

## Sunday Reading.

Miss Smith, Missionary.

Miss Smith was not a foreign but a home missionary, and the particular work of hers that I want to describe was done in a quiet little farmhouse above Warabee Township.

At the time of which I write there were two people in the farmhouse, a young couple who had been married but three years.

For the last year of her married life Annie had thought herself the happiest woman in Warabee. She was very proud of her stalwart young husband, of the pretty home and well-kept garden, and their well-ordered and profitable dairy farm. But the second year of their life's partnership was not far advanced before her love's young dream was rudely broken in upon, and Annie was awakened to one of the saddest of sad disenchantments. Her husband, once so kind and attentive, had become careless and indifferent. Her society had ceased to be sufficient for him, and his evenings were spent with a lot of idle young men, lounging around the 'Commercial,' while Annie sat reading or sewing, vainly trying to find succor from the present misery, and thinking sadly of the days when all Tom's spare time was spent with her; when they would talk about their house and farm, and discuss improvements and reckon up losses and profits, and look on to a future which they would share in competency and bliss.

On Sundays Annie went to chapel by herself, while Tom who had before seemed so proud to go with her, took his kangaroo dogs, and with his new-made and dissolute companions, went into the scrub hunting wallabies and hares.

At first Annie tried to coax him back into the old ways, but talking proved useless and incensed him most unreasonably, so she gave that up. She did not fail, however, to make known her wants about him to God, and the peace of God guarded her heart and thoughts as the days went by. But she grew silent and sad, and Tom grew sullen and unkind.

In vain Annie cooked the daintiest of meals, and garnished her table with flowers, and scrubbed and cleaned, and scrupulously discharged every wifely duty; things grew no better, but steadily worse.

But when their home affairs seemed darkest, a ray of hope shone into poor Annie's loving but clouded life. It was the expected visit of this home missionary, and Annie grew brighter at the anticipation and shed fewer tears, and seemed not to mind so much her husband's unkind treatment. For she expected great things from this visitor, and hoped, in fact felt certain, that all the crooked places would then be made straight.

And her husband was certainly not happy in his evil courses. He was doing wrong, wickedly wrong, and he knew it; he would come home from the township at night calling himself by all sorts of hard names, and vowing he would do better, but the sight of Annie's pale, patient face and listless manner would irritate him and make him wish he could get away from home and wife, and if such an eviction had been possible, to get away from himself. He mistook Annie's woe and weariness for want of love, and told himself that she could never have cared for him, and since he had spoiled his life and hers, it didn't matter what became of him, and so he alternated between desperation and remorse.

'She doesn't even care enough about me to nag at me,' thought the wretched man as he came in late one Saturday night, and Annie, whose heart was too full for words, silently set his supper before him.

There was a little break in the cloud one night, when, as he was about to depart to his accustomed haunts, Annie asked him to stay with her that evening, as she had something very important to tell him. To her great joy he consented, and went and sat beside her. She told him about their expected visitor, but he answered her not a word, and when she ceased speaking he sat staring into the fire.

'Aren't you glad, Tom, dear?' she said in a gentle, pleading voice.

'Yes,' he answered, then added, gruffly, 'it'll be company for you.'

His better self prompted him to take the sweet-faced woman into his arms, and tell her of his love, and how he hated his present conduct, and promise to live differently.

He turned and looked at the face of the woman sitting besides him, the firelight shone upon her features as she watched the blazing wood; he started at the look of radiant happiness on her face, and that checked the torrent of penitent love that was rising to his lips.

'She does not care about me now, she

is perfectly happy at the thought of this visitor that is coming.'

Angry with her for the happiness so vividly expressed in her face, and pitying himself for his misery, he rose abruptly and left the house.

Annie sat quietly for some time gazing into the fire. The reverie seemed to be for the most part pleasant, for every now and then her features brightened into a happy smile. The hush of God's own peace wrapped her about, and steadily the assurance grew that her husband would share it soon.

