

## Sunday Reading.

The Old Pilgrim.

I am so weary Master dear,  
So very weary of the road  
That I have travelled year by year,  
Bearing along life's heavy load.  
It is so long, it is so steep,  
This highway leading to the skies,  
And shadows now begin to creep,  
And sleep lies heavy on mine eyes.

I am so weary, Master dear,  
So very weary of the road  
Ah, is it far or is it near,  
That snow-white city built by God?  
Where naught is known but peace and rest,  
Where Thy dear hands have ready made  
A place for e'en the humblest guest?

But come Thou closer, Master dear,  
My weakness makes me sore dismayed,  
O, let me whisper in Thine ear!  
For I am troubled and afraid.  
What if my soul its way should miss,  
Between here and the world above,  
What, if I never share the bliss  
Provided by Thy tender love?

Tired one, the journey is not long,  
Thy heart need never faint nor shrink.  
An opening door, an angel's song—  
Ah, heaven is nearer than you think!

### A MYSTERIOUS THEFT.

Harold Ames was proud and happy when Mr. Jones, the great newspaper agent, took him as one of his boys. Not a moment later was he with any of the papers, and the wages were a quarter more than in his last place. Every one of those quarters should be put aside to buy mother the new dress she needed.

Harold's mother was a widow and he was her only child.

Five weeks had Harry kept his place and five quarters rattled in his money-box—the rest of the money he always handed over to his mother to buy his food and clothes—when a terrible trial befell the boy. Subscribers complained that their papers were not left regularly, and one man even sent word that, though paid for, his paper had not come for a whole week past. Of course Harry was sent for and reprimanded, but he could only say earnestly:

'Please, Sir, I always did leave the papers at every house.'

And the answer was, 'don't make matters worse by telling a lie.'

He was not dismissed, but was to have a week's grace.

Poor Harry! Tears of indignation welled into his eyes. As to the missing papers, he knew nothing about them. It was a mystery, and it was a mystery that befell the boy. He left the papers regularly in Mortimer street, yet again people called at the office and said that they never got them. At the end of the week the boy was called up and dismissed.

In vain Harry's mother pleaded for her child, a good boy with a good character for honesty wherever he had been in a place; it was of no use.

Poor Harry was sobbing bitterly at home when Mr. S., the photographer round the corner, knocked at the door to ask Mrs. Ames to send his wash home a little earlier. He was surprised to see Harry in tears, and asked the reason. Mrs. Ames explained.

'Look here,' the young man said, 'I'm fond of mysteries; I'll take the boy,' and the photographer laughed. 'Cheer up,' he said to Harry. 'Come and work for me, and we'll find out this riddle.'

He knew Harry; knew him for a good boy.

A few days later Mr. S. called at the newspaper office.

'Papers gone regularly since you dismissed young Ames?' he asked.

'Not a bit of it. Worse complaints than ever,' was the reply.

'Ah, a mystery,' said Mr. S. and went away.

Next day he got up very early and walked up and down Mortimer street. Harry's successor was dropping the papers on every doorstep. Mr. S. leaned against the portico of No. 1, and waited, keeping an eye on the whole street. Then he went home chuckling and staring hard at No. 8, where the door stood open to air the house. You could do that in this quiet street.

He asked Harry if No. 8 had ever complained of his papers coming irregularly, but Harry shook his head.

'No. 8 was too ill,' he said. 'They thought he was dying all last week. The girl told me so.'

'Do they keep a cat?' he asked.

Harry stared. 'They keep a dog,' he said, 'a jolly one; it can do heaps of tricks.'

'It is too clever, by half,' said Mr. S. 'Come with me, my boy, you and I will go and ask how No. 8 is.'

Harry wondered, but got his cap and followed.

To this question the girl answered joyfully that her employer was a great deal better; out of danger.

'Can he read the papers yet?' asked Mr. S.

'Well, now, how odd!' said the girl. 'I was just going to get it for him when you rang. Rover takes it always off the doorstep and lays it in the little smoking-room; but this two weeks past we've none of us thought of the paper, or even gone into the room, we've been so dreadfully anxious about poor Mr. Orr.'

'May I see the smoking-room?' asked the photographer.

'Certainly, sir,' said the girl, surprised.

But when Harry, Mr. S. and Sarah entered the room there was still a greater surprise, for the floor was littered with papers, yet folded, carried in from various doorsteps by the busy Rover. During his master's illness no one had taken the paper from him and praised him for doing it, so he must have tried to earn praise by bringing in more papers, searching every doorstep up and down the street.

