

Sunday Reading

Dying and Living for Christ. It is a glorious thing for Christ to die, To hold all things as naught to have but him, To give him all, nor even life deny, And count one cup of joy full to the brim.

The Mountains are Round About.

'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever.'

'O Jesus grant me resignation to thy will, and entire reliance on thy powerful hand: on thy Word alone I lean. But wilt thou permit me to plead for Africa? The cause is thine. What an impulse will be given to the idea that Africa is not open if I perish now! See, O Lord, how the heathen rage against me as they did against thy Son. I commit my way unto thee. I trust also in thee, that thou wilt direct my steps. Thou givest wisdom liberally to all that ask thee—give it to me, my Father. My family is thine. They are in the best hands. Oh, be gracious; and all our sins do thou blot out.'

'A guilty weak and helpless worm, On thy kind arms I fall.' In point of fact, the children and women of the native tribes had been sent away, as if a fight were imminent, and canoes were refused for crossing the river. In the evening, Livingstone confesses that he was in much turmoil of spirit. Little wonder! If the natives carried out their intention of fighting, he and his handful of unarmed followers must all inevitably perish. He was not much concerned personally, but it was most trying to have all his plans for the welfare of the great region and teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow. But I read that Jesus came and said, 'All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.'

It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honor, and there is an end on't I will cross furtively by night as I intended. It would appear as flight, and should such an one as I flee? Nay, verily, I shall take observations for latitude and longitude to-night, though they may be the last. I feel quite calm now, thank God.'

And in the morning the natives were quite peaceable. 'Only one canoe was lent, though we saw two tied to the bank. And the part of the river we crossed at is a good mile broad. We passed all our goods first to an Island in the middle; than the cattle and men; I, occupying the post of honor, being the last to enter the canoe. They stood around at my back for some time. I then showed them my watch, burning glass, etc., etc., and kept them amused till all were over except those who could go into the canoe with me. I thanked them for their kindness and wished them peace.'

'When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.'

But may all God's servants rely on physical protection while they are engaged in his service? Why, in that case there would be no martyrs, and the church would lose that glorious stimulus to self-denying service which the lives and deaths of martyrs furnish. What a number of missionaries had perished on the Congo and in Livingstonia and other parts of Africa during the last twenty years! What missionary had a purer spirit or higher spirit or higher aim than Bishop Hannington? yet was he not slain by the cruel Mwangi, as

John Williams had been long before in the South Sea Islands, and as many missionaries in China have been in these last days? What are we to think of Psalms like the ninety-first and the one hundred and twenty first in the light of such tragedies?

It must be that these Psalms are to be taken in a symbolical, not a literal, sense. God's children cannot expect immunity from physical dangers and physical diseases. They have no chapter of literal security from the pestilence that walketh in darkness, or the destruction that wasteth at noonday. What they may be sure of is protection from inward evil—security against inward destruction. It is their souls that God is pledged to watch over, and to deal with so that, at the end of their lives, they shall see that all has been ordered for their own good—All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purposes.'

This was the conviction that animated the white robed saints in the vision of the Apocalypse. They had come out of great tribulation—more literally, out of the great tribulation; out of the awful tortures and agonies during the Roman persecution, of which Eusebius gives so graphic an account in his Church history, and which have been pictured again and again by modern writers. Yet when they reached their home they had no feeling but thanksgiving. All was well. 'They cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb.'

The right view to be taken of such Psalms as the ninety-first and the hundred and twenty-first seems to be this: Under the material symbol of a charmed life against which all the forces of physical evil dash in vain, the security of the inner life of God's children is delineated. God watches the real soul interests of his people, and protects them from harm as constantly and as really as he would be seen to do if he literally shielded them from every outward danger, and warded off every physical disease. 'The hairs of your head are all numbered. Ye are of more value than many sparrows.'

It does not follow that if they expose themselves uncalled to spiritual danger they will be protected from that. God does not promise to alter the law of cause and effect. But even in such a case, repentance and confession in the name of Christ will bring back the blessing.

The Good Shepherd 'restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.' 'The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants; and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.'

A Few Words on Talking. Life isn't all work. Happily, it has its diversions. Among these may be counted conversation. Perhaps this is the chief diversion from the responsibilities of life; at any rate it is capable of being made a source of the most refined pleasure.

Talking is useful in a commercial sense. As the poet remarks, 'Silence is golden' may do very well. For folks who have secrets they'd rather not tell; But if you have goods you desire to sell, You'll find it more 'golden' to stand up and yell. Allowing for a little exaggeration due to poetic fervor, this is true enough: an experienced talker is worth money in many lines of business.

But as to social conversation, that is a means of education as well as recreation. To be a clever talker is no mean attainment. What, then, is it to be a good talker? Certainly not to be merely a glib speaker, quick and voluble. Such a talker may utter a great many good thoughts; but his haste, and perhaps even want of careful arrangement, will generally mar the effect of what he says. Then, again, too much deliberation may spoil the efforts of one whose words are in themselves both

sensible and entertaining. To be a good talker, then, we must not only have something to say that is appropriate to the time and the occasion, but our words may be so delivered as to neither confuse by their haste nor tire by their slowness and over deliberation.

