

# Sunday Reading.

DOROTHY.

Sitting in my room this afternoon, my eye rested as it often does upon some balls made of thistle-down. They are fastened together with pink ribbon, and as they sway softly in the breeze from my open window, my thoughts leave my chamber and go to that of 'an angel of light,' as I call her. It is in my heart to write about her. Surely the story of her sweet life will do good wherever it is known.

Over twenty years ago I lived upon a farm. The memory of my childhood days is a fragrant one,—a brook shaded by willow trees, mayflowers and mint upon its banks, violets carpeting the orchard, fields whose fence corners enclosed patches of wild strawberries.

I was a solitary child. My brothers and sisters were much older than I, and so when Dorothy came to her grandfather's for a few weeks at a time, as she often did, it was a joyous time for me. 'Grandpa' Hinman lived a mile from my father's house, but that distance was nothing to two girls who liked to go a 'piece' with each other, and so would turn and walk back and forth in the sandy road until dusk threw its curtains around us, thus giving us a warning that we were looked for at home.

As the years passed, Dorothy and I saw less and less of each other. We were both busy in school. 'Grandpa' Hinman died and the old farm of my childhood passed into other hands than those of my father. For years I heard nothing of Dorothy, except that she lived in the town of Framingham, and I knew that there she had taken her seminary course.

One warm summer day, I was in the railroad station at Framingham with the prospect of a long waiting time before me. Suddenly the thought came, 'Dorothy Hinman used to live in Framingham.' To think this was to start in quest of her, and as I walked down the shady village street, my mind was far away. I thought I saw two merry little girls in checked gingham aprons, trudging along a country road, their arms filled with golden-rod. A swinging sign attracted my attention at this point, and I saw the words, 'D. Hinman, M. D.' 'Here her father lives,' I thought, 'and I can at least ask where she is. I wonder what the years have brought to her. She may be in a happy home of her own, or it may be that she is a successful teacher.'

While thinking thus, I had reached the door which stood open in a friendly fashion. A grey-haired man answered my ring.

'Dr. Hinman?' I said inquiringly, though I knew full well that it was he. No one who had seen his deep set gray eyes could forget them.

'Yes,' he answered, taking my hand in a pleasant manner.

'You don't remember me,' I said half sadly, for it is painful to have one's childhood friends forget one's face.

'No,' he said reluctantly, 'I do not.'

A cheery voice came from an adjoining room.—'But I do. I have not forgotten your voice. Come in, Cora. It is Cora Bronson, papa.'

Joyful at the quick recognition of my voice, fearful that the years had changed my face more, and half wondering that Dorothy did not spring to meet me, I obeyed the summons.

For an instant I stood speechless. Was the pale sweet-faced woman on the couch Dorothy? Yes, her hands were outstretched in welcome, her eyes were shining, and as I knelt by her side, I felt that I was in an atmosphere of peace and joy. Dorothy, indeed, but not the Dorothy of bygone days. A Dorothy who carried in her face traces of suffering bravely and sweetly borne.

My waiting time passed too quickly. Dorothy told me of the drunken man's runaway horse that crashed into her carriage—'Eight years ago,' she said, 'and I have not walked since.' There was no sound of complaint in her voice, and she went on, 'You cannot imagine how many friends I have. The seminary students come often to my room and help to make me happy.'

'It is pleasant for you to live in the town where your Alma Mater is,' I said.

'You forget,' she replied; 'I had four terms more to study before graduating. I have no Alma Mater.'

That was only one of my blunders made in talking with her, but Dorothy's steady gaze never wavered, though I myself shivered in pain whenever I saw that I had touched a tender chord.

Then she drew me on to speak of myself, my school-days, my happy life as a teacher, my restful and joyous vacations. Gradually I lost fear of wounding her by the contrast and talked freely.

At last she stretched out her hand and drew me closer to her. 'You have not told me all,' she said; 'a great blessedness has come to you. You love and are loved. I can see it and feel it. Oh, my dear, I am indeed glad for you!'

And I, bowing beneath her sympathetic look and my own humility, feeling that I little deserved my happiness, answered, 'It is so.'

There was only time for a few broken sentences and I left, while a sweet voice called after me, 'Till we meet again.'

