

## Sunday Reading.

### "GROWING THINGS."

The friendship between Rob and his grandfather—although the one was eighteen, and the other eighty years old—could hardly have been closer if they had been twin brothers. Wherever the other members of the family might choose to spend the summer vacation, Rob always went to the old farm among the hills where the white haired man waited for his boy.

The grandfather bore his burden of years with wonderful vigor, for he had learned the secret of youth in age—that in order to be able to do, one must simply keep on doing. So it was that Rob found him, season by season, full of busy interest not only in old things, but often in new plans of work.

"What have you to show me this time, grandfather?" asked Rob, as the two drove together in the ancient carryall, from the little railway station, one summer evening.

"Wait till tomorrow, lad," answered the old man mysteriously.

After breakfast, next morning, the grandfather led the way down the long grass plat which sloped from the farmhouse door.

"Your grandmother and I think that there is too little shade here," said he. "So I have been planting trees."

Rob looked in wonder, for an avenue bordered on each side with elm saplings, had been laid out quite around the lower portion of the grass-plot. There must have been nearly fifty of the tiny trees, each showing by its crown of green leaves the pains which had been taken in setting and caring for it.

"Dear grandfather, what a great piece of work!" exclaimed Rob.

"Yes," answered the grandfather, "but I have done it at my leisure, and Patrick has helped me with the digging. I have seldom enjoyed anything more in my life, for all the time I have had a picture in my mind's eye of what the avenue would be when the elms should have grown tall and strong, with drooping branches interlacing in an arch overhead. Only fancy, lad, what it will be to walk here then, with the cool breezes on one's cheek, and the whisper of the leaves in one's ears, and the long, green vista stretching on before like the entrance to fairyland!"

Rob gazed at the old man whose eyes were shining with almost a young light, while his bent form seemed to straighten and expand with the joy of anticipation.

"Grandfather speaks exactly as if he expected to enjoy the trees himself," thought he. Then aloud he asked:

"Grandfather, how long a time will it take the trees to grow like that?"

The grandfather understood the unspoken thought. He looked at the boy for a moment silent but smiling.

"Sit down here with me on this bench," said he at length. "You are thinking that I shall not be here then?"

Tears came to Rob's eyes, and he could not answer.

"You are mistaken," said the old man gently. "To eat, to drink, to sleep—these stop with the doing. But to set one's hand to a 'growing thing'—that is to 'work together with God,' and so to become immortal even on the earth. Do you think that, because my old body will be laid away yonder on the hillside, I shall have no longer any part in the gladness of my trees? Not a branch will wave in the south wind, not a bud swell in the spring-time, not a leaf tremble to the touch of the raindrop, but I shall be still contributing something to that life and beauty! Not a child shall play in the shade, not a heated brow be cooled by the fanning of the boughs, not even a bird shall sing to its mate nesting amid the greenness, of the love of its little feathered breast,—but mine shall even yet be a share in the general joy!"

"But it is not alone in the dark soil that one may plant that in which one's own life shall endure. My trees may indeed stand for a hundred years, yet they must fall at last. But the seed dropped into a human heart has eternity to grow in. Why, lad, what is it but the living spirit of the old martyrs and heroes which thrills you at the tales of their devotion and self-sacrifice? Generations pass, but so long as their example is an inspiration to other souls, so long they are still present in the world."

"And what shall we say, my boy?"—grandfather's voice was low and reverent—"of the one Supreme life? Did the Master leave the earth when the 'cloud received him' out of the disciples' sight? A thousand times no! Wherever love stretches out its hand to raise the fallen, to strengthen the weak, to comfort the sorrowing, to en-

courage the despairing, there is He. Where two or three are gathered in His name, he is in the midst of them. The life begun within the narrow limits of the Judean hills is striking its roots of healing through all the world. Give them lodgment in your heart, lad! Let their strength blossom into the immortal beauty of true words and good deeds. So shall you not only grow, but 'abide' in him, as a branch in the vine, for evermore!"

### WENT BACK TO HER FATE.

A Missionary Attacked With Leprosy Goes Back to Her Work.

