

Sunday Reading  
A NIGHT AT BETHEL.

Genesis 28: 10-22. I. Pausing on his startit way, Down the weary traveller lay; Rugged was the turf and chill Of that lonely moorland hill; But what magic stone did he,— When the cloke was o'er him spread, Changed by mystic alchemy,— Make a pillow for his head? While he sleeps the earth grows fair,— Balm and brightness fallen there; While he sleeps the heavens grow bright Sudden with transcendent light! Down rounds of dream the angels tread, Soft descending to his bed.

II. He calmly rests After the toll of midday journeying Under the sultry sun. Say, is not the ground good for thy bed, And breathest thou not deeper to give thy heart sweeter beating, With the blue arch over thee, and all its multitudinous gold? O perfect slumber! Blest release from care, With such rare dreaming blend! Who would not share thy couch with thee, thou happy wanderer! The rocky waste whereon thou liest Is near to God, and haunted by angels!

III. Dreams are in their pinions' winging, Soft their touch as softest stinging; Banished far are fear and sorrow, And forboding of the morrow. Left the father's house behind thee, Fortune's favor yet shall find thee, Friends and home and store await thee, She thou lovest well shall mate thee. Lo! thou see'st the stair way rise From thy bed to Paradise; While, descending, and descending, O'er thee shining ones are bending.

IV. Dreamer serene, thine is a happy lot, While this charmed hour endures! Let Time come, ill laden; And wreck thy peace too often, No falling of thy tears makes dim this night! Thou see'st, from these angel faces shining, A promise of thy future,— Rays of divinest love and joy, Such as the youthful poet prophesies: But, O thou child of vision, Never was dreamland like to thine!

V. Heaven haunts with gentlest grace Padanaram's desert place, Where to eyes in slumber sealed Abram's God his light revealed, And in loving peace communed With a heart by rest attuned. Where in all earth's barren round Hast thou found such holy ground? With the morn upon thy face, Wanderer, this shall swell thy thought "Surely God was in this place, While I dreamed and knew it not!"

VI. Often we sleep and dream, we wake and shudder; Cold seems the bed, lonely and dark the house; Tears in the dim morning are our meat and habitation. But thou, dreamer, who would not sleep in such a bed as thine, Out on the open hillside, If he might share thy vision and thy waking? We wake, and the chamber is a tomb, Stiffed and cramped is the heart, And without is the vacant silence. Thou didst awake while the song was in thine ear, And the brightness was still upon thee; I hear thy glad voice: "The awe, the rapture of my midnight sanctuary! This is God's house of hallowed splendor! And this the gate of Heaven!"

VII. Living God, with us be found! Brightning still o'er Shinar's ground, Cheering Sinai's desert waste; Giving, where bleak rocks have frowned, Of the purpling Eshcol taste; Giving Jacob's Bethel-dream, Meribah's delightful stream, Horeb's bush, and voices loud, Manna and the fiery cloud,— Tokens of Thy love and fear, Still assuring Thou art near. When in tears our eyes grow dim, When the fire of love is low, When the chanting seraphim Farther still, where he is now, When with doubt our faith must cope, And despair seems more than hope; Come upon us, nor with draw, Vision that the patriarch saw! Bid us not, till dawn, adieu, Gild our lonely Bethel, too.

VIII. Bethel was a dreary place, 'Twas a desert bleak and bare; Heaven hath filled it full of grace,— God was man's companion there; Earth seemed all for night and tears; Lo! the radiant dawn appears!

