

Sunday Reading.

SONGS OF THE NIGHT.

Standing in one of the brilliantly electric-lighted streets of a modern city, bright as noon at midnight and almost as busy, it requires considerable imagination to call up a picture of the time when walls and watch-towers and watchmen were essential to the safety of a city's inhabitants.

Yet for long, long ages the watchman was a person of first importance and responsibility to the people who chose to live in communities. He stood on the grim old towers of Babylon and Nineveh, he trod the massive walls of Jerusalem, he looked out over the desert from the turrets of Damascus, he had his station on the seven hills of Rome, and in the cities of medieval times his song rang out at every hour of the night to tell that all was well and bid the worthy citizens sleep in peace. And even today there are quaint old towns where he still makes his nightly rounds, proclaiming his message of assurance, together with a sonorous caution to 'guard against fire.'

In the latter part of the thirteenth century Henry II. of England established the custom of employing night watchmen in cities and towns. Armed with a formidable-looking battle axe and carrying a huge lantern and a bell that woke the echoes—to say nothing of the people—he strode through the deserted streets, the guardian of the city's welfare; and not until 1830, more than five hundred years afterward, was the office formally done away with. Some of their calls, or songs, are most interesting to us as showing the deep seriousness of the thought of time. The holidays had special verses in their honor, and the one to be chanted just after midnight preceding New Year's Day deserves quotation.

"All you that do the bel-man heere
The first day of this hopeful year,
I do in love admonish you,
To bid your old sins all adieu,
And walk as God's just law requires
In holy deeds and good desires;
Which if you do you'll do your best;
God will, in Christ forgive the rest.

In the cities of Germany the watchman was also a prominent figure, and the cries by which he heralded the hours were full of a simple and wholesome piety. His duties began at ten o'clock in the evening and ended at four in the morning, and the watchman announced his arrival and departure as follows:

Evening Call.
"I come upon the evening watch,
God give you all good-night.
Quench fire and light,
Pray God to guard you,
List to what I tell you,
The clock hath struck ten."
Morning Call.
"Get up, in the name of Christ, the Lord,
For the morn has appeared.
The sun comes down over the mountains,
And I wish you all good day.
List to what I tell you,
The clock hath struck four."

Not long since a gentleman travelling in Switzerland spent the night at Chur, and he was not enthusiastic in praise of the performance of the singing watchman, for Chur is one of the few places where that individual is still in evidence. He says: 'We had very indifferent rest at our inn, owing to the over-zeal of the Chur watchman, whose practice it is to perambulate the town through the whole night—twelve in number—and who, on the present occasion, certainly displayed a most energetic state of vigilance. They not only called, but sang out every hour in the most sonorous strains and even sang a long string of verses on the striking of some.' The following is the night song of Chur, and it is a very good specimen of other ancient lyrics found in different parts of Germany. The first two lines precede each couplet, changing the numeral to suit the hour.

"Hear ye, Christians, let me tell you,
Our clock has struck eight, [nine, ten, eleven, etc.]
Eight! Only eight, in Noah's time
Were saved from punishment. Eight!
Nine deserves no thanking.
Man, think of thy duty. Nine!
Ten commandments God enjoined.
Let us be to him obedient. Ten!
Only eleven disciples were faithful.
Grant, Lord, that there be no falling off. Eleven!
Twelve is the hour that limits time,
Man, think upon eternity. Twelve!
One! Oh, man, only one thing is needful.
Man, think upon thy death. One!"

The Bavarian watchman of the present day presents a strange contrast in his appearance. When on his rounds he wears a modern great-coat and high boots, but he carries as his badge of office a long-handled battle-axe of a pattern that might have been new five hundred years ago, and sounds his proclamations through a horn as antiquated in style as the axe.

In Spain the watchman is a mere picturesque figure in short jacket and knickerbockers, carrying a bunch of huge keys

which are, however, more ornamental than useful. He still paces at night through the quiet streets of Seville and Malaga and Cadiz, telling the hours and finishing his announcements with a long-drawn 'Se-re-no!'

In a very natural way some of the quaint customs of old Spain have found their way to the New World, and we are not surprised to find the likeness of the Spanish watchman in different parts of South America. In Chili the police force is divided into two parts, the one cavalry, the other on foot, and they fulfill the office of watchmen. The mounted police patrol the streets in general, while the other corps is responsible for some particular portion of the town. In Valparaiso there exists a peculiar system by which a message may be sent through watchmen from one end of the city to the other, and an answer obtained, in less than fifteen minutes. This is done by means of a peculiar whistle carried by the watchman, whose notes vary as occasion requires. The watchmen all sing the same song as the call the hours, the burden of which is 'Viva Chili!' (Long life to Chili.)

