

Sunday Reading.

TRYING IT HIMSELF.

"Come, let's hurry," said Ben Riker.

"Why?" asked Joey Clark.

"I want to ride my bicycle."

"That's so; I want to ride my bicycle," cried Ned Ankner, who always copied the words and actions of others.

The boys frequently remarked that Ned never knew what to do with himself until somebody else made a suggestion.

"Let's all go together and take a long ride. It's just the kind of a day for it. Suppose we go up as far as Barrington Road."

This from Louie Coombs.

"Yes, let's," Ned quickly assented, and the others, too heartily agreed to the proposal.

The four boys had just come out of Cumberland street church. They were hurrying down the steps when a elderly man approached and inquired:

"Is the pastor inside?"

"No, sir," Joey answered, politely, "the ladies are having a meeting there, but I can show you where the pastor lives, if you wish."

"Never mind, thank you. I was passing, and hearing voices inside, thought that Mr. Payson might be there. Another time will do as well."

Then the old gentleman proceeded down the street and the boys started on their way.

"Why did you offer to go with him when we're in such a hurry?" Ben asked impatiently.

"It would have only taken a minute to go with him around the corner," Joey answered in a quiet tone.

"Yes, and what difference would that have made with our bicycle ride?" said Louie Coombs.

"Well, we have already wasted enough time going up to the church on that errand. We might have been off a half an hour ago."

Just then Joey paused to pick up an orange peel and throw it into an ash barrel.

"There you are again," grumbled Ben, always stopping to do things like that.

But surely no one ought to leave a peel on the sidewalk for people to slip on," was the reply.

It was left there for us."

"But that is no reason why we should leave it for others," Louie interposed. Louie could always tell what people ought to do, but he generally forgot to practice what he preached. "Folks have been very badly injured by slipping on things like that," he went on with a wise air. "It requires about half a minute to remove it, but an injured limb will take weeks to get well. Come, Ben, I don't believe you're as thoughtless as you would make yourself appear. What is the matter with you this afternoon, anyhow?"

"There's nothing the matter with me, but I hate fellows to be always stopping to do things for people when we're in a hurry. Just like him running a half a block the other way to give an old woman a handkerchief she had dropped. It was only a cotton one, too."

"It was probably worth something to her," Joey replied.

"Of course," said Ned.

"But life is not long enough to be looked around to see what you can do for others," Ben persisted as they hurried along the street.

"Father says that life is long enough for us not to refuse the chances we have to do little kindnesses," observed the ever-ready Louie. "He says, too, that if we put ourselves in the place of those who need help we would understand what the help would mean to them."

No further remarks were made on the subject under discussion, for the boys had not reached Ben's home, and Ben was hurrying in for his bicycle. He had hardly closed the gate, however, when Mrs. Riker appeared and said:

"My son, don't forget that you are to put that wood into the shed this afternoon. You had better get right at it."

Then she returned to the house.

All the eagerness and happy expectation had left Ben's face, and he stood looking helplessly at his companions.

"Can't you leave it until to-morrow?" asked Louie.

"Yes, I would think you could do that," said Ned.

"No, I was to put it in yesterday and the day before, and I forgot it both times. Father would be very angry if I left it again. I had forgotten all about it until mother spoke."

"Is there much of it?" inquired Joey.

Yes, a big pile. See it back there. It

will take ever so long. You'll have to go on without me. It's too bad! We haven't had a day like this for two weeks, and to-morrow it will be sure to rain.

"We might help, and then go," suggested Joey.

"Of course," agreed Ned.

Ben's face had brightened considerably.

"Yes, and four of us will make quick work of it. Louie said with enthusiasm. "Let's see, if it would take you two hours, four of us ought to be done in half an hour. It is now half past three, and by four we can be off."

While these calculations were going on, Joey had quietly gone to the back of the yard and had begun the work of carrying the wood to the shed. Then Ned and Louie started in. Ben hesitated for a moment. He remembered now how disobedient he had shown himself to be, and he was ashamed to accept the help of his companions.

"Really, boys, I hate to keep you; he said meekly.

"Never mind it won't hurt us to wait a half an hour," Louie replied good naturedly.

"No, indeed," echoed Ned.

Joey was going off with his arms full of wood. He was whistling and hadn't heard these remarks. Ben looked thoughtfully after him. "He doesn't mind it. I am sure," he said to himself. Then he added, and every penitent look came into his face: "Well, I know now what it is to be in need of help, and after this I guess not begrudge the little time it takes to do kindnesses for others."