The Great for the Little. In New York city, not long ago, a man lost his life through his own folly. A fire started in his flat at night. Some one, hearing the crackling of the flames, awoke him and his wife. In a few minutes the air shaft was in a blaze. When the firemen reached the burning house they were surprised to find a man struggling to escape from the arms of his wife. He was determined to go back into the flames to save some papers relating to his ancestors. The firemen soon forced him out of the house into safety. A little later another squad of firemen, while pulling the hose through the scuttle in the roof, found the foolish man near his

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LABORATORY OF INLAND REVENUE, Office of Official Analyst, Montreal, July 28, 1898. I, JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, do hereby certify that I have duly analyzed and tested several samples of "Abbey's Effervescent Salt," some being furnished by the manufacturers in Montreal and others purchased from retail druggists in this city. I find these to be of very uniform character and composition, and sold in packages well adapted to the preservation of the Salt. This compound contains saline bases which form "Fruit Salts" when water is added—and is then a very delightful aperient beverage, highly palatable and effective. Abbey's Effervescent Salt contains no ingredient of an injurious or unwholesome character, and may be taken freely as a beverage. (Signed,) JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S., Emeritus Professor Chemistry, University Bishop's College, and Dominion Official Analyst, Montreal.

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flat, lying upon the floor, his clothes burned off his back. In his hand were some scorched papers. He had secured his papers, but he had lost his life.

A young man who had graduated with fair honors at the law school, obtained a good position with one of the great law firms of the city. Whether he turned out a forensic genius or not, provided he paid faithful attention to the office, he was sure of promotion, standing and success. Feeling sure of his position he began to be careless. He left the office early in the afternoon to play a little game of cards with his friends. Sometimes he played until late at night, and the next morning came to the office tired and cross.

The habit grew. His friends expostulated with him, but he said that he would not give up his freedom to amuse himself for the tiresome drudgery of any law office in the land. In six months the head of the firm dismissed him. He had made his choice between work and play, and had deliberately given up the great for the little, the permanent for the ephemeral. His degraded future was easily foretold.

A boy of twelve years old was asked, 'Why don't you go to school?' 'I don't want to; I don't have no fun.'

'Don't your parents want you to go? Don't you care to learn? Don't you want to be something more than a loafer?'

The boy was bright, and for a moment he hung his head; but he had tasted the freedom that makes tramps and loafers, and that fills workhouses and prisons.

'I don't want to go to school, an' I hate workin',' he answered, in a shamefaced way.

Only a few weeks later he was arrested for theft, and put on probation in a reform school, where he is now. Young as he is, he has made the choice between the great and the little. If he continues to choose the little, he is doomed to a life of infamy.

To every person the choice comes. By many a soul it has to be met daily. 'Shall I sacrifice my future to a moment's play or fun? Shall I imperil my soul for an hour's amusement?'

Yesterday's neglect causes two-thirds of to-day's worry.

RECITED THE LORD'S PRAYER. One who Heard Booth Give it Recalls the Thrilling Experience.

'I think the most thrilling experience I ever passed through was in New York city one time,' said James O'Neill to a Lewiston Journal writer, 'when quite by accident a number of foreign diplomats from Washington, a few American statesmen, some prominent New Yorkers and one or two of us professionals were gathered together in a smoking room of the Fifth Avenue hotel, when somebody asked Booth who by the merest chance happened to be there, if he would not repeat the Lord's prayer for the assemblage. I was sitting not far from the tragedian when he fixed his eyes upon the man who made the request. I think that it was Lord Sackville West, at that time British minister to the United States, and I shall never forget the peculiarly searching expression that Booth shot out of his dark eyes. They seemed to penetrate the very soul of the man at whom they were directed, and then, as if satisfied resumed their wonted vacuous density.

'We were all breathless with anxiety, at least I was, for seldom would he recite off the stage, but at length he arose, walked to a little cleared space at one end of the room and began a recital that even after all these years makes me thrill through and through. He said: "Our Father," and never before had those two words been clothed with the majesty and reverence with which his look and tone enveloped them. And then he carried us into celestial regions, our spirits seeming to leave our bodies and to follow his behest; he lowered us into depths too dark for Dante's genius to conceive or Dore's on to portray; the power exerted over us was simply unnatural. His musically resonant tones sounded slowly through the room, and as he swayed his lithe body we unconsciously followed his motion. It was something horrible, beautiful, terrible, fascinating—I cannot find words in the language to express it. There are none.

