

## Sunday Reading

The Uses of Affliction.

Take up thy burden without murmur or complaint,  
'Tis from his hand whose only thought for thee is good,  
Who knoweth all thy frame, would hedge thee with restraint,  
And gently help thy feet from straying where they would.

What greater proof of his great love could he give thee,  
Than thus with gentle force to draw thee to his side,  
Since from the fates that compass thee thou couldst be free  
But through his grace and strength who is thy Saviour Guide?

Count thou all sorrows as among thy richest gain,  
Thy greatest trial as his best and choicest gift;  
They are the messengers that check and that restrain,  
And to the higher things thy wandering thoughts uplift.

They are the medicine for healing thy soul,  
Which thus in love the Great Physician doth apply,  
That he may strengthen all thy powers and keep thee whole.

To win the prize to thy high calling, set on high,  
When we shall come from out these shadows dark and grim,  
Shall see light in his light, and know as he doth know.

Then shall our most exalted praises be to him  
For just those things which pressed most heavy here below.  
They were our life; proofs of his constant love and care;

They turned us back from doubtful ways to him again,  
Who of his will and presence made us thus aware  
And in whose light the path of duty stood out plain.

Through tribulations and through trials great, O Lord,  
Through crucifixion, self-renunciation, pain,  
Have all souls passed before they reached their great reward.

The cup pressed to their lips they to its dregs did drain.  
He who would reach the crown must stand upon the cross,  
Who would win heaven's smile must not regard earth's frown;

What earth esteems as greatest gain must count as loss,  
All that it has but baubles me an beside his crown.  
Count, then, the trials and the ills he sends as proof

Of his great love, his watchfulness and tender care;  
He plans thy life in all its threads and woof,  
And every burden laid on thee he helps to bear.

Take up the cross, remembering what he bore for thee,  
Reproach and shame, despised, forsaken by his own,  
Gethsemane's deep agony, and Calvary,

That he might prove his love and for thy sins atone.

### The Daughter of Jairus.

The resurrection of the daughter of Jairus is a twin miracle to the raising of the widow's son at Nain, the subject of the miracle in each case being youthful, and the miraculous power of Jesus exhibiting itself in both cases in the most astonishing of all effects—the raising of the dead. But with the miracle of Jairus' daughter, that of the woman with the issue of blood is inextricably intertwined. The subjects of both were women, one being older and the other younger; and both exhibited the sympathy and tenderness of the Saviour toward their sex.

The first word in this double miracle was, 'Who touched me?' And this brings out two things. First, it reveals the sensitiveness of Jesus to Faith. The multitude thronged him, many of them, no doubt, pressing on his person; but such touches sent no thrill to his heart. When, however, the woman of faith touched the hem of his garment, at once he was aware of it. The law still holds, and has innumerable exemplifications. Human beings may be near Christ; they may be in the throng of professors naming his name; they may be in the crowd of hearers listening to his Word; and yet between him and them there may be no contact—they may be receiving no good from him, and he may be unmoved by them. But, let the humblest child of Adam, in humility and misery, breathe to him one prayer, or cast to heaven a single look, or in any other way make a genuine movement of the heart toward him, and instantly a circuit of sympathy is formed, which makes his heart in Heaven throb with divine joy, while it brings down blessings to the suppliant on earth. Often at a communion, as I have stood looking over the crowded pews, had this scene occurred to me, and I have wondered how many were merely thronging Christ, and how many were touching him.

Secondly, the question, 'who touched me?' was a challenge to confession. The woman had got what she wanted; for she instantly felt in her body that she had been made whole; and she intended to slip away without anybody being the wiser; but Jesus turned round and easily marked her, as a thief—after his deed is done—is detected trying to escape from a crowd. She turned round at his word, and, seeing his inevitable eye fixed upon her, and recognizing that it was of no use to attempt denial, she came back, and in the presence of all confessed all the truth. I have often wondered that Jesus should have done this; for the woman's illness was of such a nature that she could

not but dislike to speak about it. It shows the importance that he attached to confession. We do not take sufficiently to heart what he said about the sin and danger of denying him, and of the obligation and privilege of witnessing for him. We take it for granted that it is left to ourselves to determine whether or not we shall make known how he has blessed us. But this is not so. He is entitled to have his good deeds known, and he demands that we be not silent. But sure am I that, if he extorted from this woman something which she did not want to give, he richly compensated her for her testimony. In addition to the cure of the body, he gave her the salvation of the soul. It was only his miraculous power she wanted, but he gave her himself. This was what he meant when he said, 'Daughter, thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace'—or, as it is literally, 'go into peace.' The peace of God which passeth all understanding was henceforth to be the atmosphere in which she breathed.

