

HIS PRAYER FOR THE BISHOP.

An Old Negro's Eloquent Appeal in Behalf of "the Deciding Elder."

Bishop Harrell, the Methodist Episcopal Bishop of Africa, tells a story of a prayer that was offered for him by a freedman of the South in the pine forests of eastern Louisiana. It is an incident of the Bishop's twenty-five years of work among the millions of freedmen before he was sent to Africa.

"I had an appointment," says the Bishop, "that required a drive of 60 miles through the pine forests. It was the rainy season, and we had several bayons to cross. There were no bridges, so the only way was to swim over, first sending the horses ahead, then swimming ourselves. An old man, one of our preachers, was with me as guide. Early on Sunday morning the people began to come from all directions, on foot, sometimes two or three on a mule, in carts, from up and down Pearl River in canoes or perogues, as they call them, until by 10 o'clock there was certainly a gathering of 3,000 freedmen. I was the first white man who had come to them since 'Massa Linkun' had issued the emancipation proclamation and our awful war had ended. I was the only white man in that vast company.

They had erected a great arbor and covered it with bushes, at one end of which was a rough stand for the preachers, in regular western camp-meeting style. A little way off was a log church in a clump of bushes, and just before the public services began the Sunday school superintendent, as they called him, marched out, followed by his long line of black boys and girls, singing as they came. He was the only black man in that neighborhood who could read and write, so the governor of the state had appointed him Justice of the Peace and I had appointed him Sunday school superintendent. He used to make out his Sunday school reports to me as Presiding Elder of the district, on legal cap paper and follow his signature with the formal oath of a Justice of Peace. This I suppose he did to insure their correctness.

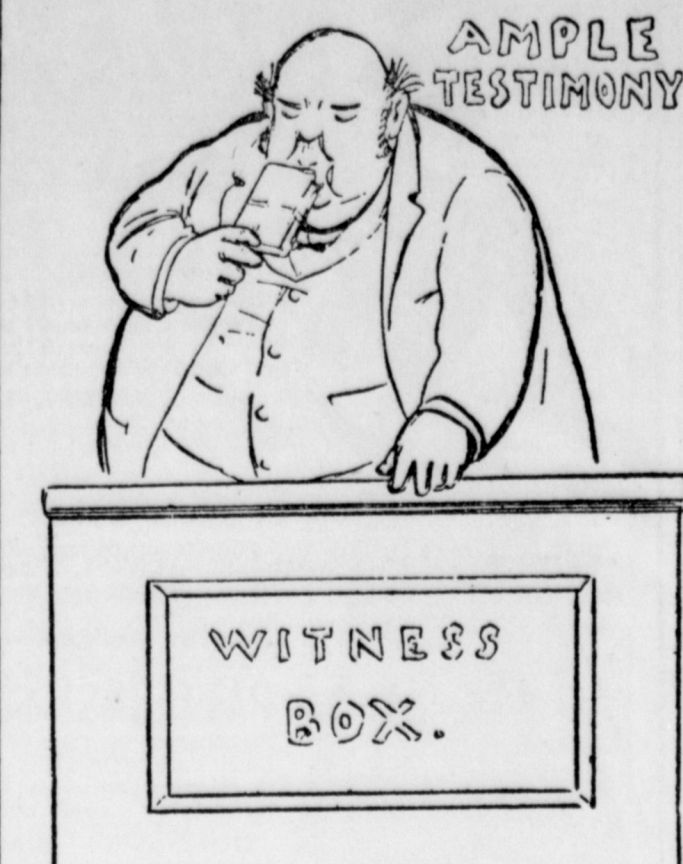
"Just before beginning to preach an old man with a voice of mellow tone and a heart as tender as a child's came up and laid his hand on my head, saying, 'God bless yer, sonny, I is glad to see yer. I replied, 'I am glad to see you, my old friend, but seeing that his clothes were wet to his armpits, I said, 'but how did you get so wet?' 'Oh,' he said, 'I had to wade through de swamps part ob de twenty miles. I is glad to see yer, but I made up my mind by de grace ob God I was gwine to see dat young Deciding Elder what was coming here to preach de Gospel to his po' colored children in dese lowlands. I is glad to see yer.' I learned that he was an exhorter or 'exhauster,' as they called him, and I said, 'You must pray for me before I begin preaching.'