And with a happy smile and a shout of "How good you are boys!" he started to work in real earnest.

HOLDING THE LIGHT.

She had Failed to hold it Just Where it was Most Needed.

A dear little boy of five years, who had an old-fashioned Spartan mother, was brave ordinarily, but was afraid to be left alone in the dark. To cure him of this fear, his mother decided to send him to bed alone, and to have the light taken a way, which had usually been left until the little fellow was asleep.

This was a sore trial to the boy, and possibly to the mother, but most of all to the boy's sister, a girl of about ten years of age. She could not forget her own times of trembling and of terror—of looking under the bed, and hiding her head under the blanket. Her heart ached for the little fellow undergoing such heroic treatment, and she used to steal softly upstairs with her bedroom candle and stand just outside her brother's door.

"Are you there, sister?"

"Yes, Willie."

"Can I have the light?"

"No, Willie; mother says no."

"Do bring it."

"No, but I'll let it stay right here."

"Will it shine in?"

"Yes, all across the floor; don't you see? You must go to sleep or mother will take it away."

Then a pause, and soon the sleepy voice asking,

"Are you there, sister?"

"Yes, Willie."

"Will you surely stay?"

"Surely."

"Till I'm all, every bit asleep? You won't let the light go out till I'm gone?"

"No, Willie."

"Nor leave me alone?"

"No, brother, never."

And all this in the briefest whisper possible; and if the mother heard she did not heed, for the children were not forbidden to comfort each other in their own fashion, until by and by the boy out grew his fear.

Years passed, and the lovely boyhood and brilliant youth were left behind. Willie had outgrown his sister in size and strength and knowledge, but not in goodness or faith. Life parted them early—their lives went separate ways. Her love and her letters and her prayers followed him, but evil temptations crept closer to him than these, and little by little he became the victim of drink. It did not conquer all the good in him at once, but at intervals he yielded, and slowly and surely went down. Then it was that she failed him. She had been so proud of his talents of his power to win all the world could offer, and now he made her so pitifully ashamed. When he repented she found it hard to relent. She hated the sin so bitterly that she almost included the sinner. She hardened under the shame of it and lost faith in his efforts and promises; and while she did not give him up, she made him feel ashamed to come with his bemoanings to her, when she knew that before the next temptation his resolves would go down like dead leaves in the wind. And so the distances widened, and she suffered much, and he went down and down. At last his health broke, and life drew near its close. Then she found him and drew near to him, nearer and nearer till the day he

died. Lying with his hand in hers, he looked up at her at a child might to his mother, and said faintly,

"Do you remember, sister?"

"Remember what, Willie?"

"The light, the light! how I was afraid, and you used to stand by the door and hold the light?"

"Yes, yes, I remember it! it was so long ago!" and she turned her face away to hide the tears.

"Never mind, sister, it's all right now. I feel like a little child again, and I'm not afraid."

"Not afraid of the dark. No, you know who go with us, Willie, when we come to the dark"—she could not go on.

"The dark valley," he finished for her.

"Yes, I know. I see him, sister, and you hold the light, but, but—"

"But what, brother?"

"But you didn't keep on holding it all ways; you left me so many times in the dark. I would have been good, sister, if you had—held—it every time—but," suddenly seeming to realize that he was troubling her, he drew her face down as she bent over him, and whispered "but now I'll be still. I'm tired—you will stay till I go to sleep?"

"Yes, Willie, yes: I will never leave you again."

"And—mind—you you will hold the light—for—"

"As long as you need it, dear."

"No, no, not for me—not for me—for all the other—he other"—and the old smile lit up his face—"the other little boys in the dark!"

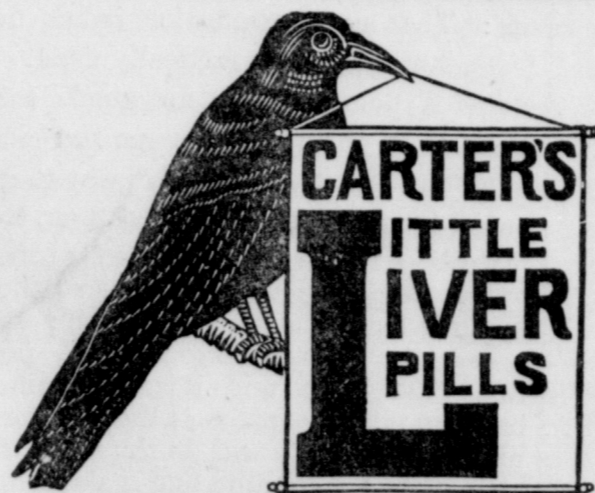
There was no answer in words. He would not have heard it if there had been, for with his pleading for the boys in the dark, his life went out, and he was asleep.

