# PROGRESS SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1897.

# Sunday Reading. THE MISSIONARY HYACINTH.

It was Polly's. It grew in a slender little hyacinth-vase of ruby colorsd 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. It was very pretty and sweet, with its dainty pink flowers set close together on the tall spike, so close that they nudged each other's elbows, Polly said; but it didn't look a bit like a missionary, somehow-that is like Polly's notion of a missionary, that was queerly associated with spectacles and poke bonnets and gentle. elderly faces. Nevertheless the little pink flower was a real, true missionary, and this is how it happened :

One day Polly had an idea. She was standing looking up at her hyacinth on the mantlepiece when it came to her-the idea I mesn. "I do it ;' she said so distinctly that it woke up Pamelia, the cat, and made her cross. Mamma was taken into parter ship with Polly and the idea. and that very afternoon the missionary work began. If the little pink hyacinth was one bit surprised or dissatisfied, it never showed it, but blossomed just as sweetly and rosily upon poor old Aunt Chloe's wooden mantel as it did on Polly's marble one; and Aunt Chloe just lay and watched it until the tears rolled down her shiny black cheeks, but they were not for the rheumatism in her back--not a bit of it ! That was Aunt Chloe's way of being glad.

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; but he hardly looked at them while the little missionary stayed. He sighed a little and maybe cried a little when the beautiful visit ended, but for ever so long afterward he thought he could smell the little flowers in the room. 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 hyacinth went to see them all, and shone like a real little star-a pink star-among them. 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 smelt sweeter and looked prettier than ever before, and even Pamelia the cat, seemed to appreciate it.

hesitation. He looked up at the clock. It was noon. Already the officers had probwavering 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. In a few moments he was at the railroad station, and | 'championship ?'

there boarded a train, without much consideration as to whither it went. He had now cast behind an honorable life, and was a felon fleeing from the law. And as he said when he was caught, a few days after, he could not tell the reason why.

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 independant property, and he mentioned the matter to two of his young friends.

do it for your life !

So he put the deed away for the time, allowed to remain with him; and this explains the mystery of bis sin.

Our habits of thonght 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 tion. As my thoughts sre, so will my life be, is an inexorable law which no juggling can modify and no repentance, however bitter, can annul.

### THE SOUL'S INQURIES.

He Will Rejoice Over Thee With joy He Will Rest in his Love.

Six years ago a copy of the pamphlet, 'Pray, Pav 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 incom for God. We found that, though we had been what is considered liberal givers, we had been robbing God of nearly one-third of what really belonged to him. Having a fixed, but not a large income, I am bound to confess that it cost a struggle, if not self-denial, the first year; but since then it has been a growing pleasure, until we teel now that we are not satisfied with one-tenth, but can willingly give something as a free-will offering. Giving systematically has been the means of uniting the so-called 'seculiar' life with the religious life in a way that they had never been before. Indeed, they have almost ceased to exist as distinct. Our contributions to missions have been increased threefold, while we still support

The question of each man's physical condition was finally discussed in the daily ably begun to inquire about him. His 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

> The time approached. Pablic 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 minntes finished the exhibi-'Don't do it !' they both advised. 'Don't | tion. The training of years given for less than an hour in the ring,-given to be the centre of a depraved interest, -and then but the thought of it, the planning of it, he 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 any moment of temptation to open degrada- | 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 ref erred to strug gles as powerful as dramatic, as exacting

of courage and endurance as any gladiatorial contest of ancient or recent times. But the difference in purpose was as the life giving sunlight to the malarial blackness of a tropical night.

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 ed him nearer to the Power unseen but



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. It changes the disagreeable features of your feet and makes them sweet, cool and wholesome. It saves your shoes, saves your health, saves your feet.

If your Druggist or Shoemaker does not keep it send 25c. to Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

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 pla ing 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 he the last important words he should speak to his friend.

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

Mr Lincoln was too great a man to sneer st 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 hon or in man's labor and joy. The mighty burdens that President Lincoln bore, forc-

supreme, and became the culture of faith.

Many a tired soul has been led to open the

th. Chirst's words were an invitation and

a prophecy, 'Come unto me, all ye that

labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give

A Tree Which Will not Burn.

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, exten-

sive districts which are parched with heat

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 vegatation except the chaparro

tree, which survives to afford a welcome

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. That

it is common in auriferous districts is indis-

posing that it does not grow elsewhere.-

putable, but there is no ground for sup-

shade in an almost treeless region.

except during the rainy season.

A government report from Colombia

you rest.'

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 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 cowskin 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 nightdress, 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 pages of the Bible who never otherwise chap laid out in b'iled clothes afore, 'cept would have known its solace and its streng- | he were dead.

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 ninteen, eluded capture for three days in spite of all the detectives and a score of eager newspaper correspondents. What crime had this young man committed that he should be hounded by the law and by the press? He had stolen over thirty thousand dollars from a national bank, and in the simplest way.

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. He went to the post-office as usual, and reported with the bank's mail. At ten o'clock he started on his regular life. A dwelling without a family altar in tour, as a messenger from bank to bank. Up to this time he had outwardly been an Now that any distinctively religious inhonest lad.

