gospel and apply it to the daily life of men; and if the use of money is to be excluded, then one great side of life is to be totally neglected. To bring home with power the truth of those words of David, 'All things come of Thee, and of thine own have we given Thee,' is in itself to do a noble work.—Presbyterian Review.



Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. This is the only remedy known to the medical world that will relieve in a few moments and cure absolutely. The ingredients of Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure are essentially liquid, and hence neither is nor anything like it can be prepared in pill form.

ONE OF THE SAD THINGS.

Folly of Marrying a Man to Effect His Reform.

One of the saddest things is to see a young girl throw her life away by marrying a man to reform him. Not one in a hundred is made any better by marriage, though for a time there may be a semblance of reform. How often have you seen a drunkard's home a drunkard's wife and children, and have looked with more scorn than pity, perhaps, upon them, never dreaming that such a fate could be yours. Girls, just such a fate awaits you if you marry a moderate drinker, for the moderate drinker is sure to become the immoderate drinker. If you marry a man and he becomes intemperate after marriage, you are guiltless of wrong, and God pity all such. But if you deliberately marry a man who has formed the liquor habit you are criminally foolish, for you not only throw away your own chance of happiness, but will bring children into the world with an inherited appetite for strong drink, and the sins of the father will be visited on the children.

One year ago two bright, sweet girls, one 20 and the other 24 (both old enough to know better), married men who were confirmed in the drink habit, and before the freshness was worn from their bridal garments their husbands were brought home drunk. The parents of one young man pleaded with the girl not to marry their son, as they had hoped so many times the reform was genuine, only to see their hopes crushed. Fortunately the girl's parents were dead and so were spared this humiliation. As the years roll on, life will become a burden. I pity them—to watch with beating hearts for the home-coming, to see if they are sober or drunken; to feel a great throb of joy and a murmured 'Thank God' if the one, and a smothered groan if the other.

O, when will the day dawn when this cursed thing shall be driven from our land, when the tempted cannot fall because the temptation has been removed forever.—Lady's Home Journal.

IMPALED ON FRENCH WORDS.

Fate of a Joke That Sounded Well Before It Was Translated.

A girl who recently returned from several years of study in Paris was telling the other day of her experiences in trying to translate her jokes into French. At the pension where she boarded several other American and English girls lived, and the conversation at table was a mixture of English and French. Madame and her son loved a joke as well as anybody, and always looked so wistfully curious when the girls laughed at some remark in English that an effort was speedily made to translate it to them. One day the girls were talking about Bouguereau, and, as the discussion grew more animated, they lapsed into quick English. The American girl who tells the story had been to Bouguereau's studio that morning. All the rest, with the easy superiority of the young art student, were covering poor Bouguereau with scorn almost declining to admit that he was worthy the name of artist. The American girl was putting up a spirited, if only partial, defense.

'You must admit that he can draw,' she exclaimed. 'Why, he's the only one of them all that can draw a human figure accurately without having a model before his eyes. Why draw? He can draw anything! When he gets to heaven he'll draw tears from the eyes of the angels!'

There was a general laugh at this, and poor madame looked eagerly from one to another. Finally she could not restrain her curiosity any longer.

'Eh, then, what is it that is so amusing?' The good-natured American girl began to explain. She got on all right until she reached the point of the story, and then she stopped. The French word corresponding with 'draw' is 'dessiner' which literally means 'to design'. The American girl explained that she contended that Bouguereau knows how to 'dessiner', and is, in fact, such a success at it that when he gets to heaven he will be able to—but there she stopped. She could not say 'dessiner' tears from the angels. That would be senseless. If she said 'tires' that would be equally foolish: for while he might tire tears from the angels, he couldn't tire a picture on canvas. They got the dictionary. There was 'puiser,' but that was to draw water; and 'infuser,' but that referred to tea; and 'arracher,' but that meant pulling teeth; and 'attirer,' but that was drawing attention; and so on in vain. Nothing could be found to answer the purpose. They explained to the best of their ability, but the face of madam plainly said that she thought it a very poor joke, and she dismissed it with the remark that Americans were funny—which was just what she didn't mean.

'T WAS HARD WORK FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

Today Diamond Dyes Make Home Dyeing Easy.

Fifteen years ago the work of home dyeing was just in its infancy. The old-fashioned, crude preparations were then in vogue, necessitating much time and great expense, while the results, even with the greatest amount of care, never brought satisfaction.

The introduction of Diamond Dyes revolutionized home dyeing work completely. Diamond Dyes saved time and money to thousands of busy women, and at once became popular in every family.

Every succeeding year found the Diamond Dyes improved in color, brilliancy and durability of shade. Today they stand far ahead of all other dyes in every leading point, and are as perfect as science can make them.

There are many imitations of Diamond Dyes in the land, and many women are deceived daily when purchasing. In order to insure absolute success in home dyeing see that every packet of dye you buy is marked 'Diamond Dye.'

A Burst of Activity.

The Turk, as a rule, is not energetic, but he is capable of sudden bursts of activity. A writer in Cassell's Family Magazine gives an illustration:

He was going home late one night in Constantinople, when a man ran by him pursued by four zaptiehs. Directly they caught the man, they belabored him vigorously with the butt-ends of their guns. The Englishman interferred:

'It he is a thief, why not take him to prison, and let him be tried properly? Don't half kill the man without a trial.'

