

Sunday Reading

Adum.
The Angel came by night
(Such angels still come down),
And like a winter cloud
Passed over London town,
Along its lonesome streets,
Where Want had ceased to weep,
Until it reached a house
Where a great man lay asleep;
The man of all his time
Who knew the most of men,
The soundest head and heart,
The sharpest, kindest pen.
It passed beside his bed,
And whispered in his ear;
He never turned his head,
But answered, 'I am here.'
Into the night they went.
At morning, side by side,
They gained the sacred place
Where the greatest Dead abide:
Where grand old Homer sits
In godlike state benign;
Where broods in endless thought
The awful Florentine;
Where sweet Cervantes walks,
A smile on his grave face;
Where gossips quaint Montaigne,
The wisest of his race;
Where Goethe looks through all
With that calm eye of his;
Where—little seen but Light—
The only Shakespeare is.
When this new Spirit came,
They asked him, drawing near,
'Art thou become like us?'
He answered, 'I am here.'

"HOIST YOUR FLAG!"

Gordon's Letters Reveal His Great Love of Christianity.

The question is naturally asked, when some eminent reformer, who, in spite of great opposition, accomplishes almost incredible results—Who supports him? This has been often asked by those who have noted the marvellous career of General Gordon—the martyr of Khartoum. Every one knows something of his deep religious nature, and of his callousness to the criticisms that were constantly made of his public policy and conduct.

George B. Hill has recently published a volume of Gordon's letters to his brother in England, letters which were meant to be a kind of journal of his daily doings while governor-general of the Sudan.

These letters, written because he had no one to talk to, were never meant to be published; but they reveal, as no analysis of Gordon's character has before done, the power that sustained him when he was in peril of water, in peril of robbers, in peril of wilderness and heathen, of hunger and thirst, and when, burdened by the administration of the most difficult country in the world, he was practically unsupported by his chief, the Khedive of Egypt.

In his mission to stop the slave-trade, he bore disasters and sufferings and disappointments such as have come to a few who have trodden this earth.

'What supports me, dost thou ask?' said Milton, in his blindness. Unconsciously Gordon answers this question regarding himself in these admirable letters.

Of the rule of life to be followed by him in the Sudan, he says, 'The main point is to be just and straightforward; to fear no one, no one's sayings; to avoid all tergiversation or twisting, if you lose by it.'

He did lose by it the support of the ministers of the khedive, who could not understand such superb honesty and independence; but he gained the khedive's respect and conviction that Gordon was indispensable. He secured, as well, the love of the common people. Authority feared and hated him. Poverty loved him.

'There is not one thing I value in the world. Its honors—they are false. Its knickknacks—they are perishable and useless. Whilst I live I value God's blessing.' This sentiment he dwells on over and over again. It seems to have been ingrained in his soul.

At one time, when greatly depressed by thoughts of possible failure, he wrote from the banks of the inscrutable Nile, 'To-day might bring me civil dismissal, or the news of the death of the khedive, or some such event. Want of money is the great need, and yet it only needs us to lower our flag a little to have enough.'

At that time there were not more than nine foreigners in equatorial Africa to ten million natives, and of that vast multitude, Gordon was probably the only man who never departed from his principles. His character was more incomprehensible to those around him than Christ's is to us.

Later he wrote again: 'My dear—, why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, oh try, to be no longer a slave to it! You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it. It is bliss. All this caring for what people will say is your pride. Hoist your flag, and abide by it!'

On July 10, 1876, he writes: 'Thank God I am quite well, and so happy, now that I have resigned the government of the province, and put all the faults on my 'Friend.' He is able to bear them, and

will use me as long as He pleases as His mouthpiece; and when He has done with me He will put me one side. 'Casting all your care on Him' has just come to mind.'

A hundred quotations of like import might be culled from these remarkable letters. They remind one more of the utterances of Christ than do those of almost any public man of this century whose life has been given to the great Teacher's service.

When he was last in Cairo, just before he went on his journey south never to return, he was terribly hindered and annoyed by delays: but the opposition of the court officials, who hated him, rather amused him than otherwise. Strong in his honesty of purpose and of conduct, he wrote: 'The new khedive is more civil, but I no longer distress myself with such things. God is the sole ruler, and I try to walk sincerely before Him.'

Thus he lived. Thus only was he able to accomplish the wonders that have excited the admiration and surprise of the world. His support came not from concert or self-reliance, but from his unquestioning faith in God and in His promises.

