

Sunday Reading.

Hesperides.

Where night's cool fingers clasp with day
Thro' misty waves in the West grow dim.
And the sun's hot horses plunge in the spray
Beyond the great ocean's utmost rim;
Far from the man's track a dreamland lay—
Those happy islands old bards had sung,
They knew no winter, no month but May!
That golden age when the gods were young!
And somewhere, lost in the boundless blue,
There must be—far from the world and wide—
A land of longings at last come true,
And sweet things living we thought had died.
Dead voices call us across the vale,
Dead lips are smiling we once loved best;
Beyond the sunset, where no ships sail,
And the unknown darkness that hides the West

An Indwelling God.

Thou Life within my life, than self more near,
Thou veiled Presence infinitely clear,
From all my nameless weariness I flee
To find my centre and my rest in Thee.
Take part with me against these doubts that rise
And seek to throne Thee far in distant skies!
Take part with me against this self, that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares!
How can I call Thee Who art always here,
How shall I praise Thee, Thou of all most dear,
What may I give Thee, save what Thou has given,
And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven?
Eliza Scudder.

"A LITTLE ISLAND."

Ten years or more ago, Robert R. Dolling was appointed to take charge of the Winchester Mission in the district of St. Agatha, the worst portion of the great town of Portsmouth, England. The district had long been the despair of philanthropists. Every one had given it up to its own wickedness.

When Mr. Dolling first stepped foot upon his new field of work, he called it 'a curious little island,' it was so different, so isolated from the rest of the great seaport, and so overlooked. Here boys stole because stealing was there only method of living. Men were drunken because they were always hungry, and girls sinned because their mothers and their grandmothers had sinned before them.

The kind of population Mr. Dolling had to deal with can best be illustrated in his own words. This is what he saw on his first Sunday afternoon:

'Two girls in the scantiest of clothing were dancing a breakdown up and down the street with two sailor lads, all the neighbors looking on amused, but astonished until one couple, the worst for drink topped over. I stepped forward to help them up, but my endeavor was evidently looked upon from a hostile point of view, for the parish voice was translated into a shower of stones, until the unfeeling sailor cried out: 'Don't touch Holy Joe! He doesn't look such a bad sort.' To my horror, I found that some of the children on their way to church had witnessed the whole scene. They evidently looked upon it as a legitimate Sunday afternoon's entertainment.'

Then the good man began his campaign His book 'Ten Years in a Portsmouth Slum' thrills the sympathetic reader more than any story of fiction could possibly do. On the one side are arrayed drunkenness, immortality, laziness, indifference and godliness—each of which was born in the blood and fostered by base surroundings. On the other side was the full faith that the most degraded soul has in it the capacity for spiritual belief, and everybody has the possibility of a satisfactory physical state.

Acting on this theory, the results that Mr. Dolling achieved were almost marvellous. Here is an instance: In 1886 he was invited to bring some sixty of his worst people on a day's visit to the College of Winchester. He had to pay their railroad fare, also to each a day's wages, to induce them to go with him. After getting his party there, his real troubles began. The guests spoiled a fine garden and stole the fruit. They threw stones at bathers, insulted the ladies who waited on them, and then they all got uproariously drunk before they went home.

Notwithstanding his unpromising beginning, the experiment was repeated year after year, until, when the annual outing to Winchester came, there was a rush for applications.

Every man wore his best clothes and paid his own fare. No lady could entertain more respectful company. Not a rude word was spoken. The cathedral was reverently visited. Not a man thought of getting drunk. Yet they were largely the same men who had rioted on the same ground ten years before.

Debased human nature is not utterly irreclaimable. What this good man has done, shows that there is an inherent capacity for goodness in souls that seem to human apprehension to belong only to the order of brutes.

People make themselves very miserable by telling "jokes" on each other.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

We Should Look Upon all Men and Women as Such.

Our neighbors generally are the people who have houses near our own, that nearness varying according to size of the district and the number of householders of the same social rank as ourselves. In town they live on the same street; in apartments they are on the same corridor; in the country they are separated by a field only or a garden wall; in sparsely tenanted places they are at a distance of a mile or two miles, or it may be six. And the neighbor par excellence is the one who lives close alongside of ourselves—perhaps in the other half of the semi-detached house where we had our home or just across the road and opposite, not to the side. This is the general idea of a neighbor, and when we use the term we rarely mean aught else.