In Jairus' house the first word uttered by Jesus was an indignant command to the professional mourners to stop their foolish noise; and he even thrust them out of the house that he might have quietness for the solemn work in which he was about to be engaged. Death is the most solemnizing event in human experience, and yet there have often been gathered round it the most ludicrous and unseemly customs. Observances which when originally invented may have been decent and useful tend, in the course of time, to lose their significance and survive as mere masks with no life behind them. It is difficult to conceive anything more absurd than the professional mourning of the East, unless we think of the habits of hospitality in connection with funerals observed in our own country not long ago. The soul of Jesus abhorred everything that was false and pretentious; and the 'give place' with which he drove the hired mourners from the house of Jairus is the death knell of all customs of a similar description.

About the beautiful word spoken to the dead girl, 'Talitha, cumi,' I might repeat all that I have said before about the similar phrase spoken to the widow's son at Nain; but I prefer to do it in the words of a sweet singer, not long ago gone to his rest—the late Dr. Robertson, of Irvine, whose poem on this theme is worthy of wide diffusion:

"Maiden, to my twelfth year come,  
I have read in Scripture story  
Of a damsel cold and dumb.

The Bravest Deed.

A group of old soldiers, both Confederate and Federal, was recently swapping stories of the Civil War. At last they fell to comparing the greatest acts of bravery that each had known, and a Southerner told the following story:

It was a hot July day in 1864, and General Grant was after us. Our men had hurriedly dug rifle pits to protect themselves from the Federal sharpshooters, and dead and dying Federals were lying up to the very edge of those pits.

In one of the pits was an ungainly, raw redheaded boy. He was a retiring lad, green as grass, but a reliable fighter. We never paid much attention to him, one way or another.

The wounded had been lying for hours unattended before the pits, and the sun was getting hotter and hotter. They were suffering horribly from pain and thirst. Not fifteen feet away, outside the rifle pit, lay a mortally wounded officer who was our enemy.

As the heat grew more intolerable this officer's cries for water increased. He was evidently dying hard, and his appeals were of the most piteous nature. The red-headed boy found it hard to bear them. He had just joined the regiment,

## Didn't Dare Eat Meat.

What dyspeptics need is not artificial digestants but something that will put their stomach right so it will manufacture its own digestive ferments.

For twenty years now Burdock Blood Bitters has been permanently curing severe cases of dyspepsia and indigestion that other remedies were powerless to reach.

Mr. James G. Keirstead, Collina, Kings Co., N.B., says:

"I suffered with dyspepsia for years and tried everything I heard of, but got no relief until I took Burdock Blood Bitters. I only used three bottles and now I am well, and can eat meat, which I dared not touch before without being in great distress. I always recommend B. B. B. as being the best remedy for all stomach disorders and as a family medicine."

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and was not yet callous to suffering. At last, with tears flooding his grimy face, he cried out:

'I can't stand it no longer, boys; I'm going to take that poor fellow my canteen.'

For answer to this foolhardy speech one of us stuck a cap on a ramrod and hoisted it above the pit. Instantly it was pierced by a dozen bullets. To venture outside a step was the maddest suicide. And all the while we could hear the officer's moans:

'Water! water! Just one drop, for God's sake, somebody! Only one drop!'

The tender-hearted boy could stand the appeal no longer. Once, twice, three times, in spite of our utmost remonstrance, he had tried unsuccessfully to clear the pit. At last he gave a desperate leap over the embankment, and once on the other side, threw himself flat upon the ground and crawled toward his dying foe. He could not get close to him because of the terrible fire, but he broke a sumach brush, tied to the stick the precious canteen, and landed it in the sufferer's trembling hands.

