

## BROTHERHOOD.

An Open-Air Sermon by Frederic William Farrar, Dean of Canterbury.

Were I to choose any text for this open-air sermon, none would be more suitable than 'Sirs, ye are brethren.' Let no one regard the subject of Brotherhood as an idle one. Almost all the advance which the world has made—all the greater opportunities and more possible happiness, of the poor especially, and of the working classes—have been directly due to the development (imperfect as it still continues to be) of the sense of Brotherhood among human beings since time began.

My words to you will not be utterly wasted if only, by God's grace, I may deepen in the hearts of some of you our sense of the all prevailing lesson which He taught us: 'By love, serve one another.' To clear our thoughts let me begin with an illustration.

Not many years ago a vessel named the Grosvenor was wrecked on the coast of Calfaria, and, as Charles Dickens tells the story, one hundred and thirty-five had to make their way, in two detachments, to the Dutch settlement at the Cape of Good Hope. Among them was a friendless little boy of seven. He cried after one passenger who had been kind to him, and was at once taken into that detachment, and the whole company made him their sacred charge. The sailors, as they swam across the rivers, pushed him before them on a little raft which they had constructed for the purpose. When he was worn out they carried him by turns through the deep sand and long grass. They lay down and waited for him when the rough carpenter who was his special favorite lagged behind.

Beset by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst, by hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, thank God! they never forgot the child. The Captain and the boatswain lay down side by side to die; but the survivors still took with them the little child. The carpenter died of eating poisonous berries in his hunger; then the steward took up the good guardianship. God knows all he did for the little lad. Weak and ill, he still carried him in his arms; starving himself, he still fed him; he folded his rough jacket around him on the cold nights, and laid the little worn face, with a woman's tenderness, on his sun-burned breast. Then they both fell ill, and their wretched partners, in despair, now reduced to few in number, waited for them one whole day. They waited the next day. On the morning of the third they had to move on or all of them would have perished; but they agree that the child shall not be told till the last moment. The terrible moment comes. They went to bid him farewell beside the dying watchfire, but the little child was not sleeping as they thought. The watchfire was dying, the child was dead, and soon afterward the steward also died. But, oh! on the last day will not those poor and humble sailors be blest for their gentle faithfulness! Will they not hear the healing words: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'

Perhaps you will say that all the tenderness and self-sacrifice thus evoked were mainly due to the fact that this little fellow-sufferer with the shipwrecked crew was a child. There is an invincible pathos in the sufferings of a child, and a man must be indeed sunken in brutality if the anguish of a little one does not touch his heart. Yes! but the sad fact is, that we are so utterly unimaginative, so devoid of large sympathies, that while the sufferings of one little one can, for the moment, fill us with trembling mercy, we may be hardly moved at all by the known troubles of whole classes and multitudes of children.

The human race to you means such a child or such a boy you saw one morning waiting in the cold; but a million such—you could as soon weep for the rule of three, or compound fractions. Let me bring before you a single proof of this.

The Factory Acts were only passed in the reign of our beloved Queen. Before those Acts were passed, wretched little English children were kept working twelve, thirteen, fourteen hours a day. When, in 1884, Lord Shaftesbury asked that the labors of little children, at any rate, might be shortened to ten hours a day, he described what he had seen in the hospitals of Lancashire, where he found children, crippled and mutilated under the conditions of their work, presenting every variety of distorted form, 'just like a crooked alphabet.' And yet, at first, in spite of the nobleness of the work, what a hard battle had to be fought before this oppression was declared illegal! How little sympathy, how little support, did the defenders at first receive, even from the clergy, even from religious men! Why was this? It was because the sense of 'Brotherhood,' as Chris-

taught it, is still so imperfectly developed among us! And yet this sense of Brotherhood is the secret of all social amelioration, of all the happiness of the community apart from favored individuality.

If the sense of Brotherhood were developed among us as Christ meant it to be, the freedom—nay, the strong temptations, inducements, incentives to do wrong, would not be paraded upon us, and especially upon our youth, as now they are. Let me give you another instance:

Not many years ago there was a terrible colliery accident in Wales, and it shortly became known that two men and a boy were yet alive in the black and suffocating darkness. How intense was the excitement throughout all England! If all England had had but one arm, not a true man in England but would have hewed at the pit's side with a giant's strength to save those three poor lives. And when they were rescued and were drawn up out of the darkness—pale, emaciated, starving—with the solemn agony upon their faces, but still alive, strong men in hundreds wept and women swooned.

