

Sunday Reading.

LOOK FOR THE BEST.

When we pass hastily through an art gallery, we find ourselves looking at the largest pictures only even though these may be rude and unfinished in workmanship...

The habit of discovering the good traits of others renders its possessor a charmed person: not only will he be the better prepared to appreciate the real worth of those with whom he comes in contact...

The best part of it, too, is that the habit is not difficult to acquire. It simply consists in making it a rule to look for the best in the purposes and actions of others...

A gentleman and his daughter were driving along a country road, when they met a young girl walking by the wayside.

'What a tawdry dress that girl has on!' exclaimed the daughter, when they were past.

'Is that all you noticed?' asked the father, smiling. 'I have two impressions to your one then; I noticed that the girl's hair was very neatly done up, and that she wore a bright, pretty carnation.'

The one had been looking for the best, while the other had caught sight of only the unattractive. The result was, that one passed on with a good opinion of the neatness of the unconscious country girl, while the other had a bad impression—perhaps a wrong one—of her taste.

Two young ladies, travelling on a railway train, overheard a mother speaking to her children in an adjoining seat.

'That woman's voice jars on my nerves,' said one. 'Her tones are so harsh.'

'I hadn't thought of it,' replied the other. 'I noticed, though, that her voice was low and tender when she was soothing her baby to sleep.'

To look for the best is to see the best, or, if we fail to see the best, we shall at least over-look the unpleasant and forbidding. Some of the most satisfactory pleasures of life are the cheapest. One of these is that which comes from this very ability to discern the good in persons and circumstances about us.

'Even if we see our neighbor manifestly doing wrong, let us not utterly blame him, because we know not whether under like temptation we ourselves should have been steadfast. We do well not to assume that others are weaker than ourselves.'

AN INSPIRATION FOR US.

How a Devoted Woman Spends a Useful Life.

Most readers are well acquainted with the correspondent, Clara, M. Cushman, for years missionary in Peking. In a recent exchange, she gives this glowing description, when, the sun gone well-nigh down behind the city walls...

The watchman's rattle begins to sound, and now the sweet-toned bell—a gift of love from a devoted woman in Wilkesbarre—peals forth clear and strong, calling all who will to come to the mission chapel...

How the missionaries have longed and prayed and worked for this hour! How thankfully they now offer up their heartfelt prayers in behalf of those who kneel at the altar! How tender are the amens and 'God help you's' that mingle with the broken prayers of the 'seekers'!

Now all have taken their seats, save one. It is the poor man who builds our fires, empties our ashes, brings our water, and hires our donkeys.

Finally he is so quiet and motionless and remains kneeling so long that we think he has fallen asleep. The leader touches him gently on the shoulder and says: 'Lin No. 2, you may now take your seat.'

'Oh, my shepherd,' he exclaims, 'I came here for something. It has not come yet. I am truly unable to go.'

The next morning the coolie meets the missionary and he says: 'Look at me, shepherd. I am nothing but a poor coolie. Look at my garments; they are old and worn and patched. I have no learning, no rank, no silver, but in my heart's center I have an unable-to-speak-it-out joy.'

The busy days slip by. I watch our coolie's every-day life and I rejoice. His faith and trust and, his gentle, kindly deeds and earnest service so full of the Christ-spirit, are an inspiration to us.

'All the sadness and sins of a whole world were on the shoulders of Jesus, and yet he found time to be good to a miserable beggar. He was about to begin his great kingdom, but he was not too busy to heal sick people that nobody else cared for.'

Be grateful for little things. An ungrateful person is apt to prove unpleasant company.

THIRTY YEARS OF GLOOM. He had Hunted the World for a ray of Hopeful, Healthful Sunshine, but in vain until South American Nervine Brought a Midday burst of Healing Light to Him and Made Him Strong again.

Thomas Waterman, a well-known and popular resident of Bridgewater, N. S., had been suffering from indigestion and weakness of the nerves for nearly thirty years. He had tried every remedy, and treated with best physicians, but all failed to give any permanent relief.

A SOLID MASS OF SORES

CURED BY . . . . . BBB FOR THE BLOOD

Home Proof from St. Mary's, Ontario.

That Burdock Blood Bitters is the best Blood Purifier for use in spring is a fact which everyone knows. However, there is

ANOTHER POINT Is an All-the-Year-Round Medicine.

