

Sunday Reading

How Little it Costs.

"How little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day—
Just one kind word, or a tender smile,
As we go on our daily way.
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbor's face,
And the pres. of a hand in sympathy
A sorrowful tear efface.

One walks in sunlight, another goes
All wearily in the shade;
One treads a path that is fair and smooth,
Another must pray for aid.
It costs so little, I wonder why
We give it so little thought—
A smile, kind words, a glance, a touch—
What magic with them is wrought!

A STRUGGLE TO BE HONEST.

'Rosy Jack,' as he was called on the streets, and his brother Joe were two little vendors of matches and cigar-lights, who made a precarious living in the great city of New York. Friendless, homeless waits, they slept in empty barrels and under archways, or down in old barges along the docks.

Joe was a delicate little fellow, ill fitted to bear the hardships of their vagrant life; but his brother was devoted to him and sought in every way to protect him. If other boys spoke crossly or tried to impose upon his weakness, Jack's temper was roused in a moment, and it was but a word and a blow, his strength making his championship all-powerful.

During the warm season they lived without much hardship for Rosy Jack's bright, honest face won him a customer when other boys failed; and he always made sure that Joe had enough to satisfy his hunger, if his own more hearty appetite went unappeased.

But during the last bitterly cold weather hard times came to the boys. Neither of them had sufficient clothing, and what they had was so tattered their blue, pinched limbs frequently appeared between the rents.

For two days Jack was unsuccessful in his efforts to find purchasers, and his brother became sick with hunger and exposure. In the afternoon of the second day Jack found some straw in the bottom of an empty barrel, near the Washington Market. Here he placed little Joe, who was no longer able to follow him, first taking off the remnant of coat he still had and wrapping it around the shivering boy; then he left him, determined in some way to find relief.

Passing through the market, he noticed a stand where there were hot rolls and raw oysters on plates, all ready for the buyer. Jack drew near, thinking how Joe would enjoy such a treat. He saw that the owner was busy at the other end of the stand, with his back toward him. One roll would satisfy Joe, and, if he took it, probably no person would see him. He stretched out his hand to grasp it; but the thought flashed upon him that Joe's first question would be as to how he obtained it, and he could not look him in the face and tell a lie or that he had stolen the food. So, putting his hands behind him, he ran away as fast as he could, to resist temptation; but, faint and sick from long fasting, he stopped a few streets off and sat down upon a doorstep, to collect his thoughts and decide what to do next. Before he could rise a policeman's hand was placed upon his shoulder, while he said, gruffly: 'Here's the little thief. Mr. Smith says you robbed his till. We saw you run off; but I've caught you now, you young rascal!'

'I haven't stolen nuffin!' cried Jack, in a terrified voice.

'Oh! that's what you all say; but there were a lot o' prigs round you this mornin', plannin' fer you to do some littin.' So I've kept an eye on you ever since, my young cove, an' I saw you slidin' up to that stand in the market, when you thought no one was lookin'.'

'I never touched a single thing. You kin search me an' see.'

'We'll do that at the station-house. So come along, an' make no fuss, or it'll be wuss fer ye.'

A crowd by this time had gathered about them, and Jack no longer 'rosy' but pale as death, was hurried away to the dreaded police court. They put him into a cell to await his trial. There for hours he sat alone thinking of his own little sick brother. What would become of Joe, if he was locked up in prison for several months? The policeman would not believe his story. Could he hope the magistrate would be more likely to trust him? It was true that some well-known thieves had that every day been urging him to become their assistant. No doubt they had taken this way to secure their revenge at his indignant refusal, at the same time making him their scapegoat. Completely overcome by these thoughts,



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he bowed his head in his hands and sobbed aloud.

In the midst of this burst of grief the door opened, and a policeman summoned him to the presence of the magistrate. Choking his sobs as well he could, he followed his attendant into a large, crowded room; but, dizzy and faint for want of food, he could scarcely comprehend the charges brought against him.

'Have you anything to say for yourself?' at last asked a stern voice in front of him.

With a desperate effort, he looked up and replied:

'I'm not a thief, sir, I was orfully tempted to steal a piece of bread on that stand ter my little brother Joe, who's dyin' o' hunger' in an empty barrel on West street but I know he'd ask how I got it, an' I couldn't tell him I'd earned it, so I just run away as fast as I could, to keep my hands off. We hain't neither of us had a bit to eat fer two days. I kin stand it myself, sir; but oh! don't lock me up from little Joe.'

The boys appeal was so earnest and his whole aspect so fully corroborated his story that the magistrate was very much touched, though prepared for all sorts of deceptions. Turning to the witness box, he asked: 'Has this boy ever been up before?'

