

Sunday Reading.

Miracles.
Is it not meant that every one should see God's wondrous miracles in night and day, Sunshine and shower, cloud, star-gemmed canopy, As spreads our globe its never-ending way?
All laws of nature are his gifts divine, God-given to all alike. Yet some but stare And see naught beautiful, and so repine; While happier souls find his touch everywhere.

WHAT TOM LEARNED IN CAMP.

Yes, Tom's a good boy in all but just one thing.

'What's that?'

'He's terrible cruel to animals. He pesters the cat and hectors the chickens, and what's worse, he's killin' off all the squirrels and birds around here. His father gave him a little rifle fore he come up this summer. I ain't a bit afraid of his hurtin' any of us, 'cause he handles it like a sharpshooter; but he's death to all the poor little dumb creatures. I've talked to him, but it don't do no good.'

This was the answer given to Mr. Seaver to my queries about a boy of fourteen, called 'Tom,' whom I had found under the charge of himself and Mrs. Seaver on my arrival at Camp Winslow. We sat on the big rock which formed the piazza chatting long into the night, as old friends will, while the stars glittered above us and the night winds whispered in the surrounding forest, and Tom lay in his bunk and dreamed of bigger game than any he had yet killed. I am fond of boys and I determined, if Tom was agreeable, to make him my companion on my mountain rambles and see if I could not reduce a little his bump of animal destructiveness.

The next morning I rigged my tackle for fishing and, seeing Tom loitering about watching me in the wistful way boys have, I asked him if he did not want to go too. He jumped at the chance quicker than a trout at a fly, and began at once, as if he had adopted me as his best friend, to tell me all he knew about fishing, hunting, himself, his home, any, everything he had ever seen, heard or done. I could not resist this boyish confidence and we forthwith became fast friends. He helped me dig the bait asking questions about worms fish and myself, so fast that between the worms and the questions I hardly knew whether I was worm, fish or man.

When all was in readiness we set off together across the field, upon whose hither edge nestled the little camp house, making for an opening on the farther side from which a path led down to the brook. As we brushed through the grass the grasshoppers sped away on their mimic flight in all directions. With a fisherman's instinct for bait I dropped suddenly in the grass and clutching one of them into my fist imprisoned him in my box with the worms. Tom stopped short in the middle of the description he was giving of how a man on the other side of the brook shot a bear, and when he saw what I was doing began a scrambling pursuit of the largest grasshopper he could see. So intent was he upon this one grasshopper Goliath that I thought he would follow him to the end of the field, but at length he came back with flushed and triumphant face, bearing his trophy between determined fingers and, after he had shown him to me, proceeded to jam him into his box with a kind of fierce delight. I thought of what Mr. Seaver had told me the night before and my conscience smote me lest I had been giving Tom a lesson of the opposite kind from that which I had intended. While I was thinking of this, Tom had repeated twice the question what we wanted them for anyway—bait? I answered 'Yes,' and after we had walked along a little way I said:

'Tom, do you hear those grasshoppers bumping and scratching inside our bait-boxes, trying to get out?'

'Yes, sir. I hear 'em. What of it?'

'Well, Tom, they're trying to get some air. It's a mean dark hole in there. I'm going to let mine out.' And I opened the cover and let them go.

'I ain't goin' to let mine go,' said Tom. 'I had too much work to catch the old duffer.'

'But, Tom,' said I, 'how would you like to be cooped up in such a place where you couldn't see nor breathe?'

'I ain't a grasshopper, was all that Tom could think of to reply to this question.

We trudged along for a while in silence Tom was evidently thinking. I talked about something else, not too interesting to take his mind wholly from the grasshopper. Finally as we approached the brook Tom stopped and said, in a rather reluctant tone, 'I guess I'll let mine go too but I hate to, he's such an awful big fellow.'

He took the lid from his bait-box and watched the liberated Goliath of his tribe

as he made one mighty leap for liberty. 'So far so good,' said I to myself.

But when it came to putting the squirming worm on the hook Tom's logic came near spoiling the grasshopper lesson entirely. He wanted to know why it wasn't just as bad to treat worms that way as grasshoppers. I told him that worms were not so highly organized as grasshoppers and did not have so much feeling; to be sure, we didn't like to treat even a worm that way, and next time we would try throwing a fly.

