

Sunday Reading.

KEEPING BACK A PART.

'Say, Ted, let's earn some money.'
'How?'

'Don't you see that coal on the sidewalk?' and Jim pointed down the street to a place where a ton of coal had just been deposited. 'That's in front of Mrs. Lange's house, and we can go and offer to put it in for a quarter.'

'But likely the man himself is going to put it in.'

'Oh, no, he ain't! Can't you see that he's getting ready to go away. Come, let's hurry,' and Jim rushed down the street, followed by his companion.

They paused to take breathe in front of Mrs. Lange's door, and then Jim ventured inside of the house with his offer.

'Why, yes,' said the lady pleasantly; 'I'll be glad to have you put it in. I thought the man himself would do it, but I see he's gone off.'

So, armed with shovels and pail, the boys set to work to get in the ton of coal. It was hard work for such little fellows; they had to carry the coal around to the back of the house where the coal shed was, but they went at it bravely, and before long the pile on the sidewalk had grown considerably smaller.

Once Ted looked up and said:
'Say, Jim, that quarter won't divide even.'

'No more it won't,' was the reply.
'Ted want on; but what about the other cent?'

'I don't know,' Jim said, thoughtfully; 'we can't divide a cent, and it don't belong to one any more than to the other.'

'There's your baby,' suggested Ted.

'Yes, but there's yours, too, and they can't both have it, and giving it to one more than to the other wouldn't be even.'

'I say, Jim! Ted suddenly exclaimed, as if a new and bright idea had occurred to him, 'there's the old blind man, corner Manhattan avenue.'

'That's so,' said Jim, 'and he's both of ourn. He don't belong to me any more than to you, nor to you any more than to me. We both kinder own him, don't we?'

'Yes, we both helped him pick up his money the day he slipped, didn't we?'

'Of course; so he'll have the extra cent.'

Having arranged that important matter, says a writer in an exchange, the two little fellows went to work again with such a will that inside of an hour the coal had entirely disappeared from the sidewalk.

'Now we're done,' cried Jim triumphantly.

'Yes, we're done,' echoed Ted.

But had they finished? Down in the gutter was lying at least have a pail of coal, and Jim was asking himself this question as he happened to glance at it.

Ted came along and saw, too. Looking at Jim, he read his thoughts and said:
'Oh, pshaw! let's don't bother about that little bit; we're both too tired.'

'There's the dust on the sidewalk, too,' remarked Jim slowly; 'the putter in always cleans that off.'

'But we're not regular putter-ins,' argued Ted, as he straightened up to rest his aching back.

But Jim stared at the gutter and did not reply.

'What's the matter? What are you thinking of?' asked Ted.

'Why, I was thinking about that story that we heard down to the mission school—that one about the man and woman who was struck dead for lying.'

'Nias and Sophia?' asked Ted.

'Ananias and Sapphira,' corrected Jim, who was two years older than his companion, and could more easily remember hard names. 'Yes, that's them.'

'Well, what have we got to do with them? We ain't lying, nor we ain't keep anybody's money back, are we?'

'No, but—and Jim looked as if he scarcely knew how to express what he meant.

'But what?' said Ted, with wondering eyes.

'You see, it's just like this,' Jim went on, thoughtfully. 'That man down to mission school said it was the same if you kept back anything, even some of the work that you ought to do, and we're going to be paid for this, Ted, and it ain't done.'

'Well, then, lots take up the coal,' and Ted started for the shovel.

'All right, and I'll get the broom to sweep the sidewalk. It's better that way, ain't it, Ted?'

And Ted gave a wise little nod by way of reply.—Our Sunday Afternoon.

Our Time of Opportunity.

No finite mind can measure the momentous issues which may hang upon the decisions of a passing moment, upon the conclusions of the present hour. Hence the

vast importance of living day by day in the fear and love of God, under the guidance of his counsel and the direction of his Holy Spirit. Any moment may afford us the opportunity of a lifetime, and so any hour may be to us the hour of disaster and calamity. To-day is our time of opportunity. Let us improve it to the utmost, and see that our duties are done, our opportunities are improved, before they pass forever from us.—Christian Safe-guard.

LIVING UPSTAIRS.

The Advantages of Being Above Common Everyday Worries.