But in point of fact we have neighbors wherever we turn—men and women to whom we are bound to render such service of kindness as comes into possibilities of the time and place. It is not only domicile and the rates and taxes which makes us neighbors. It is not only when we live divided by a party wall one from the other at the foot of the hill, or standing face to face across the road, when we can signal our goings out and our comings in and be helpful and neighborly in the matter of the garden roller and the preserving pan. It is not only when we know all the family history, and how our friends and neighbors are impeccable as to their grandfather and without the crooked lines of scandal across their family escutcheon. It is not necessary to be intimate, nor even to have been introduced, for the obligations of neighborliness to be strict and strong. For wherever we can render a service, show a courtesy or do a kindness we have our work cut out for us in the way of duty to our neighbor, and he is our neighbor who stand in need, great or small, of such help as we can offer.—Philadelphia Times.

THE Papyrus OF EGYPT.

It Will be Years Before we Can Fully Appreciate the Find.

The work which has resulted in so important a find for Christendom, as the papyrus containing the sayings of Christ, had a curious beginning. It was begun at Behnesa, eighty miles south of Cairo, on the edge of the Western Desert, in December of last year by Mr. Flinders Petrie, who, after examining the widespread mounds, and judging that the interiors of the place were almost entirely Roman, left the site in the hands of Mr. B. P. Frenell, M. A., and Mr. A. S. Hunt, M. A., who had come expressly to work for papyrus. 'Their results,' so we are told, 'proved to be far greater than were anticipated.' As a matter of fact they filled some two hundred and eighty boxes with 'waste documents' belonging to periods varying from the first to the sixth century, A. D., together with about one hundred and fifty undoubted Egyptian archives which had to be deposited with the government at Cairo. Years, probably decades must pass before we can realize the value of this marvellous capture from the forgotten past.—Flintshire Observer.

The Pickpocket's Death.

It is an evident fact that the body, when it has long been a slave to evil passions, finds it next to impossible to break its chains. The mind may passionately desire righteous living, but the abused nervous system, fallen into iron habits, refuses the soul's behest.

Canon Gore writes that he was once present at the death-bed of a pickpocket, a man who professed himself to be sincerely penitent, and who believed in the forgiveness of sins.

He had said good-by to this world, and the clergyman sat by his side waiting for his last moment to come. Suddenly the sinking man exclaimed, in a hoarse and painful whisper:

'Look out for your watch!'

They were his last words. He had died in their utterance, and the clergyman's watch was found in his lifeless hand. He

had not been able to resist the nearness of an article that could be stolen. His enfeebled will could not prevent the muscles from falling into their old habits; but his mind—his soul, shall we say?—protested to the last.

Where Beauty Prevails.

All beauty must be organic. It is the soundness of the bones that ultimates itself in a peach-bloom complexion, health of constitution that makes the sparkle and power of the eye. It is the adjustment of the size and of the joining of the sockets of the skeleton that gives grace of outline and the finer grace of movement. Every necessary organic action pleases the beholder. A man leading a horse to water, a farmer sowing seed, the labors of haymakers in the field, the carpenter building a ship, the smith at the forge, or whatever useful labor, is becoming to the wise eye; but, if it is done to be seen, it is simply neither more nor less than mean.

Where Sensibility is Wanted.

It is not examples of greatness, but sensibility to see them that is wanting. The good botanist will find flowers between the street pavements; and any man filled with an idea or purpose will find examples and illustrations and coadjutors wherever he goes. Wit is a magnet to find wit, and character to find character. Do we not know that people are much as we converse with them? And, if all or any are heavy to us, that fact accuses us.

Intemperance.

Intemperance is the cause of untold misery, poverty, and crime, the parent of manifold diseases and disorders of a most terrible nature, the wrecker of fortunes, the blaster of reputations, the despoiler of innumerable families and homes, and the destroyer of body, mind and soul. It has done more, perchance, than any other vice to impede the progress of Christianity, and to people the dungeons of perdition.

Home.

Home is one of the sweetest words in human language, the dearest spot on this nether planet—a heaven upon earth when consecrated by order, cleanliness and piety and hallowed by fondest mutual affection.

LADY BURTON'S COURAGE.

Didn't Like to see Her With Christians and Grew Zealous.

