

Sunday Reading.

THE MISSIONARY HYACINTH.

It was Polly's. It grew in a slender little hyacinth-vase of ruby colored glass, the tiny bulb resting in the top and its long roots trailing down into the water underneath, and looking almost as pretty through the glass as the blossom did above.

One day Polly had an idea. She was standing looking up at her hyacinth on the mantelpiece when it came to her—the idea I mean. 'Do it,' she said so distinctly that it woke up Pamela, the cat, and made her cross.

One whole day the hyacinth comforted Aunt Chloe, and then it found itself up in little Bennie Tabb's back attic, comforting him. Bennie was lame too, and lay all day in bed counting the cobwebs and spiders that he would never let his mother sweep away.

Then there was Esther Lane, who sewed shirts all day, and Betty Ferris who had the long tedious fever, and Andy Tillman, who was too old to work.

The last visit of all was in a long, clean room filled with white little beds in a row. And oh, how often a little head on one of the little white pillows turned toward it and almost forgot to ache—it looked so bright and sweet and good in its slender glass!

Then the little missionary went home to Polly, and settled down in its old place between the marble clock and the blue jar a hundred years old; and mamma and Polly insisted it smell sweeter and looked prettier than ever before, and even Pamela the cat, seemed to appreciate it.

HE COULD NOT TELL WHY.

But Temptation Came and the Poor Boy Weakly Yielded.

A few weeks ago Boston was startled by a daring crime. The criminal, a lad about nineteen, eluded capture for three days in spite of all the detectives and a score of eager newspaper correspondents.

He had been trusted messenger of the bank. Every day large sums had been given into his keeping. One morning he left his home without any intention of doing wrong.

On the way from the clearing-house to a bank, the temptation at once to take money suggested itself. In a few minutes he would have thousands of dollars in his possession. It would take a life-time of hard work for him to accumulate that amount of money.

But his conscience was not dead. A cold shiver ran over him. He staggered along, hardly heeding where he went. Conscience battled with his temptation.

At last the banks had all been visited and he must deliver the money he had collected. What should he do? Remain honest, or become the dishonest possessor of wealth? He was in a fever of doubt and

hesitation. He looked up at the clock. It was noon. Already the officers had probably begun to inquire about him. His wavering had consumed an hour of time. He still paused in doubt. He turned back in despair. Then something snapped in his heart, he said, and he dashed down the street like a parish dog.

But there was a reason why. There is little mystery about it. According to the young man's own confession, the temptation to steal from the bank had come to him some time before he committed the crime. He saw what an easy thing it was to run away with an independent property, and he mentioned the matter to two of his young friends.

'Don't do it!' they both advised. 'Don't do it for your life!'

So he put the deed away for the time, but the thought of it, the planning of it, he allowed to remain with him; and this explains the mystery of his sin.

Our habits of thought make us what we are. To think of wrong-doing with a desire to do wrong is one form of evil. It is the preliminary step which may lead at any moment of temptation to open degradation. As my thoughts are, so will my life be, is an inexorable law which no juggling can modify and no repentance, however bitter, can annul.

THE SOUL'S INQUIRY.

He Will Rejoice Over Those With Joy He Will Rest in his Love.

Six years ago a copy of the pamphlet, 'Pray, Pay and Prosper,' by the Rev. J. Hunter, was put into our hands. Though we have read a little on the subject before that, and believed in it, yet it was not until we had read that tract that we decided to set apart one-tenth of our income for God.

Lincoln's Parting Advice. He Was too Great a Man to Sneeze at Devout Feeling.

It is a well-known fact that while President Lincoln was by nature a religious man he struggled for many years against religious disbelief. One of his eldest friends was Joshua F. Speed. He was probably on more intimate terms with the President than any other man.

A few months before he died the President asked Mr. Speed to spend a night with him at the Soldier's Home. The guest arrived just after sunset, and, as was his wont, ran up to the President's rooms. There was the President reading a book. As he came nearer in the twilight the visitor was surprised to see his old friend reading the Bible.

Family worship and the religious education of children day by day in their homes, are necessary to the success of the church in reaching the entire circle of its own members and thus preserving in the community a diffused religious vitality through which those who are not church members may be attracted to the religious life.

TRAINING—FOR WHAT?

The Bad Use to Which Great Talents May be Sometimes Applied.

A short time ago the principal sporting men in the country were assembled in a Western State to see a fight. For one day in March the eyes of almost the whole country were upon two men. Each had undergone the most conscientious training for what was to be the event of his life.