'Do you really enjoy living in the fourth story?' asked the caller, who had just walked up four flights of stairs, and consequently was somewhat tired and out of breath.

'Indeed I do,' her hostess rejoined. 'Of course it is rather tiresome climbing, but it is so pleasant when we get here that we forget the climbing.'

'I suppose you do escape a good many annoyances that people have who live nearer the ground,' the caller said thoughtfully.

'Yes, that is one of the main advantages. Flies and mosquitoes don't trouble us, the dust very seldom gets up so high as this, and the noises of the street are so softened that they are rather musical than otherwise. Besides, you see what a beautiful view we have!' and as the hostess drew aside the curtains, the visitor looked out upon the fresh greenness of a park that lay to one side, while in the other direction the great panorama of the city unrolled itself.

'Yes, you are right,' the caller admitted; 'it is worth some trouble and effort to be above the little annoyances that worry most of us, and to have such a wide view for the eyes.'

In this bit of conversation, which took place not so very long ago in a Chicago 'flat,' there is a suggestion that is inspiring. Why should we not all live upstairs, not necessarily in our houses, but in our lives?

We all know of people who live downstairs, even in the basement sometimes. All the little worries of life are like so many flies that buzz about, and will not be driven away. Little slights, such as come to us all, sting them like mosquitoes, and clouds of dust, which are formed of their own selfishness, keep them from seeing what is best and noblest in these about them. It is only a narrow and unlovely view of the world that they get, for they are so busy with the flies and mosquitoes and dust that they scarcely ever take time to look up to the blue sky, which they have as good a right to enjoy as have the people living in the top stories.

We are unfortunate if we do not count some of these latter among our acquaintances. They have got above the little worries and annoyances, so that the small trials of every-day life, the petty slights and misunderstandings, do not make them fretful and irritable. They live in pure, clear atmosphere of unselfishness and love, and for this reason get a beautiful view of their friends, the lovelier and nobler sides of their characters.

It is sort of living that we should aspire, though we cannot gain it through mere wishing. We must mount upward to it, step by step, treading down our faults and weaknesses. 'He won't do that; he is above it,' we often hear said of a person. It is that 'aboveness' that we should strive to reach. We want to be 'above' meanness, untruth, uncharitable speaking, selfishness in any of its forms, as well as the petty worries by which we are so easily annoyed and stung. Only in this way can we get the best of life, and have the broadest and most beautiful view of the world and the friends among whom our lot has been cast.

BRIGHT FACES.

The Little Things by Which the Lives of Others are Brightened.

Rush and worry are characteristically typical of North American people and homes, for we are pre-eminently a stirring nation. In this busy life of ours into which so often a full, if not over-flowing, measure of care is pressed, do we personally feel under any obligation to present to our friends and the people with whom we come in contact a bright, cheery face?

There is always an inspiration, an unmeasurable influence, that radiates from a sunny countenance, and all members of the household of the King fall under this 'Noble obligation.' Nothing on earth, humanly speaking, is more attractive than a bright sweet face, while the plainest becomes beautiful through the light which radiates from the heart; if we cultivate the garden of the soul, the harvest is an every-day reaping.

We are very prone to selfishness in this matter-of-fact atmosphere which commonly surrounds us, and perhaps we are apt to measure too exactly our duties, thus confining them to ruts. Do not do it. Such ruts have proved fatal to many lives which

God intended to be useful ones. The habit of drifting is equally fatal. History and observation both reveal to us that our noblest men and women, great of soul and single of purpose, have pulled against a strong current. It is God's plan for us; he never intended us to drift into the kingdom of heaven. If perhaps we deem ourselves weak, there are many weaker ones to help and sustain; and there will never be a time in this life of ours, let our environments be what they may, when we cannot be of service. Christ came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and his lifework on earth, his wealth of loving service, he bequeathed to his children.

A recent letter from a dear girl friend whispered to me of service, and wholly unconscious on her part because of the cultivation in the soul which bears the fruit of thought. She was in a public gathering where many were standing. She writes: 'A Frenchwoman near me had two heavy babies to hold, and as she looked as if she had more to care for than she was able, I held one. * * * If any of my pupils or friends could have seen me with a French baby in my arms, I think they would have been amused.'

