

Sunday Reading.

A Grave by the Roadside.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

This part of 'Gray's Elegy,' came to me with new force as I stood by the grave of General Edward Braddock. 'The Indians may frighten Continental troops, but they can make no impression on the King's regulars,' said Braddock, in reply to young Washington's timely warning. But the impression was made, not only on the troops, but on the leader as well.

His grave is about fifty feet from the left edge of the 'national Pike,' nine miles east of Uniontown, Pa. The sacred spot is inclosed by an oak board fence which is thirty feet square. There are ten trees within the inclosure, whose roots have formed a thick network which seems to protect the space that encloses the grave. While here, the sun sinking into the west, as it did on that memorable night many years ago, shortly before Washington read the funeral oration, let us learn to regard the advice of those who are stationed below us in life. It need be, let us gladly receive instruction from a child.

'What do they give you to do up there?' asked a careless father of his little daughter who had been induced to attend a Mission Sabbath-school.

'Then preacher told all the children who loved Jesus to come up front this afternoon,' answered the child.

'Then what did he say?' inquired her father.

'God bless the children! I wish their parents would take the same step, if they have not already done so! Won't you go with me next Sunday, papa? The preacher would be so glad to see you.'

'I will think about it, Ruth,' he said, kissing her.

The father did think about it and also talked it over with his wife. Through the child's instrumentality both father and mother were taken into the church.

'Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.' The child nature is a susceptible nature, one that is easily impressed. In this respect, the Christian must be like the child, ready to receive truth, instruction or advice, no matter from what rank of life they come.

A competent general will receive instruction from a servant if it is likely to prove profitable. Colonel Bailey, acting engineer of the Sixteenth Army Corps, taught the graduates of West Point something about engineering when he raised the river so that Porter's gunboats could pass over the falls. They received the instruction gladly, and he was given the badge of a Brigadier General for saving the fleet.

'No man is fit to lead who has not the courage to stand alone.' Braddock's courage has never been questioned. But he has been warmly criticised for disregarding the advice of those who were classed below him as far as military affairs were concerned. And so, I say, at this mound, which is raised up by the lonely roadside, it is becoming for us to learn to respect the opinions of those who may be classified below us.

THE WAY HEDGED UP.

It is better always to follow God's Rule than our own.

Those who commit their lives to God to direct may always be sure of his hand to point the way. Sometimes, however, their own plans are all shattered before they find out God's plan for them. Fair ways which they had chosen are hedged up, and they learn the divine road after disappointment. Like Paul, who was hindered from Bithynia and Asia that he might hear the call to Macedonia, let hindered believers never lose confidence, but keep right on praying and trusting. The history of a distinguished manufacturer who is now dead shows plainly how much better God's ways are than our own.

When a boy, this man became an earnest Christian and was full of ambition to preach the gospel. He was poor, but resolutely set about earning money and studying, at the same time, to prepare for college. He was nearly ready to enter, when his two great labors spoiled his hopes. After working by day, he had used his eyes at night till he became nearly blind. It was only after long rest that he could work again; but he was obliged to dismiss all thought of further study.

It was a bitter disappointment to the young man, and it was only after some trying mental experiences that he resolved to bravely accept his discipline and serve God with all his might in some other way. He turned his attention to mechanics and

developed great skill as an inventor. A great need occurred at the time among manufacturers which he was able to supply. He now began to make money rapidly and resolved to devote his life to earning funds for Christian benevolence.

He built a small factory on a country stream, and his earnings began to bless needy causes, when a freshet came and swept away his dam and mill, swallowing up in its course all his earthly possessions. Here was the most liberally disposed man in the country left without a cent to give Christ and with no means to earn a cent! He wondered again, as he wondered when he had been hindered before, what God wanted of him.

As he stood by his ruined dam one day he saw that the site was capable of furnishing far more power than he had ever obtained from it. He interested moneyed men in his plans and built a new dam—the largest in the region—a structure that no freshet could destroy—and a factory capable of turning out ten times the work of the old mill. In fact the accident made this liberal man a millionaire. Now he could give indeed. And he did give. Thousands have been educated in the academy which he founded; generations of students have studied in the college hall which he built; missionary societies have blessed the farthest lands of the earth through his gifts; home and church knew him as the loving steward of Christ while he lived; and when he died a golden shower fell as his parting benediction on all the work for God around.

This man was a slow speaker, not attractive before an audience, and would undoubtedly have met poor returns for his life-work if he had been permitted to enter the pulpit.

HER UNSEEN FRUIT.

How a Girl's Discouragement was Turned Into Hope.