God's Covenants and Ours.

A nobleman one day met a child who was crying bitterly because she had broken her pitcher. Having no money with him, he promised to meet her at the same place and at the same hour the next day, and give her money to buy another. Upon his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine with a gentleman whom he particularly wished to see, but as the time appointed was the same as his pre-engagement with the child, he immediately sent a note declining it. 'I could not disappoint her,' he said, she trusted me so implicitly.'

All right minded, honest thinking persons have the same due consideration for a promise as the aforesaid nobleman; their word once passed it becomes their bond, and they would as soon think of breaking it as they think of passing a counterfeit note. It goes without saying that such faithful promise keepers win the sincerest admiration and respect. It is a great thing to have a friend whose word can be thus trusted, and it is a great thing to have such a reputation one's self. 'I promise' is no light and trival ascertain, and when one makes such a declaration he should put himself into it body and soul.

Sometimes, however, promises are made hastily; they are meant at the time, under the impulse of the moment, but calmer, more deliberate judgement proves them to have been too rash, and one must either break one's word or fulfill the obligation under protest. In such instances the latter course seems the only fair and honorable one, but it should have a wise and salutary effect, teaching the lesson of self-control and the importance of weighing well one's promises before they are made.

It has been said that 'a bad promise is better broken than kept,' but this can scarcely apply to upright, honest manhood and womanhood, or become an excuse for making unwise or indiscreet agreements.

But however we may have occasion to doubt earthly promises, we never question the veracity of God's covenants. 'He is faithful that promised,' and search the Scriptures through there cannot be found one promise of his that has been broken nor one vow that has not been kept. Our God is a covenant-keeping God—while the earth remaineth his word shall stand—and he gives his children the blessed privilege of entering into covenant with him, and it should be their greatest joy to keep faith with him. To be in covenant with God presupposes a consecrated life. Those who truly pledge themselves to God rejoice in his work, rejoice in his house, rejoice in his people, rejoice in communion with him. The one who enters into co-

venant with God gives gladly of his time, his strength, his labor, his money, considering it no hardship to work thus cheerfully and obediently, in season and out, for the Master. These are some of the signs of a genuine pledge, and those who can say, 'All these I gladly do, and more, for love's sake,' have joined their lives to Christ's, and are become partakers of the everlasting covenant. It is the very highest kind of manliness and womanliness which pledges itself to Christ, and which lays up treasures above where neither moth nor rust can corrupt.

The Living Water.

Under the similitude of living water, or running water, is depicted the Holy Spirit. He would have given thee, and not have upbraided thee as thou hast me, 'living water' Under this same similitude the blessings of Messiah had been promised in the Old Testament. The graces of the Spirit and his comforts satisfy the thinking soul that knows its own nature and necessity. Jesus Christ can and will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him, for he received that he might give. Though the woman throughout acts and speaks perversely, yet Jesus does not cast her off, but rather instructs and encourages her. Whoso drinketh of this water shall thirst again; it will quench the present thirst, but the thirst will return. So the infirmities of our bodies in our present state; they are still necessitous and ever craving. Life is a lamp which will soon go out without continual supplies of oil. Our comforts in this world are neither perfect nor lasting, nor our satisfaction in them enduring. Whatever waters of comfort we drink of, we shall surely thirst again. But the living waters yield a lasting satisfaction and bliss. Whoever partakes of the Spirit of Grace and the comforts of the everlasting Gospel, he shall never thirst, he shall never want that which will abundantly satisfy his soul's desires. This water that Christ gives shall be in him a well of water; ever ready, because within him.

A good man is satisfied from himself, for Christ dwells in his heart. Never failing, for it shall be in him a well of water—ever flowing, overflowing, in all his principles and affections. It but for one hour we saw God's gift, and him through whom he offers it, Christ would no longer need to knock at our door. We would be knocking at his.

No "It."

There was a knock at the door of Aunt Fanny's pleasant kitchen one morning, and on the steps stood a little girl with a basket on her arm. 'Don't you want to buy something?', she asked as she came in. 'Here are some nice home-knit stockings.' 'Surely you did not knit these yourself, little girl?' said Aunt Fanny. 'No, ma'am, but grandma did. She is lame, and so she sits still and knits the things, and I run about and sell them; that's the way we get along. She says we are partners, and so I wrote out a sign and put it over the fireplace, Grandma & Maggie.' Aunt Fanny laughed and bought the stockings, and as she counted out the money to pay for them Maggie said, 'This will buy the bread and butter for supper.' 'What if you had not sold anything?' asked Aunt Fanny. But Maggie shook her head. 'You see we prayed "Give us this day our daily bread," and God has promised to hear when folks pray; so I guess there wasn't any 'it' about it. When he says things they're sure and certain.'—[The Sunbeam.