And the days went quickly by. Tom still found his way to the parlor of the 'Commercial,' and the farm that had been a model to the district began to wear an untidy appearance; but Annie lived above these causes of sorrow, and even when things reached a climax and Tom returned late one Saturday night in an intoxicated condition and announced his conviction that it 'was very nish plashe anyhow, and he was happy, darn if he wasn't,' though she spent a miserable night, still her sorrow was as the flitting of a cloud across a shining landscape, and next day Tom heard her singing at her work.

'There,' thought the unhappy fellow, 'that shows how little she cares for me. If I go to the devil she'll keep singing.'

Then one day when the farmhouse was fragrant with the odor of the wattles that grew on the hill behind it, and the sun shone on a world of fresh green foliage and September flowers there was an unwonted stir, and immense preparations onward in Annie's home. Tom stayed in all day in keen expectation, Annie's mother was there directing affairs, there had never been such commotion before, since Tom and Annie's wedding day. But at evening tide the excitement was over, and Miss Smith the home missionary had arrived. For that evening and very many afterwards, Tom forgot the 'Commercial,' and kept company with Annie and their visitor.

Miss Smith was a quiet little body, more addicted to thinking than speaking, but it anything was done that did not accord with views, she protested with a vehemence that considerably astonished Tom.

Annie grew her old self again; she had built so much on this visitor, and now it seemed that her fondest hopes were realized, and she saw with a great inward joy that filled her eyes with tears, that once when Tom had prepared to go to the Township, when he came to say 'good-bye' to Miss Smith she made no audible objection, but simply looked at him with her brown eyes full of reproach at least so Tom thought, as he sat down by her and overcame his desire to join his public-house companions.

But Miss Smith's missionary work was not yet thoroughly done. Scarcely was the harvest ripened before Tom was once more mastered by his evil habit, and the thought of Miss Smith's reproachful eyes and Annie's unhappiness only goaded him to greater success. His neighbors began to shake their heads and say, 'Tom'll go to the dogs, if he doesn't mind.'

It was midnight, but in our farmhouse there were no sleepers. Lights flared in every window. The doctor stood by a little cot whereon lay Miss Smith. Tom crouched in a corner of the room, his head in his hands, making no sound that could be heard by the rest who watched the occupant of the little cot, but those round the great white throne heard the heartbroken cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

The crisis with the little sufferer was approaching, the little life would soon flicker out, or kindle into renewed strength. The clock ticked on, and they watched through what seemed like a lifetime of suspense. Tom rose and came and stood by his wife. This grief had drawn the two together. They feared as they entered into the cloud, but it was something to go into hand in hand.

The doctor took into his one dainty little hand that lay outside the coverlet, and for some minutes eagerly watched the white little face of the exhausted sufferer.

Gently lying down the limp hand he whispered to the anxious mother: 'The

crisis is past, with care she will pull through.'

It was too much for Annie and she who had suffered so intensely and had been so brave through it all, sank over wrought into the arms of her husband.

He took her into the next room, carrying her in his hands as if she had been a child. When the swoon passed he said: 'My darling wife, I have been a brute to you, will you forgive me and help me to be a better man?'

Need we record her answer? When Miss Smith awoke from her sleep with the waking day, and saw Tom and Annie watching, Annie's head on Tom's shoulder she looked very content, and seemed quite to comprehend the situation. She smiled a wan little smile and remarked, 'Ah-h-h. Goo-o goo-o,' which, though it didn't mean much to anyone to whom Babes is a dead language, to those thankful parents it was an expression of satisfaction at the result of her mission.

The doctor failed to interpret, for he merely remarked: 'It's astonishing how quickly these little ones recover. We'll have her all right in a few days, for she has a splendid constitution.'

'A little child shall lead them.' Since those days many missionaries—home and foreign—have found a hearty welcome to Tom Smith's hearth. But to the daughter that God gave him was conferred the honor of leading him into the path of life. And she did not succeed until it looked as if he who had first given was about to take away his priceless present. How many have failed to learn what claims the Divine Father has upon them, until they realize by experience what Fatherhood means. It is an old story newly written up in every generation—'And Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah.' The whole its upward movement from the night when the Virgin Mother was turned from the door of the crowded caravansary in Bethlehem to cradle her Son where cattle were wont to feed.'