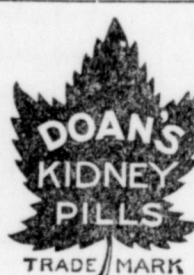
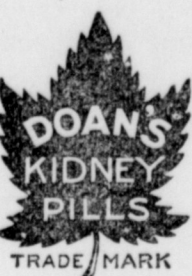
We must have faith for much that we cannot see. He who is conscious of doing God's will may be certain that the world is better for his efforts, though he himself may not see the fruit of his labor. A writer to the 'Sunday School Times' relates an incident full of inspiration to those workers who grow discouraged because they fail to see results.

'I can't keep that class any longer,' said a discouraged teacher one day to a friend. 'I don't believe I am doing those girls one bit of good. I spend much time in prayerful, careful preparation; I visit the girls, I pray for them; I've done everything I can think of to secure their attention and help them in every possible way, but all efforts seem utterly useless. If it were not for Mamie Harvey, there might be some hope for the others, but hers is the most hopeless case I've ever known. She is the personification of indifference, carelessness, deception, and ingratitude, and, with it all, has an unexplainable influence over the other girls that adds greatly to my perplexity. She is always promptly in her place, has not missed a Sunday this year, but why she comes is beyond my comprehension. Unless my thoughts are fairly riveted on something else, that class is continually in my mind day and night. I seemed to have reached the end of my resources with it, and now I feel the time has come to let someone else have my place.'

All the time Jessie Caswell was talking, there was a low tremor in the voice as if a mighty conflict were raging and a long pent up fountain were being suppressed. As the last word was uttered, the tears began trickling down her face. For a few moments, Miss Harris, the friend to whom these words were spoken, was silent. Five minutes, ten minutes, passed with no word spoken and no sound audible except a quiet sobbing. When Jessie looked up, trying to smile even through the tears, it was not a very successful effort, and then Miss Harris, who was principal of the day-school where Mamie Harvey went, said:

'But I have the other end of that line. Listen! Last Monday afternoon, Mamie Harvey was sent to my office for misbehavior. Before she went home, she said: "Miss Harris, I am really trying to be a better girl. It's awful hard work, for I have no help at home. All I have anywhere is from you and Miss Caswell. If you'll try me a little longer, perhaps I'll succeed." Yesterday, a man from a shoe-store came to me on an errand, and, seeing Mamie with a group of girls, said: "Who is that girl?" "Why do you ask?" I said. "Oh!" he replied, "she has annoyed us very much at the store this last year. We felt convinced of her dishonesty, but, having no positive proof, could make no complaints. Tuesday she came in bringing a pair of slippers, saying she had stolen them and was very sorry; said she was trying to be a better girl than in the past, and hoped people would not be too hard on her." Here, you see, is the other end of your line.'

By this time, Jessie Caswell was alternating between smiles (real ones) and



It's Like a Cuckoo. It Has But One Song.

It's the same old song, sung in the same old way. Of course there are variations and different names for it, but they mean the same and are the same. A Bad Back is a Back that's Bad, whether it's Lame, Weak or Aching. A Stitch in the Back, a twitch in the Back, or a Pain in the Back is just the same as an Aching Back, a Weak Back or a Lame Back, it's the Song of the Kidneys, a Song without Words but Meaning. Every note is one of Warning, every Echo one of trouble. Kidneys filter the Blood. Filters become clogged, so do the Kidneys. Keep the Filters working. That's what Doan's Pills are for, and they know how to do it, they're made for it. Backache is a Note of Warning—a Kidney Warning—if you heed it not look out for trouble. Urinary derangement, Diabetes, Bright's disease follow swiftly in the footsteps of Kidney Failure. All Kidney Ills are an easy prey for Doan's Kidney Pills. Plenty of Home proof that this is so. Remember the name Doan's and take no other. There are many Kidney remedies, but only one Cure. Other Kidney Pills, but only one Doan's. Be sure you get the little conqueror of Kidney disease. All druggists. Fifty cents per box.

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tears. Perhaps you can guess whether her class was immediately given to another teacher or not.

THROUGH VARIOUS TRIALS.

How Missionaries are Sometimes Greatly Persecuted.

It is sometimes the case that the sting of an insect is harder to bear than a more severe pain, and that pretty, unceasing persecution is a more searching test of our principles than some one great trial would be. We can therefore appreciate the constancy and loyalty of many Chinese Christians who are put to this test of constant though petty persecution. Writing from Ing-hok, one of the workers says:

Our native Christians are subject to constant annoyances. Not long ago a church member from a little isolated village up among the mountains came down with a load of wood to sell, and to buy food. No one would buy of him, or sell him anything, simply because he was a Christian, and he was surrounded by a howling mob, who jostled him about and treated him very roughly. At another time, three Christian store-keepers were so threatened and persecuted by their heathen neighbors that they fled from the village and hid, but came back when I came to tell their story. That night a constable with twelve men visited the store of one of them, and on the pretense of wishing to look at goods, crowded into his store and then into his loft, stole his money and warned him to leave the village. He left that night, not knowing whither to go, and having no money, but still a faithful Christian. Despite four months of such persecution as this, only six or seven out of one hundred and forty-three new church members have turned back.