That the heroic spirit still lives among those who have given themselves to Christ for the evangelization of the world, in Missionary work, the following beautiful story of Miss Mary Reed of Washington will show.

Miss Reed went out from this country to India, several years ago. Joyously and successfully she toiled at her blessed work. She gave a good deal of attention to the poor lepers for whose sad condition she deeply felt. While no remedy has yet been discovered for the complete healing of that terrible disease, yet modern medical science has devised methods by which the agony and the pain of the sufferers can be much mitigated. In the prosecution of her work Miss Reed found her own health giving way and so she decided to return to America for a short time, hoping that the sea voyage would prove beneficial. For a time her health seemed to improve, but after a while she grew worse, and was herself, as were her medical advisers, utterly unaware of the nature of the disease from which she was suffering.

One night, when alone with God engaged in earnest prayer, the thought suddenly flashed in her mind that it was the terrible leprosy which had assailed her. How she had contracted it, she could not tell, as she had endeavored to take all precaution considered necessary during her work in India. At first, as the idea came to her that she was a leper, the agony of the thought seemed to be too great to bear. She spent the whole night in prayer, and towards morning her troubled spirit found peace and submission to the Divine will. Then and there she marked out her work for the rest of her life, and that was to as quickly as possible return to India and give her life to work among the lepers. From what she had seen of this disease, she knew that in all probability she might have a number of years during which she could actively toil for the unfortunate sufferers of the fell disease, and point them to Christ the Savior of the world.

The next day she revealed to her trusted physician her impression as to the nature of her disease. Specialists were also consulted, and their unanimous decision was that her disease was leprosy. All this time she had kept from her parents and relatives her impressions as to the nature of her affliction. They were very much surprised, when she announced that she must immediately return to her missionary work in India, and this decision, which they could not change, very much grieved them. Little did they know of her own heart struggle, and of the efforts she had to make to keep from betraying her emotion, as well she knew that she was about to bid them good-by forever and spend the rest of her years in a hospital among lepers, to which sad class she felt that she now belonged. To one sister alone did she reveal her secret, ere she returned to India. When far out on the ocean, she wrote loving and affectionate letters to her parents, explaining to them how she was afflicted and that never more would they meet on earth.

She reached her destination in safety, and way up at a beautiful place in the mountains of India she has established a leper's home. There full of sunshine and gladness, she is bravely toiling for the physical and spiritual welfare of a large number of lepers, in every stage of that terrible disease, who look up to her as a ministering angel and as God's direct messenger among them.

At Washington and elsewhere, I have seen and heard letters read from this dear loving one of Christ's family. Not one note of sadness or of regret was in any of them.

They seemed to be overflowing with gratitude and thanksgiving to God for his abounding mercies. Very happy is she in her Christly work, and with the consciousness of the gradual development of the terrible disease in her own system, she is untiring in her efforts to do all the good she possibly can while strength and ability to work and toil are still hers.

### IN THE INTERVALS.

We May Always Find Time to Speak a Kindly Word.

A great many of us excuse ourselves for not bearing fruit, on the ground that we are very busy. We are in school, perhaps, and our studies take so much of our time that we have no chance to speak a word for Christ. Or we are employed somewhere, and our long hours of work make it seem necessary for us to devote our leisure entirely to recreation. We forget that some of those who have done most for the world have been very busy people, who had to find a chance to do this special work for God in the intervals left by exacting cares.

Today God needs Christian workers in every occupation—Christian physicians and lawyers and merchants and farmers and mechanics and teachers. Notice that we say Christian workers, not merely Christian believers whose thoughts are so engrossed by their daily toil that they are almost inclined to surrender the responsibility of saving their own souls to the pastor of the church to which they belong, and certainly never have time to think of the welfare of others. You young people who are choosing your lifework should remember that the pulpit is not the only place for proclaiming God's truth. The bench, the counter, the bookkeeper's desk, the school-room and the farm, all have their magnificent chances for proving Christ's power to save, and winning others to accept his salvation.