Such lessons need not to be repeated to any heart on which such bitter scourging has fallen once. But the boys in the dark are many, and many the sisters and mothers and wives that ought to be "holding the light."—American Reformer.

Selections.

We are far too little alone with God; and this, I am persuaded, is one of the very saddest features in our modern Christian living. It is work, work, work: at the very best some well meant Martha-like serving; but where are the more devoted Marys, who find the shortest, surest way to the heart of Jesus by ceasing very much from self-willed, self-appointed toils, and sitting humbly at His feet to let Him carry on His blessed work within ourselves? If the Mary-like method was carried out more, it might abridge considerably the amount of work apparently accomplished, but it would incomparably enhance the quality. What though we should lose a hundredweight and get instead of it only a pound—if the hundredweight lost were only lead, and the pound gained were pure gold?

Is heroism a lost factor among us? Does the Sunday School or the teaching that is taught there make for weakness and a shrinking cowardice? The incidents which crowd around the story of that terrible accident on the Cambrian Railway give a hard answer to those who ask the question in a tone that almost demands an answer in the affirmative. A large party of Sunday School children and their friends are returning from a day of pleasure. With a fearful suddenness the train bounds from the metals, and all is wreck and confusion; the smile fades from the cheek of the child, and strong men lose their self-possession;



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darkness is all around and fear possesses the heart—a time, is it not, to judge men with leniency, not to speak of children of tender years. Yet here is a frail girl lying helplessly and in pain beneath a heavy piece of iron, and as the rescuers come to free her, she smiles and says: "Go and see to the others, I am all right," notwithstanding that, as was discovered later, she was in torture with a fractured thigh and broken leg! Here, again, is a little boy with arm broken, who thinks only of his mother, whom he should like to be informed of the accident, but wishes to spare the knowledge of his own hurt! And with childish grace he lifts his heart to his God in the only prayer he knows—"Our Father." Is heroism dead? Does the Sunday School or the teaching taught there make for weakness or for strength?

Why he Gait.

A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and going up to the bar called for whiskey. A seedy individual stepped up to him and said: "I say, 'squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?"

He was annoyed by the man's familiarity and roughly told him, "I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps."

The tramp replied: "You need not be so cranky and high-minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn and he will bring you to just the same place as I am."

Struck with the words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots mismatched, his clothing filthy. Then was it drinking that made you like this?"

"Yes it was; and it will drink you to the same if you stick to it."

Picking up his untouched glass, he poured the contents upon the floor and, "Then it's time I quit, and left the saloon never to enter it again."—Classmate.

Humility.

There are few graces more beautiful—and shall we say more rare?—than the grace of humility. Often in companies of men the one who has the best thought and keenest judgement is one not seen nor heard, while some other member of the group occupies its constant attention with vapors that are more noisy than profound. The one is humble and must be driven into the public gaze; the other is self-assertive and needs to be taught the virtue of silence. The world is not often deceived, and the strong man, though quiet and retiring, wins the highest measure of success.

FROM AGONY TO JOY.

Acute Sufferings From Acute Rheumatic Ailment Relieved by South American Rheumatic Cure When Hope Had Well-nigh Gone.—Mrs. W. Ferris, Wife of a Well-Known Manufacturer of Glencoe. Cheerfully Tells the Story of Her Cure.

"I was for years a great sufferer from rheumatic affliction in my ankles, and at times was so bad that I could not walk. I tried every known remedy and treated with best physicians for years, but no permanent relief. Although my confidence in remedies was about exhausted, I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I purchased a bottle. The very first dose gave me relief, and after taking two bottles all pain had vanished and there has been no return of it. I do cheerfully recommend this great remedy."

Japs Changing.