A BOY IN BATTLE.

'Boots,' the Tenth Pennsylvania's Mascot Who Went to Manila.

John McDermott, the mascot of the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, is probably the youngest American boy who has gone to Manila and actually taken part in the war excitement. He was only a little over twelve years old and small for his age, when he started his long voyage across the Pacific. When a mere tot he was a familiar figure on the streets of Pittsburg as a 'shiner' who never slighted a job, and later he added the business of a 'newy' to his means of earning a livelihood. 'Boots' says he belongs to the Tenth Regiment, but the soldiers say the regiment belongs to him. His acquaintance with the Tenth came through the honest shiner he put upon their footwear. They nicknamed him 'Boots.'

One day, when the train bearing the regiment to Mount Gretna to attend a State encampment was about to pull out from the station a private, spying 'Boots' on the platform, bundled him into a car and managed to keep him in hiding until the regiment reached its destination. He was only ten years old then, but, being bright and active and willing to make himself useful, the soldiers took to him kindly. After his first visit to Mt. Gretna he became an attendant on the regiment wherever it went, and for two years before going to Manila he tented with it on the old camp ground.

He was with his boys in camp when the



Closer you keep

to the directions, the more Pearline will do for you—especially so in washing clothes. Even the hit or miss way in which many use Pearline is better than soap-using. But soaking, boiling, and rinsing the clothes—according to directions—is best of all—better for clothes; better for you. Use no soap with it.



word was received that they were to go to Manila and he decided at once to go along. The train bearing the soldiers to the Pacific coast stopped a few minutes at the Pittsburg station to allow the soldiers a last word with the friends thronging the platform. Knowing his mother was too ill to be there, 'Boots' sprang down the steps and, rushing through the crowd, made his way to his home to kiss her good-bye.

With a hasty farewell to the other members of the family he hurried back, reaching the station just in time to swing himself on the rear end of the moving train. Until after the train left Ogden, Utah, 'Boots' shared in the best that was going. But, for some reason, the conductor then objected to his presence among the men, and ordered him to leave the train at the next station.

Instead of obeying, 'Boots' crept under a seat until the next station was passed, when he ventured to creep out again. Angry at being thus baffled, the conductor began a series of persecutions against the little fellow which, despite the threats of the soldiers, continued until the train reached San Francisco. 'Boots' was too plucky to give in, and when tired of crouching under seats he went out and, scrambling to the top of the train, found room to stretch himself.

'Boots' was uniformed at San Francisco at the expense of the soldiers and he sailed with them on the steamer Zerlande for Manila. During the voyage he fell down a hatchway and broke his arm, but, remembering he was a soldier, he bore the pain uncomplainingly.

On Aug. 1 at Manila the regiment was attacked by the Spaniards. 'Boots' passed the danger line time after time, carrying ammunition to the fighters and water to quench the thirst of the wounded and dying. Once while handing ammunition to a soldier a bullet crashed through the crown of his hat. He took his part in another battle a little later, and again became a ministering angel to the wounded. Late in the fall, when fever broke out among the troops, and his 'pal,' Jim Doran, died, the officers of the regiment deemed it best to send their mascot home. He reached Pittsburg Dec. 4, 1898, and a rousing welcome awaited him.

HAPPY MEN AND WOMEN.

Paine's Celery Compound Has Given Them New Health and Long Years of Life.

THOUSANDS MADE WELL DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS.

How to be Strong and Happy in the Autumn Season.

Happy indeed are the men and women who, during the summer months, have taken advantage of the disease-banishing and life-giving virtues of Paine's Celery Compound. Dangerous ailments and wasting diseases have been overcome and banished, and they enter the autumn months full of life and vigor, with long and happy years before them.

If you are unfortunately numbered with those who are tired, worn out, nervous, dyspeptic, rheumatic, neuralgic, or your life made miserable by kidney disease, liver trouble or blood diseases, and have met with sad failures in the past under medical treatment and the use of wrong medicines, we would impress upon you the wisdom of trying Paine's Celery Compound, a medicine that cannot fail or disappoint you. It is the only remedy in the world that has the full and hearty approval of educated men and women—a remedy that has received the complete indorsement of the best physicians.