The question of each man's physical condition was finally discussed in the daily press to an extent that seems ridiculous now. Which man could stand the greater punishment? Which deliver the stronger blows? Which was the greater brute? In fine, which could disable his opponent for at least ten seconds? Which would gain the 'championship?'

The time approached. Public matters, such as the Cretan question, the new Congress, the attitude of the President on the Cuban situation, were almost lost sight of, so absorbed were a large proportion of the people in two men who were to 'fight to the finish.'

At last the telegraph announced to the world that the two gladiators were standing up opposed to each other. Then came an infamous account of blood and blows—a story one might expect to hear of tigers, not of men. Then came the final thrust beneath the heart.

Fifty-three minutes finished the exhibition. The training of years given for less than an hour in the ring,—given to be the centre of a depraved interest,—and then all was over. To accomplish absolutely nothing useful, to be actors in a most debasing drama, to stimulate the foolish expenditure of millions of dollars, to shock the decency of the country—such were the results for which these men had fought.

Their are 'black spirits and white,' bad fights and good. Paul, a man who underwent as arduous a training as the two men who fought at Carson, said: 'I have fought a good fight.' He referred to struggles as powerful as dramatic, as exacting of courage and endurance as any gladiatorial contest of ancient or recent times.

Every reader of this article is in training for something. Is it for robustness of body or of soul? Shall it be to lend excitement to a useless drama? To commit folly for the sake of cheap applause? Or for the 'good fight,' by which all that is selfish and debasing is conquered—and God's approval is the eternal reward.

LINCOLN'S PARTING ADVICE.

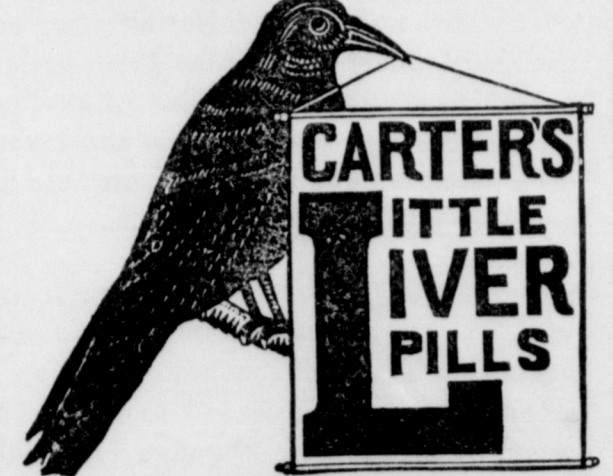
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'I am glad to see you so profitably engaged.' 'Yes,' answered Lincoln, looking up seriously, 'I am profitably engaged.'

'Well,' said Speed, somewhat sadly, 'if



SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution

the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

UNPLEASANT FEATURES OF YOUR FEET. Often subject you to great annoyance. You can't walk much without having them tender, sore, swollen or sweaty. During the hot weather they give you special trouble, you don't know what to do with them, just invest in a box of FOOT ELM. It's an easy thing to use, you simply dust a powder in your shoe and comfort comes as you walk about.

you have recovered from you skepticism, I am sorry to say that I have not.

The President for a moment looked him earnestly in the face, then plating his hand gently on the doubter's shoulder, said with unusual solemnity, as if for the moment the premonition flitted across his mind that these might be the last important words he should speak to his friends.

'You are wrong, Speed; take all of this book upon reason that you can, and rest on faith, and you will, I am sure, live and die a happier and a better man.'

Mr Lincoln was too great a man to sneer at devout feeling and a believing heart. He knew that the faculty of faith is as much a part of our being as the faculty of knowledge, and he gave it its place and its honor in man's labor and joy.

A Tree Which Will not Burn.

A government report from Colombia contains a description of a tree known as the chaparro, which is said to possess the quality of being fire-proof. It grows on the vast plains of Columbia and the north of South America, called savannas, extensive districts which are parched with heat except during the rainy season.

It has long been the custom to clear the ground for the new vegetation which springs up so luxuriantly on these plains after the rainy season, by means of fire—and such fires, miles in extent, kindled by the herdsmen, destroy everything in the shape of vegetation except the chaparro tree, which survives to afford a welcome shade in an almost treeless region.

It is a small tree, seldom growing to more than twenty feet in height, with a girth of about three feet, and it owes its protection from fire to the nature of its hard, thick bark. The bark lays on the trunk in loose layers, which do not readily conduct heat to the more delicate parts of the structure. It is a general idea among the natives that this tree grows only where gold is abundant in the soil below.

HEALTH'S PARADISE.