'And we all too upset to notice it!' said Sarah. 'Well I never! Rover you're a thief! This will be news for your master.'

'The mystery is discovered,' said the photographer. 'Could I ask as a favor that this room be left as it is for Mr. Jones of the newspaper office to see? I think your employers will not object when he hears that a boy has been accused of taking the papers.'

'Certainly, sir,' said Sarah.

The agent was taken to No. 8. He found there all the missing papers, and Rover was kind enough to make things clear by bringing in another stolen paper during his visit.

'You are certainly cleared, my lad,' he said. 'We must have you back. This is a queer affair,' and he patted Rover on the head.

'Thank you; but I can't spare my boy; he suits me,' said the photographer.

'Well, then, we must give Ames a present, for he has suffered unjustly.'

'I don't want anything, sir; I'm only too glad to be cleared.'

'The boys said you were saving up money for some purpose; perhaps I could help you to that.'

'Oh, nothing, sir, for me, but I did want to get mother a dress.'

'Ah, yes! I won't keep you now. Good bye, Mr. S. You have done us a valuable service by clearing up this little affair.'

That evening a knock came to the Ames' door, and a parcel was left directed to Harry's mother. It contained a beautiful dark dress 'from Rover.'—The Waiting Boy.

### The Soul's Inquiries.

Wounds of the soul, though healed will ache;  
The reddening scars remain, and make confession;  
Lost innocence returns no more;  
We are not what we were before transgression.  
But noble souls, through dust and heat,  
Rise from disaster and defeat.

The stronger,  
And, conscious still of the divine  
Within them, lie on the earth supine  
No longer.

—Longfellow.

Now, every text applies to the preacher as well as to the hearers. It applies to the saint and sinner alike. There is no one exempt from this truth. It makes no difference who the man is—it makes no difference what his position in society. He may be a pauper or a millionaire, he has got to reap. The most astounding thing to me is that we haven't waked up to this truth during the past six thousand years. It is no new law. God made Adam reap before he left Eden. God made Cain reap out side of Eden, and right along down for six thousand years—as far back as you can trace man you can find this law has been in force, and there is no getting around it or under it or through it. It meets every man square in the face. Be not deceived. God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. He may be a king on the throne, like Ahab, a wicked king; he may be a good king, like David, or he may be a priest behind the altar. It makes no difference who he is or what he is, he has got to reap. He may escape the law of man, but there is another law that will reach him. No man is exempt from this law. You can blot the sun from the heavens easier than you can defeat this law. Now, what man has failed to do for six thousand years you and I had better

give up trying to do, escape this law for you cannot escape it. It is God's eternal decree that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. I remember giving out this text once and a man got right up in the meeting and said: 'I don't believe it.' 'Well,' I said, 'my friend, that does not change facts.' You know there is a class of people that labor under this delusion, that if they don't believe a thing the thing is not true. It doesn't make any difference whether you believe it or not. If it is true it is true. If it is a lie it is a lie, and your opinion about it don't change the fact, does it? The trouble with that man was that he didn't want to believe, so he thought aloud, and before he knew it it was out, and he said, 'I don't believe it,' and when the meeting broke up there was an officer stood at the door with a warrant with him, and he was taken into court and tried for stealing.—D. L. Moody.

### UNDER A GREAT TEACHER.

It is not Always Pleasant to be a Pupil of a Great Master.

It is undeniably an enviable position to be a pupil of a great musician, and yet it is doubtful if every one thus favored of fortune finds the honor wholly sweet. The London Leader prints some recollections of Leschetizky which are calculated to console the ordinary learner for being obliged to take lessons of a less gifted master.

It is said that when the writer knew him it was not an unheard of thing for this musician to tell a trembling aspirant to go home and brush his boots or sweep floors. He did not always mean quite all he said, for when his mood changed he would possibly be quite amiable to the same luckless pupil. To one unhappy youth he said one day, in a fury:

'If I ever teach you anything, build a temple in some grove to me.'

It must be supposed that the young man thus addressed was especially devoid of musical ability, for he is now giving concerts as a Leschetizky pupil. The master's objection to his playing lay in the want of delicacy of touch. That the fault was not apparent to the sensitive ear of Leschetizky alone is shown by a remark made of the man's strong playing by another.

'He has made a hit in Paris and other cities,' said his rather witty critic, 'and doubtless he will make some pounds in London.'