After realizing this, you need to learn to improve the opportunities for doing Christian work which are afforded by your every-day tasks. You have no chance to preach the gospel to the heathen, but the boy who brings the milk in the morning, or the woman who does your washing, or some of your acquaintances at school may be as ignorant of the real beauty of the message as if they had been reared in India or China. It takes no more time to invite one of them to prayer-meeting than to invite him to supper. You can say some word that will help his soul just as easily as you could give him advice concerning the choice of a boarding-place. When we learn to improve the opportunities for doing Christian work that come to us in connection with our every-day labors, the problem of how to reach the ear and heart of the great outside world will have come to a practical solution.

### HIS MOTHER'S WATCH.

It was a Safeguard to the Boy Against Doing Evil Deeds.

Any good boy is glad to please his mother and will not willingly do anything to grieve her. The boy in the sketch below, who fancied that he should be happier by not following his mother's advice, found out his mistake. The best prize for conduct that comes from earth is a mother's smile.

Edward was a loving boy, but careless in his habits; he thought his mother was old-fashioned in her notions; he saw no harm in things which she knew ruined many bright boys. He was about to go away from home and the anxious mother thought of a way to keep her influence over him. He wanted a watch, and she gave him her own gold hunter, on condition that he should give it back if he did any of the things which he knew that she did not approve.

Edward was delighted with the watch, and for a time he was all that his mother could wish. But soon other boys charmed him by their free ways, and he began to smoke and play their gambling games with them. Then he took off his mother's watch and put it in a box to send home. Now he could be free! That was a dreadful mistake! It seemed as though he had driven his mother away—as if he had put her in a grave. He could not be happy; he could not find a moment's peace, till he

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turned straight round, and, putting on the watch again, became worthy of his mother's love.

### A TRUE FACE.

We may not be Handsome but can Have a Good Face.

While it is not possible to possess a beautiful face, all may have a true one, for it is nearly always the index of the hidden life. If the soul within is true and pure the face will reveal the fact. The sweet inner grace will flash out of the eye, or be stamped upon the meek, quiet face, in a way not to be misunderstood. Like the great sun at noonday that so plainly reveals its light and beauty, the true soul shines out upon the face, and makes it bright and lovely. A true face is more desirable than a 'handsome' one, is really more full of beauty, and leaves a deeper impression upon others. It wins its way as it shines for the Master. The world has keen eyes and is quick to discern the true from the false. Seek then to carry a true face. Let the sunny smile be in keeping with the sunny spirit. Keep the inner life full of tenderness, love and purity, and they will overflow, until the outer life is touched with these sterling graces. If the dear Father abides in the life and heart, the face will be true and the deeds good. His presence alone makes the face bright and sunny, pure and true.

### DRIED VEGETABLES.

A New Industry Which Has Started Up in California.

A new and important industry has come into existence in Santa Clara County which bids fair in time to rival the fruit drying. This is the preparation of dried vegetables for the market, which at present is generally confined to the short season at the driers between the ripening of the different fruits. Just lately the vegetables have been usurping the place of apricots, but they have now already begun to give way in turn to the prunes.

On approaching a drier it does not take one long to decide whether fruit or vegetables are being prepared, for in the latter case a pungent odor rushes out to sting one's eyes and crawl uncomfortably up one's nostrils—for the trial of onions is presented. Men are hurrying to and fro bearing trays and boxes, while long rows of women and children sit busily peeling potatoes and carrots, which together with onions form at present the staple product.

When boxes of potatoes and carrots are filled they are poured into a large hopper and from there fed to a machine with rotating knifeblades, which cuts them into small slices a quarter of an inch thick. The further process which the potatoes undergo is simple, and for carrots and other minor vegetables it is practically the same.

After being sliced the tubers are slightly sulphured in a chamber built of wood. Here great discrimination must be used, for, if they are sulphured too much, the potatoes will taste of the fumes; if too little, they will not contain enough antiseptic property, and bacteria attracted by the starch will develop. Moreover, a little sulphuring is necessary to preserve the color of the vegetables as far as possible and to prevent decay.

After this process the potatoes are not spread out in the sun, but put into an evaporator. The latter looks like a small Ferris wheel and is enclosed in a sort of brick oven with glass windows. Within this it revolves close to hot air pipes for a few hours. When the mixture is sufficiently evaporated the cars of the wheel are emptied through the windows and their contents are now ready for shipment in sacks.

