

## Sunday Reading.

### Learning the Best.

A tired little worm went to sleep one day  
In a soft little cradle of silken gray,  
And he said, as he snugly curled up in his nest,  
"Oh, crawling was pleasant, but rest is best."  
He slept through the winter, long and cold,  
All tightly up in his blanket rolled,  
And at last awoke on a warm spring day  
To find that the winter had gone away.  
He awoke to find he had golden wings  
And no longer need crawl over sticks and things.  
"Oh, the earth was nice," said the glad butterfly,  
"But heaven is best when we learn to fly."  
—The Teacher.

### AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

A half dozen boys were gathered about an old barn under which a defenceless dog had taken refuge from their tormenting attentions.

Some were lying flat on the ground peering under; some were hurling small missiles as far as they could reach, while two others, more enterprising still, were trying to pull up a board in the floor.

Amid their excited shouts of "There he is; I see him!" Hold on, there, I'll fix him!" and kindred exclamations, they did not hear carriage wheels in the soft, dusty road or see the occupant until a quiet voice said:

"What is it, boys?"

One or two slunk away in a shamefaced manner, but two or three others began all together to tell him what their victim was.

"He bain't nobody's dog," said one.

"And we think he's got hydrophobia," said another, while a third added: "He's a no. count dog anyhow, 'nd it we can git him out we're going to tie a stone to his neck 'nd drown him over in Simmonds' pond."

"Has he bitten any of you?" the quiet voice inquired again.

"He sort o' snapped at Wallie's hand, 'nd he'd a bit me if I hadn't been too smart for him," said the largest boy, while "Wallie" examined his dirty fingers with a martyr-like air.

"I suppose you boys were quietly playing somewhere and the dog pitched into you?"

There was profound silence for a few moments, when one bright-eyed little fellow said manfully:

"No, mister, he didn't. He was lyin' down by the brew'ry with a bone—just gnawin' it, ye know—'nd we sort a got to pleggin' 'nd pesterin' him. 'nd 'twas when Wallie snatched the bone that he snapped."

"Have you time to listen to an old man's story?"

Instantly sticks and stone were dropped, though two of the lads tried to put on an indifferent front.

Driving his horse into the shade of the building, the stranger began.

"You boys do not realize it any more than I did when I was a boy, but, nevertheless, it is true that every day of our lives we write out a page in the Book of Life; and when is old he has a great deal of time in which he must look back and read over these pages; and when I saw you tormenting that helpless dog, it seemed as if some unseen finger swiftly turned the leaves of my life back to a page—a page which I wish to God could be blotted out forever, but it never can. No, boys, we may be sorry for things, may get forgiveness for them, may even forget them for a time; but if we do a wrong, it is somehow bound to rise up before us at times when we least expect it. I hold that in this world we never get entirely away from our wrong doing. But I did not intend to preach a sermon, but to tell you a story.

"As a boy I was naturally cruel; I delighted to rob birds' nests, torment cats and dogs, and smaller children. As I grew older and helped my father on the farm, I was frequently rebuked for my abuse of the animals, and my mother used to say that if she had her way I would never get a horse to go anywhere. Also, as I grew older, I became fond of hunting, and spent many days with my noble dog Stanley in the woods. I professed to be very good to him, but of a truth the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, and when I think of the whippings and kicks the noble fellow received from me while, as I called it, I was 'training him,' I am amazed to think of the affection he gave me in return; but the worst is yet to come.

