

Sunday Reading.

DANCER SINGALS.

God does not let us go into danger unwarmed. No young man forms harmful habits except against the protests of his own nature. In the following little sketch a well-known writer emphasizes the fact that men who are wise enough in temporal things frequently disregard the danger-signals which God and nature have set up.

'This red flag is a signal of danger, Nannie,' said the tall engineer.

'A signal, father?'
How Nannie's blue eyes were lifted toward her father in anxious inquiry!

'Yes, it means danger. If anything is not just right, that red flag on the railroad track is a sign, and an engineer will stop his train.'

'Would you stop yours, father?'
'I rather think so, Nannie Payson. If I didn't, there would be trouble. What I have given you is only a toy flag, but you may like to play with it.'

Nannie was an enthusiastic child. She eagerly seized the toy flag, and delightedly played with it. Her father had scarcely left the room to hurry off to his train, when she heard her mother sighing, 'Oh, dear! Then her mother cried.

'Oh, I wouldn't cry!' urged Nannie, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. 'Tell me what is the matter.'

The mother hated to say.
'I know why it is.'

She went to a closet and opened the door. She pointed at a black bottle on a shelf.

'That is it, mother.'

The mother nodded her head.

'It is growing on him, Nannie. He does not think so, but he drinks more than he used to, and he drinks oftener. He will lose his place on the road the next thing.'

The fumes of the whiskey the engineer had taken escaped from the closet into the room.

'He thinks people don't know, but they can't help knowing. Just as the smell of it is coming out of the closet, the trouble gets out and everybody knows it, Nannie. You can't hide it.'

What could Nannie do? She resolved to do one thing the next day, though she made up her mind with fear and trembling.

When the engineer went to the closet the next morning, he saw the toy flag beside the black, the danger signal near the brink of death.

PLANTING KINDNESS.

A Record of Every Kindly Deed on Earth is Kept in Heaven.

It is true that a good deed is never lost, and that 'he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.' If all of the illustrations of this truth as they have occurred in real life, could be gathered into a volume, it would be a helpful book for those to read who are habitually discourteous and unkind. Those who sow discourtesy reap enmity, and those who plant unkindness gather dislike if not real hatred.

The writer saw a pretty little occurrence in a great city post-office one day recently. There was quite a crowd of persons before the money order window waiting their turn. Among them was a middle-aged, shabbily-dressed and extremely homely Irish woman who had her money tied up in a wad in a far from clean handkerchief clasped tightly in her grimy hand. When she finally reached the money order window she said:

'O! want to send me mother back in ould Oireland tin dollars.'

'Where is your application?'
'Me phwat?'

'Your money order application.'

'O! dunno anything about any application. O! jist want to send me widdied mother back in ould Oireland two pound's or tin dollars, an' here it is sor.'

'But you will have to fill out a regular application blank. Here is one. You fill it out and I'll make out the order for you. Please don't block up the window any longer.'

He handed her a regular foreign money order blank as he spoke. She took it in evident ignorance of what she was to do with it.

'Couldn't you do what nades to be done widd it?' she asked.

'No, I couldn't,' was the brusque reply. 'It's against the postal law for me to fill out an application. You'll have to do it yourself or get someone else to do it. Please move away from the window and not keep others away who have their applications ready.'

She turned away perplexed and disappointed, and not knowing what to do.

Directly behind the old woman stood a bright trim-looking lad of about seventeen

with several money order applications in his hand. He touched the old woman lightly on the shoulder and said:

'Would you like to have me fill that out for you?'

'Oh, could you, sor?'

'Yes, indeed; I always fill them out in the office where I am employed.'

He stepped from the line with her and went to a shelf desk against the wall on which were pens and ink.

'Now,' he said, 'just tell me to whom you are going to send this money.'

'To me ould mother, County Galway, Oireland.'

When she had told him her mother's name and the town in which she lived, together with her own name and address, he wrote them in the proper places and handed the application back to her saying:

'Now it's all right.'

'It is? What a fine thing it is to have the larrin' ye have, and a kind heart to go along widd it! An' ye've lost your place in the loine and at the windy to do me this service.'

'Oh, that makes no difference at all. I'm in no great hurry, and I don't mind taking my place at the foot of the line again.'

'Luk at that now!' exclaimed the grateful woman. 'It's not many young lads as wud do so much for won loike me. If iver O! mate your mother O! I'll tell her she has a bye to be proud av for his kind heart and his gentlemanly way. Hivin bliss ye, me lad!'