A MAN AGAIN.

A Christian Way in Which We may Help Fellow Mortals.

To restore a sense of manhood and self-respect to those who have utterly lost it, and to give self-reliance in place of dependence upon others, is one of the noblest of the many ways in which we may help our fellow-men. This is one of the aims of the City Mission work which is carried on in most of our cities, and an aim that is often accomplished, we are thankful to know. An officer of the New York City Mission relates an interesting incident.

Two years ago, he says, I saw a man whose eyes were closed, and whose face

was horribly disfigured from cruel blows which he received in a drunken brawl the night before. The rent was long overdue, his wife and children were about to be turned into the street and the starving little ones were crying for food. By degrees we gained his interest, and at last persuaded him to come to the Mission. To-day this man is a volunteer care-taker in the infant class of one of our large city mission schools. He came to me just before the presidential election, his face beaming with honest pride and pleasure, as he said to me: Mr. D—, I have been nominated for assemblyman by the Prohibition party.'

He had been made a man again, and was eager to wage relentless war upon the enemy that had once robbed him of happiness, self-respect and manhood.

A LONG LIST.

This Whole Column Would not Contain the Names of the Many Prominent Ministers, Members of Parliament and Professional Men all over this Continent who Have Been Cured of Catarrh by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—it Gives Relief in 10 Minutes.

Volumes of testimony have been written of its curative powers. Catarrh is an aggravating malady, insignificant in its beginning—a little cold in the head—neglect it and soon you're in its thrall. Eighty in every hundred have the taint. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder will cure the slightest cold in the head, and cure the most stubborn case of catarrh. 'Its action is instantaneous,' says one. 'I feel it my duty to recommend it to the public,' says another. 'Never got relief until I used it,' says another, and so on and on. Acts like magic and always cures.

Shirked the Trouble

An amusing view of matrimony is that presented in a story told of two Scotchmen.

A country laird at his death left his property in equal shares to his two sons, who continued to live most contentedly together for many years. At last, however, one of them said to the other:

'Tam, we're getting to be auld men; you take a wife, and when I die, you'll get my share o' the land.'

'Na, na, Jeems,' said the other, 'you're the youngest and the maist lively; you take a wife, and when I die you'll get my share, mon.'

'That's always the way wi' you, Tam,' said the first brother, 'when there's any fash or trouble, I must take it all; you'll do naething.'

PIANO PRACTICE.

How Long May a Student Practice Instrumental Music With Safety?

Many earnest thinkers are at present querying whether the thousands of hours devoted to this practice are wisely expended. Moreover, it is repeatedly asked how far the demands of the piano are in accord with the requirements of health and to what degree the nervousness, defective sight and stoop shoulders of the day are due to piano practice. In view of gaining light on the subject, the management of a prominent western newspaper recently addressed a circular to a number of noted medical men, inquiring how long a student, in average good health, might practice instrumental music with safety. The piano and our girls were doubtless the chief objects of consideration with the circular's author. They were evidently uppermost in the minds of the authorities who responded. A consensus of the opinions expressed in the replies is, therefore, fully in accord with the present theme.

The length of time to be employed with safety, it was stated, depended largely on the age, individual temperament and other occupations of a student. Girls were thought to have less endurance than boys. In commenting on the foregoing, The Etude says: It might well have been added that they are less likely to have other balancing occupations and are more frequently tempted to undue exertions through ambition for social display. One of the main difficulties was considered to arise from the fact that the piano frequently stands in the dark corner of a room filled with dead air, and either under or overheated. Bending forward and straining the eyes to read the notes, in an improper light and atmosphere, is almost sure to cause defective vision and other physical injuries. Another danger attracting attention was the continuous use of the same set of muscles from long sitting in one position, causing headache and permanent spinal exhaustion.

The danger was thought to be especially great to a young spine when the feet are without support, and it was advised that children under 10 should not be permitted to practice more than two hours daily, broken into several periods, with plenty of outdoor exercise intervening. An adult might be allowed from three to six hours, interrupted in the same way. All our organs and faculties are improved and strengthened by habitual use, not overstepping the limits of endurance, but harm must inevitably result from excessive weariness. In ability to lay aside thoughts of work in rest periods wakefulness at night and lassitude in the morning should be promptly heeded.