"After a song of marvellous pathos by that vast audience, in which everybody present joined, keeping time by swaying their bodies in perfect unison, I called on the old man to pray. No words can describe his appearance or the hush of perfect silence that settled down upon the audience as the old man knelt down and lifted his long arms toward the sky, and looking up with open eyes to heaven he began in a low tremulous tone:

"Oh Lord, bless our young Deciding Elder, who has come from far to preach Your blessed Gospel to us po' children in de lowlands ob sorrow and ob sin. O Lord, put Your arm round 'im, and may dat arm be to 'im like a broad belt ob gal.' O Lord, give 'im wisdom ob de children times and knowledge ob de profits and de kings. Nail his ear to de wisdom post. Rough shoe 'im with de preparation. Front and fight his ebry battle. May de kingdom ob Satan tremble, reel and fall to the ground before 'im and Your own kingdom, O Lord, be built on de ruins thereof. Take care ob 'im like you did Your children long time ago in de wilderness. In de night time You led 'em with fire and in de day time You went before 'em with a cloudy pillar. O Lord dese am troublous times, and many people don't care to have our Deciding Elder come to us from de great city, sleep in our cabins, teach our children, and preach de gospel to us, but O Lord Thou hast sent 'im and thou wilt care for 'im; Lead 'im, too, with de fire and de cloudy pillar.

"Then the old man became embarrassed. His idea was to ask God to lead and protect him, but he had in his thought the pillar of fire at night and the cloudy pillar by day, and he wanted a wall of protection put behind me so my enemies could not overtake me; but the more he tried to get the sentences straight the more he became perplexed, and, like a great many other preachers the greater his embarrassment the higher were the tones of his voice, until at last, with a voice that penetrated through the great forests, he shouted in sheer desperation: 'O Lord, put a wall before 'im and a fire behind 'im,' but the order of his words did not signify. His thought was manifest, and the great gathering shouted 'Amen' and 'Amen.'

"We had services all day, preaching or



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singing, comforting the bereaved, and finally arranged to build a church, I promising to give enough from our church extension fund to buy the nails, windows and doors, the congregation to do the rest."

To Ladies.

The face receives the record of daily experience. Constant suffering from corns will mar your beauty. Do not look anxious and discontented, but use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which will extract that sore corn in a day without pain.

She wished she stood within his shoes
Because he had a seat;
But since that was impossible
She stood upon his feet.

How to Account for it.

There is no making sure about these things. I saw two men skating side by side across a piece of dangerously thin ice—one weighing fourteen stone, the other ten. The heavyweight passed over like a bird, never making a crack on the glassy surface; the light fellow went through the ice with a crash and was drowned. You think it may easily be accounted for do you? Well, then, go ahead and account for it. The experts who were there—a dozen of them—said they couldn't understand it at all. "Must have been a reason?" Why, man, there always is a reason. But what was it? When you, gentle and inquiring reader, can account for one in a thousand of the events that happen you will be the wisest man on the footstool. Yes, and for the events that do not happen, after everybody has pronounced them inevitable.

Here are people, seemingly in the heyday of health, dropping dead in public places as they might tumble into holes in strange fields on pitch black nights. "Heart failure," says the doctors and coroners' juries. Stuff! As though any animal could die if the heart did not fail! Heart failures, of course, by why did they die? Let them tell us that. But they won't, because they don't know. And here, too, are people who are "given up to die," as the phrase is; given up by the doctors, given up by their friends, given up (willingly enough) by the neighbouring undertaker—but who, nevertheless, get well and outlive half the prophets of evil who made a melancholy ring around the sickbed years before. How do you account for that? Well, sometimes you can't account for it, and then again, sometimes you can.