And I am sure that there is a record kept in heaven of every kindly deed like this, and that God's blessing rests upon all who practice His law of love and kindness in being courteous and helpful to others, no matter how poor and lowly they may be.

IN THE LOGGING CAMPS.

A Glimpse of How the Lumbermen do Their Work.

In a very interesting letter to the 'New York Evangelist,' Rev. F. E. Higgins gives a glimpse of how the good work is carried on among the sturdy lumbermen's isolated camps. Mr. Higgins is living at Barnum, in the north-eastern part of Minnesota, having charge of the First Presbyterian church there. In the fall many of his young men leave home and spend the winter months in the woods. One day last winter the minister accompanied Mr. Cain, the owner of the camps, to his field of action, staying over night with the lumbermen.

'The boys wanted me to preach them a sermon, which I did, and I was much surprised and pleased to see the attention and respect that was showed throughout the service. Upon leaving, some of them asked me to come and preach again, which I did in the spring, when to my great surprise the boys made me a present of a collection, amounting to over fifty dollars. This I considered came direct from God, as my people are very poor, and these hard years, with one hundred and fifty dollars of our missionary money taken away from us, I find it hard to make the ends meet.'

This year seeing a chance for good work in this line I commenced early in the winter going from one camp to the other. I have in all six camps where I preach, and hope to reach each one at least three times during the season. These camps are all from sixteen to twenty-six miles from the railroad on which I live. Three of them belonging to Mr. Cain are situated at the head of Kettle river; the other three belonging to Mr. Mason are located at the head of Dead Moose river. I make these trips during the week, returning to Barnum for my Sabbath work. I carry with me a number of hymn books, and always find a few in every camp that can help me sing, and for the first half hour we have a song service, then prayer and more singing and reading of the Scriptures, after which I preach to them. Throughout the entire service there is the most wrapt attention and respect paid to God's Word.

In each of these camps there are from forty to seventy men, and it is interesting to see them work. I sometimes go to the woods and watch them cutting, sliding and hauling the logs to the lake which is called the 'Landing.' On one sleigh with four

horses they draw from ten to twenty thousand feet of logs, and some have even drawn over thirty thousand feet in one load.

During my visit to these camps, I find many fine young men, well educated, but because of these hard times, they are forced to go to the camps for employment. Some tell me they have not been in church for years, but I tell them my home in Barnum is always open to them, and Mrs. Higgins and I often have a call from some of the boys that I have met in my visits to the camps. I am glad to say that many of them also find their way to church to hear me preach when they come to town, and so by this and in other ways I find that God is blessing my work in the logging camps.

WHERE SAFETY LIES.

Nothing is so Safe in any Emergency of Life as the truth.

'There is nothing so strong and safe in any emergency of life,' says a great English writer, 'as the simple truth.' A little evasion, a slight departure from sincerity, will often enable us to avoid what is unpleasant. But the way of the least resistance is not always the path of right, nor do these who follow it always come out just where they would have chosen.

From her childhood Clara Lee had been noted for her skill in avoiding anything that was disagreeable. She was fertile in excuses, and could usually extricate herself from any difficulty, either at home or at school, by some plausible explanation. She had a great deal of the quality which passes for tact. She made it a rule to say pleasant things, and gave very little consideration to their truth or lack of it.

Yet Clara's life was not a success, even in her own opinion. She was an excellent stenographer, but she seldom held a position long. 'She's too smooth for me,' bluntly said a lawyer for whom she had worked two months. 'I didn't mind her taking a holiday now and then, but I did object to her being threatened with pneumonia whenever she wanted a day off.'

And each of her employers had something of the same feeling. Her excuses were plausible and abundant, but she was not to be depended on, and it did not take long for her acquaintances to find it out.

Though her manners were agreeable, and she was given to compliments, Clara was not rich in friends. People seldom asked her for advice, because they knew she would answer what she thought would be pleasant to hear and not according to her convictions. She was demonstrative, and profuse in professions of affection, but her acquaintances accepted her protestations with indifference. The love they valued was less a matter of words and more of heart.

At twenty-five Clara Lee was a morbid and miserable girl, neither loved nor trusted. She had been amiable and agreeable, but she had failed to be sincere. She had chosen what seemed to her the easier way, not realizing that nothing is so safe and strong in any emergency of life as the simple truth.

He Took His Stand.