When Sir Richard Burton was consul at Damascus, his wife shared the perplexities of that complicated Eastern life. She was braver than many men situations and which would have seemed impossible to some women did not trouble her in the least. One day she was riding through a village where, as usual, every one rose up and saluted her, and where she was joined by several native Christians. Suddenly Hasan, a youth of twenty-one, thrust himself before her horse and called:

'What fellow you fellahia are to salute this Christian woman! I will show you the way to treat her.'

She reined in her horse. The natives dropped on their knees, kissed her hands, and prayed her not to be angry.

'For Allah's sake, bear it patiently,' they implored. 'We are not strong enough to fight for you.'

By this time a crowd had collected and she was the centre of all eyes.

'What is the meaning of this?' she asked Hasan.

'It means,' said he, 'that I will pull you off your horse and duck you in the water. Salute me!'

She had but an instant to think over her course of action. To give him an advantage would result in a consular and European row; and if she betrayed the slightest cowardice she would never be able to show her face in the village again.

She sprang nimbly from her saddle, seized him by the throat, twisting his necktie tightly, and at the same time showering blows upon his head, face and shoulders with the butt end of her whip, until he howled for mercy.

Her servant flew to the rescue, a pistol went off harmlessly, and Hasan's brothers dragged him howling away. Lady Burton mounted her horse and rode on, amid the curses of the attacking party.

'We will follow you,' they shouted, 'with sticks and stones and guns; and at night we will come in a party and burn your



house! And whenever we meet an English son of a pig we will kill him!

But the local governor forced them to apologize, and the following summer Hasan and the lady became great friends. She was treating him for weak eyes, and one day she asked:

'What made you want to hurt me, O Hasan, last summer?'

'I don't know,' said he. 'The devil entered my heart. I was jealous to see you always with the Christians, and not noticing us. But since I have got to know you, I could kill myself for it.'

NOSE BLEED.

Sometimes Simple Methods are Efficacious in Stopping It.

Pliny regarded nosebleed as one of the distinctive characteristics of the human race, for he said that 'man is the only creature from whom blood flows at the nostrils,' and, properly understood, he was right. Of course blood will flow from any part of any animal when the arteries or veins of that part are opened, but it is a fact that nosebleed, occurring without any apparent cause, is seldom, if ever, seen in animals. The reason for this human peculiarity is that the membrane lining the nostrils in man is especially full of blood-vessels, the wall of which are weak and easily ruptured by slight causes.

It is usually very easy to recognize nosebleed, but sometimes the blood flows backward into the throat, and then is coughed up, or vomited, and may be thought to come from a hemorrhage of the lungs or stomach, and so cause much needless alarm.

As a rule nosebleed is a thing of slight importance, and stops of itself after a little, but the blood may escape in such quantity, or the bleeding may continue so long, that the patient is greatly weakened. When occurring in children it has ordinarily no significance,—though this is not always to be taken for granted,—but in older persons it may be a symptom of some other illness, such as the beginning of typhoid fever, or a trouble of the liver or heart.

Nosebleed is one of the common manifestations of that curious condition in which there is a tendency to severe hemorrhage after any slight injury or even without any cause that can be discovered. Children with this predisposition—often called 'bleeders'—suffer from frequent and uncontrollable attacks of nosebleed, and sometimes die in one of them in spite of all efforts to control the hemorrhage.

Ordinarily there is little to be done, for the bleeding usually stops of itself. The child should be made to sit quietly in a chair with the head only slightly inclined forward, just enough to let the drops fall clear of the lips into the basin. All clothing should be loosened about the neck. Ice may be applied to the back of the neck, or ice-water may be dashed into the face or made to trickle down the back.

It is useful, also, to insert a little piece of ice into the bleeding nostril—sometimes the effect is better if the ice is put into the other nostril—and retain it there for a moment or two; or still better plan is to snuff up a mixture of alcohol and water as hot as can be borne. The introduction of coebwets into the bleeding nostril often induces coagulation, or the same purpose may be served by a little wad of loose worsted which has been picked apart.

If simple measures fail, the physicians should be summoned before exhaustion ensues.

CATARH OF LONG STANDING RELIEVED IN A FEW HOURS.