When this stage is reached the sliced potatoes resemble dry chips, and it takes six or seven pounds of the fresh to make one pound of the dried.

By their pungency onions possess the power of warding off bacteria, and are, therefore, only slightly sulphured to preserve their color. They are next evaporated until one-third of the moisture is expelled, and then placed in trays in the sun, just as is done with fruit. The drying process shrivels the onions so much that it takes twenty parts of the fresh to make one of the dried. While the onions are being cut up the moisture coming from them is disagreeable and hard on the eyes of the employees.

When carrots are evaporated it takes about nine parts of them to make one dried

part. Perhaps the drying process used in the case of both carrots and potatoes might be improved upon were steam employed. By using the latter the starch in the potatoes would be partly cooked and sterilized, and after this the tubers could be evaporated in a chamber similar to the one above described. In this way the potatoes could be rid of sulphur, well dried and yet capable of being quickly soaked, and there would be no chance for bacteria to develop.

Other vegetables than those mentioned are at present in process of development: but so far the industry has proved very profitable, as evinced by the increased demand for dried vegetables all over the country, but especially in the mining regions.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## Two Agonizing Diseases.

## Quickly Banished By Paine's Celery Compound.

## Two Thankful Letters that Should Be Read By Suffering Men and Women.

For the effectual banishment of rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia, Paine's Celery compound is without doubt the best medicine that human science has ever produced. This marvellous remedy, devised by Professor Edward Phelps, M. D., one of the ablest physicians that ever lived, has won the hearty praise of millions of people for the wondrous cures it has wrought in all lands. It is only a medicine with such a record of cures that can attain a world-wide reputation. It has saved men, women and children, many of whom had been given up by the doctors. It does its work quickly and well; it eradicates every trace of disease; it builds up, fortifies and makes active every mortal whose limbs have been crippled and deformed by rheumatism, and drives away the terrors of neuralgia.

Today the ablest doctors are freely prescribing Paine's Celery Compound for tortured rheumatic and neuralgic people. The thankful letters received each year from the cured in every section of Canada would, if published in book form, make a large and interesting volume.

The following letters will surely inspire all rheumatic and neuralgic sufferers with a new and lively hope of a better and happier life. Mrs. F. McMann, of Thorold, Ont., says:

"I think it my duty to let you know what Paine's Celery Compound has done for my husband. For two years he suffered with rheumatism in the back, and became so bad that he could not bend, stoop, or sit in a chair at table, and I was obliged to take his meals to him while he lay in bed. He was treated by various physicians, but received no benefit until he used Paine's Celery Compound. The first bottle gave him relief, and after he had used six bottles he was quite free from rheumatism. He was troubled with piles for fourteen years, and found great relief from the Compound. He says he feels like a new man just now. We think there is no medicine like Paine's Celery Compound."

Mrs. A. Acheson of Montreal says: "Two years ago I suffered intensely from neuralgia in the head, face and shoulders. I was in a terrible condition, and often so tortured that I could not rest or sleep. I became very weak and feeble, had giddy and faint spells, and often could not attempt to go out on the street. My appetite became poor and digestion very weak. At night, while in bed, I often had oppressive and smothering feelings; my whole system was run down and very weak."

"I had been under the care of a medical man and used various medicines, but no relief came to me from these sources. I fortunately heard of your Paine's Celery Compound; I decided to give it a trial, and I bless the day I commenced with it. I used it for several months, and now feel as well as I ever did. All my pains have banished, I sleep and eat well, and find myself a new woman. I heartily recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who are in need of an honest and true curing medicine."

### Asked the boy too Much.

A boy had been up for an examination in Scripture, had failed utterly, and the relations between him and the examiner had become somewhat strained. The latter asked him if there was text in the whole Bible he could quote. He pondered and then repeated: "And Judas went out and hanged himself."

"Is there any other verse you know in the Bible?" the examiner asked.

"Yes. 'Go thou and do likewise.' There was a solemn pause and the proceedings terminated."

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