A man arose and replied:

'Yes, your honor, he was up as a pick-pocket and sentenced to a month's imprisonment. He then went by the name of 'Snobby.' Now he's known as 'Rosy Jack.' He was seen givin' the money he took from Mr. Smith's stall, afore he was caught, to one of those jailbirds that the policeman saw talkin' to him this mornin.'

'Have you anything to say to this?' asked the magistrate again of Jack.

'I've never been in prison nor took the money. Them prigs tried to get me to do littin' fer 'em, an' some was arter me today; but I told 'em I'd starve afore I'd steal.'

'I would like to believe your story true,' said the magistrate, slowly, 'but Mr. Smith who keeps the stand, testified that he saw you take something then run. And when he looked his money was gone. The policeman also gives corroborating testimony; and this cabman, who was near when you were arrested, swears that you have been up before. Therefore, I am compelled to accept their testimony as the most correct. I shall send you to prison for three months, where you will have an opportunity to learn a trade, by which you can earn an honest living when you come out, if so inclined.'

'Oh, what will become of Joe?' cried the boy, in a voice of agony, then fell unconscious to the floor.

Just at that moment an old gentleman pushed his way hurriedly to the front, and said, in a loud voice:

'Will your honor listen to my testimony a moment, before committing that boy? I am a member of a firm that you may know,' he added, quietly handing the magistrate his business card.

'I shall be glad, sir, to hear anything in the boy's favor,' said the Judge, in a tone

of evident respect, as he recognized the well-known position of his witness.

'I was passing along West street, when I noticed these two boys, as pitiable objects as I have seen during this bitter weather. I watched the one committed as prisoner take off his ragged coat and wrap it around his little sick, shivering brother, who lay in an empty barrel, while this one said: 'I'll see what I can do to get us a bit to eat. Perhaps I can sell some matches in the market, then buy something right there. I won't be long.'

'Touched by his devotion to his brother, I followed him, intending to purchase his stock and inquire into his history. I stood right behind him, and I saw him struggle with the temptation to steal the hot rolls. I heard him say to himself, 'I can take it, then go back and tell Josv a lie,' and instantly he ran off as fast as he could. I pursued him, but did not catch up till he was carried off by the policeman, and I heard from others the charge brought against him. On my arrival here I learned the hour when his case would probably come up, and I thought I would have time to go back and see that this little brother was properly taken care of.

'I feel, your honor, that the circumstantial evidence already given has done this boy great injustice, for he has maintained his honesty against sore temptation. I can take my oath that he touched nothing on that stand. There was a man also near him, who, in my opinion, was the real thief.'

'We magistrates, sir, must take the evidence of those witnesses that seem most reliable. Your testimony is conclusive, and confirms what the boy has already said in his own defence. I now gladly recall my sentence and pronounce him not guilty.'

The old gentleman, after thanking the judge, went at once to Jack, and, finding him still unconscious, had him carried into a quiet eating saloon, where the welcome influences of a warm fire and simple remedies soon revived him. In a short time he was able to comprehend the release he had obtained.

After his kind benefactor had given him a substantial dinner, he said that he was in need of an honest boy in his store and he believed that in Rosy Jack he had found one he could trust. He also told him that he had taken little Joe to the hospital, and had given directions that he should receive the best of care, and that Jack should be allowed to spend his nights with him; but, if he cared to enter his services, he must report at the store early the next day.

Most thankfully Jack accepted the offer, and promptly the next morning he was at the old gentleman's office, neatly dressed in a suit given him by some kind ladies at the hospital. He began his duties with an energy and clearness of apprehension which proved that this would be but the stepping stone to his future prosperity—a prosperity, I trust, that he will share as generously with his little brother as when they were friendless boys upon the street.

SOME DAILY THOUGHTS.

Gems of Religious Thoughts Gleaned From Various Bright Sources.

What profit is it if we slay our brother? (Gen. xxxvii, 26.)

'Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.'

'Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.' (I. John iii., 16, 18)

Without riches, without dwelling,
Wounded sore by foe and friend,
In the garden and in dying—
Jesus loved us to the end.

—Unknown.

Let us learn to give God time. God needs time with us. If we only give him time, that is, time in the daily fellowship with himself, for him to exercise the full influence of his presence on us, and time, day by day, in the course of our being kept waiting, for faith to prove its reality and to fill our own being, he himself will lead us from faith to vision; and we shall see the glory of God. Let no delay shake our faith. Of faith it holds good; first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear. Each believing prayer brings



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nearer the final victory. Each believing prayer helps to ripen the fruit, and bring us nearer to it, it fills up the measure of prayer and faith known to God alone, it conquers the hindrances in the unseen word, it hastens the end. Child of God! give the Father time. He [is long suffering over you. He was the blessing] to be rich and full and sure; give him time while you cry day and night. — Rev. Andrew Murray.