She is a clergyman's daughter, and in her busy life is unconscious of this fruit of thought for others which she is constantly bearing, and her face is an inspiration of brightness.

A few years ago I attended, in New York, Convention of King's Daughters. I was early for the meeting, and seated near the altar I allowed the book which I had been reading to fall unheeded in my lap, as I watched an attractive face near me. It was certainly not a beautiful face through regularity of features, but it possessed that quality of beauty which is undefined, yet impresses us and invariably infuses brightness. It was a face through which the soul was shining; and the thought came to me that I had no need to be told she was a 'King's Daughter' inasmuch as her face bore the unmistakable seal. However, I was wholly unprepared to have the thought so quickly verified and to find in her one of the speakers of the Convention. Her subject was purity and temperance, and her soul-face had revealed to me 'her platform,' before her lips uttered a word.

It is thus that the inner life and fire of thought imprints and seals the face. Shall we not, then, as individuals, render this service? Are we not called to carry bright faces? Someone has expressed this thought 'I expect to pass through this world but once; if therefore, there is any kindness I can do to anybody, let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.'

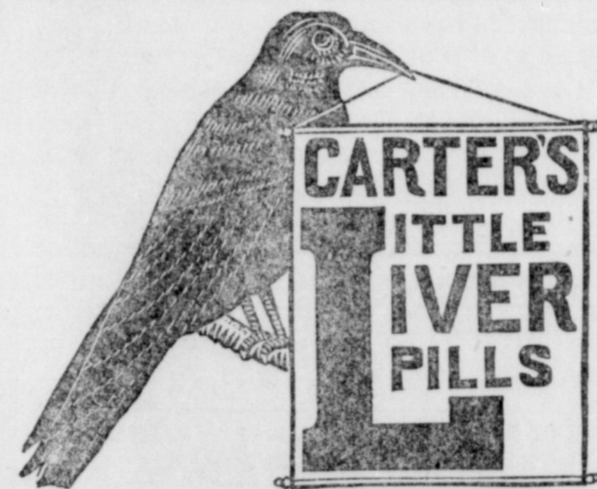
The true beauty of life is constituted of 'little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, loving words.' Through the medium of patient, consecrated service and building, characters are wrought which will not be content with sitting and dreaming about the loveliness of Christian service.

TO THE RIGHT.

How a Sermon was Illustrated by a Very Funny Incident.

A New England clergyman, whose countenance is ordinarily grave and solemn under the most mirth-provoking circumstances, nevertheless tells of several occasions on which his gravity has completely given way, much to his distress.

One Sunday evening he was delivering an address in the vestry of a church in a neighboring town, where he had gone to exchange with a brother clergyman. Just



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as he reached the warmest and most eloquent part of his address, he discovered that the lamp which provided all the light for the small room was apparently going out.

Without stopping in his address, he put out his hand and endeavored to turn up the wick of the lamp, but was not at first successful. He was at the time speaking fervently of the impossibility of escape from the law for the sinner. Still tumbling with the lamp, he cried, earnestly, 'Which way shall he turn? Which way, I say, shall he turn?'

An anxious-faced deacon who sat in the front seat, and had been watching with much interest the minister's ineffectual efforts to secure more light, suddenly rose in his seat, unmindful of everything save the preacher's predicament.

'Turn to the right, Mr. Brown!' he called, clearly. 'Turn to the right, and be quick about it, or—'

His admonition came to a sudden end, for the minister, losing his wits and his gravity at the same moment, so he says, turned the wick to the left, and out went the light. It was some moments before matters were satisfactorily arranged and he could resume his sermon.

'And,' he says, in telling the story, 'I was glad the light went out, for it hid my amusement over the funny incident.'

ANIGHT OUT

How It was Drearly Spent on "the ragged Edge of Nothing."

As an illustration of the discomfort of a position 'on the ragged edge of nothing,' the following story, from 'Climbs in the New Zealand Alps,' is excellent. The author of the work, E. A. Fitz Gerald, F. R. G. S., his guide Zarbrigen, and Mr. Harper, were surprised by darkness in a position where it was impossible for them to advance. As it was equally impossible for them to spend the night where they were, hanging to narrow ledges of rock covered with thin ice, they were obliged to retrace their steps—a slow and painful process. At last they reached a spot that might answer their purpose—a ledge some fourteen feet long and eighteen inches broad, on which the three men could just manage to sit.