Some of Leschetizky's pupils were quite willing to forego the benefit of the lesson if they might escape from the presence of the angry teacher. One little maid of ten, who was sent running from his presence, her music rolled up in a ball following swiftly at her heels, dashed through the door with an expression on her face of most joyous relief at such an unusually short lesson. An hour and forty minutes is not an unheard of time for one of Leschetizky's lessons to an interesting pupil.

The writer of these reminiscences was at one time waiting while his daughter was finishing her lesson, and a very brilliant pupil of the master shared the waiting. They heard Leschetizky shouting, almost screaming.

'She is having her first bad lesson,' said the pupil. 'He is nervous and tired. What shall I do, for I come still later?'

When his daughter appeared, however, she was radiant.

'They you have not had a bad lesson?' the father asked.

'No indeed,' was the reply. 'He was telling me how much greater Paderewski might have been than he is, if he had carried out faithfully all his master's instructions.'

A Child Cured of Eczema by Chase's Ointment.

'My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 24 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medicines and soaps, and took the child to medical specialists in skin diseases, but without result. The doctor advised the use of Chase's Ointment, and since using the eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my child is cured.'

(Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON,  
112 Anne St., Toronto.

### Injustice to her Wheel.

'I had my photograph taken with my wheel, but had to reject it.'

'Wasn't it a good one?'

'Yes mine was all right, but it didn't do my wheel justice.'



### A DOG'S FRIENDSHIP.

How he Acquired the Ability to Travel on Three Legs.

Dick Dead-eye was a rat-terrier, small, mangy, blind of one eye, and compelled by a scandalously acquired infirmity to go upon three legs like an animated milk-stool. He belonged, in a kind of Hawaiian annexation fashion, to a general utility boy in a grocery store, and his subsistence was upon spoiled canned meats and the refuse of cracker barrels.

Sultan was a magnificent, smooth-coated St. Bernard, sound and healthy in every member, well fed and aristocratic, with a pedigree as long as a magazine story.

Yet Sultan conceived a most absorbing and romantic affection for the disreputable Dick Deadeye, and no chain was strong enough to prevent his escaping from his master's proud country seat and joyfully hieing himself into the city, to spend his freedom with his one-eyed friend.

And Dick Deadeye, in his cringing, obsequious way, returned the affection of his big friend; for it meant much to him, persecuted and set upon by all the ill-favored, and ill-dispositioned dogs of the alley, to hear the boisterous, half-warning, half-welcoming 'Woof' of the big fellow, as he came bounding into the street, with Deadeye's tormentors scattering and scurrying before him like dead leaves before a gust of wind.

And so the ill-matched friendship grew; and Sultan, big, open-faced, open-hearted, ingenuous fellow, was as happy as dog's love could make him; and his happiness seemed to overflow to all the children and horses and cats in the neighborhood. But the dogs he could not endure, for they annoyed Dick Deadeye.

But at last there came a change. Dick's master was promoted to one of the delivery teams of the store, and the one-eyed dog rode with him on the seat, alert, bristling, yawning, the very personification of spiteful triumph, and arrogant littleness of body and spirit.

Thus he sat one day when his great friend, Sultan, bounded into the street, exuberant and expectant, with five links of a steel chain dangling from his collar. The grocery team was just rattling forth and Dick Deadeye got upon his three contemptible, mangy legs and barked screamingly and hatefully and tauntingly at the big St. Bernard, as the wagon and the dog approached each other. Sultan stopped in his tracks and gave an amazed, pitifully questioning upward look at the little traitor above the spinning wheels. Then the great head sank, and, with tail between his legs, the big fellow slunk out of the street and loped miserably away, never to return—Puck.

### QUICKLY FILLED.

A Man who Lost no Time in Looking After an Office.

Great is the agility of office-seekers, a story which was told some years ago seems apocryphal. It was originally told by Mr. John C. Rives of Washington, a man well known in both social and business life in that city. The story concerned Major Hobbie, once member of Congress from New York State, who, on the accession of General Jackson to the presidency, was made Assistant Postmaster-General, which position he held until 1850.

Major Hobbie, like many of our present high officials, was ever ready with the fatal answer, 'No vacancy,' to all applicants for office. Mr. Rives said the major had promised to appoint a friend of his to the first vacancy, and he had called on him repeatedly to fulfil that promise; but the invariable answer, 'No vacancy,' was the excuse, until he had about concluded to relinquish the matter as a bad job.