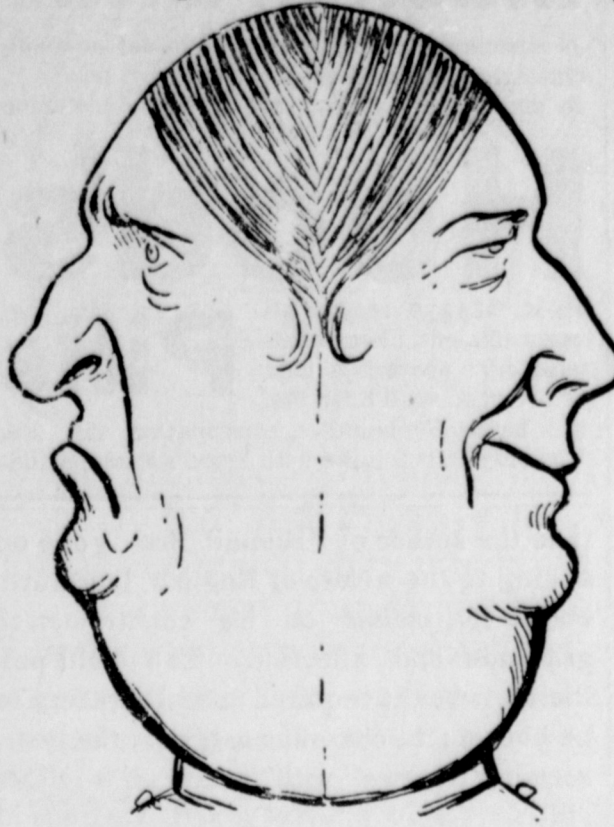
### STOP AND THINK.

Before the First Drink is Taken Pause a Moment to Think.

Young man, about to lift the glass of strong drink to your lips, surrounded by gay companions, and intent on having a good time—stop and think. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoever is deceived thereby is not wise.' Think of the risk you run. You say, 'It is no risk for me to take a glass, I know when I have enough. I have a thorough contempt for a man who makes a beast of himself.' Thousands have said this before your time, and they lie to-day in the shadows of silence that surround a drunkard's grave. Are you stronger than they? Be warned in time. Habit becomes a strong cord, but the appetite for intoxicating liquor is a strong chain that eats into the flesh and dwarfs the man; yet, more than that, it will not let him go. Think of the bright intellects clouded and ruined by this enemy of souls—this strong drink—think of the friends of your friends, to come no nearer, that have been deceived by this deceiver. Their appetite for liquor has grown with the years, while to satisfy it their hard earnings have been passed over the bar daily.

Look around you as you go into the village tavern or ordinary saloon, and you will see there, looking towards that glass in your hand, with all the longing of a perishing soul, one who not many years ago said as you do, 'I can take care of myself.' You say 'Poor old——' he ought to have stopped long ago.' Can you tell me just when he ought to have stopped? Let me tell you. Just when he lifted the first glass to his lips, before he began to feel the need of it and be bound by it. When he stood as you stand to-day, in his young manhood, with all the hopes and the promises of the future before him, with a will that was master of himself and strong to bend and trample or surmount difficulties in his way, with a faith in his mother's God, and a respect for all that was pure and noble in life at that point where you stand to-day and from which you are even now descending, he ought to have said, 'God helping me, I'll be a man my whole life

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through, and not a slave to any appetite or habit.' Young man, will you say this? Will you put down the glass? Turn your back on the saloon, on the bar-room, on all that is impure and unholy, and strive to make the world a little better for your having been in it.

Father stop and think. You are taking your glass of beer or port daily at your dinner table. Is it necessary? Is it conducive to health or happiness? While it may give a passing feeling of comfort, it is at its best a dangerous luxury. Do you say it aids digestion? Dr. Norman Kerr says: 'The pain in the stomach following eating or drinking is merely a telegram to the nervous centres that something is wrong, and all that alcohol does is to make insensible the telegraph boy, who is thereby rendered incapable of conveying the message.'