It is not alone the people of our own country, and prominent citizens like Urban Lippe, M. P. of Joliet, Que., and other members of Parliament, who, having used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, pronounce it the most effective remedy they have ever known, but the people everywhere are expressing their gratification at the effectiveness of this medicine. C. G. Archer of Brewer, Maine, says: 'I have had catarrh several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. I would not be without it.' It relieves in ten minutes.

Electric Light Timer.

A Chicago electrical company has come to the front with a new device for the purpose of timing the use of arc lights. The device is claimed to be reliable in every way, and will positively start the clock movement whenever the current is turned into the meter and lamps. It will also stop the clock when the current is turned off. Central stations may derive a benefit by the adoption of this meter in various ways, by having the customer turn the light on or off as it is needed, thereby saving the salary of a man to patrol the circuits in order to shut off 10 o'clock or other earlier lights. They are also enabled to place new contracts with customers who would not go on a monthly schedule.

BOTH EXEMPLIFIED.

Sympathy and Hardness of Heart Were Both Well Exemplified.

The train stopped at a seaside station, and a pale girl, who coughed incessantly, alighted. A young woman with a brogue and kind, merry face ran to meet her.

'Ah, an' it's welcome ye are, my dear! Take me arm. It's just a step. There it is—that white cottage on the beach. It was all planned and built by Miss Hayes. She keeps it up. From April to November there are ten of her friends; there gettin' rested and strong. They each stay two weeks. Faith, an' that's a tiresome cough! We'll be gettin' rid of that at wance, please God!'

'You are so kind. I know you'll make me well,' said the poor shop-girl, smiling. 'It it me?' It's Miss Hayes as'll cure you. I'm only her Irish chambermaid. I wish I could do some good meself; but I haven't a rid cent to give. My money all goes back to the old folks in the old country; but Miss Hayes's father—he's millions! She can help the poor; and Molly's blue eyes filled with tears. She walked slowly, her arm around the sick woman's waist.

'You'll have a wee room all to yourself. I'll make you crame toast for tay. I'm foine on crame toast!' she ran on cheerily. 'Is that Miss Hayes in the door? Why, she is a young woman!' said the startled new-comer, as a slight girl advanced briskly to meet her.

Ah! You are Jane Potts? glancing at a list in her hand. 'I hope you will enjoy your holiday, Jane. You will stay until this day two weeks. A copy of the Home rules is in your chamber. Tea is at six, precisely. All lights must be out at ten, to the minute. Tomorrow morning I will see you and examine into your situation, habits and so on. I always exercise an oversight over the families, work and life of my women. You must go to your room now and rest.'

'But I am not one of her 'women!' said the girl, hotly as she climbed the stairs. Molly heaped the pillows on her bed, brought her a cordial which checked the cough, and with affectionate pats bade her sleep until tea-time. She went from one to another of the women with a cup of milk for one, a big pear for another, listening to the ailments and long stories of all with kind, cheerful words.

Miss Hayes was bidding good-by to two women whose holiday was over. 'And remember, Mary,' she said, 'you must rid yourself at once of that drunken brother.'

'If I turn my back on him, he'll go straight to the bad,' replied the girl. 'I am competent to judge of your duty. How can I help women who carry such dead weights? I will not try. And you, Jane. You should sell that guitar. You are too needy to indulge in luxuries.'

'It was my mother's. I can only play a few tunes; but they're a great comfort, Miss.'

'Nonsense! Good shoes are better than tunes! I'll call on you next week and see if you have taken my advice.'

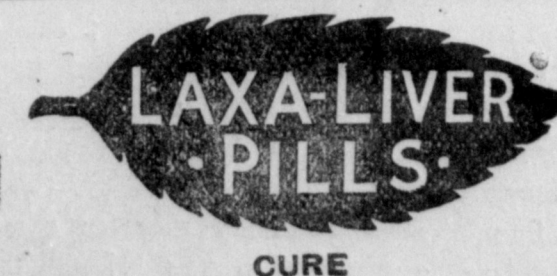
'Is it the love of the poor or the love of having her own way that's in her?' said one of the women as they walked away. The other did not answer.

But Molly looked after her mistress with reverence. God, she thought, had given her a great work to do for Him.

'An' what can I do that has no money at all?' she thought, shaking her head.

This little picture needs no words of ours to explain its meaning.

'What are the weather indications today?' asked the thin men. 'Rain, to a certainty; circus in town,' said the thick man, without looking at the bureau's report.—Cincinnati Tribune.



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