'I would not go through the scene again for a thousand worlds, and yet if I had the opportunity I would brave any danger to hear it once more. Do you understand?'

Those few score words as delivered by Edwin Booth were the most powerful argument for Christianity I ever heard, and could ever being on the face of the globe have heard them there would no longer be atheism. Booth strode out of the room when he had finished and a simultaneous sigh of relief arose, while without a word we stole away singly and on tip-toe, and I do not believe that any of us think of that thrilling evening without a shudder. He was a great man, a great man.'

The Sin of Ignorance. There are multitudes of people who do not see the importance of any great moral awakening until its principles are brought to their notice through some more popular and 'taking medium than plain statement of fact. The cause and excuse for their unawakened energies in the direction of any good cause alike are found in the fact that there are so many other things constantly demanding their attention in this age of Christian endeavor. If one would secure the liveliest interest of men and women nowadays in favor of any good cause he must present his case to them in a forcible way, else they will not be likely to take in its full significance. That the preservation of the Christian and civic Sabbath calls to-day for the whole-souled support of every person in a proposition as true as any which can be put on a paper yet is a fact that many thoroughly good people do not give their best energies to the work simply because nobody has interested them and nothing has started them into seeing the tremendous importance of this question. This is the fault of much of our 'Sabbath' literature. The books which deal with the Sunday question do it in a general way. They fail, many of them, to illustrate by specific and familiar illustration what they try to prove, and so people are not properly impressed. But the pressure of various interests cannot wholly excuse Christians whom God expects to be as 'a watch upon the towers' to guard against the approach of a foe, from informing themselves upon a question so vital to interests of the nation as this. Every Christian citizen is in duty bound to know whether there are any real perils threatening the right keeping of the Sabbath and if there are, to find out what is the best way to avert them, and what is their personal duty and responsibility in the case.

Two Kinds of Truths. There is a certain class of people who take great satisfaction in saying unpleasant things. They call this peculiarity 'speaking their minds,' or 'plain speaking,' sometimes they dignify it by the name of 'telling the truth'. As if truths must be unpleasant in order to be true. Are there no lovely, charming, gracious truths in the world? And if there are, why cannot people diligently tell these, making others happier for the telling, rather than hasten to proclaim all the disagreeable ones they can discover? The sum of human misery is al-

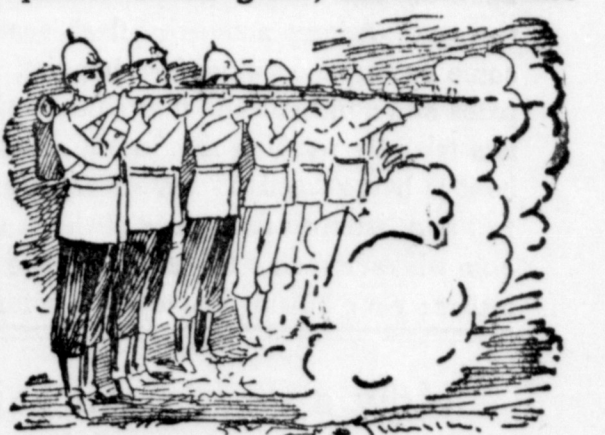
ways so much greater than the sum of human happiness that it would appear the plainest duty to add to the latter all we can, and do what lies in our power to diminish the former. Trifles make up this amount and in trifles lies the best and most frequent opportunities. It may seem a little thing to tell another what is out of place in her appearance or possessions, but if the information is unnecessary, and makes her unhappy, it is clearly an unkind and unfriendly action. Would it not be well to cultivate the grace of saying agreeable things, even to the extent of hunting them up and dragging them to the light when they happen to be obscure? This power to say pleasant things—true ones—is an accomplishment which is generally overlooked or left as a merely wordly matter to light-minded people. But why should it be counted more Christian-like to utter unpleasant truths than pleasant is a somewhat puzzling question.

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