We must give more than passing mention to the watch calls of two cities which have a historic significance and are therefore more interesting than those of other old towns. The people of the old Rhinish town of Stein are all familiar with the way in which their peculiar call became the watchword of the city. In the fourteenth century when the conflict between the towns and the feudal lords was raging a plot was made to deliver Stein into the hands of neighboring nobles, several traitorous citizens entering into it. They agreed to open the gate of the city to the enemy at two o'clock a. m., the watchword agreed upon being, 'Noch a Wyl' (Yet a while). A shoemaker living near the gate overheard the whispered signal and the clatter of arms outside the wall. Rushing to the watch-house, he gave the alarm and saved the town, and ever since the watchman of Stein as he calls the hour of two, chants, 'Noch Wyl, Noch a Wyl!'

But while Stein nightly recalls the perfidy of some of her citizens, beautiful Bregenz, standing on the shore of blue lake Constance, delights to honor the loving loyalty of a peasant girl who had been for years separated from her childhood's home. Adelaide Proctor tells the thrilling story in her poem, 'A Legend of Bregenz,'—how it came about that in the fifteenth century there was war between the men of Bregenz and those of Appenzell, and but for the heroism of this maiden Judith, who overheard the plan for a sudden attack and frustrated it by her daring, lonely ride over an unknown road, Bregenz would have been captured.

"Three hundred years have vanished,
And yet upon the hill
The old stone gateway rises
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving,
The Charger and the Maid.
"And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street and tower,
The watchman paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour,
"Nine," "Ten," "Eleven," he cries aloud,
And then—Oh, crown of Fame!
When midnight pauses in the skies
He calls the maiden's name!"

The midnight call is 'Ehr Gutta!' (honor Judith), a deserved tribute to the girl who risked her life for her country. Let us hope that the coming to Bregenz of gas and electricity, the policeman's whistle and the telephone to 'headquarters' may not abolish this memorial of true patriotism.

LITTLE ROSEY.

A Touching Incident of the Little Southern Drummer Boy.

He said that General Rosecrans was his uncle, and from the first of our acquaintance was known as 'Little Rosey.' We looked at the little fellow wonderingly, and longed to ask him about his mother, and how he became the drummer of the—th Ohio; but there was something in his manner that warned us not to be too inquisitive. Just before the siege of Vicksburg, we met and loved Rosey. He was a typical German-American, and spoke with a charming

accent. The surgeon's wife had been in camp about a week, when she became the fast friend of the little Ohio drummer.

'He is such a brave little chap, and wants his mother so dreadfully!' she said one morning at breakfast. I heard him drumming and singing last evening, and when I asked him if he were not a little homesick, he touched his cap and answered, 'Don't say that, lady. A soldier should never be thinking of what is behind him.' Poor child! he looked sadly in need of mothering.'

The 'boys' all loved Rosey, but he permitted but few favors. 'I come to drum that you may be the braver. I am a soldier just like you,' and then he would beat and twirl and throw the drum-sticks until everybody cheered and applauded.

The Ohio regiment was moved nearer Vicksburg, and the surgeon was placed in charge of the hospital tent and the sick and wounded. Vicksburg had been taken, and the surgeon knew he would soon receive orders to come to the city. At the close of a sultry day, word came. Hasty arrangements were made for their departure. The ambulance was filled with beds, bedding, and medical stores, and with the driver, steward and surgeon, the long ride began. Close behind the ambulance, on her pony, followed the surgeon's wife. Entreaties, that were almost commands, had been of no avail, and the brave little woman, knowing no fear, with 'her husband near, and God everywhere,' had her way. 'You will need me, doctor, and I am going.'

Just at dawn the city was reached. There was great need of speedy aid, and the surgeon was followed in his rounds by the little woman who proved herself the help he needed. She knew how to work quickly and quietly, and many a poor fellow blessed her as she made his hard bed more comfortable, or quenched his feverish thirst with draughts of cool lemonade. It had been a hard, sad day! Just at night the steward called her to one side.

'Madam, you remember little Rosey? He is over here shot all to pieces. He is clear as a bell though, and I wish you could come and see him.'

There was no delaying. She forgot she was tired, and faint from the sickening sights that she had experienced since early morning.