Now, why should the sympathies of all England have been so intensely moved on behalf of those poor Welsh miners, and one little nameless boy, while yet the wrongs and sorrows of whole classes have often failed for years and years together to awaken as much as a ripple of sensibility in our too callous hearts? If Brotherhood, as Christ taught it, as Christ displayed it, is to be a real thing, let us work earnestly to it, lest in our hearts pity should become the mere dead, half-hypocritical, inert sentiment—useless for any promotion of human happiness—of those who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched, nursing in some delicious solitude their dainty loves and slothful sympathies.

My friends, the sum total of all the duties may be gathered up in one monosyllable of four letters: Love. 'Love,' said Saint Paul, 'is the fulfilling of the law.' 'A new commandment I give unto you,' said our Lord Jesus Christ, 'That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.' Love in this Christian sense lies at the base of all solidarity, of all sympathy, of everything which we call the Brotherhood, and of all blessings which it can achieve.

Now, the deeply rooted tendency of most men—of all men whose hearts have never been touched by the grace of God—is the very antithesis of love—which is selfishness. The type of it in our Lord's parable is the unjust Judge, who at first cared nothing for the poor widow's complaints. So is the man who would not get out of bed to help his hungry neighbor, and the Priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side, and would not lift a finger to help the wounded wayfarer. It is Dives who was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day in absolute indifference to Lazarus, who lay at his gate, hungry and full of sores. But selfishness is not any special characteristic of the rich or of the great. It is the common, universal vice of the human heart, against which every one of us has to be on his guard.

It was Christ who first effectually taught to mankind the sin of it, and taught us to control and subdue it. It was Christianity that taught us: 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.' Our Brotherhood is not to be the mere slightly expanded egotism of family affections. It is to flow out, as Christ's parable of the Good Samaritan taught, to all who in any way need our aid, to all whom, by the work of our brain, or the toil of our hands, or the gentleness of our affections, we can make a little better or a little happier. We are to comfort the feeble minded, to support the weak, to show mercy toward all men. Only by such a spirit can our souls become 'pure and transparent as crystal, ardent as fire, strong, generous, and enduring as the hearts of martyrs.'

And this love must flow out to all in ever widening concentric circles. It must begin with our families, must extend to all our kith and kin; must widen to our parish, our city, our nation, like the ever widening circle on the bosom of some lovely lake which ceases only with the shore. So, we shall at length be able to say with the old Roman dramatist: 'All that concerns man concerns me.' And thus—since sympathy and love tend ever to reproduce themselves—all the world will become a better and a happier world, till all the kingdoms become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

### The Guide.

He knows the way: uncouth, unkempt, uncomely, Unversed in urban manners, moods and style; Untamed, unlettered and uncommon homely, At his expense restrain the covert smile— You'll need him in the Adirondack wood-lot, Before you've gone a mile!

He knows the way: above, about, around you. Are trees and trees; the mountainside they climb; To north and east and south and west they bound you Strike out alone with spirits sanguine, prime, And next rejoice this same old woodman's found you— Just in the nick of time!

He knows the way: the swamps, and deep morasses, The leaping streams—the silver lakelet's girth; The soft green dells thro' which the wild deer passes, Each granite staircase lifting from the earth; He knows—as knows the wind the meadow-grasses His playground from his birth!

He knows the way: the thick and sunless tangles, The miles of whispering leafage, dense and dim; The paths that cross at most poetic angles, The gray-rock faces looming weird and grim: The quivering dryads, that some gaunt vine strangles, Are wonted forms to him.

He knows the way: its perils and its pleasures, He'll help these to seek, and those to shun: For him the forest keeps her hidden treasures, For him the trout leap, and the rivers run! For him the dark pine chants her sweetest measures, Hero of red and gun!

You may not seek the wilderness primeval, 'Mid nature's silent strongholds never stray— O youth! But, ah! The uncharted wastes where evil lurks, dra gon-toothed, to slay! With you, then, thro' life's wanderings labyrinthine, Take one who knows the way!

### Heaven's Message to Him.

Those who fear that, between careless familiarity and destructive criticism, the Bible will cease to be a life-giving book forget that it has a message for human millions yet in the wilderness. To any weakened love and reverence for it there is something quickening in the devotion of new disciples. An instance is related by Rev. Egerton R. Young, who lived long among the Northwest Indians in British America.

A party of these rude red men, who had been taught the Christian faith and learned to read their Indian translation of the Bible, came down to Lake Superior to fish. The journey was long and they carried as light burdens as possible, but they did not forget their copies of the 'Book of Heaven.' When the season was over, and they had dried and cached their harvest of fish, they retired to their camp lodges for an early sleep before setting out for the far north.