A few days later a box containing the thistle-down balls came to me. I had admired them in Dorothy's pleasant room and she had told me that she made them. Now you know why the balls made me think of telling you this little story.

Time went by quickly for me, as it does when we are happy. One day a letter bearing the postmark of Framingham came for me. It was as follows:

Framingham, Mass., Dec. 13, 1895.

Dear Cora:

I have just come from the room of a saint and too have found out that the saint knows you. Last fall, I came to Framingham to teach music in the seminary. On every hand I heard mention of Dora Hinman. Some of my girls asked me to go with them to see her. To go once is to go again. Do you know what a shrine her room is? Students, children, the heavy-burdened, the light of heart, all make pilgrimages to her room.

You are happy, friend of mine, but no one I know is so blessed as Dorothy. Her father says that she suffers intensely at times and that she knows there is no chance of her recovery. A long life of pain may be before her, but her serenity never deserts her. Her little brother and sisters can have no greater punishment than that of being deprived for half a day of going into her room. Her life is a useful one, too, for she is never too tired to mend a glove or sew on a button.

Many owe their faith in the Lord Jesus directly to her influence. 'All life is better and purer, because of her.'

You will not smile at my effusion, I know, for it comes from my heart. Good-by.

Lovingly,  
Harriet D.

## AT THE SAME DESK.

Their Progress was Slow but They Learned Many Things.

We went together, John W. and I. We sat most of the time at the same desk; but one day it happened that the teacher found us talking, rather than studying, and he assigned us different seats after that.

I think our progress was slow, as far as books were concerned; indeed, we did not have very good text book, and now when I come to think of it, not a very good teacher either, if modern ideas are at all correct; but he did insist upon order, and usually obtained it, and so it came to pass that John sat at one desk and I at another.

But then there was the noon hour, and sometimes quite a long recess, and our intimacy ripened into a strong friendship as the years of school life went on. In the summer we planned to go fishing for trout, a few of which were to be found in the streams near our homes; in the autumn to snare rabbits, plenty of which were in the bush; in the winter to coast down hill after school or at recess.

We often talked in our boyish way about the higher life, not that our ideas were very clear, but we often wondered what would come after death, and why certain things were permitted here. One of our friends had gone one day for a swim, and getting beyond his depth was drowned. Next Sabbath John and I, sitting together on the bank of a stream, talked of this sudden departure of our late companion, and John said:

'What would I not give to know what Willie knows today.' And there seemed a longing in his tone that I have never heard before. Now as I look back, I see that the desire to know of those things is very early born into the mind, and that a craving for the higher and better life is with us early.

We do not go far along life's experience without finding that this world is not per-

fectly satisfactory to the heart. There is an instinctive longing for something that will fill us with peace. We do not recognize it at the time we first feel it, but later we find the 'something' we desire—the companionship of the One stronger than any earthly friend.

We did not have much of Sabbath-school training. Sometimes in the summer months there was a school in the neighborhood, but it was not very attractive. No bright papers, no Sabbath-school books, no lesson helps nor system of lessons. But yet some good was accomplished.

One day John was not at school. We learned that his sister was sick and it was feared that it was an attack of diphtheria. The disease rapidly ran its course, and in about a week she died.

We heard at the funeral that John was stricken with the same disease, and that none of his companions would be allowed to see him.

A few days after he sent for me to come and see him. Though the disease was regarded as contagious my parents permitted me to go. I found my cousin in bed expecting me. Stretching out his hands, he welcomed me with a smile of joy. Then he told me how as he lay upon his bed he had been studying God's Word and praying for help to understand it. An uncle had directed him as he would a child, and now he felt the presence with him of One precious indeed. He then spoke of his sister, whom he expected soon to meet in the Better Land. All fear of death was taken from him. His face was aglow with gladness as he talked, and his words thrilled me as no words spoken to me had ever done before. At last he said, looking longingly into my face.

'We have been playmates, and have had many pleasant times together. You must meet me in heaven.'

Then he placed his hand upon my head, and prayed that the Friend so precious to him in his hour of death might be with me in life and guide me; that I might know the sweetness of a Savior's love. When he closed he said: 'I feel my prayer will be answered.'