A sympathy with the world is a necessary element in good conversation. One whose heart is mean and sordid, or so engrossed with his own affairs that he has no time for kindly thought concerning his fellow creatures, is rarely a good talker.

A knowledge of good literature, and especially of that great treasury of felicitous speech, the Bible, is another element which can help most powerful in this direction; for good literature not only teaches us to think high thoughts, but it brings us into touch with the sufferings of humanity and draws us out of ourselves; and this is always a benefit to us, both morally and intellectually.

To converse well we must have thoughts of our own, which have been formed and fashioned in the crucible of our own minds and not rely chiefly upon quotations from those who have committed their ideas to paper.

Words learn'd by rote a parrot may rehearse, But talking is not always to converse; Not more distinct from harmony divine Than constant creaking of a country sign.

writes Cooper.

Patience in listening and calmness under criticism are also helps; for they train us in self-control. Mr. Emerson once delivered a lecture at Middlebury College, Vermont, and following his discourse the minister who made the closing prayer uttered this petition: 'We beseech thee, O Lord, to deliver us from hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from this sacred desk.' Emerson's only remark was that the clergyman seemed a very conscientious, plain-spoken man. Is this not an admirable spirit in which to receive criticism?

Then, too, it is a good plan to be sure of your statements, or else to carefully qualify them. Lord Curzon, recently appointed Viceroy of India, once made himself ridiculous by using a phrase of which he knew not the meaning. He was making a long and elaborate speech in Parliament against a measure urged against India. It was certain to result in a loss to the Government of many lacs of rupees. He repeated with emphasis: 'Consider; not pounds or guineas, but lacs of rupees!' A quiet voice on the opposition benches asked: 'Exactly how much is a lac of rupees?' Mr. Curzon opened his mouth, stammered, grew red, and then said, 'I really don't know!' The house laughed, and in that laugh belost his cause.

To be an artist or an author, one must possess not only the genius to conceive, but also the power to execute; for without a knowledge of technique, execution, the most brilliant ideas may remain unexpressed in the mind of their creator. So in striving after the acquisition of the art of talking well, one must study expression, the forms and modes of speech by which ideas are intelligibly and entertainingly set forth. But there is danger here of making too much of the mere vehicle of thought to the detriment of thought itself: the light is more important than the light-house.

Last year, when General Kitchener was engaged in the Sudanese campaign, I heard a man ask his companion what that war was about, and where it was being waged.

'Oh,' said the man addressed, 'it's some Englishman fighting Indians in Russia!'

The ubiquitous newspaper ought to dispel such ignorance as this. We can scarcely form a reasonable excuse for unacquaintance with the more important news of the day, so necessary in conversation and as a part of our education. Emerson, in a letter to a college boy, once said: 'Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of attention, and the most studious and engaged man can neglect them only at his cost. But have little to do with them. Learn how to get their best, too, without their getting yours. Do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember, they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what isn't meant for you. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in.'

Finally, the cultivation of a pure heart, which will lead us to abhor any other than pure speech, will not only help us to be good talkers, but will make our words go forth as winged heralds of righteousness, encouraging and uplifting, and bringing light and strength to others. May our speech be such as this!

The following whimsical lines, explaining the origin of language, were written, I think, by Samuel Lover, and will form a not inappropriate 'finale' to this article:

Mr. G. O. ARCHIBALD'S CASE. Didn't Walk for 5 Months. Doctors said Locomotor Ataxia.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cure a Disease hitherto regarded as Incurable.

The case of Mr. G. O. Archibald, of Hopewell Cape, N.B., (a cut of whom appears below), is one of the severest and most intractable that has ever been



reported from the eastern provinces, and his cure by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills the more remarkable from the fact that he was given up as incurable by worthy and respected physicians. The disease, Locomotor Ataxia, with which Mr. Archibald was afflicted is considered the most obstinate and incurable disease of the nervous system known. When once it starts it gradually but surely progresses, paralyzing the lower extremities and rendering its victim helpless and hopeless, enduring the indescribable agony of seeing himself die by inches. That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills can cure thoroughly and completely a disease of such severity ought to encourage those whose disorders are not so serious to try this remedy. The following is Mr. Archibald's letter:

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co.—'I can assure you that my case was a very severe one, and had it not been for the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I do not believe I would be alive to-day. I do not know, exactly, what was the cause of the disease, but it gradually affected my legs, until I was unable to walk hardly any for five months.'

'I was under the care of Dr. Morse, of Melrose, who said I had Locomotor Ataxia, and gave me up as incurable. Dr. Solomon, a well-known physician of Boston, told me that nothing could be done for me. Every one who came to visit me thought I never could get better. I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and thought I would try them anyway, as they gave more promise of helping me than anything I knew of. If you had seen me when I started taking those wonderful pills—not able to get out of my room, and saw me now, working hard every day, you wouldn't know me. I am agent for P. O. Vickey, of Augusta Maine, and have sold 300 subscribers in 80 days and won a fifty dollar prize.'