On the way from the clearing-house to a Scriptures, without not or comment, are HEADACHE SICK and it affords me pleasure to lend my testibank, thetemptation at once to take money excluded from the common schools of so mony. suggested itself. In a few minutes he many more or less misguided American This is an advertisement which tells Positively cured by these The Reason Why. the truth about Milburn's Heart and would have thousands of dollars in his Commonwealths, it is more important than Little Pills. Students of statistics are puzzling their Nerve Pills. possession. It would take a lite-time of ever that religious instruction of children brains over the tendency among physicians They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, PEOPLE WHO SUFFER hard work for him to accumulate that should be undertaken by parents at the Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perto suicide. Doctors are rather scarce than amount of money. He began to feel as it, amily alter and not carelessly committed from sleeplessness, dizziness, shortness fect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiotherwise in Russia, so lack of employment he were wronged. He was only earning a of breath, smothering feeling, palpitato Sunday-schools, with their brief weekly ness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue cannot account for the fact that, whereas tion of the heart, dollar and a quarter a day. This, as he opportunities-Rev. Joseph Cook. Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They the general average of suicides in Russia pains through the thought, unjust inequality he could now is 30 in the million, the Russian physicians Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. breast and heart, TKAINING-FOR WHAT? easily remedy. kill themselves in the proportion of 631 to anxious, morbid con-Small Dose. Small Pill. million. There is no scarcity of doctors in dition of the mind, The Bad Use to Which Great Talents May But his conscience was not dead. A groundless fears of coming danger, Small Price. the United States, but even here the suicide be Sometimes Applied. cold shiver ran over him. He staggered anæmia or impoverished blood, after rate far exceeds that of the other profes-Substitution A short time ago the principal sporting along, hardly heeding where he went. effects of la grippe, general debility, sione. etc., should men in the country were assembled in a the fraud of the day. Conscience battled with his temptation. The Troublesome Trial Balance. Western State to see a fight. For one day TRY THESE PILLS The resistance to do evil became less as See you get Carter's, Superintendent-'I hate to mention it, in March the eyes of almost the whole the battle went on, and each moment the as they cure these complaints. Every box Mr.Quiller, but the firm is suspicious of country were upon two men. Each had is guaranteed to give satisfaction or crime became less repulsive. yon. It thinks you have taken some of Ask for Carter's, money refunded through the party from undergone the most conscientious training At last the banks had all been visited whom the pills were purchased, and we the funds.' for what was to be the event of his life. For and he must deliver the money he had col-Quiller(the bookkeeper)-'Of course I authorize them to do so on the strength Insist and demand of the above statement. This offer is have. 'Tween you and me, it was the weeks each man had regulated his diet, lected. What should he do? Remain limited to the first box used by any one only way I could make my books balance.' honest, or become the dishonest possessor | taken regular exercise and sleep, had boxed person. T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto. Carter's Little Liver Pills. -Boston Transcript. of wealth? He was in a fever of doubt and | and allowed himselt to be pummelled

the home work as usual, and we find that we have something left for the poor, to which we used to think that we could not New York Sun: afford to give anything. We have also

proved God's promise, 'Give, and it shall dent asked Mr. Speed to spend a be given unto you,' to be true. For, havnight with him at the Soldier's Home. ing a fixed income, with no probability The guest arrived just after sunset, whatever of it ever being increased, we had and, as was his wont, ran up to the no thought of receiving anything in a financial way. And yet, what have we dent reading a book. As he came nearer found? In looking over our accounts for in the twilight the visitor was surprised to the last six years, we find that we have been paid back in hard cash, yes, in actual the freedom that only a long intimacy dollars and cents, every cent we have given could give, Mr. Speed said : above and beyond our usual givings, It

gaged.'

'Yes,' answered Lincoln, looking up seriously, 'I am profitably engaged.'

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

spasmodic way of giving. What we now want is more education along this line from our pulpits .- Cor. 'Christian Guardian.' 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 it may be a house but can never be a home. struction and even the reading of the Holy

has become a great deal more of a joy, as

well as greater satisfaction, than the old

for the 'good fight,' by which all that is selfish and debasing is conquored-and God's approval is the eternal eward.

## LINCOLN'S PARTING ADVIOE.

He Was too Great a Man to Sneer at Devout Feeling.

It is a well-known fact that while President Lincoln was by nature a religious man he struggled for man 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. Their friendship bega n with the earliest dawn of Lincoln's career, and ended only with his death. Relative to this friendship and the last interview but one between the two, Alice D. Shipman, whose father entertained Lincoln and Douglass for weeks at a time under his roof, tells the following story in the

A few months before he died the Presi-President's rooms. There was the Presisee his old friend reading the Bible With

'I am glad to see you so profitably en-

CARTERS

ITTLE

PILLS

**JER** 

HEALTH'S PARADISE.

The Manufacturer.

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 reliet. 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,

### IT STRIKES HOME!

Chase's Ointment Cures all Skin Irrita.



Of the many skin diseases, eczema is one of the worst and most common. The one effective remedy so far discovered for Ait is Dr. Chases Oint-22 ment. It has never been known to tail.

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 Chases 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 to 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 tool, 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.