Hurrying across the yard, the steward led her to a little summer house. Here upon one of the rustic seats lay 'Little Rosey.' Both legs had been torn off just below the knees. But the boy's eyes were bright, and his hands moved restlessly as he talked to himself. At sight of the surgeon's wife the tears came, and she put her face close to his lest he see how distressed she was. The boy quickly rallied, and in clear, loud tones said:

'Oh, lady, don't cry. A brave boy must even die brave. They didn't mean to shoot me—I am such a little fellow. But it's all right, lady. They broke my drum, but the Colonel says he will get me another.'

Then while this tender-hearted woman tried to make easier the dying boy's hard bed, he told in broken sentences, of the little home in Ohio, of the mother and four girls, and 'I was the only one who could fight, lady; my father so long ago he died.' Then came a long silence. The end could not be far off. Would the surgeon never come!

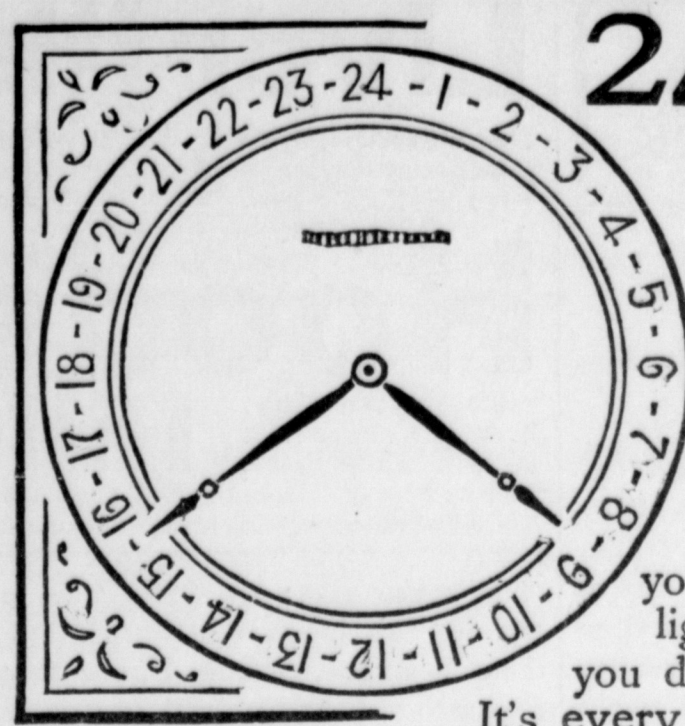
Poor Rosey! The brown eyes opened and the boy smiled up into the face that was bending over him. The moon shone through the broken lattice. It was growing cold. No blanket was to be had—Rosey was so cold! Quickly this woman slipped off her heavy gray cloth skirt, and wrapped it about the little soldier.

'Rosey dear, do you hear me? The Great Commander is going to send for you. Won't you say a little prayer first?'

'I can't—think—lady—'
'I will help you say the prayer that my children say: "Now—I—lay—me—down—to—sleep—"

The words were repeated slowly. Then after a moment's hesitation: 'It's all right, lady! Tell—the—General—little—Rosey—died—not—afraid—'

The little hands were getting so cold. The prayer was unfinished. The surgeon



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had come in and was kneeling beside his wife.

'They didn't mean—to shoot me. I'm only—a drummer boy.' A few moments of silence. Then the dying boy raised his hand in salute, and clear as a trumpet-call came the words: 'Here, sir! Little Rosey—drummer of the—th Ohio.'

He had reported at Headquarters. Surely the Great Commander welcomed him.

A few days later a flag-enshrouded casket was sent Northward. Little Rosey was laid beside his father in the churchyard. Before another year had passed the surgeon slept in a soldier's grave. On each recurring Memorial Day, there are placed upon the soldier's grave not only the flowers in memory of this 'beloved physician,' but a cluster of blossoms in remembrance of Little Rosey the drummer boy.

The Suffering and Crushed in Spirit

NEED WORDS OF CHEER

Their Only Avenue of Escape Is Through Paine's Celery Compound.

True words of encouragement, hope and cheer are generally welcomed by suffering humanity—at least by that part of it with crushed spirits and despondent hearts. To those who are martyrs from rheumatism and neuralgia we have a few words of honest advice, which if followed, will certainly lead to that coveted goal—perfect health—that many are so earnestly praying to reach.

Up to the present you have failed to banish your rheumatism. The medicines you are using have not removed the floating acid poison from your joints and muscles. You are as bad today—perhaps worse—than when you commenced to doctor, and some of you are pronounced incurable.