Gradually his strength failed. He had been lying for a little while with his eyes closed, when suddenly opening them his countenance beamed with a glorious light as he seemed to draw near to heaven and be given a glimpse of the light that is on neither land nor sea. Turning once to his father he said:

'You will miss me, father, for a while, but you will find me with Jesus.' Then fixing his eye upon something that we saw not, he whispered: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.' And thus he went in and stood in the presence of the King.

I was deeply impressed. After this my boyish heart was thrilled with the certainty of Jesus' loved presence with us. From the fullness of my heart I often cried:

'I give myself to thee—'tis all that I can do.'

Years have rolled by, but I have never forgotten the pressure of John's hand upon my head, nor the smile of joy that was on the face of the one who for years had used the same desk with me in our school life.—Rev. W. W. Colpitts.

## A KINDLY DEED.

He Sent all Delayed Christmas Mail on its Way.

The 'little kindnesses that most leave undone, or despise,' are often the ones which bring most comfort and satisfaction to all concerned. It is a delight, now and then, to chance upon a person who remembers the small services one may render to his fellows, as he goes along. A correspondent of the 'Youth's Companion' sends to that paper the following story of unpretentious but practical kindness.

From 1889 to 1893, the correspondent writes, I was postmaster in Huntington, West Virginia. A day or two before the Christmas of 1889 a stranger appeared in the post-office and asked if we had any letters or packages which could not be forwarded for lack of proper postage.

'Many,' I answered.

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'Bring them all out and let us send them on their way,' said he, at the same time taking a bank-note from his pocket.

The accumulations 'held for postage' were produced, were properly stamped, and were sent to the cancelling table, the stranger paying for the necessary stamps.

'Now,' said he, 'I will leave two dollars more in your hands to be expended for stamps, in case other matter should be deposited during the holidays with insufficient postage. You can keep a record of the amount and we will settle when I call again.'

'Will you leave your name?' I asked.

'Oh, that's not necessary,' he answered. 'I'm only a drummer.'

This act he repeated every year until 1893, when, being detained and unable to reach Huntington before the holidays, he enclosed five dollars in a letter to the postmaster, asking that it be expended, if necessary in the same way. The letter was signed 'The Crank Drummer.'

Blessings on the 'crank' that turns things in such a kindly way, say we! Would there were more of them.

## Helping Somewhere.

'Is your father at home?' I asked a small child on our village doctor's doorstep.

'No,' he said, 'he's away.'

'Where do you think I can find him?'

'Well,' he said with a considerate air, 'you've got to look for some place where people are sick or hurt, or something like that. I don't know where he is, but he's helping somewhere.'

And I turned away with this little sermon in my heart. If you want to find the Lord Jesus, you've got to set out on a path of helping somewhere, of lifting somebody's burden, and lo! straightway one like unto the Son of man will be found at your side.

Are you 'helping somewhere'? If so you will often find that—

'The great Physician now is near,  
The sympathizing Jesus.'

## ASSUMPTION CORRECTED.

The American Taken Down by the Highland Mon.

The travelling American must expect to be 'taken down' occasionally in the Old World, when his love for his own country leads him, after the manner of all patriotic travellers, to vaunt it a little. An amusing instance of this kind is related by a correspondent of the New York Evening Post, writing of a visit to Greyfriars' churchyard at Edinburgh.

The sexton was a man of Aberdeenshire, and took pleasure in showing the visitor the grave of Duncan Ban Macintyre, a Gaelic poet, and in interpreting the Gaelic inscription on it, as if it were the chief glory of his charge. His heart was in the Highlands, plainly. The visitor had been at Greyfriars' before, and said to the sexton, as the old man pocketed his fee:

'I have seen your Highlands since I was here last.'

'Oh!' said he, with inimitable Highland inflection. 'And had ye never been there before?'

'No, I have never been in Scotland before. I live in America.'

'Oh! 'Tis a grand country that.'

'America? It is indeed!'

The old man looked up in utter surprise. 'Nay, nay,' he said, impatiently, 'the Highlands! A grand country!'

## A NEW AMUSEMENT.

An Amusement That is Interesting for Hostess and Guests.