Some astonishing changes in physical type of races as a result of intercourse with foreigners have been pointed out by M. Albert Gantard to the French Ethnographic Society. The Japanese, who, since the revolution of 1868, have been rapidly adopting European modes of life, are losing the eccentricity of their eyes and the prominence of their cheek bones, while recently born children have less flattened noses than their ancestors, with a skin not so yellow. Europeans settling in Japan, on the other hand, gradually lose the rosy color of their skin and tend to acquire an eccentricity in the eye. Another instance is reported by Adhemar Leclerc, who has observed in Cambodia a striking change in his countrymen, the French residents soon beginning to acquire the type and the gait of the natives.

No Heavy Chains for Us.

In his published account of the exile system in Russia, Mr. George Kennan describes the dreary march of the poor exiles towards Siberia—the men among them having heavy chains fastened to their legs to prevent their escape. It is possible of course to make progress under those conditions, but it is hard, slow, miserable work. So it is when one has to carry any burden, whether on the body or on the mind. Still, sad to say, the majority of us have to labour and get about more or less handicapped.

"I managed to keep on my feet and attend to my duties," writes a correspondent, "but it was a heavy, toilsome matter." There were no chains in her case, but there was something quite as hard to carry—disease and pain; and whosoever could have rid her of it would have proved himself the friend in need, who is a friend indeed.

"In the spring of 1889," she says, "I began to feel great lassitude and weakness. The latter I could understand, for I was then eating little or nothing. My appetite was clean, and such small amounts of food as I took lay upon me like a weight, dead and cold, giving me no warmth or strength."

"I suffered much from headache, and had a strange, sinking feeling at the pit of the stomach. Nothing abated this feeling; it was constant; food had no effect upon it. I am not able to recall the medicines I used in the vain hope of benefit. They were very many, including everything I could think of or hear of. But it all turned out to be a loss of time and a waste of money. Cold water from the tap helped me quite as much. And I have often thought since then what a pity it is that, in illness, one has to try so many things and often so many doctors, too—before finding a means of cure. Oh, if it were only possible to know the proper remedy at the very first, what a blessing it would be!"

"Well, it is enough to say that year after year I was doomed to suffer in this way; today feeling a little better, tomorrow worse again. I managed to keep about, but it was hard work. It made me think of the Pilgrim in Bunyan's story, carrying his load."

"At last, when we were altogether at a loss what further to do, my husband suggested Dr. Seigel's Curative Syrup. He had once suffered from a painful and obstinate form of indigestion and dyspepsia and was completely cured by the Syrup after having tried a long list of alleged remedies to no purpose. Hence it occurred to him that my trouble might really be the same, and if so, he thought Seigel's Syrup ought to be as good for me as it had been for him."

"And so, I am happy to say, it proved. We got a bottle from Mr. Herbert, chemist Great James Street, Lisson Grove, and that one bottle made a new woman of me. My appetite came back, the pains abated, and finally went away altogether, and my food relished and digested. After that the road to health was short and easy. My strength grew until I was well and sound once more. To show my appreciation of the remedy to which I am indebted for this result, I willingly consent to the publication of the facts as I here give them. (Signed) Mrs. Gertrude Taylor, 27, Oakley Road, Southgate Road, Islington, London, January, 22nd, 1895."

Mr. Taylor's inference was so true and sensible that we can only regret he had not drawn it earlier in his wife's illness. But indigestion or dyspepsia has more disguises than a professional player, and it is often puzzling to know where to have it. But it is always a burden, and Mother Seigel's Syrup throws the burden off. Nothing else is so good to help people to get about lightly and without effort."

A Kansas father who simply could not get harvest hands put this sign upon his fence: "Harvest hands wanted. Hired girl blond and genial. Cabinet organ music in the evening. Pie three times a day. Three spoons of sugar with every cup of coffee. Hammocks, feather beds or leather divans at your option for sleeping. Rising hour 9 o'clock in the morning. Three hours' rest at noon. Come one, come all."—Kansas City Journal.

An Advertisement

This is an advertisement which tells the truth about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

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from sleeplessness, dizziness, shortness of breath, smothering feeling, palpitation of the heart, pains through the breast and heart, anxious, morbid condition of the mind, groundless fears of coming danger, anaemia or impoverished blood, after effects of la grippe, general debility, etc., should

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as they cure these complaints. Every box is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded through the party from whom the pills were purchased, and we authorize them to do so on the strength of the above statement. This offer is limited to the first box used by any one person. T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto.