

Sunday Reading

THE LITTLE WHITE SHOES

I write down the following story from memory. It was related by one of the original crusaders of Ohio, in an audience where I was present:

'One morning during the crusade a drunkard's wife came to the door

'She carried in her arms a baby six weeks old. Her pale, pinched face was sad to see, and she told me this sorrowful story: 'My husband is drinking himself to death; he is lost to all human feeling, our rent is unpaid, and we are liable to be put out into the street; and there is no food in the house for me and the children. He has a good trade, but his earnings all go into the saloon on the corner near us. He is becoming more and more brutal and abusive. We seem to be on the verge of ruin. How can I, feeble as I am, with a babe in my arms, earn bread for myself and children?'

'Quick as thought the question came to me, and I asked it: 'Why not have this husband of yours converted?'

'But she answered, hopelessly: 'O! there's no hope of such a thing; he cares for nothing but strong drink'

'I'll come and see him this afternoon,' said I.

'He'll insult you,' she replied.

'No matter,' said I; 'my Saviour was insulted, and the servant is not above his Lord.'

'That very afternoon I called at the little tenement house. The husband was at work at his trade in a back room, and his little girl was sent to tell him that a lady wished to see him. The child, however, soon returned with the message: 'My pa says he won't see any one.'

'But I sent him a message proving that I was, indeed, in earnest. I said: 'Go back and tell your pa that a lady wishes to see him on very important business, and she must see him, if she has to stay till after supper.'

'I knew very well that there was nothing in the house to eat. A moment afterward a poor, bloated, besotted wreck of a man stood before me.

'What do you want? he demanded as he came shuffling into the room.

'Please be seated, and look at this paper,' I answered, pointing to a vacant chair at the other end of the table where I was sitting, and handing a printed pledge to him.

'He read it slowly, and then, broke out violently: 'Do you think that I'm a fool? I drink when I please, and let it alone when I please. I'm not going to sign away my personal liberty.'

'Do you think you can stop drinking?'

'Yes, I could, if I wanted to.'

'On the contrary, I think you're a slave to the rum-shop down on the corner.'

'No, I ain't any such thing.'

'I think, too, that you love the saloon-keeper's daughter better than you do your own little girl.'

'No, I don't either.'

'Well, let us see about that. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his little girl coming down the steps, and she had on white shoes and a white dress, and a blue sash. Your money helped to buy them. I came here, and your girl, more beautiful than she, has on a faded, ragged dress, and her feet are bare.'

'That's so, madam.'

'And you love the saloon-keeper's wife better than you do your own wife. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his wife come out with the little girl, and she was dressed in silks and laces, and a carriage waited for her. Your money helped to buy the silks and laces, and the horses and the carriage. I came here, and I find your wife in a faded calico gown, doing her work. If she goes anywhere, she must walk.'

'You speak the truth, madam.'

'You love the saloon-keeper better than you love yourself. You say you can keep from drinking, if you chose, but you helped the saloon-keeper to build himself a fine, brick house, and you live in this poor, tumbled-down old house yourself.'

'I never saw it in that light before.' Then holding out his hand, that shook like an aspen leaf he continued: 'You speak the truth madam—I am a slave. Do you see that hand? I've got a piece of work to finish, and I must have a mug of beer to steady my nerves, or I cannot do it; but to-morrow, if you call I will sign the pledge.'

'That's a temptation of the devil. I did not ask you to sign the pledge. You are a slave, and cannot help it. But I do want to tell you this: there is One who can break your chains and set you free.'

'I want to be free.'

Spring Purification.

The clogged-up machinery of the system requires cleaning out after the wear and tear of the winter's work. Nothing will do this so thoroughly and perfectly as the old reliable

Burdock Blood Bitters.

It cures Constipation, Sick Headaches, Feeling of Tiredness, and all the evidences of Sluggish Liver and Impure Blood, which are so prevalent in the spring. It makes rich, red blood and gives buoyancy and strength to the entire system.

'Well, Christ can set you free, if you'd submit to him, and let him break the chains of sin and appetite that bind you.'

'It's been many a long year since I prayed.'

'No matter; the sooner you begin, the better for you.'

'He threw himself at once upon his knees, and while I prayed I heard him sobbing out the cry of his soul to God.

'His wife knelt beside me, and followed me in earnest prayer. The words were simple, and broken with sobs, but somehow they went straight up from her crushed heart to God, and the poor man began to cry in earnest for mercy.'

'O, God! break these chains that are burning into my soul! Pity me, and pity my wife and children, and break the chains that are dragging me down to hell. O God! be merciful to me a sinner.' And thus out of the depths he cried to God, and he heard him and had compassion upon him, and broke every chain and every burden; and he arose a free, redeemed man.

'When he arose from his knees he said: 'Now I will sign the pledge and keep it.'

'And he did. A family altar was established; the comforts of life were soon secured—for he had a good trade—and two weeks after this scene his little girl came into my husband's Sunday school with white shoes and a white dress, and a blue sash on, as a token that her father's money no longer went into the saloon-keeper's till.

'But what struck me most of all was that it took less than two hours of my time to be an ambassador for Christ in declaring the terms of heaven's great treaty, whereby a soul was saved from death, a multitude of sins were covered, and a home restored to purity and peace.'—Francis E. Willard.

THE CURE OF SOULS.

Different Methods of Bettering the Conditions of the Poor in New York.

Two or three philanthropists who have worked for many a year to better the condition of the poor in New York recently met, and very naturally compared their different methods of work.

'The first thing to be done with Lazarus at your gate,' said one of them, 'is I am sure, to feed his body and then his mind. Give him an idea of the world he lives in, by maps and magic lantern pictures. Kill the brute in him by wakening the thinking creature.'

'In my experience,' said an enthusiastic physician, 'I find that music seems to be the best aid. At our club-rooms for workmen, when we can have glee and chorus singing the attendance is the largest and most steady. We have also billiards and other games, magazines, newspapers—everything to amuse and interest them, and keep them from the dram-shops.'

'In our guild work,' said an earnest woman in the company, 'we have similar amusements for girls. We have opened saving-banks and established clubs for them. We have entertainments to which young men are asked. We try to give

them the idea of a respectable, orderly life, ending perhaps in honorable marriage, and we try to fit them for it.'

Dancing, pictures and debating societies were also mentioned as humanizing in their effect upon the degraded and criminal subjects of the kindly experiments of these good people.

'But' said one, 'I find that I must carefully ignore the subject of religion, lest I scare my patient away before I can begin his cure.'

The others agreed with him.

'In other words,' said a young man who had not yet spoken, 'we act, it seems to me, as a doctor would who should bathe the face of a patient, to cool it, who is ill with the plague, or we put spectacles on his dying eyes, and leave something as in to poison to work its way in his blood.'

'The methods we have adopted, it seems to me, are admirable to quicken the mind, or to improve the manners of the patient, but they ignore too much the moral motive and leave within the patient that which may again drag him downward to an ignominious life.'

'St. John and St. Paul, Whitefield and Wesley, did not teach their hearers art or literature. They reached for the soul of each man, and showed God to it.'

'It must be acknowledged, of course, that this is not always effectual,—but it is an added help, for it revives and influences that which is highest and best in human nature,—the sense of responsibility to the Supreme Judge of the Universe, for our conduct here, and the relations of that conduct to an eternal hereafter.'

The Hymn Saved his Life.

The Presbyterian prints a war anecdote of an unconventional sort. Different readers will read more or less into it, according to their different habits of mind, but all will find it interesting.

Some Americans who were crossing the Atlantic met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked round, and although he did not know the face, he thought that he knew the voice. So, when the music ceased, he turned and asked the man if he had been in the Civil War. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier.

'Were you at such a place on such a night?' asked the first man.

'Yes,' replied the second man, 'and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little lightened, because the enemy were supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was still, and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing these lines:

'All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

'After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear.'

'Now,' said the other, 'listen to my story: I was a Union soldier, and was in the woods that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you, waiting the word to fire but when you sang,

'Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing,'

I said, 'Boys, lower your rifles; we will go home.'

Helping One Another.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross little faces looked down at it.

'It's too heavy for me,' said Jimmy.

'Well, you're big as I am, 'cause we're twins,' said Nellie.

'I won't carry it!' said the little cousin with a pout.

Mamma looked from her open window, and saw the trouble.

'One day I saw a picture of three little birds,' she said. 'They wanted a long stick carried somewhere, but it was too



WELL BEGUN IS HALF DONE

Start wash day with good soap, pure soap; that's half the battle won.

SURPRISE SOAP is made especially for washing clothes, makes them clean and fresh and sweet, with little rubbing.

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large for any of them to carry. What do you think they did?

'We don't know,' said the twins.

'They all took hold of it together,' said Mamma, 'and then they could fly with it.'

The children laughed and looked at each other; then they all took hold of the basket together, and found it was very easy to carry.