'Nothing else in the world saved me but those pills, and I do not think they have an equal anywhere. The seven boxes I took have restored me the full use of my legs and given me strength and energy and better health than I have enjoyed in a long time. G. O. ARCHIBALD. Hopewell Cape, N. B. In addition to the statement by Mr. Archibald, we have the endorsement of two well-known merchants of Hopewell Cape, N. B., viz.: Messrs. J. E. Dickson and F. J. Brewster, who certify to the genuineness and accuracy of the facts as given above. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists, or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Our father-land—and wouldst thou know Why we should call it father-land? It is that Adam, here, below Was made of earth by Nature's hand. And he, our father, made of earth, Hath people earth on every hand; And we, in memory of his birth, Do call our country father-land. At first, in Eden's bowers, they say, No sound of speech had Adam caught, But 'twas led like a bird all day, And maybe 'twas for want of thought; But Nature, with resistless laws, Made Adam soon surpass the birds; She gave him lovely Eva, because If he'd a wife, they must "have words." And so the native land I hold By male descent is proudly mine; The language, as the tale hath told, Was given in the female line; And thus we see, on either hand, We name our blessings whence they've sprung; We call our country father-land. We call our language mother-tongue.

A Hymn at a Banquet.

Under the relaxed discipline just before the return of the troops who fought in the Civil War, there was no lack of merry-making among comrades of the hard campaigns. Squads of them at the different posts met in military quarters, and trolicked half the night away. It was at one of these assemblies of the officers of an army corps dominion in a Southern capital that the following incident occurred;

They had come together for 'a grand old reunion high,' to celebrate their victories, 'swap stories,' and drink each others' health before separating to go back to 'God's country'—as they called the North. The supply of liquors was plentiful, the supper-room was blue with the smoke of burning cigars; the stories kept the laughter loud, and the songs called out every voice in enthusiastic chorus.

The best vocalist in the company, a fine young tenor, had been repeatedly appealed to for a solo, but although he seemed quite as jovial as the rest, it was far along in the festivities before he could be induced to sing.

'Come, Harry, pipe up, old fellow; give us one of your best; and the importunity became too strong to resist.

That an undertide of different emotion had been gathering power within him, and that 'Harry' was not the only person in the room who had been hiding a sober thought was very soon evident.

'Well, boys, I'll sing for you,' he said at last.

The noise ceased at once, for most of those present had many times enjoyed his charming voice. He began the tender melody of Franz Abt, 'When the Swallows Homeward Fly,' but instead of the expected lines his astonished listeners caught the words of Charles Wesley—the immortal hymn-prayer which has been so effectively set to that favorite tune. He sang with touching pathos. His comrades did not attempt to overcome the contagion of his feeling.

Jeans lover of my soul Let me to Thy bosom fly. What a scene, and what surroundings for such a song! Cigars were dropped, and litted glasses were quietly set down. Surprised faces became convulsed with unexplained sympathy. The men thought of

the dear old homes they were soon to see, and every moving memory came back. Before the singer ended there were tears on many weather-beaten cheeks.

One rough cavalrman silently gathered up an armful of bottles, crept on tiptoe to the window, and threw them out. Another, and another, till willing hands had helped clear the tables of every sign of liquor. Voices that had a tremor in them said, 'Sing us another, Harry,' and the comrades finished their feast with choruses of Gospel Hymns.

We gather these facts from the story, 'A Song in the Night,' by Mr. William O. Stoddard in the Christian Endeavor World. 'It was pretty dark spiritually in the army at the end of the Civil War,' says Mr. Stoddard; but the above incident tells how surely a swift touch of the magic of real religious power will bring men's holier feelings to light, and turn triviality into reverent and serious joy.

Your souls are a picture gallery. Let their walls be hung with all things sweet and perfect,—the thought of God, the image of Christ, the lives of God's saints, the aspirations of good and great men.—[Canon Farrar.

A SUDDEN INTRODUCTION.

His Zeal for his Neighbor got him Into Serious Trouble.

A Philadelphia paper tells a funny story of the blizzard days of last winter in that city. A certain Mr. K had over his dining room a skylight which was burdened with a great weight of snow, and early one evening he took a snow-shovel and went up to remove it. He shovelled it off, and then it occurred to him that he would perform the same service for his next door neighbor, whose dining-room lay side by side with his own, the construction of the two houses being alike.

The inmate of the next house was a worthy widow, whom Mr. K had never met, but with whom his wife was on calling terms.

Mr. K proceeded to a position from which he could, as he supposed, safely shovel off the snow, but in doing so he made a false step and got on the skylight. Crash! went the glass, and down through the aperture went Mr. K.

It chanced that his next-door neighbor was just at this time eating her dinner. Mr. K. landed in a sitting posture in the middle of her table, surrounded by snow, broken glass and china, and capsize dishes of food, and still manfully brandishing his snow-shovel.

The shoveller told the story to the widow. Although somewhat disconcerted, she quickly regained her composure, recognized the neighbor whom she had seen pass her door, and exclaimed, politely:

'O Mr. K, I am very glad you've called! I've often heard Mrs. K. speak of you!'

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