For example, it was a lot of Mr. Henry Thompson's friends that told his wife they did not think he would be here long. Under favor, it seems to me they might have said something more cheerful or else held their tongues; but, alas! it usually is one's friends, and not one's enemies, who do their best to worry and frighten him when he is in hard lines. But they were wrong—and it serves 'em right!—and thus Mr. Thompson tells the little story:—

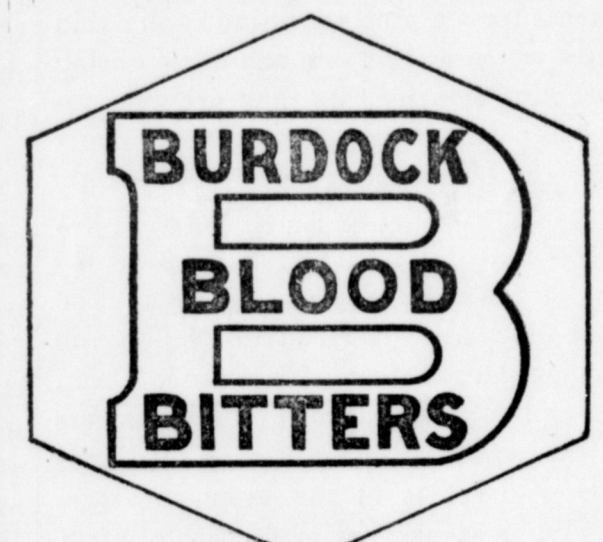
"In the autumn of 1890," he says in his letter, "my health gave away. I felt low, weak, and languid. Indeed, there appeared to be no energy or strength in me. My appetite was very bad, and after eating I had much pain in the chest. I got extremely weak and lost flesh, growing continually thinner and more feeble. Although able to attend to my work it was only by effort and with difficulty that I kept going. I felt dull, low-spirited, and miserable. Many of my friends told my wife they did not think I would be here long."

"For two years I suffered like this, now feeling a little better and then bad as ever—but never seeing a well day. I consulted a doctor and took a great variety of medicines, but got worse instead of better. My wife then persuaded me to try a remedy that had previously done her so much good. I allude to Mother Seigel's Syrup. I consented, and after taking it a short time I felt quite like a new man. I could eat well, and food agreed with me. When I had consumed two bottles I was cured, and have since enjoyed good, sound health. My wife and I now recommend Mother Seigel's Syrup to all we meet. You may publish this letter if you wish."—(Signed) Henry Thompson, 41 Haresfinch View, St. Helens, Lancs., December 21st, 1897.

No trouble to account for his getting well. And there are plenty more who get rid of long, lingering illnesses in the same way. Their friends, to be sure, gladly welcome them back to real life again, and as for the mortuary tradesmen—why, let them wait. The world is chock-a-block with mysteries, but some things we can see through. One is this, that whereas the majority of diseases (whether they kill quickly or slowly) are caused by indigestion, and whereas that is cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup, people are not obliged to do so merely because they are "given up" to do it.

The Boy and the Sparrow.
Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb;
On the ground stood a sparrow-bird looking at him.
Now, the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad.
So he shied a big stone at the head of the lad,
And it killed the poor boy and the sparrow was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees—
"Tell me, where is my little boy, sparrow-bird, please?"
"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow-bird said,
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.
You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,
But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed;
'Twas a dream a little boy had after killing a bird,
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,
And I jotted it down as it really occurred.



MRS. THOS. McCANN, Mooresville, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with biliousness, headache, and lost appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B.B.B. my appetite has returned, and I am better than I have been for years. I would not be without Burdock Blood Bitters. It is such a safe and good remedy that I am giving it to my children."

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WHITE HEATHER.

Scotchmen Believe It Brings Good Luck—Blue an Ill Omen.