'The way to do all things in this world,' said mamma, 'is for every one to help a little. No one can do them all, but every one can help.'—Christian Leader.

A Mistake.

A mistake is found in thinking that our access to God is dependent upon some grand caprice of his favor. We picture the divine being to ourselves somewhat as Esther pictured Ahasuerus, when she was going into his presence to plead for royal relief to her endangered people. We seem to suppose there is extreme risk in approaching him. It is all extend the golden scepter, we are safe; but the chances are that he may not. And so, in the heroism of a fine devotion, we say: 'It we perish, we perish.' But Esther seemed to have forgotten that on her finger at that moment was a ring which proved she was the wife of the man she was so much in aid of. And the great God is represented in the scriptures as bending over a redeemed soul, and saying: 'Turn again, for I am married unto you.' 'But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ. For he is our peace who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us.'—Chas. S. Robinson, D. D., in Cumberland Presbyterian.

BEWARE

Of counterfeits, they are numerous and all to your disadvantage. Morin's Wine made with Cresote and Hypophosphites is packed in a round red box bearing Dr. Ed. Morin's signature on the label. Ask for Morin's Creso Pastes Wine.

A Prospect of Doubt.

'Have you given up your idea of mastering some European language?' said the courtier.

'Yes,' replied the Chinese Emperor. 'What's the use? There is no means of telling which I will need in order to talk to my neighbors.'

Weary.

'How is it,' said the official severely, 'that we haven't had any victories recently?'

'Well,' replied the general, 'if you want any more than you have been getting you'll have to secure another man. I'm tired of being a literary hack.'

AN EPIDEMIC OF COLDS.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Proves the Good Samaritan to Thousands of Sufferers in the Present Epidemic. George E. Casey, M. P., is one of the Many who Knows of its Goodness.

What to do to secure relief in the present epidemic is the question thousands are asking. Colds this season attack throat and head and there is nothing that gives relief so quickly in every such case as Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Geo. E. Casey, M. P., is only one of fifty others of the House of Commons and Senate who have tried this remedy, and bear testimony to its undoubted goodness.

The "Gold Train."

The latest railway train christening is that of the Canadian Pacific's westbound trans-continental express, which is now known as the "Gold Train"—a peculiarly appropriate name, for since the beginning of the great rush to the Klondike, this train, daily crowded with gold-seekers, frequently pulls out in two, three, four and even as many as five sections. Windsor Street Station, in Montreal presents an unusually animated scene now-a-days in consequence, all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children gathering to witness the departure of the "Gold Train," and to bid good-bye and wish good luck to the fortune-hunters who represent pretty nearly every nationality and all walks in life. It was on one of these occasions that No. 1 received its auriferous cognomen. An old lady hustled in, evidently in search of some departing friend and eagerly enquired of an official "Has the Gold Train gone yet?"

'Gold Train'—happy thought—the name stuck. The old lady had unconsciously hit upon a name far more expressive than that which perhaps many a railway mortgage would have cudgelled his brains over in vain to evolve.

Walked the Floor

Night After Night in Agony.

Intense Physical Sufferings from Neuralgia in Head and Face.

Dissatisfied So Long by Doctors and Medicines, Mrs. Jackson thought There Was No Hope for Her.

A KIND NEIGHBOR RECOMMENDS PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND THE MATCHLESS SPRING MEDICINE

It Was Commenced With a Small Degree of Faith.

Now There is Joy, Thankfulness and Gratitude for a Marvellous Cure.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., SIRS:—I suffered intensely with neuralgia in my head and face, and was in such a condition that I could not rest day or night for two and a half years. I was treated by different doctors and used their medicines and sometimes got a little relief, but the pain would come back as bad as ever. I walked the floor night after night and thought I would go crazy. A neighbor, knowing my condition of suffering, asked me if I had tried Paine's Celery Compound. I said 'No, I have no faith in anything now, as I have tried so many medicines and they have not done me any good.' However, I decided to try one bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and it gave such good results I continued until I had used six bottles and was cured. I can never cease to express my gratitude for the great good I derived from Paine's Celery Compound.

Yours truly,
MRS. THOS JACKSON,
50 MCGEE ST. Toronto.

A Pertinent Query.

'My voice is still for war,' shouted the impassioned orator.
'How about the rest of you?' yelled a sarcastic bystander.

Give the Baby a Chance with Martin's Cardinal Food. The only food that will build up a weak constitution gradually but surely is a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids. KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.

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