Another objection of inconsistency came from Tom when he saw the first trout gasping and struggling in my hand, but I took out my knife and cut through his backbone, explaining that it was to stop his suffering. Tom was persuaded that I meant to spare as much pain as possible; and as we wended our way back to camp with our trophies, I was satisfied that Tom would not be quite so hard on 'dumb creatures' after this.

Nevertheless it takes more than one lesson to teach a boy kindness, just as it takes more than one swallow to make a number. The subject of the next lesson was hedge-hogs.

Tom and I had determined to climb 'The Crouching Lion,' the guardian peak that looked so grand and inviting in its changing lights and shadows from our little camp. Tom was in his most friendly mood that morning, especially when I offered to carry his coat as he pulled and struggled bravely up the sharp incline.

'It's funny, ain't it,' said he, 'that I never knew there was such a person as you till a few days ago? Ain't there lots of people in the world that we don't know?'

What is pleasanter than the companionship of a genuine boy on a mountain climb? How he enjoys the woods with all their sights and sounds; how he revels in a draught of the crystal brook that tinkles across the trail; how he relishes the piece of clear spruce gum that you scrape for him from the tree; how grateful he is when you sit down for a moment's rest on the moss-covered log, and how blithely he starts forward when he has regained his spent breath; how delighted he is when through the low spruces and birches the first glimpse of the summit is caught, so gloriously near! But a still greater pleasure was in store for Tom. Just before we emerged from the woods a monster hedge-hog started up from the path, waddled clumsily forward and, turning from the path at the sound of our loud pursuit, ran into a little clump of stunted spruces, where, as if to make himself conspicuous, he climbed a tree and crouched helplessly but grimly on the lowest branch. Tom was wild with excitement. He groaned for his rifle, thrust his hands into his pockets, and drawing forth a handful of cartridges stared at them as if he would devise some method of firing a cartridge without a gun. Then he turned to me and with eager voice asked if we couldn't kill him with a stick.

'Yes,' I answered, 'I suppose we could but what's the use?'

Tom was staggered. 'Why, to carry him home,' he answered, after a moment's pause.

'We could never carry that great heavy fellow home,' I replied. 'And it we got him there, of what use would he be?'

'Cook him!' said Tom. 'I've heard of people's eatin' 'em.'

'Would you eat him?' said I.

'Ugh! I dunno as I would,' said Tom.

'Well, then, Tom,' said I, 'let's just take a good look at him, so we can tell them about him at camp, and let the poor fellow live. He enjoys life and does no harm, away up here.'

Tom looked rather downcast for a few moments. Then he crept near the spiny old fellow, and, after making a long examination of him, was ready to go in.

Those who think that a boy does not appreciate the beautiful in nature make a great mistake. When we reached the summit and the whole magnificence of the panorama burst upon our view Tom was visibly impressed.

'This makes the tears come into my eyes. But oh, that hedge-hog!' he added settling back upon the boy's standard of the sublime, 'that was the thing!'

That night poor tired Tom, after having repeated his account of the hedge-hog seven times, with many embellishments and exclamations, was rudely awakened from his slumber by the sharp report of a rifle. He was too sleepy to get up and learn what it meant, but the next morning when he came down he found a hedge-hog lying dead outside the back door.

'I had to shoot him,' Mr. Seaver explained. 'He was making such a racket gnawin' on the outside stairs.'

'But Mr. Darrow wouldn't let me kill that big fellow yesterday,' objected Tom, 'Said I, coming up, 'this fellow was disturbing the peace, and since Mr. Seaver could not arrest him, all he could do was to kill him.'

Tom gave his consent. Here ended the second lesson.

But Tom was not fit to rank as a friend of Cowper's yet. I was greatly dismayed to come upon him a few days later in the woods, not far from camp, carrying his rifle in one hand and in the other a half-dozen mutilated song-birds with limp necks and bedraggled feathers. He was in the company of a little Ishmaelite who lived in the clearing below. My indignation was hot, but I kept myself in control and coolly asked him what he was going to do with those poor birds.

'Oh,' said Tom, assuming a confident tone, but looking a little shame-faced, 'I'm going to give the wings to your little girl. See how pretty they are.' And he held them up.

'Well,' said I, 'I'll go with you.'

We found Marian playing dolls on the big rock. Tom went up to her saying, 'See, Marian! I'm going to give you these pretty birds' wings for your dolls' hats.'

Marian glanced at the birds and a look of pity stole over her pretty face. Then she looked up at Tom and said:

'You're a naughty boy, Tom, to kill the little birds! I don't want their wings. Blow in their beaks and make them alive again!'

Tom turned away crest fallen.

'Look here, Tom,' said I, 'you see that hawk up there screaming and sailing around, trying to get a chance to swoop down and carry off one of Mr. Seaver's chickens? Now if you can get near enough to bring him down with your rifle you'll use it to some purpose.'

After that the small birds were unmolested, while Tom devoted himself assiduously to the hen-hawk. Every time its harsh scream was heard, even if he were just laying fork to apple pie he would seize his rifle, steal out and scan the sky, returning after an ineffectual shot disheartened but determined. The hawk screamed just as I was bidding a reluctant farewell to my fellow-campers to return from the cool and quiet wilderness to the hot and noisy city. I had waited to shake hands with Tom last of all, as my best friend, but when I turned to where he stood he had gone. Was I less to him than the hawk? I drove away quite dispirited, for I had come to have a warm affection. Had we not built bonfires together and felled trees, and fished and climbed and explored? But as the train came rolling into the station I was surprised and comforted to see Tom rushing up, red and breathless. He had to run two miles to the station to see me off.

A week later I had a letter from Mr. Seaver acknowledging the receipt of money order for my board-bill and adding: 'Tom has shot the hawk. He feels mighty proud of it, and is going to send you one of the wings. He won't even point his rifle at a small bird or a squirrel now, and I shouldn't wonder if some time he became president of the society with the long name.'

AN INCH OF SPACE.

It Was Utilized for the Good of Those who Saw It.

A busy woman who was once a Normal-school student used to say that the best thing she got out of her Normal-school course was the idea conveyed in the guarded inch of space at the top of the black-board every morning. The rest of the board was given over to chalk-dust and figures, and puzzling, headachey problems



of all sorts. But always high above them all, in its little clear fenced space, glowed some great thought to refresh the weary toiler. Morning by morning the good gray-haired principal came to place it there, or look to see if it had been forgotten. It never once failed to greet the eye, and eyes were trained to look for it.

The 'inch of space' was a training in spirituality. The greater part of every life must be given over to 'chalk-dust' or what that stands for. Lives seem to have no margins nowadays. But, given a resolute will, there can always be spared an inch of space to fifty frames one noble thought for the day's living. What are great thoughts good for? Just to live by! That is the best use and the best honor. Put it where you can see it, and let it filter down into your daily work and worry. Glance at it often till it sings itself in and out of your mind at every happening. Learn it by heart. Take it into your heart. Make it yours. Some day, when you pick up some book that all the world knows, you will come across that old line or stanza and it will be really yours, 'with old associations crusted round.'

But all this is on the supposition that you use it, get the good of it, all day long. It must be not only yours, but yours to serve, in the sweet old-fashioned phrase that used to close friendly letters. It is of small use to learn Holmes' inspiring line, 'Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,' and then live all day in a low, tumble-down hovel of spiteful thoughts or envious desires. There is not much use in saying with Adelaide Proctor.

'No star is ever lost we once have seen. We always may be what we might have been.' and then going right on in exactly the same track as we did yesterday. Let us write the words high on our daily black-board—write them and use them.

Choose Carefully.

I beg of you to choose carefully your path. The farmer is careful in the choice of seed. He does not want bad seed or inferior seed, because he knows that such will give a poor crop. He looks for the best seed he can buy. If you choose to sow to the flesh, you will have a corrupted harvest. If you commit a sinful deed, it may land you in a dishonored grave.

Choice is a solemn thing. You can make this moment a turning point in your life. Once during the 'conquest of Peru, Pizarro's followers threatened to desert him. They gathered on the shore to embark for home. Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it in the sand from east to west. Then turning toward the south, he said:

'Friends and comrades, on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru with all its riches; here, Panama and its poverty. Choose each man as becomes a brave Castilian. For my part, I go south.'

So saying, he stepped across the line, and one after another his comrades followed him, and the destiny of South America was decided.

Napoleon was once offered a position as officer in the Turkish artillery. He declined it; but had he chosen to accept it, the history of Europe would have been different.—Moody.

Calling for You.

God's work needs you. Christ did not go about calling for men to selfishly come and be saved, but he called for disciples to come and be saviors. The whole spirit of his teaching was that he had come to set up the kingdom of God upon earth, and that he wanted men to assist in doing this. I sometimes think that, in one sense, about all that will be saved of a man will be what he invests in the establishment of the eternal kingdom upon earth.—B. Fay Mills.

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.—John Milton.