One Indian had a brother living on the Superior shore, and it was in this brother's wigwam that he and his son stayed. In the evening the father called for his Book of Heaven, and when he had finished reading it, his son stowed it away in his pack. Later the owner of the lodge came in and wished to borrow it, saying that he had lent his own copy, and the young man undid his pack and placed the volume in his uncle's hands.

Early the next morning the father and son put on their snow shoes and started upon their long journey. At the end of seventy miles they dug a hole in the snow for a sleeping place, ate their simple food, wrapped themselves in their furs offered up their prayers, and passed the night. A tramp of another seventy miles brought them home. The pack was opened, but the Bible was not to be found. The old Indian's disappointment was keen, but it was not his way to make words about it.

After a day's rest his son missed him. He had started back to the Great Lakes. With a speed that only a native skilled in snow-shoe travel could make, he traversed the whole distance, recovered his Book of Heaven, and returned.

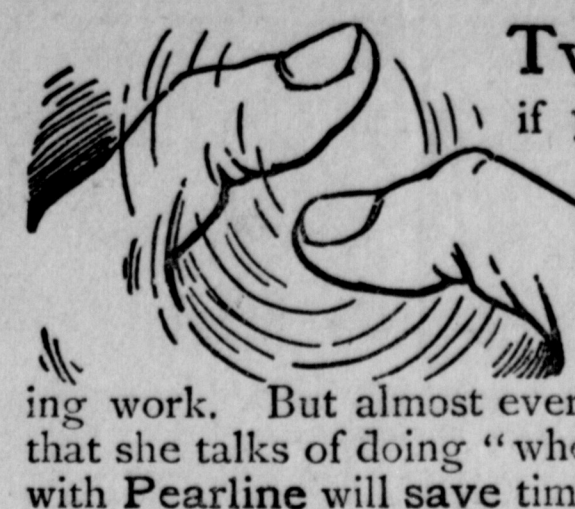
To him the Bible was worth at least a walk of two hundred and eighty miles.

When the English steamer Stella was wrecked on the Casquet rocks, on the 30th of March last, twelve women were put into a boat, which the storm whirled away into the waters without a man to steer it, and without an oar which the women could use. All they could do was to sit still in the boat, and let the winds and waves carry them whither they would.

They passed a terrible night, not knowing to what fate destiny was conducting them. Cold and wet, they must have been quite overcome but for the courage, presence of mind and musical gifts of one of their number. This one was Miss Marguerite Williams, a contralto singer of much ability, well known as a singer in oratorios.

At the risk of ruining her voice, Miss Williams began to sing to her companions. Through the greater part of the night her voice rang over the waters. She sang as much of certain well-known oratorios as she could, particularly the contralto songs of 'Messiah' and 'Elijah,' and several hymns. Her voice and the sacred words inspired the women in the boat to endure their sufferings.

At about four o'clock in the morning, while it was still dark, a small steam craft



## Twiddle your thumbs,

if you've nothing better to do, in the time that's saved by washing with Pearlina. Better be sitting in idleness than to spend unnecessary time washing with soap, doing unhealthy and wearying work. But almost every woman has something or other that she talks of doing "when I get time for it." Washing with Pearlina will save time for it.

Millions use Pearlina

which had been sent out to try to rescue some of the floating victims of the wreck, coming to a pause on the waters, heard a woman's strong voice some distance away. It seemed to be lifted in song. The men on the little steam craft listened, and to their astonishment heard the words, 'O rest in the Lord,' borne through the darkness. They steered in its direction, and before long came in sight of the boat containing the twelve women, and they were taken aboard.

If it had not been for Miss Williams's singing they would not have been observed, and very likely would have drifted on to death, as so many other victims of the wreck did.

## Weak and Nervous.

### THE CONDITION OF A YOUNG LADY OF WELLAND.

Subject to Frequent Headaches, was Pale and Emaciated and Grew so ill She Could Barely Walk.

From the Tribune, Welland, Ont.

