

Sunday Reading.

AUNT NANNY.

If you are imaginative enough to think that you see a very small, round shouldered elderly woman in an indigo blue and white calico dress with a short, plain skirt and a plaid gingham neckerchief around her narrow shoulders and pinned across her hollow chest; and if you can imagine that you see this brown-faced little old woman sitting at a great, clumsy carpet loom in one end of her long, narrow, low-studded kitchen, sending the shuffles back and forth between the warp, you will see Aunt Nanny as I see her now after the lapse of many years.

It was a little town 'out West' in which Aunt Nanny lived, and nearly every house in the town had on some one of its floors a rag-carpet that Aunt Nanny had woven. Her carpets covered many a parlor floor in the little town, for most of the people were poor, and a gay-colored rag carpet with a 'twisted stripe' and 'chain' of manifold and brilliant colors was regarded as good enough for any parlor, and no one longed for unattainable ingrain or brussels or moquette carpets.

Then Aunt Nanny was an adept at making braided and drawn and 'sewed on' rugs, and it was when she was engaged in the making of these rugs that she had more time and a better chance to gather the children of the town around her and talk to them in a way that many of them remembered long after they were men and women with their own little ones around them. This quiet, quaint, little old weaver wove golden threads into the web of many a young life.

Every child in the town knew Aunt Nanny, and every child was made welcome to her home, which was a little old house, standing well back from the street, with six or eight cherry trees in the front yard and a thrifty little garden at the back that Aunt Nanny cultivated with her own busy and toilworn hands.

She lived alone in the little house, and yet she could not have known many lonely hours, for there was hardly an hour of the day when there was not some child under her roof.

She had a brown earthenware jar containing what seemed to be an inexhaustible supply of ginger and caraway seed cookies fully half an inch thick and 'wide accordingly,' as the boys used to say. The cookies we had given to us in our own homes lacked the flavor and the tooth-someness of Aunt Nanny's cookies. She had also a seemingly unlimited supply of flag-root preserved in some way that made it peculiarly delicious, and we would do almost anything Aunt Nanny wanted us to do for a piece of that flag-root.

The mother instinct was wonderfully strong in Aunt Nanny, and although she had never had a child of her own, she 'mothered' every child in the town, and she had a special tenderness to lavish upon those who were motherless. They were sure of love and sympathy when they carried their little woes to Aunt Nanny, and no one was more forgiving than she when they had done wrong.

Some of the worst boys and most headstrong girls in the town were as gentle and obedient as other children when they were under Aunt Nanny's roof, and it is certain that many of them who are good and true men and women today owe much of what they are to her kindly admonitions. She never scolded nor fretted nor became 'cross' about anything, but she had a gentle dignity that every boy and girl respected and that won her more victories than all of the scolding in the world ever won. No one ever heard of a boy or a girl being impudent to Aunt Nanny.

I remember one afternoon when a number of 'us boys' were in the kitchen watching her weave and some of us were winding bobbins for her.

Presently she left her loom and went into another room, when a meddlesome boy named Andy Rhone went to 'fooling around the loom,' as one of the other boys expressed it, and knocked down a certain bar, thereby doing an amount of injury that it would take Aunt Nanny hours to repair.

'You'd better skeddaddle out of here!' said one of the other boys.

'Yes, you'd better!' said another.

'You'll catch it!' said a third.

Now Andy was not a very good boy, and his parents complained a great deal about how rebellious and unmanageable he was at home.

We expected to see him 'take to his heels' the moment he saw the mischief he had wrought, but he simply stood his ground and said:

'I'll not budge an inch, and Aunt Nanny can whip me if she wants to and I won't say a word.'

But when Aunt Nanny saw what Andy had done she said, with no show of anger or excitement:

'I'm sorry it happened, Andy. It will make me a lot of extra work, and I guess I'll have to ask all of the other boys to run home now while you and I repair the mischief you've done. I'll give all of you a cooky spiece and then you must run along and let Andy and me go to work.'

Andy Rhone has long been a man, and there are some blots in the record of his life, but I once heard him say that the blots would be more numerous and far larger than they are had it not been for the restraining influence of Aunt Nanny Saunders.

Men and women, as well as children, carried their sorrows to Aunt Nanny, and it was wonderful how tactful she could be in dealing with them. She always had a helpful word to say, and she said it so wisely and so tenderly that men and women were helped by it. Not long before she died there came to see her a very wealthy and influential man who had been a motherless boy in the little town in which Aunt Nanny lived, and she had been particularly kind to him on that account. He had been somewhat headstrong and inclined to be a little 'wild' as he grew old-

threads of truth to make bright their future years. Her old loom has long been still and the toil-worn hands that worked the shuttle bar were long ago crossed above her silent heart, but old Aunt Nanny will long live in the affections of the children she welcomed to her home while life eternal is hers in the Home above.

LIVING AT OUR BEST.

Do not Waste Time Looking for Great Opportunities.

Do not try to do a great thing; you may waste all your life looking for the opportunity which will never come. But since little things are always claiming your attention, do them as they come, from a great motive, for the glory of God, to win his smile of approval, and to do good to men. It is harder to plod on in obscurity, acting thus, than to stand on the high places of the field, within the view of all, and to do deeds of valor at which rival armies stand still to gaze. But no such act goes without the swift recognition and the ultimate recompense of Christ. To fulfill faithfully the duties of your station; to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry; to bear chafing annoyances and trivial irritations as martyrs bore the pillory and the stake; to find the one noble

LANOLINE Toilet Preparations. For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN. Lanoline Toilet Soap. Delicate and Sensitive Skins. From all Chemists. Wholesale Depot: -67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

Even the boys and girls of the family went about more soberly than was usual, speaking in hushed voices. It seemed a little thing, that trifling loss in weight, but it indicated that something was wrong. The baby was losing ground when he should be gaining it. Unless checked at once serious results might follow.