It seemed to us as sheltered a place as any upon the slope, but should there be any great fall of stones in the night, I feared that we should have but a small chance of escape. No sooner had we seated ourselves than we heard the ominous whizz of falling stones. This was but the commencement of a cannonade that was kept up at intervals throughout the night. The rocks flew past us so close that at times we could almost feel the wind on our faces. We never dared so much as to close an eye all night for fear of slipping into the abyss below.

The cold became intense, the thermometer dropping twenty five degrees, and as most of our garments had been soaked in wading through the melting snow, they froze hard.

Harper took off his boots and placed his feet in his knapsack, so that, had he fallen he could not possibly have recovered himself. Zarbrigen also took off his boots and sat upon them to keep them warm for the morning, lest they should be frozen, and he should find himself unable to get into them again.

We did our best to keep up our spirits by singing songs, the most appropriate of which seemed to be, 'We won't go home till morning.'

There was no moon, and the night was intensely dark, though the weather was clear, while the slight breezes from the southwest seemed to chill us to the bone. After midnight we gradually fell silent, and did not even talk, while Harper dozed for a moment or two and nearly tumbled

off. I had to catch hold of him and retain my grip till he could regain his balance. It then occurred to us that if we spread one of the pieces of mackintosh sheeting over our heads and lighted some candles beneath it we should be warmer.

We found the plan successful, and kept on lighting candles, so that we could warm our fingers at them and still remain seated in our cramped position. Luckily we had an ample supply, and could continue to burn them till the dawn began to appear.

It seemed to us as if we had been seated for weeks on this ridge; and when at last it became light enough for us to move, we were so stiff that it was with difficulty that we gained our feet.

We now began making preparations for departure. The rope was like an iron bar, and our frozen clothes would not give to our motion. Harper's boots were frozen so stiff that he was obliged to cut them open and burn innumerable candle-ends inside of them before he succeeded in getting them on.

I kept mine on all night, as I knew how much trouble I should have in putting them on again in the morning if I took them off of us all, for his scheme of sitting on his boots and warming them had worked most admirably, though during the night he complained several times that the nails in them were rather hard.

We were extremely stiff, all of us, and for some distance literally limped along. However, when the sun rose it gradually thawed us, and we were able to make better time.

"I HAD NO FAITH."

But My Wife Persuaded Me to Try the Great South American Rheumatic Cure and My Agonizing Pain Was Gone in 12 Hours, And Gone for Good.

J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: 'I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years—confined to my bed for months at a time; unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many physicians without any benefit. I had no faith in rheumatic cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. Taylor, druggist in Owen Sound. At that time I was in agony with pain. Inside of 12 hours after I had taken the first dose the pain had all left me. I continued until I had used three bottles, and I now consider myself completely cured.'

A Seditary People.

In the consideration of the general habits, nothing seems more strikingly characteristic of the American than his indomitable love of physical repose. It is by no means intended, even inferentially, to accuse him of indolence, which it would be clearly unjust to do, but he is, par excellence, the man of sedentary life. Gifted with ingenuity and mechanical handicraft scarcely approached by the man of any other nation, he has turned these gifts somewhat largely to account in providing substitutes for his legs. The rapid development of the various systems of transit in the United States within a comparatively few years has rendered the covering of distances so convenient, speedy, comfortable, and withal so cheap, that walking has almost gone out of fashion with us. In addition to this, the systematic development of the various departments of service, the high state of efficiency of the post, telegraph and telephone systems, have tended to diminish more and more the necessity of getting about, and to confine the man of business to his office; for, as a matter of fact, many men now conduct all the ramifications of extensive business relations that Americans are emphatically sedentary. In recreations and amusements the same tendency has largely prevailed.

Wanted all his Privileges.

'Mr. Speaker,' the new member quavered, 'I should like to rise to a question of privilege.'

'The gentleman from Kansas has the floor.'

'I want to know if I got a right to mention that I got a lot of pure Jersey heifers to sell in the speech I am going to have put in The Record for circulation in my district?'—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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