It cures bad blood, regulates the stomach, liver and bowels at any and all seasons of the year. In fact B.B.B. does the work every time—and all the time. Read this gratifying letter:

MESSRS. T. MILBUR & CO., TORONTO, ONT.: GENTLEMEN,—I have used your Burdock Blood Bitters for my little boy, aged 10 years. He was a complete mass of sores and pimples. The doctors said it arose from bad blood.

I got a bottle of B.B.B. and before half the bottle was used he began to improve. The improvement was rapid and continuous. At the end of the first bottle he had not a sore or pimple left on him.

Washing his face and body with the B.B.B. diluted with water gave him great relief. He was not able to be dressed for weeks, but is now perfectly restored to health through the use of this remarkable blood purifying medicine.

The cure has been permanent up to the present date, and I believe no other medicine could have performed such a miraculous cure in so short a time. It shows me plainly that B.B.B. acts on the blood directly, and through it regulates, purifies and restores the entire system.

MRS. PHILIP MITCHELL, St. Mary's, Ont.

THIS IS THE MEDICINE THAT DOES THE WORK FOR THE BLOOD

study. Other students soon followed the brave boy in declining beer; and this year A—has succeeded in banishing it altogether from the meetings of the club!

Beginning the Day.

Our early hours tune all the rest of the day. Broken, discordant, or disfigured days are possible larger because we have not learned to protect their beginnings. We trust to chance to get through the day. Against such dangers a devotional habit is the surest and most natural protection.

'It is better to lose the good opinion of others than to lose a good opinion of one's self.'

Be grateful for little things. An ungrateful person is apt to prove unpleasant company.

INDIAN JUSTICE.

How Some Penobscot Indians Elected the Punishment to the Crime.

'According to the books that I studied when a boy,' began an oldish man at the club the other night, 'the Indians looked down on their wives, and made them simply beasts of burden. That may have been so in some places, but it wasn't always so, or everywhere.'

CRUELTY OUTWITTED. How a Quick Witted Sailor Escaped His Punishment.

Though the conditions of the merchant-sailor's life are not yet what they should be, the present evils are mostly those of neglect, rather than of downright aggressive cruelty. The old days, when a captain felt that custom demanded that he should knock his crew about with a marine spike, are happily passed away.

The mate was a rigid disciplinarian, who used to make the men wash down the iron masts seated in a bowline, because they would get through their work more quickly if they had nothing but a knot in a rope to cling to than if they had the board of a 'bos'n chair' under them.

Another of this amiable officer's tricks was to stand by the fore-castle door and administer a kick to the last man out. This was to promote spryness and inspire respect.

It is a satisfaction to add that the sailor's shrewdness struck the mate's sense of humor, and the intended punishment was forgotten.

made one of the bucks appreciate the fact that his wife was not a beast of burden. This buck went on what we now call a bat, and got drunk—'drank too much ocapee and Cheepie [devil] got in in him.'

'The other Indians discovered this very promptly and tried him by a very summary process. The general opinion was that he should be executed at once; but one of the elder bucks interposed and gave this advice: 'No shoot him; make him live long as squaw live; him carry squaw when she want walk; when squaw die bimeby, then we shoot.'

'This advice appealed to the other men, and they decided to punish the buck as the old chief suggested. So the buck carried his wife around on his back, whenever the tribe moved, whenever she wanted to go any place. So far as I learned, she did not hesitate about moving around. Of course, the buck hated to carry her; but the beauty of the arrangement was that he didn't dare to ill-treat her, much less to kill her, because his life depended upon hers.

'I don't know how long this punishment lasted—who died first, or if after her death he was pardoned or executed. If those Indians didn't make the punishment fit the crime, I don't know who did, either, not Gilbert's 'Mikado' at any rate.'

EIGHTY UNFORTUNATES.

Is the Estimated Proportion in every Hundred People in this Climate Effected with That Dread Disease Catarrh—How easy The Proportion Would be Reversed!

'Dr.' Agnew's Catarrhal Powder benefited me at once, and it's so easy to apply,' says Rev. W. H. Main, of Emmanuel Baptist church, Buffalo. Thousands more in professional, and in the humbler callings of life, could say Amen to this statement.

Keep the Mouth Shut.

If you would avoid colds, keep the mouth shut when coming out of an over-heated room, especially late at night, and breathe through the nose. Chills are apt to ensue when people talk freely while out of doors just after leaving a room full of hot air, and theater-goers who discuss and laugh over the play on their way home are inviting illness.