You never heard such gratitude in your life. Perhaps there was never any like it before. The officer was for tying his gold watch on the stick and sending it back as a slight return for the disinterested act. But this little boy would not allow. He only smiled happily, and returned as he had gone, crawling amid a hailstorm of bullets. When he reached the edge of the pit he called to his comrades to clear the way for him, and with a mighty leap he was among us once more. He was not even scratched.

He took our congratulations calmly. We said it was the bravest deed we have seen during the war. He did not answer. His eye had a soft musing look.

'How could you do it?' I asked in a whisper later, when the crack of the rifles ceased for a moment.

'It was something I thought of, he said simply. 'Something my mother used to say to me. 'I was thirsty and ye gave me drink,' she said. She read it to me out of the Bible, and she taught it to me until I could never forget it. When I heard the man crying for water I remembered it. The words stood still in my head. I couldn't get rid of them. So I thought they meant me—and I went. That's all.'

This was the reason why the boy was ready to sacrifice his life for an enemy. And it was reason enough, 'added the soldier, with a quivering voice.

The Heart as a Clock.

An inventor named M. Noll hailing from the Black Forest has on exhibition in Brussels a wonderful clock. The clock, in addition to keeping the time of day, marks the four seasons, as well as the chief Church festivals. These are heralded to the minute by automaton figures, choral services, church music, or the song of birds, according to the season. A feature of the mechanism is the hourly procession of twelve apostles before the figure of Christ, and the morning and evening chant of monks who are summoned from the cloister by the monastery bell, tolled by the sexton in view of the public. There is a representation of the earth's course around the sun, and of the moon around the earth, and other celestial phenomena. Its movements are regulated by the calendar for the next one hundred years. That is indeed a marvelous clock for a man to build, but it is a very simple piece of work when compared with the human heart, with all its perplexing problems of love and hate, of hope and fear, of doubt and faith. There is only one who is able to take the heart in his hands and heal it when broken, and set it again when disarranged, and cause it again to keep time in harmony with the procession of God's loving providence. If we surrender our heart to Christ completely, he is as ready to perform that great task for us as he was for Nicodemus.

What Carlyle Said.

Miss Sedwick, the American authoress, when in London in 1839 breakfasted with Rogers the poet. She describes his treasures of art and literature, and was most interested in the original document by which Milton transferred to his publisher for £10 the copyright of 'Paradise Lost.' Next day, in company with Carlyle, this precious document was spoken of. Carlyle amused himself and the audience with calculating how many 'Paradise Losts' Taglioni, the famous dancer, might pay for with one night's earnings. After the laugh, Carlyle added seriously, 'But there have been better things on earth than 'Paradise Lost' that have received worse payment; that have been paid with the scaffold and the cross.'

Similar, but Different.

'Yes,' remarked the globe trotter, 'I've been everywhere, seen many queer sights and had lots of fun, but I've also been in a good many tight places.'

'While I've never traveled much,' rejoined his companion, 'I've had some gay old

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times been tight in a good many places and have incidentally seen some mighty queer things.'

AN AMERICAN IN SEVILLE.

He Proved That the Boldest Course was the Safest.

'One of the Americans who was in Spain last year when things began to grow hot' relates in the Baltimore Herald an experience which seems to show that, under such circumstances, the boldest course is the safest. 'I was advised,' he says, 'to call myself an Englishman, but whenever I had occasion to write my name I put 'Baltimore, U. S. A.' after it.

I reached Seville two weeks before the declaration of war, and the landlord of the hotel looked upon me as a madman to register as I did. I rather expected trouble, and I was not disappointed.

An hour after my arrival I went down to dinner, and there were four Spanish officers seated at my table. As I sat down they all rose and left, loudly declaring that they would not eat in my company. I simply laughed and went on with my meal.

As I left the dining-room a Spaniard rubbed against me on purpose. In the office another jostled me, and as I paid no attention, a third stepped up and blew out the match I had struck to light a cigar. As he did so I struck out and knocked him half-way across the room.