When the Princess Beatrice was married she was presented by the Highlanders of Balmoral with a bouquet containing a conspicuous sprig of white heather. There was a profusion of flowers at Osborne House, but none considered so precious as this spray of white blossoms, and if the bouquet had not arrived in time the Archbishop of Canterbury would have been obliged to wait for its coming, for the Highlanders who wished to do the Princess honor, felt that it was indispensable to her 'luck' for her to hold it during the marriage ceremony, or, as they express it 'be married in it.' 'Who finds keeps,' is a common saying in the mouths of those who go out to look for white heather. The searchers are many, but few find it, even when it is wanted to grace the marriage bouquet of a princess. A blending of blue and purple is the familiar color of the flower, and it is found in plenty in very pale tints, so pale that the searcher is often deceived, believing at first sight he has found 'the white pearl.' Many a Highlander who travels the hills daily never found a sprig of real white heather; not that he never looked for it, for every Highlander believes that it brings rare good luck to the finder, and that the luck can be passed on to his friends. Except in color it does not differ from that which covers all the highland hills. It is the ordinary flower, but pure white, standing out from the clumps of purple like a snowflake. They say in the far North that when the sheep, who dearly love the tender heather, come across it in their grazing, they avoid harming it, and the grouse have never been known to crush it with heather in Scotland, and each sends up now their wings. There are three varieties of purple. The purple flower is the most and then a pure white sprig in miles of familiar of all sights on the hills. Burns sings of the 'blue heather bell,' but only the snow white acts as a talisman.

Mrs. W. C. Whitney was injured down South some time ago and when she returned to New York the floral decorations put up in the house, in honor of the event, are alleged to have cost no less than \$25,000. The car from which she was taken, and in which she had travelled from South Carolina was also profusely decorated with the most costly flowers. On her arrival in New York Mrs. Whitney eyes were greeted with the sight of her favorite flowers. No expense was spared. Not an inch of the walls of the great house was left uncovered. Heather banked the mantels. Flowers crowded the windows. Flowers stood in vases in every conceivable place. The entire house was a garden of fragrance and beauty. When the doors were thrown open and Mrs. Whitney was borne through the hall, she passed beneath a massive Gothic archway of tall palms and blooming azaleas, which extended from the door to the foot of the staircase. It was a most beautiful dream of the florist who was its architect, so dainty were the masses of brilliant color intermingled with the green. The effect was bright and inviting, suggestive of good cheer and a hearty welcome home. And so they carried her, ten men in all, up the stairway and across another flower-laden hall into her own magnificent sleeping room, draped in soft blue and literally overgrown with the costliest roses. Tall, stately American Beauties, apparently bowing their heads in welcome, roses so rare that they have not yet appeared on the market, deep crimson roses, and roses with petals of the most delicate bluish pink, all massed in lavish profusion in honor of the mistress of the home.

Mrs. Whitney, as Miss Edith May, of Baltimore, married Captain Arthur Rar and after his death became the wife of William C. Whitney during the summer of 1896. Mrs. Whitney met with the accident from which she is now suffering while on a fox hunt at Aiken, on February 21. Her husband was the Secretary of the Navy during the first administration of Grover Cleveland.

He Wanted to Know.
Mrs. McLuberty—"Here's some pills, Murry, that Mrs. Hogan was rather sindin' over for yez. She says they'll either kill or cure yez."
McLuberty (who is ill)—"Begorra, did she say which they would do toorst?"

SHE DESPAIRED.
Because Doctors Couldn't Help Her—South American Nervine Cured Her.

Mrs. Geo. Schlee, wife of a well known contractor, of Berlin, Ont., was for about eight years unable to attend her household duties—at times confined to her bed—suffered great weakness and nervousness. She was wasted to a skeleton; doctors diagnosed her case, womb trouble. She despaired of ever being well again. She was induced to try South American Nervine; a few doses gave great relief. She took in all eight bottles and was completely cured, and every day she sings the praises of this wonderful remedy.

An Illinois man paid \$1,322.60 to the tax collector of his county and frankly confessed that he shirked taxes to that amount during the last ten years. Such an awakening of conscience is worthy of commendation and widespread emulation.



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