Entertainers are always eager to find some new amusement for their guests, but many of them will probably have too much knowledge of human nature to try a newly devised entertainment, which is said by Photography to have originated in England. It may be called a photograph or portrait party.

On every invitation to such a party is written a request from the hostess that the guest will forward, at the earliest possible moment, picture of himself or herself taken at some early period in the history of the person portrayed—just how early is not stated.

When the souvenirs of the young days of the guests arrive, they are arranged on a large screen, and form an example of the art of picture-taking in its various stages. Daguerreotypes, tintypes, silhouettes, cartes-de-visite, and cabinet photographs, are arranged side by side. To each portrait is affixed a number, and when the guests assemble they receive

tablets containing numbers corresponding to the pictures.

The fun begins when the guests are asked to write by the side of each number the name of the person to whom he or she thinks the juvenile portrait belongs. The mistakes that are inevitably made, and the remarks that inadvertently escape the lips of the guessers, are not calculated to promote a deep feeling of peace and harmony in the company.

When a visitor whose infantile appearance has been perpetuated by a daguerreotype overhears a sly discussion about the length of time that has elapsed since that form of art was in fashion, and catches the remark that a daguerreotype baby cannot be very young at the present day she is not likely to feel peculiarly angelic. A little coldness is apt to appear before the party breaks up.

It is pleasant to have the face or figure of one's childhood praised, but when the praise concludes with, 'Really, I am quite taken by that picture. It is so attractive. Do you know, I can hardly believe it is you, though there is a slight resemblance.' It takes some self-possession to be neither too warm nor too frigid in one's answer. On the whole, the photograph party is not calculated to be a brilliant success, and on the whole should not be commended.

## NOT ACCORDING TO THE BILL.

He Made a hit but Never Went on the Stage Again.

The Atlanta Constitution prints what purports to be circumstantial account of a difficulty into which two Southern literary gentlemen lately blundered. 'Authors' readings,' so called, have been fashionable of recent years in different parts of the country. It is to be hoped that they have helped some needy purses, but they are always attended by more or less risk—to the public, if not to the authors.

When Charles J. Bayne, of Augusta, first 'took the platform' he invited William Hayne, the poet, to assist him. Mr. Hayne has always been averse to appearing in public, but he is loyal to his friends, and for once he left his native modesty at home, and agreed to face the footlights.

It was advertised that Bayne would be assisted by Hayne, who would render some of his inimitable 'songs of the South.' It was a sort of—

Bayne—  
Hayne—  
Reading and songs;  
Sound the timbrels  
And strike the gongs!

The entertainment was a grand success, but at its close seven men appeared at the box-office and demanded their money back.

'Why,' said the astonished manager, 'wasn't the entertainment all that was claimed for it?'

'No, it wasn't!' said the spokesman for the party. 'You said there was to be reading and songs; the tall fellow read all right and filled his part of the contract, but the little fellow in the long frock coat never sang a note! He was advertised for "songs," but he whirled in and read just like the other fellow. If he had a cold and couldn't sing, he should have said so—that's what!'

From that day to this Bayne has never been able to get Hayne before the footlights.

## THE "BIG" FOUR.

A Quartette of Remedies That are Effecting Wonderful Cures.

Dr. Chase's four great remedies are: Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, Dr. Chase's Ointment, Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, his latest and greatest discovery for all throat and lung affections.

'I was sick for three years,' says James Simpson, of Newcomb Mills. 'I tried various alleged patent cures and several boxes of a certain pill which has been greatly cracked up. I got no relief. Then I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Since I have been able to work every day and feel like a new man. Your pills alone cured me at a cost of 25c.'

'I have been subject to severe colds every fall and spring,' says Miss Hattie Delaney, of 174 Crawford street, Toronto. 'I used many cough medicines, but none cured me until at a cost of 25 cents I tried Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.'

'My husband was troubled with the worst kind of piles,' writes Mrs. Jane Potts, of Meyersburg. 'He was often unable to work. Since using your Chase's Ointment he is completely cured. It is truly worth its weight in gold instead of the price you charge, only 60 cents.'

'I bought a box of your Catarrh Cure for 25 cents at Mr. Boyle's drug store here,' says Henry R. Nicholls of 176 Rectory street, London, Ont. 'I am thankful to say it cured me.'

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