They were fishing for a duel, and in the course of half an hour the fellow's seconds were at my door. As the challenged party I had the choice of weapons. I was sure that with revolvers I could drop any man at ten paces, but even after a fair duel they would have torn me to pieces.

I therefore determined to 'make a bluff' of it. To the amazement and disgust of the seconds I insisted on shooting over a handkerchief. They realized that this meant sure death to both principals. Indeed, I illustrated the position to their satisfaction.

They went away to report, and came back to stick for ten pieces.

Then I demanded bowie-knives and a dark room. Their principal refused this, and I made a concession. I suggested that we be turned loose in a grove in the suburbs, each armed with a club, but this didn't suit at all.

I kept the seconds running back and forth for two days, and my last proposition was that we be lashed together and flung into the river and allowed us our teeth only. They gave it up after that, and I was treated with more respect than I could have gained by killing a man at ten paces.

The Cost of a President

The people of the United States pay \$21,400 per year for a President. A village of 614 people pays about 4s. The salary of the President is £10,000, but in addition to this the nation pays £6,800 for his private secretary, clerks, messengers, and other assistance; £3,200 for furniture and repairs; £600 for fuel, and for the greenhouse £800. Thus the incidentals come to considerably more than the President's salary.

This seems a large sum, but no other nation of consequence gets along so cheaply. The President of the French Republic gets a salary of £24,000, and an allowance of £6,500. As a set-off against these sums, it is a notable fact that the President of the Swiss Republic has an annual income of £600, while the little Andorra Republic—the smallest in the world—is governed for about £3 per annum.

Some Amusement After all.

An English nobleman, whose entertainments are noticeably dull, is nevertheless himself a man of much dry humour. One evening he was leaning against a wall for a few moments' refreshment, and surveying the throng of guests gathered at his wife's bidding with a speculative gaze, when a voluble young man stepped up to him.

'Pretty slow, isn't it?' volunteered the lively young stranger. 'I wonder if the parties Lord and Lady—give are never any livelier than this.'

'Never,' returned the unrecognized host, promptly.

'Then I shall make my bow and take myself off at once,' said the young man.

'Luck fellow,' said Lord—, with a whimsical smile; 'I'm obliged to stay.' Something in his tone enlightened the young man, who turned crimson and began to stammer apologies. But his host waived all such attempts, and held out his hand to his unwise guest. 'You can go with a clear conscience,' said he, pleasantly, 'for you've given me the only amusement I've had this evening.'

## A WELL KNOWN FARMER

Of New Glasgow, P. Q. Says:

"Paine's Celery Compound Saved My Life."

Mr. Dunbar Had Been a Sufferer For Fifteen years.

Hospital Treatment And Patent Medicines Failed to Cure Him.

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A friend who had successfully used your Paine's Celery Compound advised me to give it a trial, and I now thank Heaven for my deliverance from a slow death. After using six bottles of your wonderful medicine I am perfectly cured, feel younger, stronger and more active; I can sleep, eat and do all my work now with pleasure. Paine's Celery Compound certainly saved my life.

Yours sincerely,

JOHN DUNBAR, New Glasgow, P. Q.

The Trolley in Germany.

Mr. William Dean Howells in his latest novel 'Their Silver Wedding Journey,' which is a charming story of travel, and in a way a continuation of 'Their Wedding Journey,' delicately satirizes the American trolley by a description of the German: 'The conductor of the trolley car, which they hailed at the street corner, stopped it and got off the platform, and stood in the street until they were safely aboard, without telling them to step lively, or pulling them up the steps or knocking them in the back to make them move forward. He let them get fairly seated before he started the car, and so lost the fun of seeing them lurch and stagger violently, and wildly clutch each other for support. The Germans have so little sense of humor that probably no one in the car would have been amused to see the strangers flung upon the floor. No one apparently found it droll that the conductor should touch his cap to them when he asked for their fare; no one smiled at their efforts to make him understand where they wished to go, and he did not wink at the other passengers in trying to find out. Whenever the car stopped he descended first, and did not return till the dismounting passengers had taken time to get well away from it. When the Marches got into the wrong car in coming home, and were carried beyond the street, the conductor would not take their fare.'

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