"He had never been a good retriever. You know what that is, of course—a dog that will go anywhere, after you have shot your game, and bring it to you without muzzing or tearing it in the least. I had repeatedly beaten Stanley for his failure in this line, though I knew it came from the fact that his former master had whipped him for carrying home dead chickens, or anything like that that he found in the neighborhood during his puppy days, true

to his retrieving instinct. One day while shooting ducks, I said to him: 'Now, sir, bring me that bird out there on that you'll island or I'll kill you; do you understand it?' "I shall always think he did, from the troubled look he gave me and the pleading way in which he crept to my side and attempted to cress my hand. Roughly I shook him off and bade him go fetch that bird. Obediently he plunged into the ice-cold water, swam to the island, and then stood in an irresolute, troubled manner beside the duck. Angry I shouted my orders, but he only put his nose on it, then swam back toward me. I sent him back three times; then he attempted to land. I knew he was too chilled to make it possible for him to return to the island, but my passion mastered me, and again and again I struck him back into the water with my gun butt, fiercely declaring that he would bring me that bird or never land alive. Oh, the look in those brown eyes as he turned them upon me at each new effort 'and! Boys, I'll never, no never, forget it, and I expect to meet it when I stand before God's bar of justice."

The stranger paused here for a little ere he found voice to go on.

"Presently he grew so helpless from cold, struggles and blows that he let himself drift beyond my reach; but, frenzied with rage I dropped my gun, and, snatching up a long pole, I leaned over the water's edge to strike him. As the pole came down some sod or root under my foot gave way, and I found myself struggling in the coldest water I was ever in; but it was only for a few brief moments, for, with the icy hands of death already tightening about his faithful heart, that noble dog roused himself at sight of my peril, worked toward me as best he could, and with a last desperate effort, born of love and fidelity, he dragged me to shore, sank down, and, with a few short gasps, was dead.

"Chilled and stupified, yet perfectly conscious of the enormity of my sin, I watched by his side, gazing into the still open eyes, and alternately blaming myself and calling him names of endearment that he never heard in life.

"How long it was before another hunter's voice recalled me to myself and condition I do not know, but I know that during that time my sufferings of mind made me unconscious of bodily suffering. I was helped home, but for many weeks I lay between life and death, and they said all my unconscious ravings, were of Stanley, and that awful transaction by the lakeside. I have been a different person since, but I can never in life get away from that page in the book.

"You understand what I mean now, and all I have to say further is, boys, be kind to every living creature, and if you can do any good by repeating an old man's story, tell it again and again."

There was silence in the little group as once more the carriage wheels rolled noiselessly away; but presently the largest boy took some pennies from his pocket and bade two of the smaller ones "run to the market and get a good meaty bone." On their return it was laid where the stray dog could smell it, and then the company quietly dispersed, each to tell to some one else the old man's story, and put in practice, we trust, his admonition, "Be kind to every living creature."—Donahues Magazine.

### LIVING AND WORKING FOR OTHERS.

A Peculiar Manner in Which this Trait is Portrayed.

In every community you find individuals who are noted for the good which they do in a quiet unostentatious way, whose every day life is replete with good deeds, good words, and striving to aid those who need a helping hand to carry them over the troubles of life.

It is a pleasure to know such people, and learn from the recipients of the myriad acts of kindness which they are constantly performing, and the many good deeds which shine like stars in the evening sky, diffusing life and beauty along their pathway.

How many have rejoiced as with thankful hearts they became the recipient of a gift of money or some desirable article of which they stood in need, but they knew

not for a certainty from whence it came. They could surmise perhaps but that was all. The secret was well kept, but the deed was it possible, far the more worthy.

A very beneficent and peculiar manner in which this trait of character is portrayed is in pondering the ways and means to give the children of the poor an outing during the summer when the torrid heat beats down upon the pavements of the city, when sickness comes with most fearful effect. There are several organizations engrossed in this work, and what a heaven upon earth must it be to those little ones as they exchange their city quarters for those of the country, or seaside, where green fields, beaches, and river and harbor, limpid brooks, fresh air and other delightful accompaniments of the country or seaside, during the heated term. What a thrill of happiness too must it be to those whose means and inclinations prompt them to perform such a meritorious work.

All along life's journey you meet with these good Samaritans whose great joy is to see others happy, who are never so happy as when they are imparting happiness to others. You meet them in the churches, in the lodge rooms, in the home, in society, and to meet them is a pleasure indeed. Greed and selfishness has no part in their make-up, but with a love for all, and a desire to lend a hand when necessary, they pass through life, honored and respected, and when called up higher, there are many sincere mourners who will long cherish their memories.

### HOME FIRST.

How Little Jennie was Taught to do the Work Near at Hand.

"Jenny," said a very tired mother to her daughter one afternoon, "will you help me sew the braid on Nettie's dress?"

"Oh, mother, how can you ask me to help you when you know that it takes all my time to make those pictures?"

"What pictures?" inquired her mother.

"Why, a lot of us girls met yesterday at Katie Easton's house and formed a club—we call it the 'Busy Workers,' because we will be always helping the poor. We are making pictures for the poor sick children in the hospital now. Do you not think it a good plan?"

"Perhaps it is," answered her mother, absently.

So Jenny, leaving her mother to sew on the braid, started upstairs to make pictures. She had not been up there very long when Katie Easton came in.

"Well, Kate, I thought you were never coming," said Jenny.

"I would have been here sooner, but we had company for dinner, and Rose had so many dishes to wash that I stayed to help her with them."

"Why, Kate Easton, you shock me! The very idea of you helping your servant," said Jenny, much surprised.

"Now, look here, Jenny, didn't we girls form a club, and each promise that we would do all we could to help others?"

"Well, that hasn't anything to do with helping servants to wash dishes," said Jenny.

"Yes, it has, too," answered Kate. "I couldn't go out helping other people, all the time knowing that mother or some of the servants would be glad of my help. Do you think you could?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Jenny.

After a pleasant afternoon Kate went home. As soon as she was gone Jenny went to her mother.

"Mother, have you the braid sewed on Nettie's dress yet?" she asked.

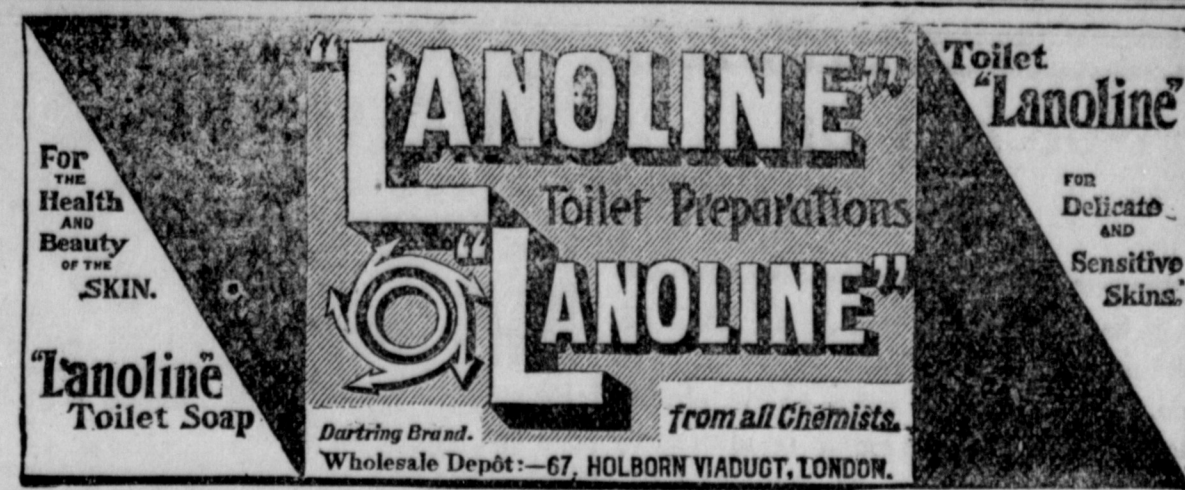
"No; I have not been able to get it done," replied her mother.

"Then I will help you, mother; and after this I mean always to help you first, and then work for any others I can help." And after that Jennie always helped the people inside her home first, and then helped outsiders all she could.—Busy Bee.

### THE SEED AND THE GRAVE.

She Scorned Christianity and God Accepted the Challenge.

"In the town of Hanover, in Germany, there is buried a German countess who denied the existence of God and ridiculed the idea of the resurrection. To further show her contempt for Christianity she ordered that on her death her grave should



be built up of solid masonry and covered by large stones bound together by iron clamps. On this tomb was engraved her defiant challenge that through eternity this tomb should never be disturbed.

"But one day the seed from some tree, either blown by the wind or carried by a bird, became lodged in a small crevice of the tomb, where soon it sprouted and began to grow. And then, as if nature had seemed to mock the haughty infidel, she quietly extended the delicate roots of that seedling under the massive blocks of stone and slowly raised them from their place. And now, although scarcely four generations are passed since that tomb was sealed, that most insignificant seedling has accomplished what God Himself was challenged to accomplish."—Evangelist Moody, in Ladies' Home Journal.

### THE GRIM MONSTER.

"All that tread the globe are but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom." Of the multitudes that yearly join the multitudes already gone, one-seventh are the victims of that dread destroyer—consumption. There is cer-



tainly a lesson in this for every man and woman who will stop and heed the warning of death. At the first approach of the

grim monster—consumption—the threatened victim should take refuge in the use of the only known cure for that disease. Many doctors say that consumption is incurable. They are mistaken and thousands who have been rescued from the brink of death, after they were given up by the doctors, and all hope was gone, have testified to the fact over their written signatures. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It cures bronchitis, asthma, weak lungs, spitting of blood, throat troubles, chronic nasal catarrh, and all diseases of the air passages. It acts directly through the blood, on the affected membranes and tissues, destroying all disease germs, allaying inflammation and building healthy tissues. It makes the appetite keen and the digestion perfect. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder.

Honest druggists won't insult your intelligence by endeavoring to persuade you to take an inferior substitute for the little added profit it may afford.

"I have been troubled with bronchitis for several years," writes Mrs. Orlin O'Hara, of Box 114, Piquette Falls, Ottertail Co., Minn. "In the first place I had sore throat; doctored with different doctors and took various medicines, but got no lasting relief. We had had Dr. Pierce's book, the 'Common Sense Medical Adviser,' for a long time but had not got careless about reading it up. One day we saw a new advertisement in the paper in regard to this medicine, and as I was suffering and had been raising a good deal from my throat, a sticky substance like the white of an egg, and could not sleep, and had about made up my mind that I would hardly live through the winter, we made up our minds to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pellets.' After I had taken one bottle we thought we could see a little change. We sent and got another bottle of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and also one of 'Favorite Prescription.' I took them alternately, and in a few days I began to see that I was better for certain. I took eight bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and two of 'Favorite Prescription,' and, really, I have not felt as well in years. I sleep better than I have in twenty years, and am confident that if others have any such troubles they will be more than pleased if they try Dr. Pierce's medicines. I am not in favor of patent medicines as a rule. Have tried too many of them and found them a failure, but I do know that Dr. Pierce's medicines will do what is claimed for them if taken as directed and continued long enough."

"I took a severe cold with sore throat," writes Mrs. S. A. Everhart, of Oard Spring, Scott Co., Ind. "Soon I began to cough; my right side was so sore that when I coughed it seemed as though my side would burst. I summoned the physician and he said that I had pleurisy. I took his medicine for some time and got some better, but it seemed I could get so far and no farther. All the spring and summer I used mustard plasters and fly blisters on my side and lungs. Finally my right shoulder and between my shoulders began to ache so badly that I could hardly endure it and at times I would feel almost smothered. My breath would be so short that I could scarcely talk. It was a miserable feeling indeed. I read of ———'s Sarsaparilla being such a great medicine, so I concluded to try it. I got two bottles of it and when I had taken the medicine I was no better. I was becoming discouraged; several of my near relatives had died with consumption and I thought I was about to go the same way. I thought I would try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I took two bottles of the 'Discovery' and two bottles of the 'Pleasant Pellets.' By the time I had taken half a bottle I began to improve, and when I had finished the two bottles of the 'Discovery' and two of the 'Pellets' I felt like a new person. That weak smothered feeling was all gone. I thought I ought to take more of the medicine but I felt so well I did not take any more. I would not take fifty dollars for the benefit I received from taking your medicine."

### Acts of Heroism.

Acts of heroism were not wanting in the horrors of the fire in the charity bazaar in Paris. While the flame was sweeping through the mass of delicate, lightly-clad women, and the burning tar was raining down on them, there were men and women who remained calm, thinking of others instead of themselves.

A window was opened in the wall. The wife of the academicien, Heredia, saw it and urged her daughter toward it. The girl pushed her mother forward. An old woman of the poorer class, named Surraut, had reached the chair before the window. She drew back and forced them to escape in her place. She was carried out later cruelly burned, and when asked why she gave up her chance said:

"They loved each other so much! I could not see them die."

One royal princess was present—the Duchesse d'Alencon. She was the chief patroness of the charity, and when they would have carried her out of the flames, drew back behind a stall, saying:

"Our guests must go first." She perished in the flames. None of her ancestors ever faced death more royally.

Among those who carried out the burning victims at the risk of their own lives were two scullions from the hotel, a poor cab-driver, a plumber, and a street-sweeper. These men worked encircled by sweeping rings of fire, and covered with frightful burns.

We may naturally explain the heroism of the high-born lady by saying that the feeling that she must be brave and courteous even in death had come down to her through generations of chivalrous ancestors. But how did it come to the scullion and the street-sweeper? What, after all, makes the hero? Not familiarity with danger, for Sir Colin Campbell, after years of brave fighting, never drew his sword without losing color.

Most of us would like to stand for one glorious moment as heroes in the eyes of a watching world. But no spell has ever been found which will command the moment or the high courage to meet it. There are humbler virtues we can always master, and opportunities for them are always ready. After all a little candle burning every night through the slowly passing years, makes as much light in the house as a lightning flash once in a life time.

### UNTOLD AGONY.

Distracted by Excruciating Rheumatic Pains—Seven Years' Untold Misery—No Remedy to Help—No Physician to Thwart the Onslaught—But South American Rheumatic Cure Churns Away the Pains in 12 Hours and the Suffering Slave is Emancipated.

J. D. McLeod of Leith, Ont., says: "I have been a victim of rheumatism for seven years, being confined to my bed for months at a time, and unable to turn myself. Have been treated by many of the best physicians without benefit. I had no faith in cures I saw advertised, but my wife induced me to get a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure. At that time I was suffering agonizing pains, but inside of 12 hours after I had taken the first dose the pains left me. Three bottles completely cured me, and I rejoice in having the opportunity of telling what a great cure it has wrought in me.

### Frightening a Grizzly.

A veteran hunter tells in the San Francisco Chronicle of a bear which backed out of a fight, frightened by a man's acrobatic performances. He says:

"A remarkable instance I heard once, where a famous guide courageously advanced upon three grizzlies, an old she-bear and two half-grown cubs, and by a series of ridiculous monkey-shines and acrobatic manoeuvres on the ground within a rod or two of the bears, filled them with such astonishment and apparent fear that the three hastily retreated into the woods.

"The guide's gun had snapped in both barrels, he having drawn on the old bear before the young ones appeared. He afterward said that it was in a fit of desperation that he tried the turning of a handspiral and jumping up and down, flopping his hands and resorting to other unhunter-like measures.

"He had been told once that a hunter had frightened a mountain-lion away by similar absurd movements, and he found that it worked to perfection in the case of the bears, although he did not encourage any one to go hunting grizzlies armed with nothing more than a capacity to turn somersaults."

### Job Worth Holding.

The best paid official in the British service is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who receives £20,000 a year.

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