Our readers may perhaps remember seeing in these columns the story of a Chinese mat-merchant, named Mr. Wang, who was subjected to petty persecution because he refused to furnish some mats and awnings for the heathen temple of his village. A recent letter in the 'Missionary Herald,' tells of the decided stand he has lately taken on the question of observing the Sabbath, which shows that he is a thorough Christian, as well as a moral hero.

Not long ago Mr. Wang rose in prayer-meeting and said that his mind had for some time been ill at ease on the question of keeping the sabbath, and that he had decided to make a pronounced stand. On the following Sabbath the doors of his shop were closed, and a conspicuous red poster pasted upon them announced to the public the reasons for closing. Large numbers of men read the notice; some with wonder, but many with sneers of derision. His family, many of the men who are employed in his shop, and all of his neighbors, call him a fool for being so deceived by the foreigners, but he stands firm and his shop has been closed every Sabbath since.

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"WHAT KIND OF SORRY."

He Wanted the Kind of Sorrow That Would Prevent Repetition.

Two little fellows were spending the afternoon together when the larger boy transgressed the rights of his weaker playmate, and the latter, to proud to make complaint, withdrew some distance and sat by himself, manfully winking back the too ready tears. After a little, however, the small tyrant grew tired of solitary play and called, 'Say, Georgie, come back, I'm sorry.'

Georgie, warned by previous experience, did not respond to the invitation at once. 'Yes,' he replied cautiously, 'but what kind of sorry? The kind so you won't do it again?'

It is to be feared that a good many of us take credit to ourselves for a regret over sin that practically does not interfere at all with a repetition of the same. There is nothing easier than a certain sentimental sadness for wrong-doing, a sadness which produces the somewhat contradictory result of making us 'feel good.'

A young man who was being taken to task for his misdeeds said in an injured tone, 'Why, I'm not a bad sort of fellow. I do almost everything that I shouldn't, I admit, but I'm always sorry.'

And the most singular part of all was that he actually felt almost justified for his misdeeds by the moments of remorse that never led to reformation.

Paul tells us that godly sorrow worketh repentance, but that the sorrow of the world worketh death. To mourn weakly over a wrong-doing will bring no advantage, and, indeed, there is danger of wasting in useless regret the strength needed for doing better.

To be sorry for a wrong is one necessary step toward the right, but before we indulge in any self-approbation regarding it, we may profitably put to ourselves the little lad's question, 'What kind of sorry? The kind so you won't do it again?'

Love's Work.

It is wonderful how the hearts expands when its door has opened and love has entered it. A band of young women of leisure are doing beautiful work by devoting some of their time to caring for crippled children.

They learn of the little unfortunates through the different hospitals, and then, when they are no longer under the physician's care, and go home, perhaps invalids for life, each member of the society takes one of the children under her wing, to teach, to amuse, to help in whatever way she can. Certain days are given to the visits to one protegee, and the work carried on is systematic if the child is well.

If feeble or ill, music and games and little talks take the place of a course of instruction. Self-help and development are, however, always kept in mind.

YOU ARE A VICTIM.

Medical Statistics Prove That Eighty Out of Every Hundred are Tainted With Catarrh.

Are you one of the eighty? You'll breathe pains over the eyes, dropping in the throat and headaches denote it. Have you these symptoms? Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder never disappoints in a cure.

'For years I was a victim of chronic catarrh. I had tried all kinds of cures, and had been treated by numbers of physicians, but no cure was effected until I had procured and used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application gave me almost instant relief, and in an incredibly short time I was absolutely cured from this distressing and disgusting malady.' James Headley, Dundee, N. Y.

REASONING OF A MONKEY.

They are Adepts in Mimicry and are Gifted with Reason.

Monkeys love by nature to imitate what they see, and have been known to smoke a pipe and to pretend to read a book that they have seen other people reading. But sometimes they can do a great deal more than this and show that they can calculate and reason better than many men, says Lang's Animal World.

A large Abyssinian monkey was one day being taken around Khartoum by its master and made to perform all sorts of tricks for the amusement of bystanders. Among them was a date-seller, who was squatting on the ground beside his fruit. Now the monkey was passionately fond of dates, but fond of dates, but being very cunning was careful not to let this appear, and went on performing his tricks as usual, drawing little by little nearer to the date basket as he did so.