Regained After Twenty Years' Torture From That Dread Disease, Catarrh—Hon. Geo. Taylor of Scranton, Pa., Tells the World That Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Has Done For Him.

I was a martyr to catarrh for twenty years—tried every known remedy, but got little or no relief. Was troubled with constant dropping in the throat, terrible pains in my head, and my breath was very offensive. I was induced to give Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder a trial, and the result was magical. The first application cleared my head instantly. I persisted in its use, and to-day I am a cured man, and it affords me pleasure to lend my testimony.

The Reason Why.

Students of statistics are puzzling their brains over the tendency among physicians to suicide. Doctors are rather scarce than otherwise in Russia, so lack of employment cannot account for the fact that, whereas the general average of suicides in Russia is 30 in the million, the Russian physicians kill themselves in the proportion of 631 to million. There is no scarcity of doctors in the United States, but even here the suicide rate far exceeds that of the other professions.

The Troublesome Trial Balance.

Superintendent—'I hate to mention it, Mr. Quiller, but the firm is suspicious of you. It thinks you have taken some of the funds.' Quiller (the bookkeeper)—'Of course I have. 'Tween you and me, it was the only way I could make my books balance.'

Wrong Conclusion.

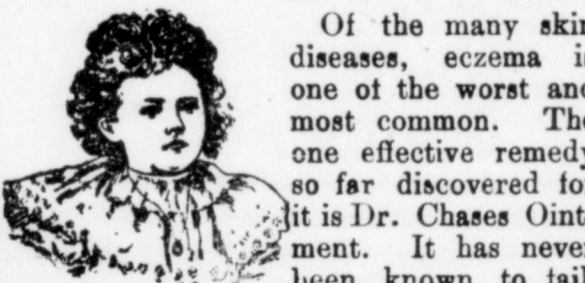
The Canadian Gazette tells an amusing story of one who was too quick at drawing an inference. At happened that a Glasgow professor who was visiting Canada with the British Association in 1884 was desirous of seeing something of North-western life, and for this purpose repaired to Alberta ranch.

I fixed him up as well as I could, the rancher says but he complained that he did not like sleeping with his clothes on. So after the first night I stretched a cow-skin across the shack, and told him he might undress if he liked. He took off most of his garments, and put on a long white night-dress. In the morning my foreman came in while the gentleman was still sleeping. Observing the white night-dress, he said in a whisper:

'Rather sudden, eh?' 'What?' I asked. 'The death of the old man.' 'He's not dead; he's asleep,' I explained. 'Then what's he wearin' them b'iled clothes for?' was the reply. 'Never saw a chap laid out in b'iled clothes afore, 'cept he were dead.'

IT STRIKES HOME!

Chase's Ointment Cures all Skin Irritations.



Of the many skin diseases, eczema is one of the worst and most common. The one effective remedy so far discovered for it is Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. Mr. Andrew Aiton, of Hartland, N. B. says: 'My little daughter, Grace Ella, aged three and a half, was a great sufferer from eczema for three years. We tried a number of alleged cures and several doctors, but all without effect. Her's was indeed a bad case. Her little body was entirely covered with rash. One day our local druggist, Mr. Wm. E. Thistle, recommended me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. I did so, and four boxes effected a complete cure and saved our child.'

Dr. Chase's Ointment is just as effective for piles, salt rheum and sores of all descriptions. For sale by all dealers and Edmonson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto; price 60 cents.

There is nothing to equal Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for severe colds and lung troubles. Large bottle 25 cents.

Applause for a Heroic Drummer.

A Bangor drummer recently saw a woman enter the train at North Bucksport and rush through the car just as it was getting speedy. He coolly walked after her, and, just before the fatal leap, grasped her firmly by his manly bosom. She struggled, but he only tightened his grip, saying: 'Madam, you shan't jump off the car and kill yourself!' When she got her breath she shrieked: 'You big fool, I was only going out on the platform to wave my handkerchief to my friends,' a party of Bangor yachtsmen aboard the train applauded the drummer for his heroism fully half an hour and at intervals thereafter.

An Advertisement

This is an advertisement which tells the truth about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

PEOPLE WHO SUFFER

from sleeplessness, dizziness, shortness of breath, smothering feeling, palpitation of the heart, pains through the breast and heart, anxious, morbid condition of the mind, groundless fears of coming danger, anaemia or impoverished blood, after effects of la grippe, general debility, etc., should

TRY THESE PILLS

as they cure these complaints. Every box is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded through the party from whom the pills were purchased, and we authorize them to do so on the strength of the above statement. This offer is limited to the first box used by any one person. T. MILBURN & CO., Toronto.