Miss Hattie Archer, of Welland, an estimable young lady, whose acquaintance extends among a large number of citizens of the town, has the following to say regarding the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People:—In the fall of 1897 I was taken very ill. I was nervous, weak and debilitated. At this time the least exertion caused great fatigue. My appetite was poor and I was attacked with frequent sick headaches. I gradually grew worse until I was so weak I could barely walk through the house. I was very pale and emaciated and finally became entirely incapacitated. Various medicines were resorted to but gave no relief. Later I was treated by two of the best physicians of the town. One said my blood was poor and watery. I followed his advice for some time but did not improve. Then the second doctor was called and he said he could help me, but after thoroughly testing his medicines without benefit, I gave it up and despaired of ever getting well. My grandmother had been reading at that time much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and persuaded me to try them. That was about January, 1898. From the first the results were really marvelous, being far beyond my friends' expectations. After taking five boxes I can stand more fatigue than I could for two years. I have gained weight splendidly; can take my food with a delightful relish, and again feel cheerful, healthy and strong. I would further say that the change is wholly due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I hope that my testimony will prove beneficial to other girls similarly afflicted.

The experiences of years have proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

### The Slaves of Ridicule.

Ridicule is the natural and admirable foe of sentimentality, but it has been employed with so little discretion in this country that a great deal of damage has been done to sentiment itself. Much of the decline in the character of our poetry may be traced to the influence of the 'humorists.' Time was when the youngster who showed a tendency toward rhyme was encouraged by the admiration of those who knew him; to-day he puts forth a timid product and considers himself skillful if he escapes their sneers.

The much discussed decline of oratory is probably due in great part to the rivalry of our professional wits. The man who rises in Congress to speak on a great issue is far more concerned in escaping the cartoonist than in constructing sentences to thrill the hearts of his hearers. He may possess the oratorical possibilities of a Webster, but rather than subject himself to ridicule, he "confines himself to the facts" and contributes a stale installment to that unrivaled compendium of platitudes, the Congressional Record.

The writers of America, editorial, descriptive, imaginative—of every sort—are struggling under the same paralyzing dread. There was something artificial, perhaps, in the over-deliberate devotion to "fine writing" in vogue a quarter of a century ago, but one could forgive the obli-

viousness of the intent in the enjoyment of the artistic result so frequently obtained. Who would be willing to sacrifice the story of the death and burial of Little Nell because the purpose of Dickens to elaborate the beauty of its pathos shone so clearly between the lines? One might wish that the beauty were more incidental, but beauty is there, and that is much better than the labored reproduction of the commonplace. The flowers of a park are cultivated still one prefers them to the vegetables of a market garden as a spectacle of splendor.

The peoples of the world who have produced enduring monuments of art and civilization have not been those whose first impulse it has been to laugh.

### BOILS.

Something About a Little Thing Which Gives Much Trouble.

It is hardly necessary to define a boil; those who have ever suffered from one know it only too well, and those who have not are fortunate in their ignorance. There is essentially no difference between a pimple, a boil and a carbuncle except in size—but that is enough. They are all localized inflammations of the skin or of the tissues beneath it, occurring first as hard, red and painful swellings, which later suppurate, and finally break and discharge matter and a little mass of dead tissue, called the core. In a pimple there is only a drop of pus and the core is absent.

In the course of two or three days the boil begins to soften; at one point on its surface the skin becomes thin and white and soon breaks, giving exit to matter and finally to the core, after which the inflammation subsides and the part heals.

A boil does not always go on to suppuration; indeed, in the majority of cases it goes no farther than the formation of a little dusky red swelling, which is sensitive to the touch, but not usually spontaneously painful.

A boil is due to the action of a microbe, called a pus coccus. This is almost always presented in the skin, but does no harm while the system can combat the necessary conditions of its growth and multiplication.

Sufferers from boils are usually in poor health. They are pale, pasty-looking, emaciated, with a poor appetite and bad digestion. People say their blood is too thin. Others, however, may be in apparently perfect health, yet hardly is one 'boil over before another comes. Of these persons it is said that their blood is too rich.

A carbuncle is like a collection of several boils close together, which, when they suppurate, run into each other and form one large chamber filled with matter and lumps and shreds of dead tissue.

The first indication of trouble is the formation of a little shot like lump under the skin which is painful on pressure, and usually reveals itself by a little dart of pain when accidentally touched. Gradually this hard nodule increases in size, the skin over it becomes hard and red, and the pain, which at first is felt only when the part is touched, soon becomes continuous and of a throbbing character.

Both these popular terms are nearly expressive of the true condition. In the first case the tissues are not well nourished and so cannot resist the microbe; in the second case the tissues are nourished, but are poisoned by excess of waste material in the blood caused by the taking of more food than the body can properly dispose of.

### To Ladies.

The face receives the record of daily experience. Constant suffering from corns will mar your beauty. Do not look anxious and discontented, but use Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, which will extract that sore corn in a day without pain.

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