Paul did not wish his visit to be disturbed by the rattle of collection boxes, and that was not merely because he desired to have the ground clear for other matters, but also because, like an honest man, he was nervously sensitive about handling other people's money, lest any one should suppose that any of it stuck to his fingers. Therefore he took measures to insure that others were associated with him, 'avoiding this, that any man should blame us in the matter of this bounty.' It would save many scandals and much waste if all appeals for Christian liberality were conducted on that principle. If a man has nobody to stand beside him and see what he does with subscriptions, the probability is that he is feathering his own nest. An audited balance sheet is the modern equivalent for Paul's precautions, and should be the indispensable equipment of every application for Christian liberality.—Rev. Alex. McLaren, D. D.

Jesus began at Moses and the prophets, and expounded to them the scriptures concerning himself. Pursue the same course with every doubter. Few things are more fascinating than following the Messianic idea from Genesis to Revelation. At first, it is but a morning star; then the glimmer of dawn; then the twilight of the morning, and at last the blaze of noonday. In almost every chapter of the bible you can find something concerning Christ. Emphasize the living Christ. These men believed in the dead Christ. What they needed to know was that the Christ who died was then walking by their side and making their hearts burn within them.—Dr. Dixon.

There was promised to Solomon for the building of the earthly sanctuary a beautiful combination: Willing, skillful men for every department of service. Some men are willing enough, but far from skillful in their work. Others again, who have the skill, do not always possess the will. But to Solomon there was promised every skillful man for every department of service; and he was further told that the princes and all the people would be wholly at his commandment. When we need men or means for God's service, it is well to remember that they are not promised to us, but they are to our Royal Master; and we should go to him with confidence for those things which are needful for the department of service into which he calls us to enter. We are called 'children' of a rich father. His resources are infinite; and all we have to do is to keep on the right side of our father to get from him whatever is needed.—Hudson Taylor.

The Search After Truth.

In the concrete world the sun stands for the representation of the pure, the unchangeable, the eternally powerful. It is the visible expression of the invisible life principle, the infinite, absolute truth. Just as all physical motion is attracted by the great luminary, so all mental and spiritual motion is attracted by infinite truth. One is the generator of physical life, the other is the generator of spiritual life. This looking up, this searching for things yet undiscovered, this indomitable longing to soar higher and higher in the mental and spiritual atmosphere, this marvelous power of endurance by which tier after tier of the steep mountain of experience is scaled, is simply the unipotent pulsating motion of the soul within the being seeking to burst the material envelope.

The Rev. Dr. J. B. Shaw, who was for nearly fifty years pastor of the Brick Presbyterian church in Rochester, N. Y., and

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who had a heart large enough to attract and hold a church of nearly two thousand members, in a letter to Evangelist E. P. Hammond, felt this testimony: 'Never in all my ministry have I kept a little child waiting on the doorstep of the church if he gave me any satisfactory evidence that he loved the Saviour and was trusting in him; and I believe it is a growing conviction that they are the best Christians who come earliest to the Lord and earliest into the Church.' To a mother, whose twelve-year-old boy had accepted Christ and was wishing to unite with the Church, she objected because she thought he was too young. Dr. Shaw replied: 'Why, we do not want all old sheep in the flock! It was a wise shepherd's advice: 'Get the lambs folded early; and then keep the fold warm. There could be no wiser advice for us. Get the children—the lambs of Christ's flock, folded early; and then keep the fold warm. We believe in warm sheepfolds.'

READ THIS.

Mr. F. X. Frechette, a merchant of Wolfestown, Wolfe county, having been a long time sick with chronic bronchitis and being hopeless of ever recovering because he had already taken so many different medicines without any relief. He was rich enough to have a good time and take pleasure, but he had no desire to recover thinking all the time that he was incurable and that he had only to prepare himself for the great change that everybody has to undergo.

However one day somebody urged him to try one medicine more which would certainly not fail to relieve him, if it did not cure him. He decided, as the drowning person who catches at the first straw, to take this advice, even if he had no confidence. Hardly had he used Dr. Ed. Morin's *Creso-Phates Wine* when he experienced great relief. The bad cough which weakened him, the pains in the stomach and in the sides, which made him suffer, disappeared altogether. His appetite and strength came back gradually and the hope of cure soon encouraged him a great deal. He continued the use of Dr. Ed. Morin's *Wine* for some time longer and obtained the best results. Mr. Frechette is perfectly well today. His confidence in Morin's *Creso-Phates Wine* is so great that he recommends it to every person suffering from pulmonary diseases.

Wheat is Always Growing.

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