When he thought he was near enough for his purpose he first pretended to die, slowly and naturally, and then after lying for a moment on the ground as stiff as a corpse suddenly bounded up with a scream straight in front of the date-seller's face and stared at him with his wild eyes. The man looked back at him spell-bound, quite unaware that one of the monkey's hind feet was in the date basket, clawing up as much fruit as his long toes could hold. By some such trick as this the monkey managed to steal enough food daily to keep him fat and comfortable.

IS THIS A TRUE SAYING?

'Love like water, only flows downhill.'

Do you know who first said that? or wrote it? I don't know myself. But it is a keen saying. Maybe you don't catch the meaning exactly. Depends on who you are. If you are an elderly man or woman, with children grown, or fast growing, out of hand, you will understand it. Yes, yes; and possibly the thought may stir up bitter regrets here and there.

Now don't any of you strike back before you are hit. The author of that sharp sentence doesn't mean to say that all children are ungrateful—but there! He didn't explain it nor shall I.

One, two, three. Here are three short letters, all from mothers; and all about daughters. Read them, please, and then we will have a dozen words of talk.

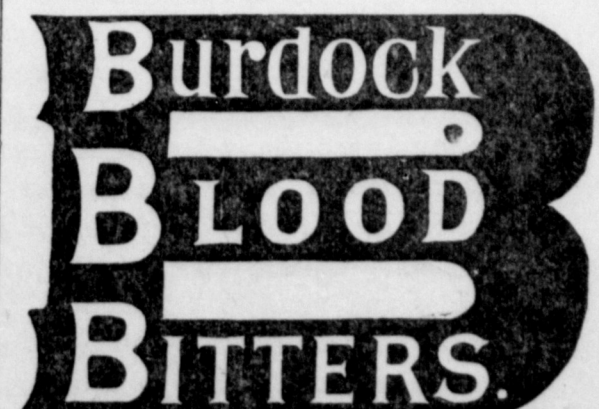
'Five years ago,' says the first, 'my daughter fell ill. She seemed tired and languid. We could scarcely induce her even to taste food. She said she didn't want it, had no relish for it. When she did eat a trifle she complained of weight and pain at the chest; and her face would flash up. She was weak and miserable. Nothing gave her any strength. No medical treatment helped her. For two whole years she was like this. We were worried, and didn't know what to do. It was then I first read of your remedy. She began taking it, and in a few days felt better; and was soon quite cured. You may suppose that we were both surprised and thankful. Since then I have always kept a bottle in the house as a family medicine. (Signed) Mrs. Evelina Loxley, Pandora House, Station Road, Harborne, near Birmingham, January 10th, 1893.'

'In March, 1893,' says the second, 'my daughter complained of a sinking, weary, and tired feeling. Her appetite was poor, and she had great pain at the chest, sides, and back. She was pale and transparent, as though her blood had lost its color. Her heart palpitated, and she grew so weak she could hardly walk. I became very anxious about her. We did everything we knew, and consulted a doctor; but she got no better. After two years of this we heard of your medicine, and began giving it to her. In a few days her appetite returned, and her food agreed with her. Then her color came back, and she got strong and well. Since then she has enjoyed the best of health. To show our gratitude I freely consent to the publication of this letter. (Signed) Mrs. Julia Stebbing, Barford, Wymondham, Norfolk, March 29th, 1893.'

'Sixteen years ago,' says the third, 'my daughter had an attack of scarlet fever, which left her very weak and miserable. After all she ate she suffered terribly. She had scarcely any appetite. She became weaker and weaker until she could only walk in a feeble, spiritless way. I was constantly calling in a doctor, but his medicine seemed to do her no good. I took her to Burnmouth, but the change was of no avail. A friend of ours, Mr. Hutchins, of Walpole Street, London, urged us to try your remedy. We did so; and soon she began to eat and gain strength. In a few weeks, by continuing to take it, she was hearty and well as ever. It gives me pleasure to state these facts. All mothers should keep this wonderful medicine in the house. (Signed) (Mrs.) A. S. Harmer, White Horse Hotel, Weymouth, March 10th, 1893.'

In their anxiety about their daughters these good women felt only as all mothers feel. The current of love, running downhill from parents to children, is a mighty river. With what toils and watchings and cares and sacrifices it is exemplified. Does it run backwards as strongly? I am afraid not. Solve the mystery for yourself.

But whether they are grateful or not the young people will fall ill. Youth is a perilous time. Parents cannot be too much on guard. The first signs of ill-health should not be overlooked or made light of. The remedy these ladies finally employed (Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup) ought to be even nearer to the nearest chemist shop; it ought to be right on the shelf.



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