'O fendi,' said the spokesman of the party, 'we don't mind his being a thief. We're only hitting him because of the trouble he gave us to run after him! And that is an offence the average Turk never forgives.'

WHEN YOU CANNOT SLEEP.

So far as outside matters go a man can sleep almost anywhere. Habit settles it. A sailor sleeps in the fore-castle of a tumbler ship, and a soldier alongside of a big gun in a bombardment. One of the best night's sleep I ever had was in the open air on a prairie in Western America, the grass for a bed, a blanket for a pillow, and my horse for company—the only living thing within fifty miles of me. But, psaw that was luxury compared with some situations in which men sleep sound as bricks in a wall. Habit does it as we said.

Hence, Mr. Fred Downs' loss of sleep had nothing to do with his being a commercial traveller. Commonly, these useful gentlemen can sleep wherever night overtakes them—in hotels or in trains, in quiet country towns or in the midst of a racket fit to drive anybody else fairly wild.

No, it was not outside but inside matter that kept Mr. Downs' awake. He tells this way: 'In August, 1890, I found myself a way below par, like many stocks and securities. I had no appetite, my stomach was cold and sour, and there was a nasty taste in my mouth that nearly made me sick. I tried eating light and simple food, but I had intense pain after it at the chest and sides, and between the shoulder-blades.

'Instead of sleeping I rolled about the bed all night long. I felt really more tired and weary than a man does after a hard day's work.'

[At this point in Mr. Downs' story we beg to insert the remark that the sense of fatigue or exhaustion is the result of a loss of strength; and that it makes no odds at all whether the strength has been used up in labour or has dwindled away through lack of nourishment. Pump the water out of a cistern, or let it leak out, it's gone just the same.]

'I got very weak,' says Mr. Downs, 'and had great difficulty in following my business as commercial traveller. I tried medicines right and left, as anybody would but none of them seemed to hit my case. In this way a year went by. At last I made up my mind to see if your remedy would help me. I had often heard it well spoken of, but never before had occasion to use it. I took it a few weeks and it did me a lot of good. My appetite improved, and my food agreed with me. For this good reason, I kept on with it and was soon as well as ever. It also cured my wife of indigestion from which she had suffered for years. (Signed) Fred Downs the Rookeries, Bradford Road, Enghouse, Yorks, Dec. 28th, 1893.'

Mr. Samuel Dunn had the same trouble. We needn't repeat his general symptoms, as they were identical with those described by Mr. Downs. Alluding to the effect on his nerves, Mr. Dunn says that for eighteen months dating from the spring of 1885, he did not know what it was to have sound natural sleep. On that as we might expect, he grew so weak he often had to leave his work for a day or two at a time. He took the usual assortment of drugs and medicines without getting any more good from them than Mr. Downs had done. It was always that way. Medicines don't cure because they are medicines; they must be adapted to an understood disease; that's the common sense of it.

'Finally,' says Mr. Dunn, 'I got so low that I felt I must have relief if I was to live much longer. In October, 1886, I began using Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and in a few weeks I was well, and have been so ever since. But for the good luck that let me know of the syrup I might have been dead before this. (Signed) Samuel Dunn, 2, Wellfield Street, Mill Lane, Warrington, December 29th, 1893.'

We mustn't forget to say that Mr. Downs was cured by the same remedy of the same complaint—indigestion and dyspepsia, and if there is anything on earth that murders sleep as that does, we haven't heard of it. If Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup had no other merit it would deserve the gratitude of mankind on account of its power (being no narcotic) to seal up aching eyelids and lock weary senses in forgetfulness.

Take Exercise.

Exercise should not make us breathe much more rapidly than we do normally, but deeper, says an exchange. Most of us are too lazy with our lungs, not knowing how to fill them evenly, smoothly and fully. Most people have hollows above their collar-bones, which is wrong. The apex of the lungs should project up into that space and fill it pretty nearly full, making an almost even surface with the neck. One should breathe deeply and fully, otherwise the lungs' apex imprisons a stagnant pool of air, soon filled with dust and organisms of all kinds, and forms an excellent germ-breeder. Most cases of phthisis begin in the apex of the lungs.

QUEBEC HEARD FROM.

Henry G. Carroll, M. P., for Kamouraska, Que., Sends the Praises of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

It will be noticed by those who have studied the testimonials for this wonderful catarrhal remedy, that they are thoroughly unsectional in character. Every province in the Dominion, through its members of parliament, and most prominent citizens, has told of the peculiar effectiveness of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It is of a character that overcomes any local or climatic conditions, and as with Mr. Carroll, it is a most effective remedy for catarrhal troubles, in whatever shape, not omitting hay fever, where it works like a charm, and in every case is speedy in effect.

An end of Grief.

A young woman, according to a contemporary, was describing to one of her friends a great chagrin which she had undergone.

'I was just almost killed by it,' she said; 'I could have cried myself to death.'

'Did you cry?' asked the other.

'No; I was just getting ready to, when the dinner-bell rang.'

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