Dr. Chase Gures Backache.

Kidney trouble generally begins with a single pain in the back, and in time develops into Bright's Disease. People troubled with stricture, impediments, stoppage of water, or a frequent desire to urinate at night, will find Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills a blessing. Read the wonderful cures in another column. One Pill is a dose, and if taken every other night will positively cure kidney trouble.

Reassuring.

A professor at Stanford University, who was one of a party who undertook to penetrate into the depths of a Tuolumne mine for scientific purposes, relates a startling incident. It may be taken as showing that when one is in a perilous position, it is best not to be too inquisitive.

During my ascent, in the ordinary manner, by means of a bucket, and with a miner as a fellow-passenger, I perceived, as I thought, unmistakable symptoms of a weak place in the roof.

'Do you often change your ropes, my good man?' I inquired, when about halfway from the bottom of the awful abyss.

'We change them every three months,' was the reassuring reply of the man in the bucket, 'and we change this one tomorrow if we get up safe today, sir.'

The Dark Reaper's Harvest.

Between childhood and adult life is the interesting intermediate period of youth, full of hope and bright ambitions. How we, who are past that seemingly sunny strip of sea, look back to it sometimes with inexpressible self-reproach and regret! Yet we deceive ourselves. Youth is not the happy time for the majority of us that our deluded fancies afterwards depict it. It is a region crammed with perils, both to character and to life. It is a sort of channel strewn with rocks and liable to sudden fogs and gales. It illustrates the wastefulness and, I had almost said, the recklessness of Nature. She throws away her raw and half-formed material as though it cost nothing. Read the vital statistics published by the Life Assurance offices and see what a gauntlet the average human being must run to reach, in health and safety, the age of thirty. Up to that point is the Dark Reaper's harvest time. It is the young cheeks that turn pallid with the loss of red blood, and the young forms that waste with those consuming ills which cut short hopeful careers and carve so many pathetic epitaphs on the cold marbles. How thankful, then, should we be for any agent or remedy which has power, to any considerable extent, to prevent or counteract the complaints which attack the young, and preserve them for lives of vigor and usefulness.

Take a single case out of the multitude brought to our notice by means of voluntary statements from the pens of those concerned.

'In the spring of 1892,' writes a grateful mother, 'my daughter Annie, then aged seventeen years, fell into a low, weakly way. She was easily tired and exhausted and had no life or energy. She was very pale, her lips and ears being white as chalk; almost as if she had no blood left in her body. She had no appetite, and was always sick after eating. Even after having taken the simplest meal she experienced great pain in the stomach, and was swollen around the waist. She obtained very little sleep, and would often lie awake nearly all night. Gradually she wasted away like one in a decline, and was so weak it was difficult for her to get about. It was pitiful to see her, she was so thin and emaciated, scarcely more than skin and bone.

'For nearly four years she continued like this, and all who saw her never thought she would get better. I had two doctors attending her, who did everything they could, but their medicines appeared to be powerless. One of the doctors said, 'Mrs White be good to your daughter, for she has not long to stay in this world.'

'In March of last year (1896), when my poor girl was dropping into the grave day by day, I read in a small book that had been left at the house, of a case like my daughter's having been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. I had no faith in its doing her good, but concluded she should try it. I therefore procured a bottle, and after she had used it a few days she began to recover. First her appetite improved, and the food caused no sickness or pain. She then began to gain strength, and every day we could see an improvement.

'Briefly, she continued with this medicine, and by and by she was strong and healthy as ever she was in her life. Her color returned, and she is now strong and well. Friends and neighbours wondered at the remarkable cure, and asked what had wrought the change. I tell that Mother Seigel's Syrup saved my daughter's life. I am anxious that other sufferers should know the facts, and give you permission to publish my statement, and refer inquirers to me. (Signed) Ann White, 60, Ballgrove Street, Glasgow, June 30th 1897.'

This case is well known, and Mrs. White's statement is corroborated by neighbours and friends. The ailment with which the young lady was afflicted was dyspepsia, with its natural results. Through want of nourishment her blood became thin and poor and her flesh fell away. Although her illness had some resemblance to consumption, the outcome proved that there was as yet no trouble with her lungs. The digestive disorder (dangerous in itself) was speedily righted by Mother Seigel's Syrup, and health reassured its happy sway. Thousands of young people die of dyspepsia and its complications who are mistakenly treated for other complaints. Let parents remember this lesson, and save their sons and daughters.

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