It would be an excellent thing if young Christians were as disturbed over losing spiritual strength when they should be gaining it. During the summer months it is very easy to neglect the prayer-meeting, and when that opening wedge is introduced, it is doubly easy to be careless in regard to reading the Bible and secret prayer. Have you been growing in the love and knowledge of God during the last

fully rubbed his hands.' As a correspondent of the Times points out, this incident occurred in 1805. Nelson lost his right arm in the attack on Santa Cruz, Tenerife, in 1797—eight years prior to his pursuit of Villeneuve's fleet. It would have been, therefore, a difficult matter for him to 'rub his hands' in 1805.

CAST AWAY FOREVER.

Paine's Celery Compound Banishes Rheumatism and Sciatica.

Mr. Beechinor was in a Terrible Condition.

Could Not Walk or Put His Hand To His Mouth.

Six Bottles of Nature's Medicine Effected a Complete Cure.

A Strong and Convincing Letter

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO. DEAR SIRS:—For five years I suffered from sciatica and rheumatism, at times being so bad that I could not walk or put my hand to my mouth. If I attempted to do any work I would be crippled for weeks. I took medical treatment, Turkish and mineral baths, but all failed to meet my case. Some time ago I tried Paine's Celery Compound, and after using six bottles I feel like a new man, and can do a hard day's work and feel none the worse for it. I have also gained in weight, and can say I am permanently cured. Yours truly, J. BEECHINOR, Shiloh, Ont.

An Exchange of Twins. Besides the ordinary rent paid to the landlord, it used to be customary in the Highlands for the tenant to give to his master one of the calves or lambs if it happened that a cow or ewe should bring forth twins. This seems a little hard, but the gain was not all on one side, for the master was obliged if the wife of any of his tenants happened to have twins, to take one of the babies and bring it up in his own family. As cases of twins happened once in every sixty-nine births, this adoption by the master must have been a fairly frequent occurrence.

"THOUGHT MY HEAD WOULD BURST."

A Fredericton Lady's Terrible Suffering.

Mrs. Gao. DOHERTY tells the following remarkable story of relief from suffering and restoration to health, which should



clear away all doubts as to the efficacy of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills from the minds of the most skeptical: "For several years I have been a constant sufferer from nervous headache, and the pain was so intense that sometimes I was almost crazy. I really thought that my head would burst. I consulted a number of physicians, and took many remedies, but without effect. I noticed Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised, and as they seemed to suit my case, I got a box and began their use. Before taking them I was very weak and debilitated, and would sometimes wake out of my sleep with a distressed, smothering feeling, and I was frequently seized with agonizing pains in the region of the heart, and often could scarcely muster up courage to keep up the struggle for life. In this wretched condition Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills came to the rescue, and to-day I state, with gratitude, that I am vigorous and strong, and all this improvement is due to this wonderful remedy. I fully realize that these marvellous pills are not transitory in their action, but a permanent cure, for they have toned up my nervous system, nourished my blood, and regulated the action of my heart, and restored my long lost health completely."



er, and had sorely tried the patience of the relatives with whom he lived. Some of them had prophesied that he would 'go to the bad.'

'And I suspect that the prophecy would have come true had it not been for Aunt Nanny,' he said in the years of his manhood when he was a successful and honored Christian man. 'Only she and I and God will ever know how many times she has talked with me and prayed with me and woven bright threads of honor and virtue and manliness into my life with a loom that was nothing less than the Word of God itself.'

There were many other lives into which this sweetly patient and gentle old woman had woven these self-same threads.

Destiny has scattered hither and thither the children who played around her loom. They are all men and women now and they realize when they were children, how she was weaving into their lives golden

trait in people who try to molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and flowers, or now and again a thirsty sheep; and do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the love of Jesus—this makes a great life.—F. B. Meyer.

LOSING GROUND.

Take Plenty of Spiritual Nourishment From the Great Physician

There were grave faces in the household one day when the baby was weighed and it was found that within a fortnight he had lost instead of gaining. Father went to his business a little later than was his habit, stopping on the way, to ask the doctor to 'drop in.' Mother's smooth forehead wore an anxious wrinkle throughout the day.

month, or have you fallen away? The loss itself seems trifling, perhaps, but the state of health which caused it is not a trifle. You are not in good condition spiritually, if you are losing ground. Go to the great Physician for advice. Keep yourself under his care continually. Take plenty of the nourishment your heart needs and there will be no chance of your failing to grow each day nearer the stature of Christ.

If you are dishonest in the school-room, you must expect that the habit of untruthfulness will cling to you as you grow older. Yielding to that one fault may ruin the usefulness of your whole life.

It is a pleasant sight to see anybody thanking God, for the air is heavy with the hum of murmuring, and the roads are dusty with complaints and lamentations.—C. H. Spurgeon.

'Death is impossible when the living Christ dwells in us.'

Nelson's Wonderful Feat.

Writers of historical reminiscences have to be masters of a certain amount of accurate information about their heroes if they wish to avoid mistakes. If they are not, they are sure to 'get things mixed.' Not long since a reviewer in the London Times, writing of a book named 'Roving Commissions,' related on his own account the following episode of Nelson, the great admiral:

'While in chase of Villeneuve's French fleet he was informed of the enemy heaving in sight, at which information Nelson evinced the highest satisfaction, and glee-

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.