Cheer up, sad souls! There is hope, yes, more than hope; there is a new life for you and freedom from all pain and agony if you give that heaven-sent remedy, Paine's Celery Compound, a fair and honest trial. It has completely cured the worst forms of rheumatism in the past, and its great and precious virtues will do the same good work for you to-day.

To those who suffer from that merciless tormenter, neuralgia, we say, with all candor, use Paine's Celery Compound, and your future will soon be happy and bright. This disease always indicates a low or depressed vitality, and is the most agonizing and exhausting that can afflict the nervous system. The ablest physicians now freely prescribe Paine's Celery Compound for neuralgia, and affirm that no other medicine can so completely eradicate the cause of this terrible disease.

One bottle of the great health-giving medicine will produce cheering results and will prove that our advice is golden. May heaven give you sufficient faith to make a trial.

Hereditary.

It has been said that the training of a boy should begin with his grandmother. Where this precaution has been neglected, there should be some charity for the boy if he does not turn out well, and the generous parent will not refuse to bear at least a portion of the responsibility.

'Your son Robert, Mr. Waxworth,' remarked a teacher to the father of one of his pupils, 'is not lacking in capacity to learn, and has many good points, but he is apt to think that what he does is always right. He is very self-conceited.'

'I know it,' replied the father, with a deep sigh. 'He gets that characteristic from his mother's folks. In other respects he takes after our side of the family.'

Where The Rule Falls.

Grymes—'Yes, a great many prominent men have died lately. "Death loves a shining mark," you know.'

Gobang—'But it is really much safer to have a light on your wheel after dark, saying or no saying.'

ANNA EVA FAY EXPOSED.

How The Spiritualistic Medium Answers Questions.

The editor of the Hypnotic Magazine gives the following explanation of the manner in which the alleged spiritualistic medium, Miss Anna Eva Fay, who appeared here some time ago succeeds in answering questions:

'The plan which I am given to understand Miss Fay made use of in Peoria, Ill., with gratifying results, is to connect a speaking tube from the cellar to the stage. The "mind-reader" sits at a table, securely blindfolded. The audience write burning questions upon slips of paper, and fold them carefully. These are collected on trays and emptied into a small sack placed on the stage before the "mind-reader." The sack is bottomless; that is to say, the notes flutter through a hole cut in the floor to the cellar, where they are pounced upon by stage hands and other assistants in the good work of befooling the public. The answers given are generally of small importance; the point which specially appeals to the imagination of the questioner is that his question should be repeated. There is a pocket in the sack which containing a number of blank pieces of paper folded like notes. When a sufficient number of questions from the audience have been received, the mind-reader stoops down and dips her hand into the pocket of the sack. Slowly she raises that hand, tightly clenched, and the audience can see that the mental strain is intense. The speaking tube runs up the leg of the table close to her ear. The whisper which comes from comes from the tube is inaudible save to her. Then begins this highly entertaining performance. "The question which comes to me from this piece of paper is, "Shall I see J. L. to-morrow?" Signed, "G. B." My answer is that it will depend upon how G. B. conducts himself. Is that correct? Is the question correct, please? Will the writer inform me if I have correctly read his note? There is an embarrassing pause. Finally, after much shuffling, a young man with a red face rises to admit that he wrote the question, and he sits down again amid the laughter of the audience. And so the game goes on. As fast as the stage hands in the cellar can decipher the messages they may be repeated by the "mind-reader" on the stage. Of course, a number of questions are not answered at all, but a little practice in this work makes the "mind-reader" amazingly proficient in ambiguity in the event of failure, and the general opinion is that perhaps the strain on her mind was becoming too great.'

A HELPLESS WOMAN.

For Years a Rheumatic Cripple—Under the Healing Balm of South American Rheumatic Cure Suffering Vanishes—Through Faith in the Testimony of Others She is to-day a well Woman.

'My daughter, Mrs. Gregory, had rheumatism so badly in her right hand and arm that they were rendered almost helpless for over a year. Noticing the testimony of persons who had been cured by South American Rheumatic Cure, I procured a bottle. She received almost instant relief, and when the bottle was used the trouble had completely left her. It is a great remedy, and we take pleasure in recommending it.'—Neil Morrison, St. John, N. B.

A Wiser Course.

Brown—'I thought of buying that suburban property, but I'd like to get some information about the place from someone who lives there.'

Smith—'Get your information from some one who used to live there.'

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