At length one day his friend called on him, out of breath from running, and told him that Mr. Paine, a post-office clerk, had just been drowned in the canal, at the same time begging that he would go with him to secure his place from Major Hobbie.

Thinking he had a sure thing this time, Mr. Rives said they both hastened to the major's office and confidently renewed their application.

'No vacancy,' said the major. 'Yes, there is,' said the applicant. 'Paine is dead, drowned in the canal, and I have just seen his body on the bank awaiting the coroner's inquest.'

Whereupon Major Hobbie sent immediately for his miscellaneous clerk, Mr. Marr, and to the astonishment of all present, Marr confirmed the stereotyped reply of 'No vacancy.'

'But yes there is,' the applicant insisted. 'Paine is drowned.'

'How is this?' said the major. 'Is poor Paine really gone?'

'Certainly,' said Marr: 'drowned in the canal and his place was filled an hour ago by the man who saw him fall in.'

### About Facing Things.

'You must pluck up heart and face things.' That's what our friends tell us when we are in trouble and they are not. Oh, yes. Talk is cheap, and there's a deal too much of it—from some people. If ever one of them finds himself clinging to a plank in mid-ocean—which, heaven forbid—he won't deliver himself so cheerfully about "facing things."

'What the end would be I did not dare to think,' says a lady in her letter. No wonder. In her place you wouldn't have dared to do it either. Here's her story:—

'When I was quite a young girl,' she says, 'I was subject to frequent attacks of sick headache, and heaving and retching after meals. However, I got along fairly well up to the autumn of 1884, when I broke down altogether. My skin was sallow, and I had a foul taste in the mouth, and no appetite or relish for food of any kind. After eating the least morsel I had an aching and a sense of pain, weight, and oppression at the chest, with a strange feeling of constriction or tightness around the sides.'

Besides these things there was much pain between and under the shoulder blades and the pain and weight at the back of my neck was so intense that I could not hold my head up. Then my breathing became so short and difficult that at night I was not able to lie down in my bed. It seemed to me as if I must suffocate.

'Night after night I paced the floor all night long, anxious for daylight. I wanted to be moving about the house, as though to escape from myself. I had no rest day or night, only getting an occasional doze in the armchair by the fire. Yet I was so weak I could barely stir, and what the end would be I did not dare to think.'

'I took all kinds of medicine, and consulted two doctors, but was little or none the better for anything they did for me. The second doctor said my trouble all arose from indigestion and the liver, and now I think he was right; yet even a correct opinion does not cure a disease.'

'For over two years I suffered agonies, and feared I should never be well again. In December, 1886, my husband heard what wonderful cures had been brought about throughout the country by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Then he got me a bottle from Mr. Wand, chemist, at Leicester, and I began taking it, although (I must confess to you) without a particle of faith in it. Yet, behold! in less than a fortnight I was quite a new woman, being free from pain, and able to eat and digest nourishing food. This was so surprising that I kept on taking the Syrup, and after I had used three bottles I was in better health than I had been for years. Since then I have grown strong, and am now in the best of health. You are welcome to publish these facts, and I will gladly answer inquiries. (Signed) Eliza Farmer. The common, Barwell, near Hinckley, Leicestershire, November 6th, 1894.'

This case is widely known in the district, and has caused much comment. Mr. J. Green, draper and grocer, Chapel street, Barwell, has known Mrs. Farmer for years and vouches for the truth and accuracy of her statement as here printed. The doctor was right as to her complaint—chronic dyspepsia, with resulting torpid liver—but unhappily he did not resort to the only remedy which actually cures this common and deplorable disease—Mother Seigel's Syrup. Most fortunately, however, the lady's husband heard of it in time, and, like a wise man, procured it at once.

As to that time when Mrs. Farmer dared not think what the end would be. Well, we won't talk of it now. She didn't reach it, thanks to Providence and the medicines she names.

### Sufficient Evidence.

Host.—'Why did you give that man the most expensive rooms in the house? Do you know if he has the means to pay?'

Porter.—'Of course I do. Would that pretty young woman have married such an ugly old fellow if he wasn't rich as Croesus?—Flingende Blatter.'

### An Advantage.

Bag carrier (to Keeper).—'What does the master say ask that body tae shoot wi' him for? He canna hit a thing!'

Keeper.—'Dad, man, I daur say he wishes they was all like him. The same birds does him through the season!—Lunch.'

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