### WHAT SYMPATHY COULD DO.

How Prison Inmates Lightened the Burden of Other Unfortunates.

It is difficult to imagine a bright side to prison life, and when to confinement is added the gloom of insanity, the darkness seems impenetrable. The author of 'The Dungeons of Old Paris,' however, gives a touching picture of what womanly sympathy once accomplished even in so extreme a case.

There was a strangely sympathetic side to this saddest of the prisons of Paris (St. Lazare, for women. The sick and worn-out were always tenderly regarded by their prisoners, and if a woman died in the prison, it was not unusual for the rest to club together to provide a costly funeral. In the early years of the Restoration, a pretty peasant girl named Marie was sent to St. Lazare for stealing roses. She had a passion for the flower, and a thousand mystical notions had woven themselves about it in her mind. She said that rose-trees would detach themselves from their roots, and glide after her wherever she went, to tempt her to pluck the blossoms. One in a garden, taller than the rest, had compelled her to climb the wall and gather as many roses as she could, and there the gendarmes found her. This poor girl excited the most vivid interest in that sordid place. The prisoners plotted to restore her to reason, christened her Rose, which delighted her, and set themselves to make artificial roses for her of silk and paper. Those fingers, so rebellious at allotted tasks, created roses without number, till Marie's cell was transformed into a bower. An interested director of prison labor seconded these efforts, and opened in St. Lazare a work room for the manufacture of artificial flowers, to which Marie was introduced as an apprentice. Here she made roses from morning till night, and her dread of the future being

dispelled, the malady of her mind reached its term with the end of her sentence, and she left the prison cured and happy. She became one of the most successful florists in Paris.

### The Passing of Years.

The procession of years is long,  
Beyond sight beginning, and ending;  
But the band that unites them is subtle and strong  
And each greets each, with a sob, or a song,  
In unvoiced utterance blending.

We reckon them, first as years,  
And note their beginning, and ending;  
And carefully measure their falling tears,  
And bow, upine to their phantom fears,  
As the weapons of life sure ending.

But they come, and they go, and we learn  
They are not the great Indwelling;  
And, though they leave us, with much, in turn,  
For which, with a backward look, we yearn  
And a heart schooled to tearless swelling.

They are, at length, but the tide,  
Unchanging, restless in flowing,  
Where our life, for a season, at anchor rides  
And the soundless depth, in mystery hides  
The wreckage the sea floor strowing.

That wreckage—ah, who may tell  
What treasures abide in its keeping;  
And o'er them, forever, a cloud wrapped bell  
Tells low,—when adversity's night winds swell  
And the sound is as sounds of weeping.

But wide is the deep where we sail,  
And screened the expanse that is o'er us,  
And the world, behind and beyond, they veil  
And Memory's hands with long emptiness, fall  
But Hope beckons, ever, before us.

—Annie S. Marsh.

### FOUGHT CATARRH FOR FIFTY YEARS.

Eighty Years of Age When Victory Came—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder the one Remedy.

George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., says: 'I was troubled with catarrh for fifty years. I am eighty years old. I used a great many catarrh remedies, but Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder gave immediate relief and cured me of the disease.' At Ottawa, D. M. Northrop, a prominent member of the Civil Service, used this medicine and tells of its benefits in the case of catarrh and cold in the head. It relieves in ten minutes.

### Another What?

Some simple-souled people have a singular notion of the nature of a repartee. A lady was remonstrated with by a male relative for wearing false hair.

'I do not see,' he said, 'how you can possibly reconcile yourself to wearing the hair of another.'

'You do not?' she answered, scornfully, pointing to her relative's coat. 'And pray don't you wear the wool of another on your back?'

### Mystery Explained.

The following incident is related by an English journal, but it might have happened almost anywhere:

A lady who kept poultry had, among others, some Andalusian fowls. One day she had one killed for dinner which proved to be very tough.

'Rachel,' she said to her servant, an elderly woman who had been with her some time, 'what fowl is this? It seems to be a very old one.'

'Well, mum,' replied she, 'it's one of them there antediluvians.'

Among the Arab tribes, bad cooking is a sufficient cause for divorce.

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