ABOUT LOSING THINGS.

When if One is so Inclined it is Possible to Take a Philosophical View.

'Twice, in the course of my life,' said a cheerful visaged man, 'I have lost a bunch of electric railroad tickets. I buy ten or twenty tickets at a time and carry them in my pocket, so that I don't have to bother with buying a ticket every time I go to the station. I don't have to wait, and often I have caught a train that otherwise I should have missed. Aside from the comfort of the thing, I reckon that my gains in time saved by buying tickets in this way amount to considerable.

'I carry my bunch of tickets in a pocket,

where, also, I carry paper upon which I am accustomed occasionally to make memoranda. In pulling out this paper I pulled out the tickets whose absence I noted when I thrust the paper back. The first time I missed the tickets I walked back and found them lying on the sidewalk, a dozen steps to the rear. I considered that an extraordinarily fortunate recovery. That time there were only two or three tickets left. I had used up the rest. In a bunch that I lost yesterday there were ten or twelve; I had just begun to use from this lot.

'When I missed the tickets this time I turned and walked back, as before, but really with no expectation of finding them for this was in a busy street, where there were many people passing all the time, and where somebody was sure to see them, and pick them up. I didn't find them, but was not disturbed by their loss. They stood for fifty cents. I don't mean to say that fifty cents are so free with me that I can afford to throw them away, but I never feel over the loss of a thing that is likely to be found again to somebody's benefit as I might over the loss of something destroyed or otherwise lost beyond all recovery. For instance, I once lost an umbrella overboard from a steamboat. Now there was a total loss. Lost on land that umbrella would have been found by somebody who would have made it useful; but of what use would it be to the fishes of the sea? None at all; it was just a dead loss to me, and no gain whatever to anybody else.

'But take the case of those elevated tickets. They were of use to whoever found them, and they may have done somebody a lot of good. I hope they did, but I shall carry the next bunch I buy in another pocket.'

A London Clergyman's Courtesy.

As a well known London clergyman was recently ascending the steps to his church an old lady requested his help. With his usual courtly grace he gave the old woman his arm. On reaching the top step she halted, breathlessly, and asked him who was to preach.

'The Rev. Mr.—,' he replied, giving his own name.

'Oh, dear,' exclaimed the lady, 'help me down again! I'd rather listen to the endless grinding of a windmill. Help me down again, I'll not go in.'

The minister smiled, and gently assisted her down, remarking as he parted with her 'I wouldn't go in either if I weren't the preacher.'

Household Leze Majesty.

'Fortunately we don't have such a thing as leze majesty in this country,' said the bachelor.

'Oh, I don't know,' replied the Benedict. 'My wife seems to regard any comment on her cooking as somewhat in that line.'

Not Fitted for the Work.

'That man never will make a ball player,' said the manager of the club. 'He can't catch anything.'

'How do you know?' 'He was once a detective.'—Chicago Post.

Good Summer Literature.

'What do you read in summer?' 'The Congressional Record.' 'Does it interest you?' 'No; I don't want to be interested. I want to be put to sleep.'

The Reason.

Mr. Spelter—Oh, you may talk as you please, Jane, but you were an ignorant woman when you married me! Mrs. Spelter—Yes that probably accounts for it.

One Negative Vote.

Do you think women should propose? asked the sweet young thing. 'No, I don't,' returned the cynical old bachelor. 'It's dangerous enough for a single man as it is.'

In Good Humor.

Daughter—Papa went off in great good humor this morning. Mother—My goodness! That reminds me; I forgot to ask him for any money.—Boston Traveler.

Yellow will dye a splendid red. Try it with Magnetic Dyes—10 cents buys a package and the results are sure.

The Infant Again.

Willie—I say, auntie, what did Uncle Bob marry you for? Aunt—Why, for love, of course. Willie—Love will make a man do almost anything, won't it, auntie?—Boston Traveler.

'Papa, what is untold wealth?' 'That's what a good many people have when the tax assessor is present.'—Chicago Times-Herald.

Cramps and Colic

Always relieved promptly by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too.

You don't want an untimed something that may help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you have ease.

But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Coldwater, Ont., who writes: 'Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhoea, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort.'

